

An Understated Dominance Novel Free

Chapter 2601 - chapter 2601 (English Translation)

Chapter 2601 In the central district of Harbortown, thick clouds of deadly scarlet mist had erupted from the hospital and were now spreading in all directions. Within just an hour, the mist had stretched five miles beyond its starting point. It advanced more rapidly and aggressively than a wildfire. Wherever the crimson mist swept through, it left nothing but ruin. Anyone who came into contact with it died almost instantly and dissolved into a pool of blood within two minutes. Even inanimate objects couldn't escape-the red mist corroded them until they were riddled with holes.

At this rate, the deadly mist would devour the entire city within a single day and turn it into a death zone. High up on a rooftop not far from the governor's mansion, Tristan and Milton stood on the building's edge. They watched the distant scarlet mist continue its inexorable spread. Their expressions showed nothing but helplessness. They had tried everything-deployed manpower, diverted resources, attempted every method to stop the mist-but nothing had worked. Worse yet, they'd lost countless lives in the process. Now they had reached the end of hope.

Unless the mist stopped on its own, this catastrophe couldn't be prevented. But would it stop? Looking at how aggressively it continued to spread, the mist clearly wouldn't stop until it had engulfed the entire city. "Your Highness, there's nothing left we can do for Harbortown," Milton said. "We need to evacuate now." They had done all they could. The scale of the disaster had long since surpassed anything human effort could overcome. Tristan heaved out a long, weary sigh. "It seems this is the only way." "Your Highness, you've fulfilled every duty expected of you.

Don't burden yourself with guilt," Milton replied, bowing his head slightly. "It's unfortunate what happened here," Tristan said, his voice carrying a subtle undertone. "But I have to admit, it's a bit of a relief that the same scarlet mist hit Thornwick and Sommertown. My brothers are likely just as helpless as I am. At least now we're all back on equal footing." When he heard that the deadly scarlet mist broke out in Harbortown, he was overwhelmed by despair. But after learning the same catastrophe had struck Thornwick and Sommertown, it gave him a strange sense of comfort.

At least Tristan wouldn't be the only one held responsible. His brothers would share the blame, and that meant the competition for the throne was still anyone's game. It was the first good news he'd had in weeks. "You're right, Your Highness," Milton agreed. "This is a natural disaster. The situation has escalated far beyond human intervention. His Majesty will surely understand." "It's almost time. Let's go," Tristan said. He was about to turn and leave when something in his peripheral vision caught his attention-what looked like a meteor streaking across the distant sky.

"Hmm?" He paused and focused his gaze. The meteor was approaching rapidly and seemed to be heading straight for Harbortown. Within just a few seconds, it had reached the city's airspace and landed directly into the center of the deadly scarlet mist. "Uncle Milton, look up there. Is that a human figure?" Tristan asked. Milton strained his eyes to look before responding. "Yes, Your Highness. It's definitely a person." "What is he trying to do?" Tristan frowned slightly.

"Surely he's not planning to enter that mist to rescue people?" Several grandmasters served under Tristan, and their ability to hover briefly made aerial displays routine to him. What concerned him was that even those martial artists couldn't handle the scarlet mist since a single touch could prove fatal. "Just someone biting off more than they can chew," Milton said, shaking his head. "It's not worth your attention, Your Highness." The moment he finished speaking, the distant figure suddenly moved.

That person's body erupted in brilliant radiance that stretched for miles in every direction, then pointed toward the sky. A deafening boom echoed as a massive energy vortex materialized in the sky. It spanned over 300 feet across, swirling with lightning and violent winds. As it began to rotate at an incredible speed, a terrifying suction force burst forth from its center. Howling winds swept across a six-mile radius around the vortex. Tristan and Milton, still on the rooftop, could feel the powerful pull tugging at their bodies. "That power is terrifying.

Who could this be?" Both men's faces went pale with shock, and their eyes filled with terror. A single gesture had triggered a vortex hundreds of feet wide and generated such overwhelming force that neither of them had ever witnessed. Could it be someone from the Sacred Wrym Summit? The massive energy vortex thundered again with another deafening roar. The vast cloud of scarlet mist that had blanketed miles of the city suddenly began to retreat. The sight was like watching a massive vacuum cleaner as the spinning vortex accelerated and its suction grew exponentially stronger.

The scarlet mist was forcibly drawn into the vortex. Within five minutes, the massive cloud of deadly scarlet mist receded like water draining from a bathtub and vanished completely from sight. The energy vortex had consumed every last wisp of the deadly mist. Once the scarlet mist had disappeared, the vortex collapsed in on itself, leaving only a crimson orb floating in the air. The figure in the sky extended his hand and drew the orb across the distance into his palm. Then, he shot away in another direction like a meteor.

In the blink of an eye, he disappeared from sight, leaving Tristan and Milton staring in absolute shock.

An Understated Dominance Novel Free Chapter 2602 - chapter 2602 (English Translation)

Chapter 2602 "Milton, who was that person just now? How could anyone possess supreme divine power?" Tristan asked. The initial shock barely lasted a second before a wave of excitement surged through him. He saw the figure wave its hand and trigger a phenomenon that defied nature itself, clearing away the scarlet mist that had blanketed miles of land. This was beyond human capability, so he thought that person should be a terrestrial immortal. "It's too far away, and I can't get a clear look, Your Highness," Milton replied, his eyes still widened with barely contained shock.

That figure's strength was beyond anything he'd ever imagined. It was so overwhelming that he felt as though he was witnessing something otherworldly. He never would've thought someone that powerful could be hiding in a place like Ashen Coast. Such abilities could potentially equal those of Sacred Wrym Summit's master. He believed that figure could reverse catastrophe through sheer force of will alone. "Find out who it was. Do it now!" Tristan exclaimed with barely contained excitement. He added, "We need to track down that person at all costs."

If someone of such divine power were to support me, I could definitely claim the throne." He felt that someone who had reached the terrestrial immortal realm undoubtedly had the means to go against fate itself. If he could secure such a powerhouse as his backer, he could bulldoze through any opposition straight to the throne. Matthias sat imperiously in the middle of the hall inside the governor's mansion in Thornwick with a stone-cold expression. Over a dozen corrupt officials were kneeling before him.

When the deadly scarlet mist erupted, these corrupt bureaucrats had either done nothing while fleeing with stolen funds or exploited the chaos to extort the people. All of them were guilty of heinous crimes. Now that the mist was beyond control and Thornwick's fall was inevitable, Matthias was seething with rage. He needed to execute these corrupt officials to vent his fury. "Please spare us, Your Highness," one of them said. "We're innocent. We did nothing wrong. You can't pin all the blame on us, Your Highness." "That's right, Your Highness," chimed another.

"We've always served the country and the people loyally. Maybe we haven't done anything remarkable, but we've done our part. To abuse your power and execute us like this is unjust and unreasonable. How will you explain this to His Majesty?" The corrupt officials, already on their knees, cried out for mercy and swore they were innocent. Behind them stood a line of soldiers, holding broadswords and bearing ice-cold stares. "Innocent? Spare you? Loyal servants?" Matthias repeated. He laughed bitterly as he stood and swept his murderous gaze over the corrupt officials.

He went on, "You filthy scum! How can you even say those words? You've taken bribes and robbed the people blind. When disaster struck, you did nothing. Instead, you used the opportunity to stuff your pockets and plan your escape. "People like you-corrupt to the core-are the rot of this nation, parasites feeding off its bones. You don't just deserve

death, but everyone related to you is going to prison." Matthias was truly disgusted by them. Ever since he'd arrived in Thornwick, nothing had gone smoothly.

The outbreak had spread beyond control-information was leaked, causing citywide panic, and conflicts and violent incidents kept erupting everywhere. Yet these so-called public servants had done nothing to remedy the situation. Instead, they had undermined him at every turn, creating obstacles and missing crucial opportunities to act. At first, Matthias had held back because he needed these people to maintain order and attempt damage control. But now he had reached his breaking point.

2 The outbreak had already spread, the scarlet mist was advancing aggressively, and there was no solution in sight. Even worse, the entire city was in chaos. Citizens were fleeing while casualties mounted continuously. There was nothing left he could do except take out his anger on these scums. "Your Highness, you can't blame us for the outbreak." "We did everything we were supposed to do. Against a natural disaster like this, there's nothing anyone could do." "You can't take out your frustration on us just because of a temporary setback.

We're all innocent." The corrupt officials continued their pleading, using every smooth word and slick argument they could think of while refusing to accept responsibility. "Even now, you still make excuses? Seems you really won't give up until you're staring death in the face," Matthias snapped. 1 He laughed viciously, then ordered, "Guards! Execute these scums and let this be a warning to others." Without a word, the battle-hardened soldiers drew their swords in unison. "Your Highness, I was wrong.

Please spare my life." "If you kill us, His Majesty will be furious." "Matthias, you'll burn in hell. I curse you to the depths of damnation." When the officials saw the soldiers unsheathe their weapons, panic finally set in. Some begged for forgiveness, others tried to invoke Valon's authority, and a few simply accepted their fate while hurling curses at him. "Execute them!" Matthias had no patience for more words and swept his hand downward. The soldiers showed no hesitation and immediately brought down their swords.

Steel flashed, and over a dozen bloody heads hit the ground one after another. Blood sprayed everywhere, coating the entire hall. "Worthless scum! Drag them out and feed them to the dogs!" Matthias barked. He came from a military background and had always been ruthless in his decisions. To him, corrupt officials who delayed crucial decisions and paid lip service while acting treacherously deserved nothing but death.

An Understated Dominance Novel Free Chapter 2603 - chapter 2603 (English Translation)

Chapter 2603 The rage in Matthias's chest finally began to ease after he executed the corrupt officials. Given the current situation, Thornwick was doomed. It was only a matter of time before the scarlet mist consumed the entire city. Nothing he did would

matter with his current abilities, so he figured he might as well execute a few corrupt officials to vent his frustration. Suddenly, a thunderous roar echoed from the sky. It sounded like a massive thunderclap, and the ground beneath their feet trembled slightly. "What the hell was that?" Matthias frowned.

"Your Highness, something is happening, outside," Neville reported as he rushed into the hall. "Let's go take a look," Matthias said. Without wasting a second, he strode out the door. Looking up at the distant sky, he saw a massive energy vortex that had appeared out of nowhere. It spanned over 300 feet across and resembled a black hole, sending chills down his spine. Below the energy vortex, a lone figure hovered in midair. Matthias was too far away to make out the face, but the figure was dressed in white. "What is that person doing?" Matthias narrowed his eyes, confused.

He couldn't figure out why that figure appeared out of nowhere and created that energy vortex. What could they possibly be planning? "Hard to say, but I can tell you with certainty that this person is an ultimate grandmaster," Neville said with a grave expression. As a grandmaster martial artist, his senses were razor-sharp. Since he couldn't pick up even the faintest trace of energy waves from that distant figure, he knew the other party's strength was far beyond his own. "So what if he's an ultimate grandmaster?" Matthias scoffed.

"What good can that do in the face of disasters both natural and man-made?" That deadly scarlet mist was impossible to get rid of. Even if someone used tremendous force to blast it apart, it would reform within moments. Ultimate grandmasters might be powerful, but they couldn't defy nature itself. The massive vortex overhead suddenly spun faster, unleashing a suction force that tore through the air with a bone-chilling ferocity. Standing in the courtyard, Matthias and Neville felt an invisible force pulling at them, and it was growing stronger by the second.

"What kind of supreme divine power is this? How can it affect us from so far away?" Matthias asked. His dismissive smirk vanished, and his eyes widened in shock. They were at least three miles from the vortex. At that distance, the figure in the sky looked no bigger than an ant. Yet they could still feel that intense pull, which was simply mind-boggling. "That person's strength is beyond anything I've ever seen," Neville said in disbelief. Ordinary ultimate grandmasters were nowhere near that level. He had no way to measure just how strong that person might be.

The hum in the sky deepened again as the energy vortex spun faster. Within moments, fierce winds erupted across a six - mile radius, kicking up sand and debris. The scarlet mist that had been spreading relentlessly like some parasitic plague suddenly seemed to have met its match as it was sucked straight into the vortex. On the ground, the mist covering several square miles was being pulled upward into the vortex at an astonishing speed. But from an aerial view, it looked like a tide receding.

Within just a few minutes, the terrifying scarlet mist that had struck fear into everyone's hearts had been fully absorbed by the vortex without leaving a trace behind. High above, the white figure waved their hand, and the energy vortex instantly dissipated. When a gleaming crimson orb drifted down from the sky, the white figure caught it and tucked it away. Matthias and Neville were struck speechless with shock at the sight. They never would have dreamed that the bizarre, seemingly unstoppable scarlet mist could just disappear like that.

The major crisis they'd racked their brains trying to solve through every conceivable effort had been effortlessly handled by a stranger. It was too shocking to process, and too surreal to believe. "Neville, is this... Is this really something an ultimate grandmaster can do?" Matthias asked, his voice trembling "Impossible. No matter how powerful an ultimate grandmaster is, they couldn't possibly have supreme divine power," Neville replied, shaking his head in disbelief. "So what level has that figure reached?" Matthias stared at him in shock.

"If I had to guess, that person has achieved the realm of terrestrial immortals," Neville said, swallowing hard. Upon hearing that, Matthias wondered who else could reach that level besides the Ancient Sage of Sacred Wrym Summit. "Could it be the Ancient Sage himself?" he asked, still stunned. "That figure doesn't look like him. It must be someone else," Neville replied, drawing a long breath. "Dragonmarsh is full of hidden powerhouses. Maybe one of them finally stepped out to help." "Whoever it is, they've solved our major crisis.

Thornwick is saved, and so is my future," Matthias said, practically giddy now that the shock had worn off. Just moments ago, he'd been ready to abandon Thornwick and make a run for it. The situation had seemed hopeless until that incredible turn of events. A terrestrial immortal-level expert had somehow appeared out of nowhere and effortlessly resolved the entire city's crisis with supreme divine power. Matthias couldn't believe his luck.

An Understated Dominance Novel Free Chapter 2604 - chapter 2604 (English Translation)

Chapter 2604 Nothing could have made Matthias happier than what he had just witnessed. A powerhouse had cleared the deadly scarlet mist, and the city-wide crisis was resolved. He finally had hope of turning things around again. Though there would still be some minor troubles to deal with later, these could be handled through human effort. Talk about a dramatic turnaround. Just when things seemed hopeless, everything opened up again. "Your Highness, the figure has left." Just as Matthias was rejoicing, the white figure in the distant sky had already streaked away like a meteor.

From arrival to departure, the entire stay lasted less than ten minutes. "Send someone to investigate and find out this expert's identity. If there's a chance to bring them over to our side, do it. Otherwise, don't force it. But whatever you do, don't offend them,"

Matthias instructed. He knew all too well that someone with that kind of strength and who could bend the forces of nature to their will wouldn't be swayed by status or material gain. People like that stood above worldly concerns.

Matthias knew it would be almost impossible to recruit someone like that, but it was still worth trying. He wasn't holding out much hope, but miracles had happened before. And right now, he needed one. In Sommertown, Nathaniel was overseeing an extortion operation while commanding his subordinates. After multiple failed attempts to control the scarlet mist, he had finally given up. Deep down, he knew the city would eventually be swallowed by it. When that happened, the entire city would be reduced to ruins, so he might as well use the time he had left to line his own pockets.

Nathaniel wasn't targeting ordinary citizens but specifically focused on Sommertown's wealthy elite and high officials. After all, these people were rich and valued their lives above all else. All he needed to do was find some random excuse or dig up some dirt on them, and he could extort these influential figures to his heart's content. Those who handed over their wealth willingly would naturally keep their lives. Anyone foolish enough to resist would face prison at best or death at worst. Nathaniel had plenty of experience with this sort of thing.

Most of those wealthy officials had skeletons in their closets, and none of them dared report him. It made skimming off their dirty money almost effortless. Just as he was directing his men to load up the loot, one of his personal guards rushed over and reported, "Your Highness, we have a situation!" "Sommertown's about to fall apart. What kind of situation could be worse than that?" Nathaniel replied irritably. This entire mission had cost him dearly in terms of resources, manpower, and funding. If he didn't take something back, how else was he supposed to make up for the loss?

"Your Highness, we've just received word that the scarlet mist in both Harbortown and Thornwick has disappeared," the guard reported. "What? How is that possible?" Nathaniel's expression changed dramatically. Weren't they just as helpless as we were? How did they suddenly come back from the brink of collapse?" Finding out that Harbortown and Thornwick had been saved hit him harder than any financial loss. If all three cities were destroyed, at least the three princes would be starting from the same position. No one would be at a disadvantage.

Tristan and Matthias had solved their problems, while the scarlet mist on his side kept spreading. Nathaniel now felt like someone had thrown him straight into the fire. "Your Highness, don't panic," the guard said. "The mist in Harbortown and Thornwick didn't just vanish on its own, but someone made it disappear." "Someone? What do you mean?" Nathaniel was stunned. He had already tried every method possible, deploying all his skilled subordinates, yet still couldn't do anything about the scarlet mist. Could someone else have found a way?

"Your Highness, according to reports from Harbortown and Thornwick, a powerhouse appeared and used supreme divine power to absorb all the mist. That's what saved those cities from destruction," the guard explained. "What?" Nathaniel was shocked. "Someone with such abilities exists in this world? Do you know who it is?" "The person's identity remains a mystery, and we haven't been able to identify them yet. However, spies from Thornwick have sent word that this powerhouse is flying toward Sommertown and should arrive very soon," the guard reported. "Excellent!"

It looks like Sommertown's crisis can be resolved." Nathaniel's face lit up with joy. Though he didn't know the identity of the powerhouse, he would treat him as an honored guest if that person could resolve his crisis. "Your Highness, should we make any preparations?" the guard asked. "Of course!" Nathaniel exclaimed. "Prepare the finest food and wine. As soon as that powerhouse clears the scarlet mist, I'll host a feast in their honor." "Yes, Your Highness!" The guard acknowledged the order and quickly departed. "Stop moving those things for now."

Clean up all the streets and prepare to welcome our distinguished guest," Nathaniel shouted, directing his subordinates into action. Moments later, a streak of light came from the distant horizon and stopped above the scarlet mist. Nathaniel looked up and saw a white figure hovering in the air. With a single wave of their hand, the skies rumbled and the air shuddered as a massive energy vortex formed out of nowhere. Then, the figure raised their hand again, and the vortex began spinning rapidly. A terrifying suction burst from its center, sending shockwaves through the air.

Within seconds, winds howled across a six-mile radius, lifting dust and debris from the ground. The scarlet mist that had been spreading outward was now being pulled upward into the vortex at incredible speed. Although Nathaniel had mentally prepared himself, witnessing this scene still left him speechless with shock. What kind of person could wield power like this? How could they possess supreme divine power? It was as if they could command the very elements with a simple gesture, like an immortal.

An Understated Dominance Novel Free Chapter 2605 - chapter 2605 (English Translation)

Chapter 2605 Nathaniel knew the white figure was strong, but he hadn't expected this level of strength. Within minutes, the figure had cleared away all the scarlet mist. Every last wisp of it was gone like it had never existed. Such supernatural ability exceeded anything he could have imagined. Witnessing it firsthand was far more shocking than any secondhand report. When the mist vanished, the white figure raised a hand, and the energy vortex quickly dissipated. Later, a crimson orb drifted down from above and settled into the figure's palm.

Seeing his chance, Nathaniel channeled his true energy and shouted, "Your Excellency has used supreme divine power to clear away the deadly mist and saved our entire city from disaster. "I, Prince Nathaniel Linsor, speak for all the citizens in expressing our

deepest gratitude for your life-saving grace. Might I humbly request the honor of your company so I can properly show my appreciation as your host?" This was a carefully crafted speech.

First, he praised the white figure's city-saving heroics, then used gratitude as a way to bridge the gap between them and create a face-to-face meeting opportunity. At least from his perspective, he had shown genuine sincerity. He thought as long as this mysterious master wasn't completely heartless, they should at least acknowledge his gesture. After all, he was the third prince of Dragonmarsh, and his status was nothing short of noble. The fact that he had humbled himself enough to extend a personal invitation was already a rare gesture.

Without hesitation or pause, the white figure above seemed not to have heard anything. They transformed into a meteor and streaked away into the distance without stopping for even a moment. Seeing that, Nathaniel's smile froze instantly. He'd made extensive preparations and waited for this expert to show up so he could persuade them to join his cause. Unfortunately, things weren't going according to his plan. The powerhouse had no intention of acknowledging him whatsoever.

After clearing the scarlet mist, the white figure just left without even sparing him a glance, and didn't see him as anyone worth their time. Nathaniel stood there in silence for a moment before finally cursing out loud, venting his frustration. "Damn it!" As soon as the words left his mouth, a brilliant flash streaked across the distant sky. The next second, a white energy ball came hurtling down from above, crashing to the ground right at his feet. The impact blasted a crater into the ground, and violent energy waves exploded outward from the pit.

Since Nathaniel was standing close, the blast sent him flying more than 30 feet through the air before he slammed into the ground. He lay there dazed and battered, covered in dust. When he touched his face, blood smeared across his fingers. Nathaniel's jaw tightened. He was pissed, but he was smart enough to keep his mouth shut this time. He knew the white energy ball was the powerhouse's punishment for his outburst. He never imagined that from such a great distance, the figure could still hear his curse. Indeed, such extraordinary individuals couldn't be judged by ordinary standards.

He finally realized not to offend them in the future. Deep beneath Ashen Coast, the bone altar shuddered violently. Green ghost flames danced wildly on skull-topped candlesticks, casting flickering shadows across the walls, where murals made of flayed human skin seemed to writhe like living things. "Impossible!" Eldrik Carrion's withered fingers dug deep into the bronze altar as black blood seeped from beneath his nails. It trickled down the grooves to spread across ancient curse marks in sinister corrosive stains.

The skull crown atop his head emitted a piercing hum while the nine human eyeballs embedded in it simultaneously wept tears of blood. "This deadly mist was saturated with the vengeful spirits of 100,000 souls, so how could it-" Before he could finish, the soul-binding bell at the altar's center exploded. Bronze fragments shot out like blades, carving spider-web cracks across the stone walls. Sloan Vilehorn, a gaunt figure wrapped entirely in bandages, slowly rose to his feet.

His clouded eyes fixed on the black blood pooling on the ground, then suddenly extended his corpse-spotted tongue and licked his fingertip. "Elder Carrion, look-there are traces of golden light remaining in this blood. Whoever did this means business." Upon hearing that, Eldrik's eyes widened. Suddenly, his bone armor tore open. The heart of a living person, which was embedded between his ribs, beat frantically and shot a stream of black blood toward the vaulted ceiling. "It's a terrestrial immortal!" His shriek shattered his entire bone armor.

From within his ribcage, pale skeletal claws burst out like a nest of vipers. "When did Skull Covenant offend someone of this level? This can't be happening." The sound of snapping bones swallowed the rest of his words as his skeleton began to twist and grow in reverse. His spine tore through his flesh, jutting out as jagged bone spikes. "Send out the order and recall all Blood Spyderys," Eldrik instructed. From the depths came the sound of dragging chains as 12 cultists in human-skin cloaks crawled forward.

With each movement, foul-smelling blood seeped from beneath their cloaks, leaving twisted bloodstains on the ground. The lead figure pulled back his hood, revealing a face half-rotted, half-regenerated. Several pale maggots squirmed in his hollowed-out right eye socket. "Elder Carrion, though our scarlet mist operation has failed, the corpse pods we've planted throughout Ashen Coast can still complete the mission and summon the Skull Lord," the lead cultist said in a shrill voice. "Fool!" Eldrik snapped. He lashed out with a bone spike, piercing the cultist's chest.

The rotting flesh froze solid the instant it came into contact with the bone's icy energy. "With that terrestrial immortal standing guard, even if we activate the corpse pods, we won't gather enough blood sacrifice to summon the Skull Lord." "Elder Carrion, I have a plan that could resolve our current crisis," Sloan interjected. "Speak." Eldrik snapped his head toward him Sloan leaned forward and began whispering in his ear. "Here's what we'll do..."

An Understated Dominance Novel Free Chapter 2606 - chapter 2606 (English Translation)

Chapter 2606 Eldrik burst into cackling laughter after hearing Sloan's plan. At that instant, crimson ice crystals crystallized along his freshly grown bone spurs. "Excellent! What a brilliant scheme," he commented. A gleam flashed in his hollow eye sockets as he waved his hand and produced three bone tokens. He tossed them to Sloan. "Tell Gore, Venom, and Grinder to move now. Let them spread rumors simultaneously, so

everyone thinks that this was the work of that terrestrial immortal," he ordered. "Yes, Elder Carrion," Sloan replied. He caught the tokens and vanished from sight.

Thanks to Dustin's intervention, the scarlet mist that had terrorized countless people was finally wiped out. With the immediate threat gone, the situation in Ashen Coast began to stabilize. Tristan, Matthias, and Nathaniel abandoned their plans to flee and began working to contain the outbreak while calming the populace. None of them were willing to give up unless necessary. But because each prince had made different choices, their cities faced very different outcomes after the mist was eliminated. Among them, Harbortown under Tristan fared the best.

Although there had been some brief unrest, he quickly restored order. With the preventative medicine Grace had sent, the outbreak was contained for the time being. All parties were actively responding and working together to save the city and weather the crisis. On the contrary, Matthias faced a much more challenging situation. Before giving up on Thornwick, he had executed a large number of corrupt officials. It had helped him win some public favor and vent the people's anger, but it also left a power vacuum. Without those officials to maintain order or enforce controls, chaos persisted.

Even though the scarlet mist was gone, restoring stability and containing the outbreak wasn't something that could be done overnight. Oddly enough, Nathaniel, who once had the upper hand, ended up in the worst position among his brothers. Matthias' execution of corrupt officials had at least served as a warning to others, while giving the people an outlet for their frustration. However, Nathaniel had done nothing meaningful before abandoning his city, except for engaging in ruthless exploitation and outright betrayal.

While appeasing the populace and containing the outbreak, Nathaniel had made grand promises to the nobility and built relationships with them. Then, at the crucial moment, he specifically targeted these same nobles and used every means possible to extort their wealth and resources. If Sommertown had truly been doomed, such behavior might have had little consequence. But now that the city could be saved, his betrayal had instantly enraged every noble there.

When Nathaniel tried to regain control of the city and demanded the nobles' cooperation in containing the outbreak and stabilizing the situation, they simply refused to participate. Worse, they began secretly retaliating and sabotaging his efforts at every turn. As a result, Sommertown descended further into chaos, even harder to stabilize than Thornwick. But Nathaniel had no one to blame but himself. No matter how angry he was, he had to grit his teeth and bear it. All three princes had made different choices, and each city now faced a different fate because of it.

As darkness enveloped Sommertown, rustling sounds broke the silence in a cemetery on the outskirts of the city. Suddenly, a withered black hand thrust up from the earth. The hand, with its long, claw-like nails, looked brittle as deadwood but moved with

surprising strength. After a few swipes, it dug a hole straight through the burial mound. A moment later, a zombie in tattered clothing and gaunt features clawed its way out of the grave. Once the first zombie appeared, a second quickly followed, then a third, then a fourth...

Within just a few minutes, seven zombies had clawed their way out of the ground and their putrid stench filled the air. The first zombie to surface wore a crystal necklace around its neck that glowed eerily under the moonlight. It released a wet gurgling sound from its throat and began lurching forward with stiff, awkward movements. The other six zombies followed as it headed toward the populated areas of the city. The undead could cover 30 feet in a single bound. They possessed incredible strength, and their bodies were hard as iron.

Wherever they passed, plants withered and died, leaving blackened earth in their wake. On a main road outside the city, the streets were empty due to the citywide lockdown. Only scattered squads of soldiers remained at the checkpoints, preventing anyone from fleeing and spreading the outbreak beyond the city limits. "I heard that the scarlet mist finally disappeared," one soldier said. "Some powerhouse must have intervened. We can finally breathe a little easier now." "Yeah. Now that the mist is gone, at least Sommertown won't be wiped off the map.

As for the outbreak, we'll just have to wait for the higher-ups to develop an antidote." "With the whole city in crisis, we're lucky to be alive at all." At one checkpoint, a squad of soldiers chatted among themselves. Since the mist's disappearance, fewer people were attempting to force their way through, giving them some respite. "Hey, look! What's that?" One soldier suddenly gestured toward the darkness ahead, having spotted something unusual. The others followed his gaze to the far end of the road, where several figures were lurching toward them with jerky, unnatural movements.

The approaching figures' eyes glowed green with an unsettling light that sent chills down their spines.

An Understated Dominance Novel Free Chapter 2607 - chapter 2607 (English Translation)

Chapter 2607 "What's going on? Why are those people moving so strangely?" one of the soldiers asked. "Their eyes are glowing green, and they don't look human at all. Could they be some kind of monsters?" another asked. "Stay alert, and don't let your guard down! As the figures in the distance drew closer, the soldiers tensed up and raised their weapons. The figures moved faster with each lurching step, every movement stiff and unnatural. Within moments, they reached the checkpoint. Under the glare of the lights, the soldiers finally got a clear look, and their faces went pale. "Zombies!

Those are zombies!" "Open fire now!" Seeing the shriveled zombies with glowing green eyes, the soldiers raised their rifles and opened fire without hesitation. The rounds hit dead-on, but the creatures didn't even flinch. Their withered bodies were tougher than steel, and the bullets couldn't penetrate. 1 By the time the soldiers emptied an entire round, the only visible damage was to the zombies' already tattered clothing. Not a single one went down. The lead zombie let out a low growl and suddenly lunged at a soldier. It opened its rotting mouth wide and sank its teeth deep into his neck.

The soldier screamed, his rifle clattering to the ground. His body convulsed violently as his once-strong frame visibly shriveled. Within seconds, he was dead. After the bite, the green glow in the zombie's eyes burned brighter. After the first man fell, the second followed quickly, then the third, then the fourth. Soon, the entire squad was slaughtered. Ordinary humans were no match for the monsters nurtured by the Skull Covenant. Once the soldiers were dead, the seven zombies shambled forward in search of more human flesh.

Moments later, the first soldier who had been bitten began twitching on the ground. His lifeless eyes gradually lit up with a faint green glow. A second later, he lurched to his feet and was turned into a zombie. After the first soldier turned, the second followed soon after, then the third, the fourth... In the end, the entire squad was infected by the zombie virus and transformed into the undead. Just like the ones before them, they followed the scent of human flesh. A new disaster had begun, one that spread faster and proved deadlier than the last.

Unlike the earlier plague, this zombie virus moved with terrifying speed and couldn't be contained. The plague could still be managed with medicine, roadblocks, and strict lockdowns to keep the situation under control, but the zombie virus was different. It didn't matter if people hid at home or found shelter elsewhere. As long as they were still breathing, the zombies would break in and infect them. A single bite was all it took to set the chain in motion. The victim would become a zombie, carrying the virus and passing it to the next.

One turned into ten, ten into 100, and soon 100 became 1,000. The zombie virus spread faster than anyone in Sommertown could have imagined. By the time Nathaniel realized what was happening and began organizing a proper defense, the zombie virus had already infected over 1,000 people and was continuing to spread. The situation gave him a severe headache. Just as one crisis had been resolved, another struck. The scarlet mist had just been dispersed, and before there was even time to breathe, the zombie virus had broken out.

It was clear the remnants of the Skull Covenant were hellbent on wiping out the entire city. Their methods were so ruthless and unpredictable that no defense could stop them. The crisis wasn't limited to Sommertown. Harbortown, Thornwick, and Reedcrest were all facing the same disaster. These bulletproof zombies, awakened by the Skull

Covenant, had begun causing chaos everywhere and spreading the zombie virus. As a result, all four cities were plunged into varying degrees of disorder. In Reedcrest, Dustin was meditating and refining the three crimson orbs he had recently acquired.

Though laced with deadly poison, each orb held a tremendous amount of energy. For him, they were more boon than threat. He had only just broken through, and his body was still adjusting to the change. With the energy nourishing his body, his cultivation level began to stabilize. Suddenly, someone knocked at the door, followed by Sadie's anxious voice. "Mr. Rhys, something has happened in Reedcrest. Ms. Linsor asks that you head over immediately." "Hmm?" Dustin slowly opened his eyes.

With a light wave of his hand, the door swung open, and he asked, "Didn't we just resolve the scarlet mist crisis? What could be so urgent now?" "It's not related to the mist," she replied. "Reedcrest is facing a new disaster. Ms. Linsor will explain the details herself." "Alright, I'll go take a look." As soon as he finished speaking, his figure vanished from the room. Sadie flinched in surprise. One second, he was right there, and the next, the room was empty. It was as if a god had disappeared before her eyes. A few seconds later, Dustin appeared in the living room of another residence.

Grace was speaking with her trusted aide. When she saw him appear, she immediately waved for the aide to leave. "Sadie mentioned that Reedcrest has suffered a new disaster. What exactly is it?" Dustin asked. "Zombies," she answered grimly. "We just received reports that several villages on the outskirts were attacked, and there were no survivors. The infected are now moving toward the city center. If we don't stop them in time, Reedcrest could be wiped out."

An Understated Dominance Novel Free Chapter 2608 - chapter 2608 (English Translation)

Chapter 2608 "Zombies?" Dustin raised an eyebrow, surprised. "I've heard stories, but I've never actually seen one. Are they really as powerful as the legends claim?" Zombies were abominations that defied the natural order, driven by an insatiable hunger for the living and nearly impossible to kill. They fed on human flesh, especially brains. Wherever they appeared, they spread like wildfire. Ancient records claimed that some of the strongest could wipe out entire cities, leaving nothing but scorched ruins in their wake.

Grace replied grimly, "They're creatures of pure darkness, unnatural and dangerous in every way. Their bodies are tough as iron, nearly bulletproof, and incredibly hard to kill. "The scariest part isn't their strength, but the virus they carry. One bite or even a scratch is enough to turn a person into one of them. And once it starts, the infection spreads like wildfire. One turns into ten, ten into 100." Compared to the plague, the zombie virus was far more aggressive and impossible to contain.

While plague could be managed with medicine and lockdowns, there was no stopping it once the virus broke out. The only effective method was the total eradication of all infected individuals to prevent further outbreaks. If the zombie incursion couldn't be contained, the fall of Reedcrest would only be a matter of time. "The Skull Covenant remnants really don't know when to quit," Dustin said, clearly irritated. "First the plague, then the scarlet mist, and now zombies?"

It's been one attack after another." Though he had recently broken through to a new realm and could handle far more than before, the chaos stirred up by the Skull Covenant was pushing his patience to its limit. If he ever found their hiding place, he would wipe out every last one of them in one fell sweep.¹ "I've already deployed troops to block off every major route," Grace said. She continued, expressing her concern, "But I can't guarantee they'll be able to hold off a large-scale zombie attack. If our defense lines fall, then Reedcrest's civilians will lose all protection.

When that happens, the entire city will turn into a bloodbath." The zombie virus spread faster than anyone could respond. If the military itself became infected, the situation would spiral far beyond control. "What do you need me to do?" Dustin asked bluntly. Since she had called him over, he figured she had a specific plan in mind. "I need you to stop the zombies from breaking through. If possible, wipe them out," Grace replied. "How many zombies are there in Reedcrest?" "Hundreds or maybe more. And the number's growing fast," she answered honestly.

Dustin said, "With them scattered across the city, I can't kill them fast enough to keep up with the infection rate." He paused to think, then added, "Here's the plan. Have your troops evacuate the civilians and move them far from any known zombie clusters. That'll slow the spread. "Then, pick a few teams to herd the zombies into a single area. Once they're gathered, I'll take them all out at once. It's faster and more efficient." "Great. I'll send the orders now," Grace replied. She waved one of her aides over and quickly issued instructions.

Just as he said, trying to hunt down the infected one by one would be far too slow. Coordinated elimination was their best chance of saving the city. "Given the Skull Covenant remnants' typical behavior, I doubt Reedcrest is the only city hit by this zombie outbreak," Dustin remarked. "You're right." Grace nodded seriously. "The first outbreak happened in Sommertown. Then it spread to Thornwick and Harbortown. Reedcrest was the last to be affected. Compared to the others, we're actually in better shape.

But in Sommertown, thousands have already been infected by the zombie virus." "The zombie crisis broke out in four cities at the same time? The remnants of the Skull Covenant are really pushing us to a dead end." He narrowed his eyes slightly, with murderous intent in his eyes. "They're using these outbreaks as part of a massive blood ritual to summon their so-called Skull Lord," she said with a frown. "If we want to contain

the outbreak in Reedcrest, we can't ignore the other cities, either. Send word to the three princes immediately.

Tell them to start evacuating civilians and stop the spread of the virus. Once the infected are rounded up, I'll deal with the zombies myself," Dustin said firmly. "Got it." Grace turned and began relaying the new orders without hesitation. This was a matter of life and death for the people of every city. Everyone needed to come together. After all, if the zombie virus truly broke out, the disaster wouldn't be limited to just four cities. It would spread across the entire Ashen Coast and possibly all of Dragonmarsh, triggering an unprecedented wave of unrest.

A disaster like that could shake the nation to its core. When Grace relayed the warning to the three princes, each reacted differently. Tristan acted quickly and decisively. He immediately followed her advice, instructing his men to evacuate civilians and keep them far from any infected areas to stop the spread of the virus. His decision came from both his trust in Grace and the simple logic of her reasoning. After all, he had no better solution. All he could do was carry out the plan and hope the mysterious expert would put an end to this new wave of undead.

Compared to Tristan, Matthias was stubborn and autocratic. In his eyes, there was nothing that couldn't be solved with military force. A few measly zombies were hardly worth his concern. With guns, tanks, and aircraft at his command, he didn't believe anything could withstand his firepower. To him, ordering a retreat was an act of cowardice and something he scoffed at without hesitation. But that arrogance would soon cost him dearly.

An Understated Dominance Novel Free Chapter 2609 - chapter 2609 (English Translation)

Chapter 2609 When the zombie army attacked, Matthias refused to retreat. He led his troops into a full-scale counteroffensive, deploying tanks and artillery against what he saw as nothing more than monstrous corpses. In his mind, even bulletproof zombies couldn't possibly withstand tank fire. A single shell could flatten solid iron, so what chance did the undead stand? The idea sounded solid in theory, but reality was completely different because there were simply too many zombies. When tens of thousands swarmed in from every direction, there was no way to hold them back.

These zombies were fearless and would never back down as they charged straight into tank shells and artillery fire, as if they meant nothing to them. The military's defensive fortifications were utterly useless against the zombies. Bullets had no effect, as if the creatures were immune to gunfire. Tanks and artillery could tear their bodies apart, but the problem was efficiency. When facing tens of thousands of zombies, dozens of tanks could hardly reduce their overwhelming numbers. Even with limbs blown off, the zombies continued to advance.

Only total obliteration could stop them, which usually demanded multiple direct tank rounds for each creature. Initially, Matthias's counterattack achieved some success in wiping out part of the horde. But once the zombies closed the distance with his forces, he finally realized the scale of the threat. Speed, strength, and unnatural durability were only part of the problem. Their real danger lay in the virus they carried, as anyone bitten or even scratched would turn into one of them within seconds. The real horror began when swarms of zombies jumped into the trenches.

In close combat, even elite soldiers were helpless. Even after emptying an entire magazine, it couldn't bring the zombies down. Instead, the creature would lunge forward and sink its teeth into the nearest soldier. Moments later, the fallen soldier would rise again and become one of them, then turn on his own comrades. Under this kind of assault, where every casualty became a new enemy, Matthias's so-called well-trained army proved useless. They didn't stop the outbreak, but instead helped the zombie virus spread faster. "Damn it! What the hell are these monsters?"

Why do they keep multiplying, no matter how many we kill?" Matthias snapped. From a distance, he scowled as he looked through his binoculars toward the trenches. His voice was sharp with frustration and disbelief. At first, he had felt confident when he saw tanks blast zombies apart. He thought he was being bold, decisive, and made smart tactical decisions. But once the zombie horde reached the trenches, the battlefield became a massacre, and Matthias was left stunned by how fast his advantage disappeared.

He never expected his army to collapse so easily, like they were made of glass the moment contact was made. Or maybe the truth was worse-the zombies were far more terrifying than he had ever imagined. "Your Highness, we have to pull back," Neville urged him. "If this goes on, you're just sending them to die." He had been staying close to protect Matthias so he could clearly see the situation unraveling. The army that Matthias had assembled were nothing but sitting ducks. If they kept pushing, there wouldn't be a single man left standing by nightfall. "Where are the cannons?"

Bring out all my artillery and blast these monsters to pieces," Matthias roared as he clung to the hope of a final stand. "Your Highness, all the cannons have already been deployed," Neville said frantically. "There are too many of them. We can't kill them fast enough. If we don't retreat now, we're all going to die here." He could already see several unusually aggressive zombies charging toward them. These were different as they leaped more than 30 feet at a time, moving with terrifying speed. Even direct artillery hits barely slowed them down.

Whatever they were, they weren't any ordinary zombies. "There has to be another way. I can't lose to these creatures. Not like this," Matthias muttered as he paced back and forth while desperately trying to think of a solution. He had led armies through countless battles and rarely tasted defeat. However, he'd never encountered a situation like this before. "Your Highness, the defensive line has collapsed. We can't hold them anymore,"

Neville shouted, drenched in sweat. That brief moment of hesitation had already cost them dozens more lives.

The defensive position they had fought so hard to maintain had collapsed entirely. The soldiers fought bravely and refused to back down, but ultimately, they were no match for the overwhelming tide of zombies. "Retreat! Everyone, fall back now!" Matthias finally gave the order when it became clear the situation was beyond saving. "Retreat and sound the horn!" Neville barked. Upon hearing that, the few remaining soldiers broke ranks and scattered in a desperate attempt to flee. Unfortunately, the zombies were too fast and the soldiers couldn't outrun them.

Within moments, all the retreating soldiers had fallen victim to the zombie swarm. When he witnessed his men get torn apart by the undead, Neville felt a crushing sense of helplessness. As a general, standing by while his soldiers were slaughtered without being able to save them was unbearable. If they had retreated earlier, they could have saved some lives. Even saving just one more person would have been worth it. "You damn beasts! I'll kill every last one of you," Neville roared. Consumed by rage, he drew his steel blade and was about to charge toward the zombie horde.

"What the hell are you doing? Do you have a death wish?" Matthias snapped. He reacted quickly and grabbed Neville's arm. Even though Neville was a grandmaster martial artist, his strength meant little in the face of thousands of zombies. No matter how many he could cut down—ten, or 100—it wouldn't change the outcome. Once his stamina ran out, death was the only end waiting for him.

An Understated Dominance Novel Free Chapter 2610 - chapter 2610 (English Translation)

Chapter 2610 "Your Highness, we just lost over 1,000 men. How can I face the souls of our fallen comrades if I don't slaughter every last one of these monsters?" Neville asked. His expression was one of rage and grief, and his fingers trembled on the blade's handle. "The dead can't be brought back to life. Our men have already made their sacrifice. You can't throw your life away too. We have to fall back now. Once we figure out a way to stop them, we'll avenge them properly," Matthias said firmly.

Ordinary soldiers could be replaced, but a battle-hardened general like Neville was irreplaceable, and Matthias wasn't about to stand by and let that happen. "But Your Highness—" "This is an order!" Matthias cut Neville off. As the zombie horde closed in fast on the front line, Matthias grew anxious. Without saying anything, he pulled Neville toward a nearby helicopter. With a deafening roar, the rotors spun to life. The wind kicked up around them as the aircraft lifted off the ground. Just as they rose into the sky, one zombie leaped from the advancing horde.

It shot upward nearly 25 feet and slashed at the chopper with claws that carved deep gouges into the fuselage. The entire aircraft jolted, and Matthias turned pale from the

shock. But the pilot quickly steadied the controls, pulled higher, and sped off toward safety. The helicopter flew fast and quickly pulled ahead, leaving the zombies behind. But the horde didn't slow down as they kept pursuing. Zombies didn't need sight or sound to hunt. As long as something was alive and breathing, it became their target.

In Sommertown, Nathaniel was taking a much more innovative approach than Matthias' panicked retreat. Rather than confronting the zombie horde head-on, Nathaniel had mobilized his military forces to evacuate civilians at maximum speed while simultaneously building defensive barriers to slow the zombies' advance. His strategy was simple. If he couldn't solve the crisis himself, he would leave it to someone who could. He firmly believed that the powerhouse who single-handedly cleared the scarlet mist wouldn't stand by and watch the city fall.

For now, Nathaniel's priority was preserving what remained of his forces and waiting for that powerhouse to step in and rescue them. Nevertheless, he had prepared a last-resort plan. If even that powerhouse couldn't handle the zombie threat, he would have no choice but to request missile strikes from Oakvale to level the infected zones. However, such a scorched-earth solution would leave most of Sommertown in ruins, and recovery would take years or possibly decades.

It was a nuclear option in every sense, and Nathaniel would only authorize it if there were truly no other way because the cost would be almost too great to justify. At the break of dawn in Reedcrest, Grace's suicide squad had successfully lured around 10,000 zombies into a narrow canyon. The canyon stretched between two mountains with only a thin passage in the middle, barely wide enough for three people to walk side by side. This confined space forced the massive zombie horde to form a single long line stretching through the entire canyon.

Dustin stood quietly at the cliff's edge, watching everything below with perfect clarity. Once every zombie had entered the canyon, he finally acted. He raised both hands high above his head and gently pressed them toward the canyon's entrance. A tremendous roar shook the earth as the ground began trembling violently. The mountains on both sides of the canyon began to close in rapidly. It looked as though invisible giant hands were forcibly squeezing the two massive peaks together. The canyon's front end sealed first, blocking the zombie horde's exit completely.

The rear end quickly followed and cut off any possibility of retreat. With both ends now closed, the zombie army found itself completely trapped. They couldn't move forward or backward. All they could do was to roar and howl endlessly at the canyon walls surrounding them. "Go back to wherever you came from!" Dustin roared as he took a deep breath and pressed both palms downward with crushing force. A deafening crash erupted as the two mountains collided and buried the original canyon entirely.

Over 10,000 zombies were instantly crushed and vanished without a trace, buried deep within solid rock. However, Dustin wasn't satisfied yet. He struck down with another devastating palm strike from above. Massive boulders tumbled down from both mountain peaks and buried the already destroyed canyon under several additional layers of stone. Under these conditions, the zombies trapped inside would never escape unless someone completely leveled both mountains. So what if they were undead and immortal with their sinister evil nature?

Since they were buried directly under the mountains, they would never see daylight again. Inside the helicopter hovering above, Grace and Sadie watched this shocking scene unfold before them with undisguised amazement. Although Grace had mentally prepared herself, she still couldn't hide her astonishment. With just a single wave of his hand, two entire mountains moved. That was the true power of a terrestrial immortal. As she watched it happen, she couldn't help but feel like she was witnessing a living god. Sadie was even more shaken than Grace had been.

Back when Dustin created the vortex to absorb the scarlet mist, it hadn't hit her that hard. But after seeing him move entire mountains as if it were nothing and reshape the landscape itself, she finally understood just how powerful Dustin truly was. He had surpassed what any human should be capable of.