

## **An Understated Dominance Novel Free Chapter 2611 - chapter 2611 (English Translation)**

Chapter 2611 Dustin had two ways to deal with the zombie hordes. Besides using mountains to crush them, he could also use supreme divine power to extract the death energy from their bodies. Once drained of that energy, the zombies would collapse into corpses. But the process was inefficient because he would need to extract energy from each zombie individually. When facing thousands of zombies, it was like trying to drain a lake with a cup. It would drain his strength long before it made a difference. Dustin knew brute force was far more efficient than draining death energy individually.

The best solution was to herd all the zombies into one place and crush them with his mountain-moving abilities. It was simple, fast, and devastatingly effective. The only challenge lay in concentrating the zombie army. Given their nature, even one escaped zombie could cause the virus to spread rapidly again. After flattening the horde beneath the mountain, Dustin shot upward in a flash and reappeared inside the hovering helicopter. "Reedcrest's crisis is handled. What's the status of the other three cities? Where should I head next?" he asked Grace. Her face turned serious.

"Thornwick is in chaos. Matthias ignored our warnings and deployed regular military forces instead. Not only were they completely ineffective, but their presence actually accelerated the spread of the zombie virus. "More than 10,000 people in that city have already been infected and turned into zombies. If we can still rescue anyone, we need to act fast. Otherwise, things will spiral out of control." Matthias' arrogance and stubbornness infuriated her. He had acted recklessly for the sake of proving himself and salvaging his reputation while gambling with countless civilian lives.

Such foolishness was inexcusable. If Dragonmarsh's future ever fell into the hands of such a reckless person, countless people would suffer. Despite her anger, Grace had no choice but to clean up his mess for the sake of the people. "If the situation in Thornwick has already spiraled out of control, even my strength alone won't be enough to eliminate all the zombies," Dustin analyzed rationally. "Matthias has to cooperate and round them up in one place.

Without that, there's no way to deal with it efficiently." Going there now would be like fighting a forest fire with a cup of water if Matthias hadn't evacuated civilians and gathered the zombies. The wiser choice would be to visit the other two cities first to stabilize those situations. After resolving their problems, he could then focus all his efforts on helping Thornwick. "You're right. I didn't think it through," Grace admitted with a nod. She continued, "I've already sent reinforcements to help Matthias hold the line and protect civilians.

As for Harbortown and Sommertown, they've both managed to lure the zombies into containment zones as planned. I recommend starting with Harbortown since it's closer." "Got it. I'll head there now," Dustin replied. Without another word, his figure vanished from the helicopter. A second later, he reappeared about 330 feet away, streaking through the air like a meteor toward Harbortown at blinding speed. First the plague, then the scarlet mist, and now zombie armies. Ever since setting foot in Ashen Coast, he hadn't stopped moving. He had been constantly rushing from one emergency to another.

He finally understood what "with great power comes great responsibility" truly meant. Even a terrestrial immortal would feel exhausted from this endless cycle of crises, but he had no choice. With countless lives at stake and the safety of Ashen Coast hanging in the balance, he could only grit his teeth and persevere no matter how difficult or tiring it became. Unlike the mountainous terrain of Reedcrest, Harbortown was situated near the ocean and was renowned for its extensive harbor network.

Following advice from Milton and his team of advisors, Tristan had organized over a dozen suicide squads to lure the entire zombie horde into the city's largest harbor. Tristan's original plan was to drown the zombie army in the ocean. Unfortunately, he quickly discovered this strategy wouldn't work since zombies weren't afraid of water. More precisely, zombies were reanimated corpses that relied on death energy and the zombie virus within their bodies to sustain all movement, so they couldn't possibly be drowned.

The water could only slightly restrict their mobility without providing any fundamental solution. Drowning wasn't the only tactic Tristan had tried. He'd also used incendiary bombs to burn them and launched concentrated artillery strikes to blow them apart. The strikes had done some damage, but there were just too many of them. And with every zombie practically bulletproof, they were nearly impossible to kill unless blown to pieces. The bigger problem was that large-scale artillery attacks would devastate the city itself.

Even if they could eliminate the zombies, sustained bombardment would likely destroy half the city. That kind of price was too high. Unless the situation became hopeless, destroying the city to save it made no sense. At least for now, Tristan hadn't reached that breaking point yet. In his mind, there was still that terrestrial immortal who could serve as their ultimate backup plan. Once that powerhouse intervened, dealing with this zombie army should pose no real challenge.

## **An Understated Dominance Novel Free Chapter 2612 - chapter 2612 (English Translation)**

Chapter 2612 Aboard the helicopter flying over the harbor, Tristan and Milton gazed down at the densely packed zombie horde covering the ground below. The sight filled them with dread. The zombie attack had begun yesterday. In barely more than ten hours, the number of people infected with the zombie virus had already exceeded

10,000. If Tristan hadn't ordered an immediate evacuation of nearby civilians, the numbers would've been far worse. His quick response had kept the outbreak from spiraling completely out of control. Even so, 10,000 bulletproof zombies posed a terrifying threat.

Tristan had already launched multiple rounds of airstrikes and artillery bombardments to slow them down. Half the harbor was now in ruins, yet the damage to the horde itself had been minimal. All he could do now was try to contain the spread and buy more time. "Your Highness, we've managed to lure almost all the zombies from Harbortown to this location," Milton reported after receiving a message through his earpiece. "Our teams are tracking down the few that slipped through. They shouldn't affect the overall situation." "Well done.

Now we wait for that powerhouse to make their move," Tristan replied with a nod. The horde had gathered, just as planned. All that was left was for the powerhouse to strike. One decisive blow would wipe out the zombies and end the crisis for good. "Your Highness, what if that powerhouse doesn't show up?" Milton suddenly asked. "The message from Grace should be reliable," Tristan replied, shaking his head. "Your Highness, it's better to be safe than sorry. We've been using human lives to attract these zombies.

If the situation spirals out of control, the consequences would be unthinkable," Milton said with a grave expression. He didn't say it outright, but the implication was clear—staking the future of the entire city on a stranger's promise was a gamble they might not be able to afford. "You make a valid point. I actually do have a backup plan, but the losses would be too great. I won't resort to it unless necessary," Tristan replied. "As long as you have contingencies in place, Your Highness," Milton said with a nod.

In moments of crisis, it was more important than ever for a future ruler to stay calm and in control. "Oh, by the way, what's the current situation in Thornwick and Sommertown?" Tristan asked. Milton answered, "Thornwick is in complete chaos. When the zombie army invaded, Prince Matthias' first reaction wasn't to retreat and regroup strategically. Instead, he deployed troops for a direct counterattack. "As a result, over 1,000 soldiers are dead. Civilians got caught in the crossfire, and now the number of people infected with the zombie virus is rapidly increasing.

It's probably several times worse than our situation here." Tristan shook his head with a faint smile. "Matthias is still as impulsive as ever. He thinks he can solve everything through brute force and lacks an understanding of strategic retreat. All he's doing is dragging others down with him." The more chaotic Thornwick became, the better it was for him. If the outbreak in the city couldn't be contained and the zombie virus spread on a large scale, there would only be one solution for the sake of national security—use overwhelming firepower to destroy the entire city.

When it came to that, Matthias would lose all qualification to compete for the throne. It wouldn't matter how many supporters he had. A prince who allowed an entire city to be destroyed because of one reckless decision could never be trusted to rule. If someone like that became king, Dragonmarsh would be finished. Tristan wasn't the only one who'd oppose it. The entire court-civil and military-would stand against him. Even Valon would never approve of Matthias becoming the ruler. So now, Tristan was hoping Thornwick would fall as quickly as possible.

Once Matthias was out of the picture, the pressure on him would ease significantly. "What about Sommertown, where Nathaniel is stationed? Has the zombie virus spread there yet?" Tristan asked again. Milton replied, "Sommertown's situation is a bit worse than ours here in Harbortown, but not as bad as Thornwick. It's somewhere in between." He added, "I have to admit, Prince Nathaniel does have some real capability. Since Sommertown was the first to face the outbreak, it's impressive he's managed to hold things together this long." "He's always been smart," Tristan remarked.

"Honestly, I expected him to handle things better than Matthias. But Nathaniel only cares about short-term gains. He has no real grasp of the bigger picture." His expression remained calm as he went on, "I heard that during the scarlet mist crisis, Nathaniel was more focused on extortion and seizing resources. That didn't sit well with the nobles and officials in Sommertown. Now that the zombie virus has broken out, these nobles and officials are not only refusing to cooperate but are actively sabotaging his efforts.

At this rate, I estimate he won't last much longer either." He had a clear grasp of both his brothers' movements because the spies he had planted around them reported back regularly. "Prince Matthias and Prince Nathaniel are nothing compared to your wisdom and strength, Your Highness," Milton said, seizing the opportunity to flatter him. He continued, "Your Highness has both courage and strategy. You carry the people in your heart. No one but you is fit to be Crown Prince. No one else is worthy of the throne." Tristan laughed, clearly pleased.

"Milton, you really do know how to talk." If his mother's family had wielded absolute power, would he have ever been overshadowed by Matthias or Nathaniel? When it came to strategy, political skill, or leadership, he outshone them both. The throne should have been his all along. Just then, Milton seemed to notice something and suddenly pointed into the distance. "Your Highness, look. The powerhouse has arrived," he said.

## **An Understated Dominance Novel Free Chapter 2613 - chapter 2613 (English Translation)**

Chapter 2613 Tristan followed Milton's gaze into the distance, where a brilliant white light was streaking toward them at breakneck speed. It carved a glowing trail across the sky, splitting massive clouds as it tore through them. In seconds, the light reached the airspace directly above the harbor. The force of its arrival stirred up hurricane-level

winds that violently rocked their helicopter. When the turbulence finally eased, Tristan looked up and saw a figure in white hovering in the air, no more than 600 feet away.

With his sharp eyesight, he should've been able to see the figure's face clearly. But no matter how hard he stared, everything remained blurry, as if some invisible force was deliberately obscuring the figure. "Milton, can you see what this powerhouse looks like?" he asked. Milton shook his head. "No. I can't make out their face, either. They're clearly hiding their appearance on purpose." "So the powerhouse is deliberately masking their identity," Tristan said, disappointed. He had hoped to see what a terrestrial immortal actually looked like.

Instead, the powerhouse had used supreme divine power to obscure their features. After thinking it over, this made perfect sense since hidden masters rarely appeared before ordinary people. If it hadn't been for the disaster that struck Ashen Coast, the powerhouse likely would've remained hidden. From what Tristan could tell, the mysterious figure wasn't hostile. They seemed like a righteous force, fighting for their country and people. Whoever they were, they didn't appear to be a threat. "Your Highness, that powerhouse's preparing to unleash their powers.

We should move to a safer distance," Milton warned. "Fall back 3,000 feet," Tristan ordered without hesitation. Given the supreme divine power that the powerhouse had already displayed before, staying too close would mean inviting disaster. After all, Tristan just needed to observe and stay out of the way. The rest could be left to this extraordinary figure. Down below, the zombie horde surged forward with deafening roars. The last remaining suicide squad members were surrounded. Trapped with no way out, they were overwhelmed and infected by the virus.

Tristan had managed to lure the zombies to the harbor and buy this much time only through the sacrifice of dozens of squad members. After all, zombies hunted using scent and were drawn only to living humans. To gather the scattered undead into one concentrated swarm, those soldiers had used their own lives as bait. Over 100 suicide squad members had already perished in this desperate gambit. Every one of them had died as a martyr for their country. "So many people infected in just one night?

High in the sky, Dustin looked down at the massive swarm of zombies surrounding the harbor and frowned slightly. The situation in Thornwick was clearly worse than in Reedcrest. What made it even more troubling was that Harbortown had supposedly been the least affected city besides Reedcrest. If this were the situation here, he could only imagine how bad it was in the other two cities. "I'll do what I can." Without wasting another second, he raised his left hand and drew on the forces of nature. Then, he made a grasping motion toward the ocean. Suddenly, the surface of the sea surged upward.

The waves shot from 15 feet to 150, then kept climbing-200, 300, 400 feet. A towering wall of water hundreds of feet high had risen out of nowhere, and it was still growing. Tristan sat frozen in shock inside the helicopter. They were flying at nearly 3,300 feet, yet right before his eyes, the ocean had surged into a massive tsunami, rising higher until it was on the verge of overtaking them. As the wave continued to climb, towering above the helicopter like a mountain of water, panic set in. He shouted, "Fly higher!

Take us up to 6,500 feet and fall back at least two miles." The pilot didn't hesitate. He immediately ascended to 6,500 feet and steered the helicopter back nearly two miles. There was no choice because that towering wave-easily over 3,000 feet tall-exuded such overwhelming pressure that it felt like the whole sky was collapsing. If that wave crashed down, it wouldn't just affect them or their helicopter. Even steel-reinforced concrete skyscrapers wouldn't be able to withstand such terrifyingly destructive force. "Oh my God! Is that powerhouse even human?

They just raised a wave thousands of feet high, as if it were nothing. This is insane," Tristan gasped. He swallowed hard and was once again stunned beyond words. The previous energy vortex had been frightening enough, but this towering tsunami was even more terrifying. That sky-blotting, oppressive presence could only be described as horrifying. "So this is what a Terrestrial Immortal can do?" Milton muttered, swallowing hard. "Controlling nature with just a wave of the hand.

It's unreal." Though he had experienced many storms in his life, this was the first time he had witnessed such a spectacular scene. This was no longer something that humans could possess. "Fall," Dustin commanded. The moment he thrust his left hand downward, the 3,000-foot-high wall of water came crashing down like a massive hammer, slamming toward the ground with tremendous force.

## **An Understated Dominance Novel Free Chapter 2614 - chapter 2614 (English Translation)**

Chapter 2614 When the massive tsunami crashed down, it plunged the entire world into darkness. The sheer force compressed the air into a devastating hurricane that swept outward in every direction. Sand and debris exploded through the harbor as thick clouds of dust billowed everywhere. The 3,000-foot wall of water slammed into the harbor with crushing force. Docked ships were instantly torn apart and vanished beneath the churning waves. Buildings, houses, and port facilities near the waterfront collapsed like cardboard the moment the tsunami hit.

The impact and destructive force were unlike anything Tristan had ever imagined. Even from a safe distance, the sight made his skin crawl and filled him with dread. Within seconds, the entire harbor disappeared under the surging water. The zombie army that had been advancing nearby was caught in the devastation and swallowed whole. The tsunami didn't stop there. It kept pushing inland with unstoppable momentum.

Everything in its path faced total annihilation. Houses crumbled, trees were uprooted, and the remaining zombie hordes were swept away without a trace.

The wall of water surged more than 30 miles inland until every last zombie had been submerged. Only then did its relentless advance finally come to a halt. High in the sky, Dustin formed hand seals and pointed at the seawater below. "Freeze!" A deafening boom split the air as an enormous formation, stretching nearly half a mile in diameter, appeared above the churning sea. Instantly, the surrounding temperature plummeted. The scorching summer heat gave way to the bone-chilling cold of winter. Beneath the formation, the raging seawater froze.

Everything below the surface became encased in ice-fish suspended mid-swim, ship wreckage, building debris, and zombies. The freezing effect started in one concentrated area. As the bitter cold spread outward, the frozen area continued to expand. Within two minutes, the entire flooded zone had transformed into one massive sheet of ice. "This is absolutely terrifying. It's beyond anything I could have imagined," Tristan remarked. From the helicopter, he looked down at the frozen seawater below. His hair stood on end as the full magnitude of what had happened sank in.

One casual point of a finger had turned over 30 miles of churning seawater into solid ice in seconds. That level of supreme divine power was something he had never seen before. The sheer difficulty made even summoning a 3,000-foot tsunami seem simple by comparison. While a tsunami only involved displacing water, freezing 30 miles of seawater required transforming it into solid ice. It was an effort that demanded exponentially more energy. "Anyone who reaches the terrestrial immortal realm has surpassed the limits of what humans can achieve.

Only such existence can easily resolve this disaster," Milton said in awe. Over 10,000 invulnerable zombies were frozen solid in a matter of seconds. Not even their most advanced aircraft and heavy artillery could have achieved such a result. "It's not over yet," Tristan said as he stared intently at the white figure below. Instead of leaving after freezing the sea, Dustin raised one hand high and made a striking motion through the air toward the icy surface below. A deafening roar cracked across the sky as an enormous golden palm materialized out of nowhere.

It crashed down like a mountain onto the frozen ground, casting the land below in shadow. The sheer scale of it was overwhelming. As it descended, the air warped, and the ground seemed to shift. Even from a distance, the pressure it gave off was terrifying. The golden palm slammed into the ice with a thunderous crash. The impact rolled through the earth like a shockwave, and far-off peaks shifted under the pressure. The ice beneath the giant palm exploded into powder. Cracks spread outward at blistering speed, spiderwebbing across the frozen surface.

Within seconds, the fractures had spread over 30 miles. Everything buried beneath the surface was torn apart. The zombie army that had been trapped earlier was now shattered into pieces. Their so-called invulnerability meant nothing because Dustin's single palm strike wiped them out completely. The death energy and zombie virus within their bodies vanished without a trace, and revival was no longer even a possibility. Tristan and Milton stared in stunned silence, unable to say a word. That one strike had left them shaken to the core.

## **An Understated Dominance Novel Free Chapter 2615 - chapter 2615 (English Translation)**

Chapter 2615 Inside the helicopter, Tristan and Milton sat in stunned silence. Neither of them could find the words to describe what they had just witnessed. From the moment the tsunami was summoned, to the ocean freezing in an instant, and finally the entire ice sheet being obliterated by a single palm strike the entire sequence was beyond anything they could have imagined. If they hadn't witnessed it themselves, they never would've believed a human being was capable of such a feat. "A few zombies have escaped toward the northwest. Take your men and deal with them quickly.

Time is running out, and I still have to rush to the other two cities." Dustin's voice carried down from above. After crushing tens of thousands of zombies with a single blow, he didn't even pause. He shot across the sky like a meteor and vanished into the distance. With Harbortown's horde wiped out, the few who slipped through shouldn't have posed a challenge to Tristan. If he couldn't even handle that, then he didn't deserve to be crown prince. The streets of Sommertown reeked of blood and decay. The stench hung heavy in the air, enough to make anyone gag.

Nathaniel and his guards had taken shelter inside the ruins of an old clock tower. Through the cracked glass, he watched as endless waves of zombies swarmed the streets, sweat gathering on his brow. A blood-soaked guard suddenly burst through the door, gasping for breath. His voice cracked with fear as he reported, "Your Highness, the southeastern defenses are about to collapse. Those monsters are crazy. They kept hammering the barrier nonstop.

Our men can't hold them off much longer." Upon hearing that, Nathaniel tightened his grip around the hilt of his sword until his knuckles turned white. He looked out the window at the grotesque zombies moving with unnatural speed outside. A cold knot of dread settled in his stomach as he realized how desperate their situation had become. They had been retreating when a horde of zombies suddenly cut them off from behind. With no way out, he ordered his men to fall back into the tower and use the terrain to hold their ground.

But bullets and blades barely slowed down the undead, and nothing seemed to kill them. As a result, more than half of his elite guards had already fallen. If this continued, the situation would only get worse. Just then, the clock tower's main door was violently smashed open as several zombies snarled and charged inside. The guards raised their weapons and charged forward. Steel flashed as they hacked through rotting limbs. Blood sprayed across the walls as blades found their marks, but there were too many zombies.

Within moments, the undead broke their line, and the tower filled with the screams of dying men. "Retreat! Everyone, fall back now!" Nathaniel's face went pale. Without hesitation, he immediately led several of his personal guards to escape through the back door. At that moment, something like a meteor seemed to streak across the sky. A white figure landed on the clock tower. From the rooftop, he surveyed the zombie horde below with cold, emotionless eyes. "Hmph!" As he raised his right hand, a visible glowing golden pattern weaved across his palm that crackled with raw energy.

The zombies below grew restless. As if sensing the threat, they howled and snarled at the figure in the sky. "Annihilate!" The figure's raised hand snapped downward. The golden energy gathered in his palm condensed into a blazing beam. It struck like a falling meteor, blasting through the zombie horde with devastating force. A deafening boom ripped through the air. The golden beam obliterated everything in its path, leaving cracked pavement and flying debris in its wake. Over 1,000 zombies were obliterated in an instant. They were reduced to ash before they could even scream.

The spot where the horde had stood was now just vacant ground. The remaining zombies froze, visibly shaken by the carnage. None of them dared take another step forward. Inside the clock tower, Nathaniel and the remaining guards could only gape at what they'd witnessed. The scene outside had left them speechless. They had thought they were doomed. However, they never expected a powerhouse to drop from the sky and wipe out over 1,000 zombies with a single blow. It was beyond anything they could have imagined.

The figure landed on the ground, and his cold gaze swept over the few remaining zombies. Without hesitation, he weaved through the undead, his form becoming a blur. With each wave of his hand, dozens of zombies turned to dust. He tore through the horde like a force of nature, unstoppable and relentless. Within minutes, every last zombie in Sommertown's streets had been wiped out. Nathaniel and the others were left speechless once again after witnessing the impossible.

## **An Understated Dominance Novel Free Chapter 2616 - chapter 2616 (English Translation)**

Chapter 2616 The golden light at Dustin's fingertips flickered out just as the last zombie at the warehouse entrance crumbled to dust. Dark brown fluid splattered across the weathered cobblestones, releasing a nauseating stench. Nathaniel leaned on his

broken spear, his chest heaving with each breath. Zombie bone fragments were still embedded in the dented plates of his armor. He looked at the bodies scattered across the ground, then at the white figure ahead. His eyes reflected the gratitude of someone who had escaped death. "Thank you for saving us, sir."

Your kindness will never be forgotten," Nathaniel said with a respectful nod. Not a single stain marked Dustin's pristine white robes. His eyes swept over the scattered zombie remains below with a sharp, eagle-like gaze, and he frowned slightly. "These were just scouts. Where is the actual zombie army?" he asked. Nathaniel's expression immediately turned grim. He turned toward the southern part of the city, where thick gray fog shrouded the sky. Muffled roars could be heard echoing from that direction. "Sir, over 10,000 civilians are still trapped in the southern temporary settlement."

They couldn't be evacuated in time. Please save them," Nathaniel said. Dustin's expression hardened. Without another word, his body was covered in brilliant golden light. He transformed into a dazzling beam of light, shooting toward the southern district like a meteor. He vanished in a flash, leaving behind only a faint trail of light. Even the roar of the wind couldn't keep up. Nathaniel and the others stood frozen. They were stunned speechless as they watched the glowing streak disappear into the distance. The southern district had become a war zone.

Over 10,000 zombies prowled outside the temporary settlement, snarling and clawing at the barriers. Their mottled gray skin hung loose over jutting bones, while rotting flesh peeled away in strips. Long, yellowed claws gleamed eerily in the dim light. Inside the makeshift shelter, terrified civilians huddled together-families with children, elderly couples, young adults-all wearing the same expression of raw fear. Some wept quietly while parents held their children close, with desperation etched into every face. A boy, no older than six, buried himself deeper into his mother's embrace.

His tiny fingers clutched her torn clothing. "Daddy, I'm scared," he whimpered through tears. The boy's father was a burly man, but even he had turned deathly pale. He tightly gripped a rusty hatchet and said with a trembling voice, "Don't worry. I will protect you." Despite his assurance, the hand holding the hatchet wouldn't stop shaking. Outside, the zombie horde slammed relentlessly against the flimsy wooden barriers. Each impact sent the entire fence shuddering with ominous creaks and groans. The structure was moments from collapse.

Several zombies at the front had already extended their skeletal claws through gaps in the barrier, reaching toward the civilians inside. An elderly man closest to the barrier couldn't dodge in time. Sharp talons raked across his forearm, tearing deep into flesh. Blood poured out instantly as he screamed in agony. Just when all seemed lost, a brilliant golden beam streaked down from the sky like a missile and slammed into the zombie horde with a thunderous crash. The light exploded outward, forming an enormous golden halo.

Every zombie caught in its path instantly burst into flames and crumbled to ash. Their screams echoed across the settlement. The civilians froze in shock, then looked up to see a white figure hovering above them. Dustin had arrived to save them. He gazed down at the swarming zombies below with cold fury. A huge golden ball of light condensed in his palm, crackling with countless tiny golden lightning bolts. "Burn in hell, you monsters!" Dustin roared as he hurled the blazing sphere toward the horde.

It streaked through the air like a miniature sun, radiating a power so immense it felt capable of wiping out the world. The moment it hit the ground, it erupted into a blinding burst of light. A shockwave exploded outward in all directions, tearing through the undead ranks. Zombies collapsed in waves, swallowed by the light. They were instantly erased from existence. Those closest to the blast didn't even have time to scream since they vanished in an instant. As the light began to fade, more than half the horde had been obliterated.

Only a few remained at the edges, snarling and stumbling forward. Dustin blurred into motion, weaving through the horde of zombies. Golden light flared from his fingertips, and with every flash, dozens of the undead dropped where they stood. As he moved with inhuman speed, his white robe traced graceful arcs through the zombie masses like an angel dancing in hell. The survivors in the temporary settlement stood transfixed. Fear and tears became distant memories as they watched the white-robed figure overhead in stunned silence.

The zombies that had driven them to the brink of despair earlier were dropping like flies before Dustin. Half an hour later, the last zombie fell under Dustin's burst of golden light. The sky over the southern district began to clear as the gray fog lifted, revealing a brilliant blue sky. Dustin landed in the settlement's open square. Though the survivors around him cheered and celebrated, his face remained unreadable. He turned toward the horizon, where more crises might be waiting. People rushed forward, hoping to thank him.

But before they could reach him, his figure dissolved into a flash of golden light and disappeared into the sky. All that remained were the ashes of countless zombies and the thousands of survivors in the settlement. They stared in the direction Dustin had vanished, then bowed their heads in silent gratitude. His kindness would be etched into their hearts forever.

## **An Understated Dominance Novel Free Chapter 2617 - chapter 2617 (English Translation)**

Chapter 2617 The old city walls in Thornwick glistened with a cold, bluish-black sheen in the dusk. In the gaps between the bricks, traces of rusted arrowheads from a century ago still remained. As Matthias stepped onto the battlements, the soles of his boots crunched over the frozen blood crust. Fresh blood dripped from the saber on his waist,

and each drop froze the instant it touched the ground. "Get those oil barrels up here now!" he bellowed.

His face was hardened with fury as he commanded, "Gunners, hold your fire until those beasts are within a hundred yards." Below the city walls, the zombie horde surged like a rising black tide. In the dim twilight, pale gray arms flailed and clawed at the stone. The front ranks clawed at the walls with bare, worn-down nails. Bits of stone and mortar flaked away and scattered across the ground. A few of the larger ones were climbing over the bodies piled beneath them. Their rotting feet slipped on the ice, scraping against the stone with a sickening sound.

"Mommy, I'm scared!" A child's terrified cry echoed from within the walls. More than 30 civilians-most of them elderly or children-were being held back in the courtyard by soldiers, unable to get out. One middle-aged woman pressed her hand tightly over her child's mouth, though muffled whimpers still escaped through her fingers. These were civilians who hadn't managed to evacuate in time. Now they were trapped in this cramped space, surrounded by zombies. Matthias glanced back at the restless crowd and shot them a cold glare.

"Anyone who dares make noise again will be thrown down to feed the zombies," he growled. Before he'd finished speaking, a cry of alarm rang out from the western battlements. A zombie with half its leg torn off had managed to climb up using the pile of corpses as a ladder. Its skeletal claws grabbed a young soldier's ankle. The soldier screamed as he fell, teeth tearing through his shin, revealing bones. Matthias's saber whistled through the air, severing the soldier's leg clean at the knee. Blood splattered across his face, but he didn't even blink.

The soldier immediately let out an agonizing scream, causing the zombies below the wall even more agitated. "Get him medical attention now," Matthias ordered. "If he shows any signs of turning into a zombie, burn him alive." "Yes, Your Highness." His two personal guards immediately dragged the wounded soldier away. Everyone knew that anyone bitten or scratched by a zombie could become infected with the zombie virus and turn into one of them. Matthias' swift, brutal stroke had cost the soldier his leg, but it might have saved his life. "Stay sharp, everyone!

If you're bitten, do the right thing and end it yourself," he reminded them, sweeping his gaze around with the bloodied saber still in hand. At those words, the soldiers turned pale. Their hands trembled around their weapons, but no one said a word. The image of that wounded soldier was burned into everyone's mind. Just then, several able-bodied civilians pushed past the soldiers and rushed onto the battlements. Leading them was a broad -shouldered man with a hoe slung over one shoulder, his muscles drawn tight beneath a rough linen shirt. "Your Highness, let us lend a hand," he said.

Matthias frowned and was about to snap at them when he saw the man swing his hoe and accurately smash the skull of a zombie that was climbing the wall. Dark brown fluid splattered all over him, but he showed no fear. He grabbed his hoe again and pushed the zombie off the wall. More civilians rushed inside the city wall. Some carried stones, while others passed along Molotov cocktails. An elderly woman even fumbled her way to the oil barrels to add kindling. The defensive force on the walls grew stronger instantly, but it also created new dangers.

A woman carrying an infant, startled by the zombies, stumbled backward and knocked over an oil barrel. The thick oil flowed through the cracks between the stone, dripping onto the pile of corpses below. A stray spark fell somewhere, and flames shot up ten feet high. The wall of fire temporarily held back the zombie assault, but it also made a section of the western wall scalding hot, forcing the defenders to temporarily retreat. "Fill the gap!" Matthias roared as he cut down a zombie that had climbed the wall in the chaos. His saber was caught in the creature's ribs.

In that moment of delay, another zombie lunged at him, aiming for his neck. "Your Highness!" Neville reacted instantly, becoming a blur as he rushed forward to block Matthias. With one stroke, he decapitated the zombie, but the creature's claws raked across his arm, leaving deep scratches. As the zombie virus spread rapidly, he gritted his teeth. Without hesitation, he drew his dagger and severed his own infected left arm. "Neville!" Matthias's face went white with shock. He hadn't expected his most trusted lieutenant to sacrifice his own limb to protect him.

"Your Highness, don't worry about me. Keep killing those monsters." Neville used his internal energy to seal his pressure points and stop the bleeding. In such a situation, there was no time for distractions. One moment's carelessness could mean death or worse, even for a grandmaster martial artist. The flames below the wall gradually died down, revealing charred corpses and even more zombies surging forward. The section of wall that had been burned now showed signs of cracking.

Several particularly strong zombies were ramming it with their heads, the sound of loosening bricks like the beat of a countdown drum. With a thunderous crash, the southwestern corner of the wall collapsed. The black tide of zombies instantly poured through the breach. More than ten soldiers who bore the brunt of the assault didn't even have time to scream before they were swallowed by the horde. "We're doomed..." A soldier collapsed onto the stones, his weapon clattering to the ground. Matthias gritted his teeth.

He tore strips from his battle robe to bandage wounds and prepare to organize a counterattack. Just then, the sky suddenly split open with a golden crack. From the blinding light, a white figure streaked down like a meteor. He crashed with tremendous force into the densest cluster of zombies at the breach.

## **An Understated Dominance Novel Free Chapter 2618 - chapter 2618 (English Translation)**

Chapter 2618 The earth shook as the white figure slammed into the ground with a thunderous crash. Golden winds whirled around him like a protective shield. The zombies charging forward slammed into an invisible wall, and their gray-green bodies exploded into chunks. Dark brown fluid mixed with bone fragments splattered across the city wall, filling the air with acrid, white smoke. "It's the powerhouse!" someone shouted from inside the courtyard. The terrified civilians who had been cowering moments before suddenly burst into wild cheers.

They all remembered what had happened during Thornwick's scarlet mist crisis. A mysterious white figure had appeared like something out of legend, clearing all the deadly mist and saving their city from certain doom. With the zombies closing in on the walls, the sight of that familiar white figure felt like seeing a savior. "He's here at last," Matthias muttered. He tightened his grip on his blood-slicked saber and watched the white figure cut through the zombie horde like they were nothing more than wheat before a scythe. He couldn't help but breathe a long sigh of relief.

With a terrestrial immortal fighting alongside them, they should be able to stop the zombie army. Dustin condensed three inches of golden light at his fingertips. He wielded it like an invisible sharp sword as he weaved through the zombie horde. Whenever the golden light flashed, dozens of zombies would turn to dust. He weaved through the horde with the Phantom Grid Technique. Though his movements seemed chaotic, they perfectly avoided every grasping claw and snapping jaw. A burly zombie, nearly ten feet tall, lunged at him with jaws wide enough to swallow a man's head.

Instead of dodging, Dustin stepped straight into its reach and pressed his palm against its skull. The zombie shrieked and thrashed, but golden lines spread from Dustin's hand seeped through its rotting flesh and into every opening. A second later, the creature's body exploded in a spray of blood mist. "Fall back!" Matthias shouted, snapping out of his trance. He cut down two zombies that had gotten too close. "Get everyone to the inner city now." The surviving soldiers quickly grabbed the wounded and herded civilians deeper into the fortress.

A doctor with a medicine bag tried to reach Neville, who was clutching his severed arm, but more zombies blocked his path. Razor-sharp claws swept toward the man's face when a golden beam shot from the side, pinning the zombie to the stone wall. Dustin had appeared beside them without a sound, with the golden energy pulsing in his palm. "Take him and get out of here," he said. Neville tried to stand, but Dustin's hand on his shoulder felt like a mountain pressing down.

"You'll only be in the way if you stay." Before anyone could respond, Dustin had already launched himself toward the collapsed section of wall where zombies continued pouring through like a grayish green tide. He hovered above the breach as more of the creatures swarmed up from below, their rotting bodies writhing in the fading daylight. Dustin's hands moved in complex patterns, and suddenly bitter winds swept across the battlefield. The gusts carried thousands of tiny golden sparks that burst into blue flames wherever they touched zombie flesh.

"Skyfire!" he shouted as he pressed his hands downward. The scattered flames instantly merged into a colossal pillar of fire, looking like molten rock pouring from the sky itself. The entire breach vanished beneath the inferno. The zombies' shrieked as their bodies, which had shrugged off sword and spear, melted like candle wax in the supernatural flames. The stench of burning flesh made everyone's eyes water, but nobody looked away from the incredible sight. Regular flames barely scratched the zombies, but whatever power Dustin wielded was something else entirely.

They burst into flames on contact and burned to nothing in seconds. Matthias led the civilians back to the inner gate. When he turned to see that towering pillar of flame connecting earth to sky, he couldn't help but gasp in awe. Even the soldiers on the walls forgot about fighting and stood transfixed by this miraculous sight. The fire column burned for nearly half an hour before gradually dying down, revealing the blackened breach in the wall. The surging zombie horde had vanished completely, leaving only smoldering ash scattered across the ground.

Dustin hovered in the air, his white robes outlined in gold by the firelight. It made him look like a living god. "Thank you, sir," Matthias said respectfully. Earlier, he'd thought military training and sharp steel would be enough to handle this crisis. Now, he understood just how vast the gap was between mortal soldiers and someone who had transcended human limits. Dustin glanced at the dark blood still seeping from cracks in the stone below and frowned.

"Some got away." He flicked his finger, sending three golden darts shooting toward the eastern, western, and northern sections of the city. "Check those areas." Matthias quickly sent scouts who discovered zombies hiding in cellars at all three locations. For some reason, these creatures had escaped the flames and were now howling at ventilation shafts. "Thank you for the warning," Matthias said, wiping cold sweat from his forehead. Without Dustin's reminder, those hidden zombies would have eventually broken free and started this whole nightmare over again.

Dustin didn't respond, but stared at the distant horizon. The afterglow of the setting sun fell across his face, revealing fine beads of sweat sliding down his jawline. Even a terrestrial immortal was somewhat exhausted after rushing between four cities without rest. "It's time to settle accounts with the remnants of the Skull Covenant," he murmured. His voice was barely audible, but it carried bone-chilling coldness. A shiver ran down Matthias' spine after learning that Dustin was finally going after the masterminds behind all this chaos.

He tightened his grip on his saber and stepped forward. "Let me help you, sir." Dustin looked at him for a moment, then shook his head. "Just keep Thornwick safe. Before Matthis could reply, Dustin had already transformed into a streak of light and vanished into the darkening sky. Everyone on the walls watched until the light disappeared beyond the mountains. Down in the courtyard, civilians were on their knees, some weeping with relief, others offering prayers to the immortal who had saved them from certain death.

Matthias stood on the battlements long after the others had gone, staring south toward where Dustin had vanished. Finally, he drove his saber point-first into the stone and bowed deeply in that direction. Dustin hadn't just saved the city, but he had saved all their lives.

## **An Understated Dominance Novel Free Chapter 2619 - chapter 2619 (English Translation)**

Chapter 2619 After the zombie virus crisis had been resolved, Dustin's hatred for the Skull Covenant had reached its breaking point. Plague, scarlet mist, zombie virus-each one a ruthless attempt to wipe entire cities off the map. Despite his best efforts to save lives and thwart their schemes, tens of thousands of civilians still died in the chaos. All four major cities across the Ashen Coast had also suffered varying degrees of devastation. They couldn't afford to wait for the next attack. If the Skull Covenant struck again, who knew how many more innocent lives would be lost?

The best approach now was to eliminate the root of the problem. They had to completely eradicate the Skull Covenant and restore peace to the Ashen Coast. Dustin barely had time to catch his breath after returning to Reedcrest. He went straight to find Grace. "I've got good news and bad news," she said the moment she saw him. "Let's hear both," he replied. "The good news is, my people found the Skull Covenant's altar. The bad news? The remnants seem to be putting a new plan into motion." "Give me the location. I'll take care of it," Dustin said without hesitation. Rage boiled inside him.

If he could, he'd tear every last remnant of the Skull Covenant apart without mercy. Grace motioned to Sadie, who immediately stepped forward with a map. She took the map and spread it out in front of Dustin, pointing to a red-marked spot. "This is the place. All of my scouts went missing while searching the area. I'm sure the Skull Covenant's altar is nearby." "We finally tracked down these scums." Dustin narrowed his eyes, a cold glint flashing in his gaze. "I'll wipe out every last one of them." Before Grace could say a word, he shot into the air and vanished in a streak of light.

She watched his fading silhouette and murmured, "Be careful." Half an hour later, Dustin arrived at the remote area of the Ashen Coast. Thick, inky black fog drifted over the swamp. As he flew low over the mire, the muck below released soft, bubbling pops. A child's skeletal remains jutted from the rotting leaves and grass. One bony finger still looped with a faded red string. Suddenly, a baby's cry echoed from deep within the fog.

Three heartbeats later, it twisted into a sharp, high-pitched laugh. A group of Skull Covenant remnants darted out from behind the trees, bone spears in hand.

The tips were coated in green poison. When they spotted Dustin, they hurled their weapon through the air like missiles. Dustin had sensed the ambush coming. Without so much as a flinch, he raised his hand, and a dozen bone spears disintegrated into dust as if they'd never existed. While the remnants stood frozen, he formed a sword seal with his left hand. He raised his arm and slashed forward, unleashing a golden arc of light. The light cut through them in a flash. Their bodies stiffened, then a dozen heads rolled across the ground before sinking into the swamp.

"Impressive technique." Gore's voice drifted through the fog, thick with the stench of blood. He stepped on a bloated zombie corpse, each footfall sending blood bubbles through the muck. "It's a shame that no matter how fast your blade is, you won't break through my Crimson Flow Formation." He suddenly spread his arms wide. Ten blood tendrils shot from his fingertips, each nearly ten feet long. They twisted midair, weaving into a crimson web that stained the swamp red wherever it touched. Dustin kicked off a piece of driftwood and soared into the air.

As he dodged the web, golden light flared from his fingertips, scattering like sparks. Each one struck a node in the tendrils with pinpoint precision. The strands erupted one after another, forcing Gore back three steps. A muffled grunt escaped his throat as five deep gashes split open across his palm. His eyes locked onto the black mark spreading across Dustin's shoulder, and a twisted grin spread across his face. "You still jumping around after being poisoned with Venom's Rotfragra?"

In 30 minutes, your bones will rot from the inside out." Just as the words left his mouth, a sickly-sweet scent began to drift through the fog. At some point, Venom was standing on top of the altar, unnoticed until now. She wore a long dress stitched from human skin. The hem was embroidered with rows of tiny, writhing hexspitters. In her hands, she held a black clay bowl filled with squirming, purple-black hexspitters. "Want to meet my darlings?" With a flick of her wrist, the bugs in the bowl burst into a cloud of violet mist and swept through the air.

The moment they hit the ground, they burrowed into the mud. Seconds later, they clawed their way back up, but now they had grown to the size of a fist. Their shells were lined with jagged barbs, and jaws dripping acid strong enough to burn through rock. A golden glow flared around Dustin, forming a spinning ring of light. The hexspitters exploded on impact, and their toxic fluids vaporized into thick purple smoke. He took the chance to glance at the black mark on his shoulder. The fabric around it had rotted away, exposing a jagged hole.

"Don't you know that getting distracted can kill you?" Grinder burst from the ground. His mask was scarred with jagged teeth marks, flashing with a deadly sheen. In his hand,

he held a bone whip strung with three infant skeletons. As the tip lashed through the air, it left ripples in its wake. As Dustin sidestepped the whip, a golden glow condensed into a short blade in his palm. He baited the enemy with an opening, letting the whip coil tightly around his left arm. The instant Grinder pulled back, the blade slid along the length of the whip and drove it straight into his wrist.

With a crack, his wrist bones were shattered. But he didn't seem to notice the pain and ripped off his mask with the other hand. Beneath was a face assembled from dozens of bone fragments. Two crimson fleshworms squirmed in his eye sockets, hungrily fixated on the mark spreading across Dustin's shoulder. "Gore! Venom! Form a battle formation!" Grinder's voice grated like bone against stone. Gore's blood tendrils thickened into rope-like coils, weaving themselves into a crimson cage. Venom's hexspitters swarmed into a deadly whirlpool, sealing off every escape route.

Grinder crushed his own wrist bone and sent the fragments flying like needles, targeting Dustin's vital points. Dustin drew a deep breath. His internal energy surged like a dam bursting, and a layer of golden light veiled his gaze. "You want to die that badly?" he muttered. "Let me grant your wish."

## **An Understated Dominance Novel Free Chapter 2620 - chapter 2620 (English Translation)**

Chapter 2620 Golden radiance flared around Dustin, making him look like a blazing sun hanging over the swamp. Faced with Gore's crimson cage, Venom's vortex of hexspitters, and Grinder's hail of bone needles, he didn't back down. Instead, he stepped forward with a smirk. "You really think these cheap tricks are going to work on me?" Before the words fell, Dustin spread his arms wide open. In that instant, countless threads of golden light burst from his body, spreading outward in all directions like an enormous radiant web.

As Gore's cage began to close in, the golden threads whipped through the air and coiled around it. The seemingly indestructible blood tendrils shredded like brittle strands under the golden light. Seeing that, his face twisted in shock. He tried to retract them, but the golden threads seemed almost alive as they raced along the tendrils toward his arm. "Damn it!" Gore's face turned pale. He desperately channeled his internal energy to sever the blood tendrils, but it was already too late. The golden threads had already spread across his arm in a flash.

Wherever they passed, they stripped away the blood-red flesh and left nothing but bare white bone. He let out a shrill scream as his arm disintegrated into ash before his eyes. On the other side, Venom's vortex of hexspitters wasn't spared either. Threads of golden light sliced into the storm like blades. The moment the bugs touched them, they were incinerated and reduced to ash in an instant. Venom was horrified. She had never encountered such overwhelming power before. Desperately, she sent the rest of her swarm charging forward in a final counterattack, but it was useless.

The golden threads tore through them like wildfire through dry grass, wiping out every last one before rushing straight toward her. Venom's blood ran cold. She whipped around and made a break for it. Dustin scoffed and flicked his finger. A golden beam shot through the air, striking her square in the back. Venom's body went rigid and slowly toppled forward. Under the searing glow, she gradually dissolved into nothing. On the other hand, Grinder's bone needles failed to reach their target.

The moment they reached within three feet of Dustin, they hit an invisible golden barrier and crumbled into dust. After witnessing his companions die one after another, Grinder's eyes were filled with raw terror. He abandoned any thought of fighting and dove for the ground, desperate to burrow his way to safety. "Going somewhere?" Dustin spoke softly, but his voice carried a weight that left no room for resistance. As he pointed with two fingers, a thick column of golden beam shot out from the ground, trapping Grinder just as he was about to slip underground.

He thrashed wildly against the pillar of light, but it held him like a vice. The force holding him was overwhelming, making his struggles useless. "Who the hell are you? How can anyone wield such monstrous power?" Grinder roared, the bone fragments covering his face rattling with fear. Dustin snorted. "Every last one of you cultists dies today." He raised his hand, fingers slowly curling inward, and the golden pillar imprisoning Grinder began to compress. Grinder let out a piercing, agonized scream as the pressure closed in. Inch by inch, his body was crushed under the force.

The moment Dustin closed his fist completely, Grinder was crushed out of existence, leaving not even a trace behind. The three grandmasters of the Skull Covenant were said to be unmatched. But against Dustin, they never stood a chance. Once they were dealt with, he looked at the altar up ahead. The structure was built entirely from piled bones and soaked in the stench of blood, decay, and something unmistakably evil. Faint runes still glimmered across its surface, casting an eerie glow. Dustin narrowed his eyes. In a blink, he vanished from the ground and reappeared atop the altar.

His hands moved in a blur, forming a rapid series of seals as he chanted under his breath. A torrent of golden runes burst from within him, raining down on the altar like a meteor shower. A thunderous boom followed, and the impact rocked the entire structure. The altar began to tremble violently as bones cracked and tumbled loose. The strange runes etched across its surface flickered, then slowly dissolved in the golden light. Within moments, the entire altar crumbled into a pile of rubble. Dustin scanned the area and made sure no enemies had escaped.

He kicked off the ground and launched into the sky, streaking away into the distance. Moments later, Sloan slowly clawed his way up from the rubble. Once he was sure the coast was clear, he let out a long breath of relief. "I can't believe they found us. Good thing I hid in time. Otherwise, I'd be dead," he muttered. "This won't do. I must report this to the grand elder immediately. A terrestrial immortal has discovered our

operations. We must stop all operations at once, or we'll bring disaster upon ourselves." He quickly formed a one-handed seal and began chanting.

The ground beneath him softened like quicksand, pulling him under. In moments, he vanished using an earth-shifting technique to escape. Unbeknownst to him, a white figure hovered silently in the clouds above, watching his every move.