

An Understated Dominance Novel Free Chapter 2631 - chapter 2631 (English Translation)

Chapter 2631 Five days passed in the blink of an eye. The plague on the Ashen Coast was finally under control, but the aftermath was different in every city. Reedcrest, where the outbreak had first begun, had suffered the least. Its people had been properly resettled and cared for. Harbortown's proximity to Reedcrest and Grace's timely rescue efforts had made it possible to eliminate the mutated plague, albeit at significant cost. Thornwick and Sommertown had eradicated the plague, but the price they paid was catastrophic.

Thousands of civilians had been burned alive and slaughtered, and their bodies were piled high in the streets. Although Matthias and Nathaniel tried their best to cover it up, claiming it was to prevent the spread of the plague, word had leaked out anyway. Soon, heated debates erupted throughout the government and the public. Some condemned them for cruelty, while others believed that desperate times called for desperate measures and saw nothing wrong with their actions. Once the crisis ended, Grace returned to Oakvale with her troops.

Soon after, she sent a sealed letter to Valon, detailing everything Tristan, Matthias, and Nathaniel had done. Inside the palace of Aylka, the rich scent of sandalwood mixed with strong medicine hung thickly in the air of the royal study, forming a dense, almost tangible haze. Valon, draped in his royal robe, reclined on a soft chaise draped with white fox fur. His slender wrist rested on a gilded pillow, and his fingertips were tinged with a faint bluish hue. He was in the middle of a coughing fit when Dorian Pemberton entered carrying a letter with a broken wax seal.

Blood seeped through the silk handkerchief in Valon's hand, as red as the exotic flowers gifted by the Ashen Coast years ago. "Read it." Valon's voice was rough and gravelly. Every word he spoke sent sharp pains through his chest. The moment Dorian read "8,000 civilians reduced to ash," Valon suddenly shot upright. His fingers dug into the carved edge of the chaise. The letter slipped from Dorian's trembling hands. As it lay creased on the floor, it seemed to hold the reflection of the Ashen Coast's flames. "Those bastards!" Valon growled.

Blood surged up his throat and splattered across his robe. "Your Majesty!" Dorian dropped to his knees, pressing down on Valon's trembling shoulders. His voice cracked with urgency as he shouted, "Call the royal doctor now!" By the time the royal doctor rushed in carrying a medical bag, Valon had already slipped into semi-consciousness. They quickly inserted silver needles into the pressure points at the crown of Valon's head and lower chest. His eyes finally fluttered open, though they remained unfocused.

After checking his pulse, the royal doctor, Silvanus Greymont, pulled Dorian into a corner of the room and spoke in a low voice. "His Majesty's body is failing, and his pulse is weak. I'm afraid..." "How much time does he have left?" Dorian asked. His grip tightened on Silvanus' sleeve until his knuckles turned white. Silvanus swallowed hard, fidgeting with the lock on his medicine chest. "At least a month, but not more than three. 11 Just then, the study's antique clock chimed softly. Valon had regained consciousness and was staring at the ornate chandelier overhead.

"Silvanus," he said slowly. "I know exactly how sick I am. But Dragonmarsh cannot survive without a ruler. Whatever solution you can think of, no matter how outlandish it sounds, I'm willing to try it." Silvanus dropped to his knees and bowed his head. "Your Majesty, I urge you to keep your composure. I... I once read in ancient texts about Elysium Isle in the Eastern Sea, which supposedly had an elixir of immortality. "Legend says King Aremis once sent an expedition there with his finest cavalry.

He never achieved eternal life, but reportedly lived for 300 years." "Elysium Isle?" Hope flickered briefly in Valon's eyes before fading. "The ocean crossing is 10,000 miles, filled with sea monsters and deadly storms. Who could possibly make such a journey for me? Dorian suddenly chimed in, "The three princes are in their prime, and Princess Grace is both brilliant and brave. Perhaps... "Them?" Valon laughed bitterly, which dissolved into another coughing fit. He went on, "Matthias is reckless, Nathaniel is ruthless, and Tristan is a coward.

Though Grace is capable, she's just a woman-" Before he could finish, another violent coughing fit seized him. Dorian quickly stepped forward, patting his back to help him breathe. When Valon finally caught his breath, he sighed wearily. "Never mind. No matter what, we have to try. This journey to Elysium Isle will be their final test. Send the decree immediately. Matthias, Nathaniel, and Tristan are to prepare ships and set sail for the elixir. Whoever brings it back will be named heir to the throne." "Yes, Your Majesty," Dorian responded and turned to leave, but Valon stopped him.

"Hold on... Inform Grace as well. I don't trust those three incompetents to handle this mission." "I understand." Dorian's heart raced, though he kept his expression neutral. Whoever retrieved the elixir would become the next ruler. According to Valon's decree, this wasn't just a competition between the three princes anymore since Grace would be in the running too. For all the political factions, this was nothing short of earth-shattering news. It wouldn't be long before Oakvale was torn apart by the storm that was coming.

An Understated Dominance Novel Free Chapter 2632 - chapter 2632 (English Translation)

Chapter 2632 Upon receiving Valon's decree, Tristan, Matthias, Nathaniel, and Grace each reacted differently. Tristan was sitting in his study, calculating the advantages and disadvantages of his recent expedition to the Ashen Coast. While his performance hadn't been particularly outstanding, he had still fared considerably better than Matthias

and Nathaniel. Yet even this modest edge clearly wouldn't change his circumstances. Suddenly, Milton burst through the door with urgent news. "Your Highness, I just received word from the palace that His Majesty's condition has worsened.

His time is running out. He's issued a special decree-whichever royal family member can journey to Elysium Isle and return with the elixir of immortality will be named heir to the throne." "Heir to the throne?" Tristan perked up at once. However, his excitement quickly gave way to concern. He'd heard tales of Elysium Isle, but only as legend. Whether such a place actually existed in the Eastern Sea or whether any elixir of immortality could be found there remained a mystery. He could tell Valon was desperate and willing to try any cure for his illness.

But with the throne on the line, it didn't matter if the story was true or false, or how many dangers lay ahead, Tristan had to take the chance. "Pass my order and seal off every dock along the eastern coast immediately. Bring in every fisherman who's sailed the Eastern Sea, regardless of their age, to the manor for questioning. "Bring out those glass mirrors we obtained in trade from Persava from the treasury. It is claimed they are able to break the sea's illusions," Tristan commanded. "Yes, Your Highness," Milton said and hurried off to make arrangements.

Matthias was still worn out and hadn't even had a chance to catch his breath when the royal decree was being delivered to his mansion. He rushed outside to receive it. After hearing its contents, surprise gave way to pure elation. He'd expected harsh criticism from Valon. Instead, he was met with the news of Valon's deteriorating health, which had driven him to seek the elixir of immortality to save his life. If Matthias could travel to Elysium Isle and return with that elixir, the throne would be his. "Neville, send my orders. Mobilize our finest soldiers immediately and prepare the ships.

I'm sailing to Elysium Isle for the elixir." "Your Highness, the isle only exists in legend. We don't even know its exact location. How can we possibly find the elixir?" Neville asked, frowning slightly. Finding the elixir seemed unlikely when the island's very existence remained questionable. Perhaps it was nothing more than tall tales spread among the fishermen of the Eastern Sea. "Then find out its location," Matthias snapped. "I want every scrap of information about Elysium Isle thoroughly examined. Is that clear?" "Yes, Your Highness." Neville didn't dare to argue and departed swiftly.

Inside a moving luxury car, Nathaniel, who had been resting with closed eyes, received an unexpected phone call. Once he grasped the whole situation, he laughed. "That's great! Elysium Isle, huh? Seeking the elixir? Hmm... The position of heir is as good as mine." After ending the call, he immediately instructed his driver to change course. Nathaniel had only ever heard passing mentions of Elysium Isle before and knew little about it. But he had one key advantage -he knew someone who did, and that person had actually been there before.

Upon receiving the royal decree, Grace showed none of her three brothers' enthusiasm. Instead, she frowned. First, Valon's condition had worsened, and that alone was cause for worry. Second, he was using the royal throne as a bargaining chip for some mythical elixir of immortality to prolong his life. She could already foresee the bloodshed and chaos this would unleash. Most troubling of all was the uncertainty of what kind of ruler might be chosen through such a scheme. The thought of the innocent lives lost at the Ashen Coast filled her with anger.

Neither Tristan, Matthias, nor Nathaniel was fit to rule wisely. Should any of them ascend the throne, the resulting chaos would be unimaginable. "Is there really such a thing as the elixir of immortality on Elysium Isle?" she asked Dustin, who was polishing his blade.. Without stopping what he was doing, he replied evenly, "Ancient records speak of three mystical mountains surrounding Elysium Isle-Seraphiel, Valerian, and Elysium.

But fishermen who've ventured there describe it more as a dimensional rift, where visitors witness different phenomena entirely." He set the blade on the table, its polished spine catching his reflection. "A century ago, a priest tried to sail there to preach. When he returned, he looked deranged and claimed the inhabitants sustained themselves by consuming life essence from other beings. "He also insisted he'd seen warships from King Aremis' era. Most unsettling of all, he'd left in the prime of his life.

However, he came back with a full head of white hair and a beard to match, as if decades had passed in an instant." Grace arched an eyebrow. "So it's a one-way trip?" "More accurately, an unknown fate," Dustin said indifferently. "Some claim it's a paradise where you can live forever. Others say it's a hell that strips away your soul, leaving you damned for all eternity." "Sounds a bit far-fetched." She narrowed her eyes. "These are just rumors," he said with a shrug.

"No one can verify the truth." "I'm planning to head to the Eastern Sea to see if this so-called Elysium Isle really exists," Grace said bluntly. "I was thinking the same thing," Dustin said. He added earnestly, "My old man probably doesn't have much time left, either. If we can locate Elysium Isle and obtain the elixir, perhaps we can extend his life by several years." Valon wasn't the only one who was terminally ill. Rufus was suffering from Celestial Decay and was also on the brink of death. Given this opportunity to seek the elixir at Elysium Isle, Dustin couldn't let it pass.

Whatever the risks, he had to try finding the cure for his father.

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Chapter 2633 Grace stared at a mountain of sea charts on her desk, running her fingers over the yellowed hemp paper. Under the flickering candlelight, the shipping routes marked in red-inked lines resembled dried blood. When Dustin entered, he saw her

sliding a thick collection of leather-bound ledgers into a rosewood case. Between the pages, words like "freshwater supplies" and "ration calculations" revealed her meticulous planning for their upcoming voyage. "Any news from the fishermen?" he asked. Grace glanced toward the window, where dusk was settling outside.

"Sadie just returned from the fishing harbor. She found an old fisherman named Jonah Quade. Three years ago, he spotted what looked like a mirage near Wailing Deep. He swore he saw grand palaces floating in the clouds and a stone marker engraved with the words 'Elysium Isle.'" She paused, then drummed her fingers on the desk. "But he said that the phenomenon only lasted half an hour. When he looked again, even the sea fog had cleared." Dustin walked toward her desk and picked up a sea chart marked with the words "Wailing Deep".

Next to the whirlpool-shaped area circled in ink were the fishermen's scrawled notes. "In June, strange winds rise, and no ship ever returns once it enters. A giant creature lurks below, and one can even hear a wailing sound at night." As he ran a finger over the jagged script, he chuckled softly. "This is more accurate than the maps in the palaces." Three days later, they arrived at the fishing port of Westhaven. It was shrouded in a salty, briny morning mist.

Grace stood on the deck of the Wavebreaker, dressed in sleek black gear, watching as the soldiers loaded the last batch of supplies onto the ship. Sealed jars were stacked along both sides of the deck, filled with compressed rations and herbs. The water barrels below deck were reinforced with lead lining and stocked to last three months. Even tools and weapons for facing all kinds of dangers were fully prepared. "Mr. Quade." Grace looked at Jonah, who was hunched near the rail. His grip tightened over a faded safety amulet until his knuckles had gone white.

"Are you sure it's located west of Wailing Deep?" she asked. He nodded weakly. His cloudy eyes fixed on the churning waves ahead. "No doubt about it. That's where my third son was buried. The sun was blazing that day, then suddenly, this white fog rolled in. Through the mist, the island appeared, and it looked like a heavenly palace, and so grand." He suddenly broke into a coughing fit and doubled over. "But that fog was strange.

Any net it touched was completely rotted to tatters by the next day." Dustin suddenly pressed his hand against the ship's iron anchor and tapped the rusted ring lightly. Deep vibrations traveled up the chain, as though something stirred in the depths below. He studied the horizon where storm clouds gathered like spilled ink across parchment. "Raise the anchor." His voice cut through the rising wind. "If we don't leave now, the typhoon will trap us in the harbor." The soldiers scrambled around the winch, hauling the heavy iron anchor. A trail of bubbles marked its slow ascent to the surface.

As the white sails of the Wavebreaker billowed in the morning breeze, Jonah suddenly slumped against the deck planks. He stared at the waves trailing behind them and muttered to himself, "I shouldn't have come... I really shouldn't have..." The first five days at sea were calm. Occasional flocks of seagulls skimmed the bright blue waves, while the sunset painted the ocean gold. Grace would climb to the crow's nest every day and scan the horizon with her spyglass. Meanwhile, Dustin stayed below in the cabin, studying an ancient manuscript about the legends of Elysium Isle.

On the sixth day, the afternoon sky suddenly darkened. The helmsman was the first to notice the changes. He saw the compass needle spinning wildly, and the brass face of the compass was so hot it burned his hand. Before he could shout, the ship began to shake violently, as if grabbed by an invisible giant hand and tossed repeatedly. Grace slammed into the rail as the ship rocked. Her pendant hit the railing with a sharp crack, a fine fracture appearing across it. "It's a waterspout!" someone screamed, pointing at the distant sea. A thick column of water shot up from the waves toward the sky.

Lightning twisted and flashed inside the dark clouds, each strike lighting up the fierce whirlpools on the ocean surface. Rain pelted the deck like shards of ice. The sails tore apart in the fierce wind, groaning as they ripped. Grace leaped up to the top of the mast. A golden light gathered in her palm, forming a shield that barely blocked the broken mast. She looked down and noticed the sea had turned black as ink. Towering waves slammed against the deck, and among the spray floated shards of ice. Though it was midsummer, the water felt as cold as winter.

"Everyone, hold on tight!" Grace shouted. Her voice was shredded by the raging wind, but carried undeniable authority. The soldiers frantically grabbed the iron chains along the ship's rail. Some were swept overboard by massive waves and were swallowed by the whirlpools before they could even scream for help. Just then, the lookout let out a piercing scream. "Tentacles! Tentacles!" Grace looked up and saw several thick gray tentacles rising from the churning waves. Each was as wide as a bucket, covered in suction cups, with bits of bone caught in the cups.

One slammed violently onto the deck, punching a hole through the solid teak wood. Two soldiers failed to dodge and were caught fast by the suction cups. Their screams ended abruptly as their bodies were torn in half, blood splattering the sails.

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Chapter 2634 "It's a Dreadkraken!" Jonah shouted. He slumped against the cabin door, his teeth chattering. "According to legend, this sea creature from Wailing Deep feeds exclusively on living humans." As he spoke, more tentacles lashed out from every direction. Some wrapped around the mast and snapped the sturdy timber clean in half. Others thrust into the cabin, smashing the supplies to bits. A young soldier was grabbed

by a tentacle and hoisted high into the air. He screamed his comrades' names in terror before being flung into the crashing waves, disappearing beneath the surface.

The ship lurched violently to one side. Several crew members lost their footing and went tumbling across the deck. A military medic with his medical kit rushed to help wounded soldiers, but a tentacle that came out of nowhere knocked him down. The kit spilled open on the deck, scattering the herbs that were instantly soaked by seawater. Suction cups along the tentacle latched onto his leg. He shrieked in pain and helplessly watched as he was being dragged toward the ship's edge. "Help!" He stretched out his hand, crying out in desperation.

One soldier grabbed his spear and jabbed at the tentacle. It sank into the flesh but was instantly gripped by the suction cups. The soldier pulled hard, only to be dragged forward several steps by the tentacle's strength. Another tentacle suddenly whipped in from the side, knocking him to the ground and causing him to drop his spear. Grace saw what was happening and immediately drew her sword. Sword energy flashed like silver lightning through the rain, slicing clean through the tentacle holding the military medic's leg.

Dark green blood sprayed onto the deck, sizzling as it burned through the wood. But the wound quickly sprouted new tissue and healed visibly before her eyes. This terrifying regenerative ability made her frown. Before she could process it, an increasing number of tentacles swept toward them. She slashed her sword rapidly as the soldiers armed themselves and began striking back at the Dreadkraken's tentacles. But the tentacles seemed endless as each one severed was quickly replaced by another rising from the sea to launch new attacks. For a moment, the entire ship was thrown into chaos.

Just when Grace and her team were being overwhelmed, Dustin suddenly launched himself skyward and hovered above the ship. With a single sweep of his hand, streams of golden light cascaded down, forming dozens of gleaming blades that severed every tentacle breaking the surface. A furious roar echoed from the waves. The sea creature beneath was clearly enraged as hundreds of tentacles shot up from the pitch-black depths like cannonballs, targeting Dustin. A golden barrier suddenly materialized around him, blocking every strike. His form flickered several times in rapid succession.

Suddenly, all those hundreds of tentacles split apart, falling like chunks of torn flesh into the bottomless sea below. Just then, Grace shouted, "The sea creature's main body is on the seafloor." With the Dreadkraken's vitality and rapid regeneration, severing its tentacles wouldn't be enough. They had to destroy its main body to finish it off for good. Without hesitation, Dustin transformed into a streak of golden light and plunged into the raging waves. Compared to the vast, stormy ocean, his small form was barely noticeable.

The golden light penetrated the surface without so much as a splash and disappeared into the depths. The Dreadkraken seemed to sense the threat and suddenly withdrew all its tentacles back underwater. The sea churned violently, forming a massive whirlpool. The Wavebreaker was dragged downward, and the wooden planks of its hull cracked under the pressure. Down in the depths, Dustin moved like a golden sword and dove toward the sea creature's main body. After diving over 300 feet down, he finally glimpsed the enormous creature lurking on the seafloor.

It was a colossal Dreadkraken with what looked like thousands of writhing tentacles. Its head was as large as a ship's cabin, dotted with countless compound eyes that glowed an eerie green in the darkness. Rows of spinning, razor-sharp teeth lined its maw like tiny saw blades. The sight was absolutely horrifying. "You're asking for it!" Dustin muttered, narrowing his eyes. Without hesitation, he swung his sword downward. A sword aura stretching over a hundred feet long shot out, striking straight at the Dreadkraken's head. The ocean floor trembled, and waves burst violently around them.

Wherever the sword aura passed, the sea split apart, revealing a deep chasm like a bottomless pit. Before the Dreadkraken could even react, the sword aura pierced right through it. The Dreadkraken let out a deafening roar filled with pain and fury. It thrashed its tentacles wildly, churning the surrounding water into a muddy froth, but nothing could stop the sword aura's devastating power. After a brief moment, the Dreadkraken's massive body suddenly exploded. Blood gushed out and turned the sea's surface green. The previously turbulent sea instantly calmed.

The raging tentacles drifted down like dead vines, sinking slowly into the depths. A second later, Dustin burst from the waves in a flash of golden light and landed smoothly on deck. Cheers broke out across the entire ship. Defeating such a fearsome sea monster alone and saving everyone from certain death was an almost unbelievable display of power. Jonah, who'd been paralyzed with fear just moments before, now stared at Dustin as if he were looking at a god. His face was filled with awe and reverence.

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Chapter 2635 As Dustin landed on the damaged deck, the golden glow from his sword gradually dimmed. Dark green blood floated on the rain-soaked sea, spreading slowly across the surface. The typhoon had passed quietly in the distance. A break appeared in the storm clouds, letting through a ray of sunlight that fell across the battered Wavebreaker. Grace steadied herself against the rolling gunwale, watching the sea settle back into calm. She exhaled in relief. That Dreadkraken had already reached ultimate grandmaster level. It was enormously large and had terrifying regenerative abilities.

Even the strongest grandmaster at that level wouldn't stand a chance against it. They were lucky Dustin was there. Otherwise, the casualties would have been devastating. The sea finally calmed down, and the storm gradually subsided. As Wavebreaker bobbed on the swells, the deck was littered with blood and splintered wood. Soldiers sat slumped on the deck, gasping for air, with fear still etched on every face. "How's it going? Are you alright?" Grace asked as she approached Dustin. "Don't worry. That sea creature was strong, but not enough to hurt me," he said, shaking his head.

"Still, it's unusual to run into something like that so soon after entering the Eastern Sea. "The sea is vast and full of mysteries," Grace replied with a grim expression. " There are many areas that have never been explored, especially in the deep waters. Who knows what kinds of creatures lurk beneath? I'm worried this journey will be anything but easy." Though she had prepared mentally before they set out, she'd still underestimated how treacherous the Eastern Sea could be. After just three days, they'd already encountered a terrifying beast.

What lay ahead would probably be worse, but there was no turning back. They'd have to deal with whatever came next. Sunlight broke through the clouds and shimmered on the water's surface. The Wavebreaker slowly glided across the surface, sailing into the unknown. Everyone on board was exhausted but determined. They knew challenges lay ahead, but they were ready. No matter what came, they wouldn't give up. On deck, soldiers cleaned up and repaired the ship while the military medics worked hard treating the wounded. Despite the tough conditions, everyone was giving their best effort.

Grace and Dustin stood at the bow, staring toward the horizon. Their expressions were heavy with conflicting emotions. They had no idea where exactly Elysium Isle might be, or what they'd find when they got there. But they believed persistence would see them through to their goal. A gentle breeze carried a sense of hope as the Wavebreaker sailed on across the endless sea, heading toward the legendary island. As dusk fell, Tristan's ship, Stormrider, led the fleet through the churning waters of the Eastern Sea.

The copper lanterns on deck had just been lit when a lookout on the west screamed in terror, "There are many shadows lurking under the water." Before he finished speaking, the ship jolted violently. A terrible grinding sound rose from the bottom as if countless sharp teeth were gnawing at the wooden planks. Tristan steadied himself on the carved railing and saw the sea suddenly boil with white foam. Thousands of silvery-gray shapes churned through the waves. They were piranhas, nearly three feet long, with flat heads lined with rows of serrated teeth.

Their dorsal fins sliced through the water like knives as they slammed into the hull. "Abyssal Piranhas!" one man shouted, dropping to their knees, trembling. " Ordinary piranhas are only about the size of a hand, but these... these have turned into monsters." The stern planks suddenly ripped open with a gaping hole. Dozens of piranhas surged onto the deck with the rushing water. One soldier didn't have time to

draw his weapon. The piranhas latched onto his calf, twisting and tearing, stripping meat from bone in seconds.

His screams cut off abruptly as blood and torn flesh splattered across the deck. Another soldier swung his sword in a wide arc. His strike sliced through the attacking fish, but even the severed piranhas writhed and snapped their razor-sharp teeth on the deck. Even more piranhas slipped through the hull's cracks. Their iron-like scales deflected regular blades, leaving hardly a scratch. On the other hand, the soldiers' flesh was easily torn apart. As blood flowed through the deck's cracks into the sea, it drew even more piranhas into a frenzy.

A huge wave suddenly rose from the sea, and then a giant piranha, nearly 30 feet long, broke through the water. Its body was pitch black, with bone spines jutting from its dorsal fin. The fish's head was the size of a barrel, with twin rows of fangs glowing with sickly blue venom. It was the Piranha King. It opened its maw and bit clean through a ship's rail. Several soldiers failed to dodge and were swallowed whole. The wet, crunching sounds echoed through the night air. "Open fire!" one soldier shouted while swinging his sword.

Gunfire and cannon blasts soon thundered, striking the water like heavy raindrops. Dead piranhas floated belly-up in spreading clouds of blood. The smoke hadn't even cleared when the Piranha King led an even larger swarm in a counterattack. It rammed straight into one of Tristan's escort vessels, snapping the ship in half. Water and fish poured through the breach. Soldiers fought in waist-deep water, but the swarm quickly overwhelmed them. Soon, only blood bubbles and bone fragments rose to the surface. The soldiers from the other escort ships couldn't help but shudder in fear as they watched.

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Chapter 2636 Nobody expected the Abyssal Piranhas to pack such devastating power under the Piranha King's command. With one ramming attack, they had snapped a 60-foot escort ship clean in two, defying all logic. This had evolved beyond just a school of fish into something more like demonic sea creatures. While ordinary Abyssal Piranhas were already terrifying, these evolved monsters weren't just bigger and more savage, but were almost impossible to kill.

Despite the ship being equipped with every weapon imaginable, the crew was still somewhat overwhelmed when facing thousands of these piranhas. The sea wind whipped at Tristan's black serpent-embroidered battle robe, lifting it just enough to reveal the jewel-encrusted sword at his hip. His eyes lingered on the escort ship that had been split clean in two, watching fire flicker across its deck before the dark waters swallowed it whole. "Pass my orders!" he ordered. He drew his sword and leveled it at the swarm. The steel glinted under the glow of the bronze lanterns.

"Aim the portside cannons at the densest clusters while the starboard martial artists form a shield formation and seal every breach on deck." Cannons erupted in thunderous blasts, sending iron shot gouging white scars across the sea. Shredded fish rained down like hail. Yet the piranha horde moved with uncanny coordination, slipping through gaps between cannon volleys as if driven by a single mind. The crack in the stern had widened even more, allowing dozens of silver-gray piranhas to spill onto the tilted deck.

Their teeth scraped against planks in a shrill chorus that made every soldier's skin crawl. "Your Highness, the shield formation in the southeast corner is falling!" the captain, Zondell Wright, shouted. His left arm had been chewed to ribbons, yet he still gripped his shield tightly. Tristan vaulted past the splintered mast. His sword aura lashed out in silver streaks, cleaving three piranhas before they could reach Zondell. Dark green blood sprayed across his face, heavy with a sharp, rancid stench.

"Use kerosene." He kicked aside a writhing fish carcass and shouted, "Pour it over the rails!" The soldiers scrambled to haul up wooden barrels. Red fluid streamed down the ship's sides until it shimmered with faint blue in the sea breeze. When Tristan snapped his fingers, sparks leaped forth. Flames raced along the kerosene trail as it rose into a wall of fire around the ship. Shrill cries rose from the burning swarm as charred piranhas thrashed in the firestorm, though a few slipped past the flames and slammed their blazing bodies into the deck.

Suddenly, the Piranha King leaped from the waves and its 30-foot body crashed down on the bow in a surge of black water. The ornate figurehead shattered into splinters while three soldiers who couldn't dodge in time were swept away by its tail and fell into the school below. "It's afraid of fire!" Tristan caught how the Piranha King's dark blue pupils contracted as it leaped over the wall of flame. After slashing through the swarm tangling around the anchor chain, he shouted, "Throw every lantern and torch to the bow." Dozens of bronze lamps arced through the air toward the bow.

Their flames whirled in the wind like wheels of gold, illuminating the Piranha King's silhouette clearly enough to reveal a stark white patch on its belly without scales. Seizing the chance, Tristan grabbed a satchel of explosives from the deck. The fuse hissed to life in his palm as he ordered, "Zondell, take ten death warriors and strike with me!" Ten figures sprinted across the swaying planks. Their combined energy formed an overhead shield against the raining piranha.

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Chapter 2637 Tristan jumped onto the ship's rail first, using a jumping piranha as a springboard. His figure blurred into a trail of afterimages across the wave crests. Sensing the threat, the Piranha King's massive jaws snapped open, revealing two rows

of fangs gleaming with toxic blue light. A wave of putrid breath rolled out, nearly suffocating anyone nearby. "Now!" Tristan hurled the explosive pack toward the Piranha King's belly while slashing through the fish swarming around his ankles. As the fuse burned out, he used the explosion's shockwave to flip back onto the ship.

A thunderous blast rocked the sea. The Piranha King's body convulsed violently as dark green blood splattered like a downpour. But the massive creature hadn't died. Instead, it thrashed the sea with its tail fin in fury, raising waves that nearly capsized the Stormrider. Clinging to the railing, Tristan watched the wound on the Piranha King's belly heal at a visible rate. His heart sank as he realized the monster had regenerative powers too. "Aim for its eyes!" he roared. Artillery poured out in torrents, hammering the Piranha King's head until green eye fluid gushed forth.

The creature let out a deafening roar. Its trashing caused the ship to groan and creak, widening the deck cracks by several more feet. "Bring the chains!" Tristan's voice was hoarse from shouting. "Wrap them around its dorsal fin." Five soldiers hauled chains as thick as a man's wrist, risking being torn apart by the swarm as they jumped onto the Piranha King's back. The moment the chains threaded through the dorsal fin's bone spikes, Tristan drew his sword and plunged it into the creature's wound. He channeled his energy through the blade to tear apart its internal organs.

The Piranha King's body suddenly went rigid. Its massive jaws opened and closed futilely before it finally rolled belly-up in the waves. Without their leader, the swarm of piranhas immediately fell into chaos. Some frantically rammed the ship while others fled in panic. While watching the floating fish corpses, Tristan suddenly recalled an ancient manuscript mentioning that piranhas fear their own kind's blood.

He immediately ordered, "Collect the Piranha King's blood and dump it in the sea." As the dark green blood poured from the hull into the ocean, the once-frenzied swarm scattered like they'd encountered their natural enemy. Even the piranhas stuck in the deck cracks were struggling to retreat back into the water. When the gunpowder smoke cleared, dawn was breaking in the east. Tristan leaned against the broken railing, catching his breath. His serpent-embroidered battle robe was soaked in blood, but he remained upright. The surviving soldiers collapsed on deck.

Some wrapped their wounds with torn cloth while others stared blankly at the sea. In the morning light, the Stormrider's tattered sails flapped like a blood-stained banner. "Count our losses," Tristan said wearily. "Your Highness, 46 dead and 27 severely wounded," reported his aide, hands trembling as he held the ledger. "Three escort ships sunk, and the main vessel needs at least three days of repairs." Tristan gazed at the distant rolling waves where the water had returned to its azure blue, as if last night's bloody battle had never happened. "Pass the word.

Start repairs immediately without a moment's delay. I will be the first to set foot on Elysium Isle," he declared. By now, nothing could stop him, no matter how great the obstacle. He would reach Elysium Isle and obtain the elixir, no matter the cost. The loss of a few men meant nothing. Even if the entire fleet were sacrificed, he wouldn't hesitate.

An Understated Dominance Novel Free Chapter 2638 - chapter 2638 (English Translation)

Chapter 2638 Matthias' fleet had just entered the mist-shrouded depths of the Eastern Sea, where lead-gray clouds pressed low over the horizon. Even the salty sea breeze carried a metallic, rusty tang. Standing on the main deck of the Surgebreaker, he rolled a small white stone between his fingers while scanning the fog - swallowed horizon. The three escort ships sent to scout the route had been out of contact for half an hour, leaving the supposedly safe channel marked on their charts silent and still at the bottom of a deep well.

"Your Highness, something's off with the current," the elderly helmsman beside him said. He suddenly gripped the compass as its bronze needle spun violently and frost formed along its edges. "This fog... It's alive." Before he could finish speaking, a sharp cracking sound erupted from the west. A massive waterspout burst through the thick fog, revealing the wreckage of half a ship twisting and flipping through the rolling waves. Lanterns on the deck flickered twice like dying fireflies before the dark green water swallowed them whole.

"That's Patrol Three!" the lookout shouted, his voice trembling with panic. "It's gone under!" Matthias clenched the white stone so tight the edges dug into his palm. Just as he was about to order a closer inspection, the fog on the east side ripped apart. It revealed the upturned hull of another guard ship with a gaping hole nearly ten feet wide running along its side. The wooden planks at the edges had been twisted like rope under immense force while seawater rushed in with a bubbling, relentless roar.

"There's something in the fog!" Panicked shouts erupted across the deck as bluish-gray shadows flashed through the dense mist, moving fast as lightning. Screams erupted from the second and third escort ships as well as the cracking of splintering wood mixed with soldiers' wails, echoing across the fog-choked sea. Matthias suddenly noticed something around the vanishing wreckage. The sea surface was slowly rising, as if some black mountain range was emerging from the depths. "Fire the flares," he shouted, drawing his sword toward the fog.

His dark battle robe whipped in the wind, revealing the silver-threaded dragon embroidered along its chest. Three sulfur flares streaked skyward before exploding in brilliant light that instantly pierced the mist. During that illuminated moment, everyone

gasped. Dozens of ship fragments floated on the surface, each piece showing clean, precise cuts as if severed by a giant blade. Even more horrifying were the floating corpses where soldiers' armor and flesh had been severed at the waist, the cut edges smooth and mirror-like.

"What is that?" Someone pointed at the rising sea surface with a trembling voice. Under the blinding light, the gray-green shape finally revealed its outline. It was a hulking mass covered in countless knobby growths, each the size of a fist and glinting with a metallic sheen. Eight thick, jointed limbs plunged into the water beneath the creature. Every stroke sent waves nearly ten feet high while the hooked tips glowed with an eerie blue light. Suddenly, that hulking mass shifted. A dark shadow whipped out of the fog with a piercing rush and slammed into the side of the Surgebreaker.

The thunderous crash left a dent in the three-inch-thick hull planking. Through the flying wood chips, the crew could see it was a shell-covered giant claw with pincers stretching over 20 feet across. Inner serrations sharper than sword blades slowly opened and closed while fragments of broken armor still hung between the teeth. "It's... It's a Brineclaw!" The elderly helmsman slumped against the wheel, his eyes wide with terror. "A Brineclaw bigger than our ship!" As the thick fog slowly dissipated, it revealed the full scale of the monstrous creature.

It was nearly half the size of the Surgebreaker with a dark blue-black carapace encrusted in layers of barnacles like natural armor. Two protruding compound eyes rotated on their stalks, glowing a menacing crimson. However, the most terrifying part was its massive pincers. The right claw gleamed with dark gold along its edge, clearly worn smooth from crushing hard objects for years. Meanwhile, the left claw bristled with backward-facing spikes, dripping thick, dark green liquid.

The Brineclaw slowly rotated its enormous body, and water droplets rolled off its shell and splashed into the sea below. When its crimson compound eyes turned toward the Surgebreaker, it was as though the entire ship were gripped by invisible hands, and the air itself seemed to freeze. Matthias tightened his grip on the sword hilt until his knuckles went white. He finally understood how those ships had sunk. The Brineclaw didn't rely on brute force to destroy vessels but used those blade-like giant claws to slice through hulls like cutting sheet metal.

The creature seemed to sense his stare and suddenly raised its right claw, swinging it down hard toward the Surgebreaker's main mast. As the air itself was torn with a sharp rending sound, Matthias' pupils contracted sharply.

An Understated Dominance Novel Free Chapter 2639 - chapter 2639 (English Translation)

Chapter 2639 The massive claw came crashing down. Neville's lone arm shot out to grab the winch chain. His empty left sleeve flapped wildly in the wind while the veins in

his remaining right arm bulged as he wrapped the iron chain as thick as his forearm around his waist. He managed to haul the tilting ship back half an inch through sheer force. "Form the iron chain formation," he bellowed. The deck trembled under his thunderous roar. 20 burly soldiers immediately rushed forward to hammer the chain's barbed end into the gunwale posts.

When the giant claw struck the chain with mountain-shattering force, Neville's knees buckled suddenly while his boot heels carved deep furrows in the planking. He forced down the rush of metallic taste rising in his throat. "This beast's claws could crush iron and stone," he muttered as he watched the crack spreading along the iron chain. With a sudden surge of strength from his lone arm, he yanked the chain sharply to the side. The giant claw scraped past the mast and smashed a hole ten feet wide in the deck.

Wood splinters mixed with seawater erupted upward while three soldiers who couldn't dodge in time were instantly swept to the bottom of the sea. Enraged, the Brineclaw swept its barbed left claw across the deck. Neville's pupils contracted sharply while he ripped open the powder pouch at his belt. "Light it!" The moment the fuse began hissing, he hurled the powder pouch straight at the claw. With a deafening blast, dark green fluid splattered everywhere, leaving only a few scorch marks on the claw's shell.

But those rows of spikes tore through the ship's hull, and the resulting stench carried corrosive white mist. Wherever the droplets touched the deck planking, the wood began rotting at a visible rate. "Its weak spot is the underbelly," Neville shouted, his one arm pointing straight at the Brineclaw's floating midsection. "Eron, take ten men and use hooked spears to snare its legs." Ten figures launched from the deck like arrows released from a bow. The hook-bladed spears glinted in the dim light as they pierced the joints of Brineclaw's massive legs.

But those joint shells proved equally hard. Sparks flew as metal struck its shell, and the hooks snagged on the jagged edges, tangling the spear shafts. With a violent sweep, the Brineclaw yanked the ten soldiers off the deck. Their screams cut off the instant they hit the water. "Use fire arrows on its eyestalks." Neville unstrapped the composite bow from his back and fired three fire arrows simultaneously. 2 As the bowstring thrummed, the arrows' trailing flames streaked toward the beast's protruding compound eyes.

But the arrows hadn't even reached it before its massive claw swept through, turning them to ash. Sparks flew across the deck, igniting the canvas sails. Thick smoke stung the crew's eyes, making it nearly impossible to see. Just then, the Brineclaw suddenly submerged its massive body, leaving only its back shell rising and falling with the waves. A surge of dread slammed into Neville as he shouted, "Everyone, grab onto something! It's about to overturn the ship. Before he could say more, towering waves suddenly surged across the sea.

The Brineclaw used its eight pairs of legs to churn the water frantically while the Surgebreaker bobbed like a leaf on the awe crests. The hull planking groaned with tooth-grinding snaps. Even worse, its giant claws climbed the angled deck. With each snap, bronze cannons were crushed to scrap as if they were tin foil. "Time to finish this beast!" A soldier with a broken leg clutched an explosive pack and charged toward the giant claw with a howl. He pulled the fuse just before the pincers crushed him.

Through the thunderous blast, several spikes on the massive claw were blown off, yet the shell remained completely intact. Neville's lone arm had gone numb from the shockwaves. He watched the soldiers fall one after another, then caught sight of a faint gap along the edge of Brineclaw's belly plate. Pale pink flesh peeked through, rising and falling with each breath. "Hand me the armor-piercing spike," he roared toward the weapons crate. A guard immediately tossed him a foot-long spike of blue-glinting steel.

Neville bit down on the handle while his lone arm gripped the broken mast as he used the ship's tilting momentum to leap into the air. He spun half a turn in midair to avoid the sweeping massive claw, then landed hard on the Brineclaw's back plate. The barnacle-tipped spikes tore through his boots, and blood instantly stained the dark, glossy shell beneath him. "Take this, you beast!" he roared, yanking the ring-hilted sword from his waist. With one arm, he bound the hilt to the blade. The steel caught the sunlight, glinting with a deadly gleam. It was all or nothing.

Sensing the threat on its back, the Brineclaw writhed frantically. Neville nearly tumbled off several times but managed to cling to gaps in the shell while letting the barbs tear into his palms. As the beast's armored belly expanded with a breath, he thrust the ring-hilted sword into a seam of its shell. He pressed down with all his weight, and the blade sank half an inch before dark green blood exploded outward, spraying across his face. "Now!" He yanked the armor-piercing spike free and drove it with all his strength into the Brineclaw's pink underbelly.

The moment the tip sank in, the giant beast let out a deafening shriek, thrashing violently across the waves. Neville was thrown high, then slammed hard against the ship's railing as blood spurted from his throat, staining the scar across his chest. But the spike remained firmly lodged in the Brineclaw's belly armor, and it sank deeper with each struggle. Pale pink flesh turned inside out, and the flowing blood was no longer dark green but carried the fishy-sweet crimson of its heart. The massive claws' movements gradually slowed, and their sweeping force weakened.

Neville struggled to his feet, supporting himself on the broken sword hilt with his lone arm as he watched the ship-sized crab convulse on the waves. Its compound eyes gradually lost their luster while its legs flailed weakly. Finally, the enormous body rolled onto its side, exposing the blood-soaked underbelly. Silence fell, broken only by the waves lapping against the hull. Neville stared at the spike lodged in the Brineclaw's armor while his lone arm began trembling violently. Though the wound wasn't fatal, it was enough to strip this near-invulnerable creature of most of its strength.

"General Elrod, you're injured!" A guard rushed over, only to discover that Neville's back had been slashed open by the giant claw's spines in several bone-deep wounds. Blood was dripping from his empty sleeve onto the deck.

An Understated Dominance Novel Free Chapter 2640 - chapter 2640 (English Translation)

Chapter 2640 Neville said, "Don't worry about me. Everyone, attack. We must kill this beast." Blood still seeped from the wound on his back as he leaned against the broken rail, but he wasn't even bothered by it. He ordered his men to keep hammering the Brineclaw until they were certain it was dead. After relentless attacks from all his forces, the Brineclaw finally stopped moving and showed no signs of life. Neville let out a long breath before collapsing to the deck, gasping heavily.

That monster had been one hell of a fight, but fortunately, Matthias had brought plenty of martial experts on this voyage. Otherwise, they never could have finished it off. Once the waves finally calmed, Matthias hurried over with a squad of personal guards. "Neville, I heard you were hurt. How bad is it?" he asked. "Don't worry, Your Highness. This is nothing. I'm not going to die from a scratch." Neville flashed a grin, revealing blood-stained teeth.

"Back in my battlefield days, I've taken wounds way worse than this and still pulled through." When he tried moving his arm, searing pain shot through the wound on his back and made him inhale sharply. Matthias knew Neville's stubborn streak and didn't push him further but spoke with quiet authority. "You're one of my finest generals, and I can't afford to lose you. Get that wound treated. There's still plenty of work that'll need your attention." Neville acknowledged the order with a nod.

Matthias turned toward the Brineclaw floating on the sea's surface, a gleam flashing in his eyes as he addressed the soldiers, "Everyone, this beast may be fierce, but we've taken it down. This proves that when we work together, nothing can stop us from moving forward." The soldiers' spirits immediately lifted while much of their earlier fear and exhaustion seemed to melt away. He continued, "Hoist this Brineclaw aboard. Its meat must be incredibly delicious. We will feast on it tonight.

Eat your fill, regain your strength, and boost your morale!" "Yes, Your Highness!" The soldiers cheered in unison, excitement spreading across their faces. Soon, they secured the enormous crab with thick ropes and used the ship's winches to haul the creature aboard. Since it was bigger than the ship itself, everyone stared in awe at their monstrous prize before cooking it up and feasting with gusto. Nathaniel's fleet was sailing smoothly across the Eastern Sea with massive, sturdy vessels carrying sharp, battle-ready soldiers.

Throughout their journey, the sea remained perfectly calm without even the slightest wave while a few lazy white clouds drifted across the azure sky. Dolphins occasionally leaped from the water in graceful arcs before slipping playfully back beneath the surface, creating ripples across the glassy waters. Standing at the bow with a telescope in hand, Nathaniel constantly scanned the waters ahead with growing unease. The Eastern Sea was supposed to be perilous, yet their journey had been unnervingly smooth. "Your Highness, look over there!" a lookout suddenly shouted excitedly.

Following the lookout's pointing finger, Nathaniel saw something extraordinary appearing on the distant sea. It was the magnificent palaces and towers floating among the clouds with a stone plinth inscribed "Elysium" visible at their entrance, while mist swirled around the buildings like something from a fairy tale. "It's Elysium Isle. We found it." The soldiers aboard erupted in cheers. Their faces were alight with joy and disbelief. Nathaniel gripped his telescope tightly as excitement coursed through him. The island he had dreamed of for so long was finally within reach. "Quick!

Full speed ahead toward the Elysium Isle," he commanded. The fleet immediately adjusted course and raced toward the mirage at full speed, ships cutting through calm waters while leaving white trails fanned out behind them. But just as the fleet drew closer, the surrounding sea underwent an eerie transformation. Previously calm waters began churning violently into massive whirlpools with spinning forces so powerful they seemed ready to devour everything. The sky darkened instantly as thick clouds rolled overhead and howling wind tore across the waves.

Giant swells lunged at the fleet like roaring beasts, tossing ships violently as if ready to flip them at any moment. "This is bad. We've sailed straight into a death zone," an experienced old sailor cried out in terror, his face white as a sheet. Nathaniel's heart sank as he realized what they'd seen wasn't Elysium Isle at all, but a deadly mirage. The fleet's situation had become incredibly perilous. Some ships were lifted high by giant waves only to be slammed down again. Their hulls groaned, as if they might break apart any second.

Others were caught in swirling whirlpools, spinning helplessly as soldiers screamed, powerless to resist. Masts snapped under the roaring wind, and sails shredded into tatters, twisting and flapping wildly in the storm.