

An Understated Dominance [On-Going]

Chapter 2599

For **Matthias**, nothing could be more satisfying than what had just happened.

The red poisonous fog had been absorbed by a peerless powerhouse. The citywide crisis was resolved, and now there was finally hope for a comeback.

There were still some smaller problems, but nothing that couldn't be handled.

It was a sudden and dramatic turnaround—and at last, a ray of light in the darkness.

“My Lord, that man is leaving!”

Just as Matthias was soaking in the relief, he spotted a white figure in the distance, streaking across the sky like a meteor.

From the time the stranger arrived to when he left, the whole thing had lasted barely ten minutes.

“Get someone to find out who that man is. If there's any chance to win him over, try it—but don't push. And whatever you do, don't offend him,” Matthias ordered.

A master this powerful was rarely tied to worldly affairs. It was nearly impossible to recruit someone like that.

Matthias knew better than to have unrealistic expectations—but he also knew you had to try. After all, miracles sometimes happen.

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At that moment, in **Liyanche City**—

Nathaniel, having already given up on saving the city, was focused on gathering wealth before fleeing.

He knew the red fog would eventually consume the entire city. Once that happened, Liyanche would be reduced to nothing but rubble. So why not use the chaos to line his own pockets?

To his credit—or perhaps disgrace—he wasn't targeting the common people. Instead, he went after the rich and powerful in Liyanche.

These people were loaded and terrified of dying. Nathaniel used that fear as leverage—digging up dirt, fabricating charges, or just making threats to extort them.

If they paid up, they lived. If they resisted, they'd be thrown in prison—or worse.

Nathaniel was a pro at this game. Most of the officials weren't clean and wouldn't dare report him. All that "justified" wealth went straight into his stash.

“Ding! Something's happening!”

Just as Nathaniel was overseeing the movement of stolen goods, a guard came rushing up.

“Liyanche is already doomed. What could possibly be happening now?” Nathaniel snapped, annoyed.

The city was lost. The plague had drained resources, and now all he could do was salvage whatever he could.

“Your Highness! We just got word—**the red fog in Wugang City and Linche has disappeared!**” the guard reported.

“What?!” Nathaniel's expression changed instantly. “How's that possible? They were in the same boat as us—helpless! How did they suddenly bounce back?”

The news stung more than any loss of money.

If all three cities had fallen, it would've been a level playing field—nobody would look worse than the others.

But now Tristan and Matthias had survived, and only Liyanche was still drowning in red fog.

He was about to be left in the dust.

“Don't panic, Your Highness,” the guard said quickly. “The red fog in Wugang and Linche didn't just vanish—it was **removed by someone!**”

“By someone? What do you mean?” Nathaniel blinked in confusion.

They had tried everything—even brought in experts—and no one had been able to handle the fog.

“You won't believe this,” the guard continued. “According to reports, a **peerless powerhouse** showed up. He used incredible magical power to absorb all the red mist and saved both cities.”

“What? There's someone like that in the world? Do we know who he is?” Nathaniel was stunned.

“No, Your Highness. His identity remains a mystery. But our spies in Linche say that after resolving the crisis there, the powerful figure was seen heading toward Liyanche. He should be arriving soon.”

Nathaniel’s eyes lit up. “Excellent! That means there’s hope for Liyanche too!”

He didn’t care who this person was. If they could save his city, they’d be treated like royalty.

“What should we prepare, Your Highness?” the guard asked.

“Obviously, we throw a feast!” Nathaniel said, energized. “Prepare the best wine and food. As soon as the red fog is gone, I’ll host a grand banquet to thank our savior personally!”

“Yes, Your Highness!”

The guard hurried off to make arrangements.

“Hold off on everything else. Clear the streets—we need to prepare a proper welcome for our guest!”

Nathaniel took command, barking orders to his men.

Not long after...

A meteor streaked across the sky and stopped above the red mist hovering over Liyanche.

Nathaniel squinted and saw that it was the same white figure everyone had been talking about.

The figure raised a hand—and the earth shook, the air quivered.

A massive **energy vortex** formed in mid-air.

“Buzz~!”

The figure lifted his hand again, and the vortex began to spin violently.

Waves of terrifying suction burst forth.

Within seconds, a ten-kilometer radius was battered by strong winds. Sand and debris flew through the air.

The red mist, which had been slowly engulfing the city, was now being pulled backward—**sucked into the vortex like water down a drain.**

Even though Nathaniel had been warned, he was still stunned speechless by the sight.

