

An Understated Dominance Chapter 2508

Chapter 2508

To Alec, Cardinal Dragon Marshal was a battle-hardened warrior with a formidable physique. As a half-step Grandmaster, even if he couldn't defeat Logan, he shouldn't have been so easily overpowered.

But what happened next shattered all his expectations.

With just a single finger, Logan had gravely wounded Cardinal Dragon Marshal, leaving him unable to stand.

The difference in their strength was staggering.

It became clear that Logan had been toying with them from the beginning. If he had been serious, they all would have been defeated in an instant.

“Cough... cough cough...”

Cardinal Dragon Marshal clutched his chest, blood dripping from his lips as he struggled to rise. His chest was charred, torn open, and drenched in blood—a gruesome sight.

“I didn't expect you to be this strong... I underestimated you,” he admitted, his face twisted in pain. “Seems like I was just unlucky to have you as my opponent. Go ahead, finish me quickly.”

True to his nature, Cardinal Dragon Marshal refused to beg for mercy. If he had to die, he would die on his feet.

“Not so fast,” Logan said, waving his hand.

Three silver needles shot forward, piercing three key acupoints in Cardinal Dragon Marshal's body.

The Marshal's body convulsed before going completely limp. His limbs were paralyzed—he couldn't even lift a finger.

“What did you do to me?!” he roared, his voice filled with both shock and rage.

He quickly realized that not only was his body immobilized, but his internal energy had been completely sealed.

Now, he was nothing more than a powerless prisoner.

“Relax,” Logan said indifferently. “I’ve only sealed your cultivation.”

Just as Logan reached out to grab him, something unexpected happened.

A crimson light suddenly appeared in the night sky.

At first, it was faint, like a distant star—small and unnoticeable.

But within a single breath, it expanded a hundredfold, transforming into a massive blood-red moon.

The eerie red moon rapidly descended, its glow intensifying as it streaked across the sky, leaving a fiery trail in its wake.

It looked like an apocalyptic meteor.

BOOM!

Thunder cracked overhead.

As the blood-red moon swept down, the wind howled, the air distorted, and an overwhelming force blanketed the dock.

Within a hundred-meter radius, the sea froze in place, the wind stopped, and even time itself seemed to halt.

Cardinal Dragon Marshal, Alec, and the others felt a suffocating pressure on their chests, as if a mountain had collapsed onto them.

They couldn’t move.

Their hearts stopped beating.

They became like frozen images in a painting—lifeless, motionless.

“Hmm?”

Logan looked up at the falling red moon, sensing the suffocating energy it carried.

Without hesitation, he swiftly raised a hand, forming a protective barrier above his head.

The very next moment, the colossal red moon—nearly ten meters wide—slammed into the barrier.

BOOM!!

The impact shook the entire dock.

A devastating shockwave erupted outward, sending towering waves crashing through the frozen sea.

The wind, once still, turned into a raging storm.

Cardinal Dragon Marshal and his men—still paralyzed—were blown away like ragdolls, their bodies flung several meters before slamming into the ground.

Their already serious injuries worsened, but strangely, they felt relief.

At least they knew they were alive.

Because just moments ago, under the suffocating pressure of the red moon, they had felt like nothing more than corpses.

WHOOOSH!

The shockwave swept across the pier, obliterating several fishing boats docked nearby. The vessels were torn apart, reduced to nothing but shattered debris.

As the dust settled, the scene that unfolded left everyone in utter shock.

At the spot where the red moon had struck, a massive crater—three meters deep—now scarred the earth.

And Logan... was gone.

No trace of him remained, as if he had been erased from existence.

Or so it seemed.

Hovering above the crater, a towering figure emerged—a being that seemed almost divine.

He was clad in blood-red armor, its surface shimmering like fish scales. His muscular frame radiated sheer power.

His face was rugged, his long wavy hair cascading down his shoulders.

In his grip, he wielded a golden trident, its sharp edges gleaming ominously.

The figure floated in mid-air, his piercing blue eyes vast and deep—like the ocean itself.

His gaze was indifferent, his presence overwhelming.

“W-What...?”

Alec, upon seeing the figure’s face clearly, gasped in disbelief.

Ignoring his own injuries, he immediately dropped to his knees, pressed his forehead against the ground, and shouted with reverence:

“Your subordinate Alec greets Lord Poseidon!”

“Poseidon?!”

Cardinal Dragon Marshal’s eyes widened in shock before shifting to exhilaration.

Poseidon—one of the Four Kings of the Gods. A true master among masters. A pillar of absolute power.

Never in his wildest dreams did he expect such a legendary figure to personally come to West Lucozia... to rescue him.

This was his salvation!

Relief flooded his face.

If Poseidon was here, Logan and the entire army of West Lucozia would mean nothing.