

An Understated Dominance Chapter 2509

Chapter 2509

Poseidon stood in midair, gripping his halberd with one hand. His presence radiated an overwhelming aura, exuding the majesty of a god.

With a mere wave of his hand, an invisible force struck Cardinal Dragon Marshal, forcing out the three silver needles embedded in his body.

As sensation returned to his limbs, Cardinal Dragon Marshal felt a surge of relief. He quickly straightened up and saluted. "Thank you, God King, for saving me. I will never forget your kindness!"

Poseidon gave a faint smile as he slowly descended. "No need for formalities, General. Since you've pledged allegiance to the Pantheon, it is my duty to protect you."

"If the God King had not arrived in time, we would all be dead by now," Cardinal Dragon Marshal said, lowering his head in respect.

The Pantheon's God King was truly a being beyond reach—his power and status were unparalleled. But what struck Cardinal Dragon Marshal the most was the sheer reality of it all.

From the moment Poseidon appeared, it was as if a god had descended, completely overwhelming Logan.

This level of strength was beyond anything he had ever imagined.

"The man you fought was nothing extraordinary. How did he leave you in such a state?" Poseidon asked calmly.

Cardinal Dragon Marshal and his men exchanged uneasy glances.

A mere mortal like them had no chance against a master of Logan's caliber. Only a God King like Poseidon could suppress such an opponent.

“Our ship is anchored ten nautical miles from here. If you’re ready, come with me.”

Poseidon tapped the ground lightly with his trident, and something extraordinary happened.

A layer of shimmering water formed beneath Cardinal Dragon Marshal and his men. The water moved as if alive, lifting them effortlessly and carrying them toward the sea.

“What kind of power is this?” Cardinal Dragon Marshal’s eyes widened in amazement.

The surface beneath him was smooth and steady, like walking on solid ground. Yet, he could feel the water gently shifting underfoot.

This was far more miraculous than any ship.

“Did I say you could leave?”

A sudden voice rang out behind them.

Poseidon frowned and turned, his gaze narrowing.

From the massive crater formed by the earlier explosion, a figure slowly rose.

Logan Rhys.

“He’s still alive?!” Cardinal Dragon Marshal’s face darkened.

“His endurance is impressive,” Alec admitted, then smirked. “But against Poseidon, he doesn’t stand a chance.”

Alec had to acknowledge Logan’s strength. To be recognized as a world-class master in his twenties was a remarkable achievement.

But Logan was still too young.

Against a powerhouse like Poseidon, his skill meant nothing.

“You should have stayed down and played dead,” Poseidon said, shaking his head. “Perhaps then, you might have survived. But since you insist on throwing your life away, you can’t blame me.”

Logan dusted himself off and stepped forward, his gaze sharp as a blade. "Play dead? You're not worthy of that privilege."

"Oh?" Poseidon smirked. "You truly don't know your place."

He raised a hand, and with a swift motion, conjured a massive water serpent.

The serpent surged forward with terrifying speed, roaring as it shot toward Logan like a cannonball.

Logan stood his ground, unfazed.

"Pathetic trick."

Without moving an inch, he swung his hand like a blade, slicing through the air.

A white flash cut through the serpent, splitting it in two. The creature dissolved instantly, vanishing into mist.

Poseidon's eyebrows lifted slightly in surprise.

Even though he had used less than a tenth of his power, that attack could have killed most martial masters.

Yet Logan had countered it effortlessly.

"Who are you?" Poseidon asked, his tone calm but intrigued.

A true god wouldn't waste time questioning an insect before crushing it.

But Logan had piqued his interest.

"He's Logan Rhys, Prince of West Lucozia," Alec quickly supplied.

"Logan Rhys?" Poseidon's smile widened. **"Well, well... What an unexpected delight. We've been searching for you, and here you are, delivered straight to me. Truly, the gods have blessed this night."**

Logan was no ordinary enemy—he was marked as a high-priority threat by the Pantheon, one of the rare prodigies they had sworn to eliminate.

Ordinarily, taking him down would require meticulous planning and a vast deployment of resources.

But fate had made things easy.

Logan stood right before him.

If Poseidon killed him now, the Pantheon would be rid of a dangerous adversary without lifting a finger.

This was an opportunity he would not let slip away.