

# An Understated Dominance Chapter 2511

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## Chapter 2511

On one side stood Dragonmarsh's greatest genius, and on the other, the legendary God King of the Pantheon.

Their battle was nothing short of cataclysmic. Every strike carried a devastating force, leaving a hundred-meter radius in ruins.

Logan wielded a sword forged from pure energy, its brilliance slashing through the air like a blade meant to split the heavens. Opposing him, Poseidon gripped his mighty trident, a weapon infused with the power to summon storms. Each swing churned the sea into towering waves, as if the very ocean bowed to his will.

Sword energy clashed with walls of water, engulfing the battlefield in chaos.

Cardinal Dragon Marshal and his men watched intently, desperate to track the fight. But Logan and Poseidon moved at speeds beyond human comprehension, their figures blurring as they fought across sea and land, back and forth.

The sheer force of their strikes felt like they could tear the world apart.

"Hahaha! What a fight! It's been ages since I've felt this alive!" Poseidon roared, his power surging with every passing moment.

Each step on the waves defied nature itself. With a single motion, he could overturn the tides. Logan, however, felt a growing sense of unease. Something was off.

Then, realization struck—Poseidon was drawing energy from the sea, replenishing himself endlessly. No matter how much power he used, the ocean fed it back. He was an unstoppable force, a war machine that never tired.

Logan knew he couldn't let the fight drag on. If he did, he would eventually be worn down.

Seizing an opening, he unleashed his ultimate technique. In a flash, Logan and his sword became one, transforming into a massive blade of white light that streaked toward Poseidon with unstoppable force.

The very ocean split apart in its wake.

Poseidon's smirk faltered. He had underestimated Logan. Reacting instantly, he swung his trident, summoning a vortex so powerful it tore fish from the depths and shredded them in an instant.

His plan was simple—if Logan had merged with his sword, he would destroy them both in a single, crushing move.

Boom!

The moment Logan's blade clashed with the vortex, a deafening explosion shook the heavens. The shockwave sent tidal waves crashing in all directions, engulfing the battlefield. Cardinal Dragon Marshal and his men were thrown to the ground by the sheer force, left battered and breathless.

As they scrambled to their feet, their eyes darted back to the battlefield.

Three hundred meters above the waves, Logan hovered in midair, sword in hand, his aura radiating sheer dominance.

But Poseidon—he was gone.

"Did... did Lord Poseidon just lose?!" Alec stammered, disbelief plastered across his face.

Poseidon, one of the Pantheon's four supreme gods—the foundation of their power—defeated? It seemed impossible.

Cardinal Dragon Marshal's expression darkened. "No. No matter how strong Logan is, he shouldn't be able to match a God King."

It was inconceivable. He had expected Poseidon to crush Logan effortlessly, yet the battle had raged far longer than anticipated.

And now, Poseidon was nowhere to be seen.

But while the others were stunned, Logan showed no signs of relief. Instead, his brows furrowed. He could still feel Poseidon's presence.

Not only was he alive—his power was growing.

Before anyone could react, a loud bang echoed across the sea. From the depths, a figure shot into the air, landing atop the waves.

Poseidon had returned.

But he was no longer the same.

His face had twisted into something monstrous. His body had grown larger, his muscles thicker, his skin now coated in glistening blue scales that shimmered ominously. Most terrifying of all—he had wings. Massive, fleshy blue wings spread from his back, making him look like a demon risen from the abyss.

His aura had multiplied in intensity.

Even a single glance was enough to make Cardinal Dragon Marshal and his men tremble in fear.

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