

An Understated Dominance Chapter 2515

Chapter 2515

The raging sea finally settled.

A thick cloud of steam spread slowly in all directions, like a lingering echo of the fierce battle that had just unfolded.

Logan stood on the water, gripping the Celestial Blade tightly. His expression was solemn, his gaze locked forward.

His clothes were torn, his body covered in wounds, and blood dripped steadily, staining the sea beneath him red.

Boom!

Suddenly, a headless corpse surfaced.

Its body was covered in blue scales, with a pair of shredded wings on its back. Deep wounds riddled its form, and dark blue blood mixed with the seawater, fading into nothingness.

It was Poseidon's body.

“Dead... he's dead? How is that possible?!”

Cardinal Dragon Marshal and Alec's men stared in shock, their faces pale with horror.

They had never imagined that the God King of the Pantheon—the most powerful man in the world—would fall to Logan's sword.

If they hadn't witnessed it themselves, they wouldn't have believed it.

“A grandmaster in his twenties who just killed Poseidon... What kind of monster is he?!”

Fear gripped them. A cold dread settled in their hearts, making it hard to breathe, as if an invisible hand was tightening around their throats.

Just moments ago, Cardinal Dragon Marshal had been relieved to see Poseidon, convinced he was saved.

But now, the god king was dead.

Logan's sword had not only severed Poseidon's head—it had also shattered their last hope of survival.

“Hah... it's finally over.”

Logan exhaled slowly. His mystical true energy was nearly depleted, and exhaustion weighed heavily on him.

He had to admit—Poseidon had been terrifyingly strong. Even after pushing himself to the limit, victory had come by the narrowest margin.

Had that last strike failed to decapitate him, Logan would have run out of strength and perished instead.

And Poseidon wasn't even the most powerful of the four gods. The true threat was Zeus, the King of Gods.

If today's battle had been against Zeus... the outcome would have been far less certain.

“Quick! Search the area—let no one escape!”

A commotion erupted behind them.

Logan turned to see Austin leading a massive force—tens of thousands of West Lucozia soldiers—marching toward the dock in an unstoppable wave.

The battle between Logan and Poseidon had been so intense, it was impossible to go unnoticed.

The moment Austin received word, he had mobilized his troops at once.

But the greatest threat, Poseidon, was already gone. The remaining enemies were severely wounded and posed little challenge.

Logan, utterly drained, floated toward the dock and collapsed onto the ground, sitting in a completely ungraceful manner.

No choice. I'm just too exhausted.

"Brother! Are you alright?"

Austin rushed over with his Wandering Dragon Guards, his face tight with worry.

He had never expected that capturing Cardinal Dragon Marshal would leave his brother so battered.

"It's nothing, just surface wounds. I'll recover in a few days." Logan shook his head.

"Brother! Take this—it'll help you heal!"

Austin quickly handed him a vial of true energy and blood essence.

Logan didn't hesitate. He swallowed it in one gulp.

The moment it touched his throat, it melted into a warm current, spreading through his body, gradually restoring his depleted strength.

"Brother, what happened? Who was that fighter you were battling?" Austin asked, his expression grave.

From afar, he had seen Logan locked in combat with a formidable opponent—one who was clearly not Cardinal Dragon Marshal.

"Poseidon, the King of the Gods."

Austin's eyes widened. **"Poseidon?! He actually came to West Lucozia?"**

The gods of the Pantheon rarely left their domain. No one had expected that they would send Poseidon himself just to aid Cardinal Dragon Marshal.

No wonder Logan had struggled.

"Poseidon is dead, but his body is still valuable. Retrieve it immediately," Logan commanded, glancing back at the floating corpse.

Austin nodded. **“General! Secure the body!”**

“Yes, sir!”

Jaxon swiftly leapt into the sea, sprinting across the water with incredible speed.

A moment later, he grabbed Poseidon’s massive, headless body and hauled it back to the dock.

Boom!

The corpse landed with a heavy thud.

Its once-radiant blue scales had faded to a dull, lifeless gray.

Logan frowned. Something felt... off.

Normally, even after death, a master of Poseidon’s level would retain some energy—his body shouldn’t be so utterly lifeless so soon.

“General, where’s Poseidon’s head?” Logan asked.

Jaxon hesitated. **“I didn’t see it. It must’ve sunk to the seabed.”**

“Form a search team. Retrieve it immediately.”

“Understood!”

Jaxon quickly gathered his troops, deploying ships to comb through the battlefield.

Austin leaned in. **“Brother... do you think something’s wrong?”**

Logan’s gaze darkened. **“I don’t know. I hope I’m just overthinking it.”**

A normal master, once beheaded, would be unquestionably dead.

But a god king? They possessed abilities beyond comprehension.

Until the head was recovered, Logan couldn’t be completely certain—Poseidon might not be gone for good.

