

An Understated Dominance Chapter 2516

Chapter 2516

Seeing Logan's doubtful expression, Austin's face grew serious. He knew Logan, his elder brother, never acted without a reason.

The Western world was home to many unusual beings—vampires, wolf tribes, and more. These creatures had incredibly resilient lifespans; even decapitation didn't always guarantee death. Austin wasn't sure if Poseidon mirobas possessed such abilities. While West Lucozia had gathered plenty of intelligence on the God King of the Pantheon, it was best to retrieve Poseidon's head to ensure their safety.

Jaxon led a team of soldiers and a fleet, scouring the sea for Poseidon's severed head.

Meanwhile, at the docks, all eyes turned toward Cardinal Dragon Marshal, Alec, and their captured comrades. They were bound and brought before Logan and Austin one by one.

Cardinal Dragon Marshal looked pale but resolute. He knew exactly what fate awaited him. With Poseidon dead by Logan's hand, survival was no longer an option. Alec, however, trembled with fear, his eyes pleading for mercy.

"Cardinal Dragon Marshal," Austin said coldly, staring at him as if he were already a corpse. "As a general of West Lucozia, you disregarded human lives, conspired with the enemy, and betrayed your lord for personal gain. Did you think you could escape judgment?"

"The victors become kings, and the defeated are labeled as traitors," Cardinal Dragon Marshal scoffed, raising his head high. "If you want to kill me, do it. I've spent my life on the battlefield and have never feared death."

Austin sneered. "Oh, I will kill you. But not now. I want your death to serve as a warning."

He intended to make an example of him, sending a clear message to the officials of West Lucozia.

Then, he turned his attention to Alec and the others.

“My lord, please spare me!” Alec collapsed to his knees, repeatedly bowing as he begged for his life. “I was forced by Cardinal Dragon Marshal—I had no choice! Please have mercy and let me live!”

Bang! Before Austin could respond, Manuel, standing nearby, struck Alec across the face, sending him sprawling to the ground.

“You coward!” Manuel roared. “How dare you beg for mercy? The prince treated you well, yet you turned into a pawn for the Pantheon. Scum like you don’t deserve to live!”

“Brother! I was wrong! I was forced into this!” Alec sobbed, blood trickling from his mouth. “For your sister’s sake, please plead with the young prince to spare me!”

“How dare you mention my sister?!”

Manuel’s fury exploded. He kicked Alec to the ground and drew his sword. “You betrayed the prince! You betrayed West Lucozia! No one can save you now! I’ll deal with this filth myself!”

Without hesitation, he swung his sword, severing Alec’s head. Alec’s body convulsed before his lifeless head rolled to the ground, his eyes wide open in death.

Manuel exhaled sharply, his anger momentarily satisfied. He threw down his sword, knelt before Austin, and confessed, “My lord, I failed to oversee my household properly, allowing a traitor like Alec to emerge. Please punish me.”

Austin’s expression remained cold. “You will be punished. But I am giving you a chance to redeem yourself. You have ten days to find all of Cardinal Dragon Marshal’s accomplices. If you fail, we will settle all debts, old and new.”

“Thank you, young prince, for your mercy!” Manuel kowtowed heavily. He knew Austin trusted him, and he would not betray that trust again.

Jaxon and his men searched the sea throughout the night but still found no sign of Poseidon’s head. Austin, unwilling to waste time, left half his forces behind to continue the search while he returned with Poseidon’s body.

The vast sea churned with undercurrents and teemed with marine life. Recovering a severed head from such depths was no easy task, and staying there might yield nothing.

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In the ancient and imposing palace of Lecanon, a wave of shock and fury swept through the hall when news of Poseidon's defeat arrived.

"I never thought Poseidon would be so useless!" Zeus seethed, his voice laced with contempt. "He failed such a simple task and barely escaped with his life. He's a disgrace to the Pantheon!"

"To be torn apart by a mere boy, reduced to nothing but a fleeing soul... What an embarrassment to the God King's name," Hera sneered, crossing her arms.

A chilling aura radiated from her, freezing the air around her.

From the throne, the Palace Master, Satan, slowly stood. His towering figure exuded an aura of darkness, his presence overwhelming and cold.

"Logan is growing too strong," Satan said in a deep, ominous voice. "If we give him more time, he will become a grave threat to the Pantheon."

Hera's lips curled into a smirk. "Palace Master, leave him to me. I'll make sure there's nothing left of him."

Zeus's eyes gleamed with malice. "No. Give him to me. I'll ensure he experiences the full wrath of the storm."

Satan pondered for a few moments before speaking. "To be safe, you will go together. Eradicate him."

Zeus and Hera exchanged glances before nodding in unison. "Yes, Palace Master."