

An Understated Dominance - Chapter 2517

“Logan, I have to admit—you’re stronger than I expected. I never thought you’d push me this far,” Poseidon said.

He slowly spread his arms, his glowing blue eyes filled with murderous intent. “Out of respect, I’ll show you everything I’ve got. You’re about to witness the true extent of my power.”

With a flick of his wrist, he made a grabbing motion. His trident, which had sunk to the sea floor, shot up through the water and landed squarely in his hand.

Gone was his earlier arrogance. Now, Poseidon stood with solemn intensity. It wasn’t just Dustin’s current strength that alarmed him—it was his terrifying potential.

At only twenty, Dustin had already reached this level. If left unchecked, he could one day pose a real threat to the Hall of Gods. And so, Poseidon resolved to end him here and now.

“Watch closely,” he said.

Poseidon slowly lifted his trident and gripped it like a javelin. As he poured energy into it, the weapon pulsed with an intense blue light, glowing like a second sun that lit up the surrounding sea.

Once the energy peaked, he twisted his body and hurled the trident with devastating force.

The glowing weapon shot forward like a missile, tearing through the sea. Water split violently in its wake, accompanied by roaring winds and crashing thunder.

Dustin’s eyes narrowed. Without hesitation, he swung his true energy-infused sword three times in rapid succession.

Three brilliant arcs of sword aura blazed forward, streaking toward the trident like lightning bolts.

Each white arc exploded on impact, but none slowed the trident.

Poseidon’s divine artifact—amplified by his transformed state and thrown with full force—possessed destructive power beyond reason. Even after shattering all three sword auras, it surged forward with terrifying speed.

Reacting instantly, Dustin raised his sword horizontally. A barrier of energy formed in front of him.

The trident slammed into his blade. The sword held for less than a second before it shattered into pieces.

The trident plowed through and pierced Dustin's energy armor. The impact sent him hurtling deep into the sea with a massive splash.

"Holy hell! That was insane!"

Warrick and the others stared in disbelief. They had assumed Dustin held the upper hand, but Poseidon's strength after transforming was overwhelming.

With a single throw, he had sent Dustin crashing into the depths. That kind of raw power was terrifying.

Less than three seconds later, Dustin shot back to the surface and stood atop the water. At the same moment, the divine trident cut through the waves and returned to Poseidon's grasp as if summoned.

"Logan, how does it feel? Now do you understand the difference between us?" Poseidon sneered.

The sea was his domain. As long as he fought near water, his strength was boundless and inexhaustible. Here, he was untouchable—a true god in his element.

"Your strength has clearly increased since earlier. No wonder you're called a royal god—you've got the power to prove it," Dustin said, his expression growing serious.

He rarely encountered opponents of this caliber, but Poseidon was the real deal. That last strike had already pushed him to his limit.

Poseidon raised an eyebrow. "From your tone, it sounds like you're not out of tricks yet."

"Since you've gone all out, I won't hold back either. Get ready," Dustin replied. He lifted his hand, made a grabbing motion, and shouted, "Celestial Blade!"

Lightning cracked across the sky, followed by a thunderclap that shook the ground.

Everyone instinctively looked upward.

From the swirling dark clouds, a black sword descended like a meteor. As it tore through the sky, the clouds split apart, the air twisted in its wake, and a long black trail was left behind.

It looked as if the heavens themselves were being ripped open.

The sword streaked down from the sky and landed in Dustin's hand with pinpoint accuracy, finally revealing its true form.

It was a pitch-black blade that radiated a chilling, deadly light. The malevolent energy it gave off sent a shiver down everyone's spine.

"That's the Celestial Blade—ranked ninth on the Divine Weapon List? It looks terrifying," Warrick muttered, narrowing his eyes as a wave of unease washed over him.

Until now, Dustin hadn't even drawn a weapon. Now that he held one, his power was bound to rise dramatically.

"It may be a fine blade, but a weapon is just a tool," Mulder said. "Victory depends on the wielder. And don't forget—Lord Poseidon's trident is a divine artifact too. It's every bit as powerful as the Celestial Blade."

In his view, Dustin, while impressive, still couldn't compare to Poseidon. The royal gods of the Hall of Gods had ruled unchallenged for centuries. They weren't to be underestimated.

"Poseidon, dying by my sword is the most fitting end you could hope for," Dustin growled.

With the Celestial Blade now in hand, his entire presence shifted. Where he had once been calm and cautious, he now stood fierce, commanding, and brimming with power.