

An Understated Dominance - Chapter 2520

Moments later, the once-turbulent sea finally calmed.

All that remained was a dense cloud of steam, drifting across the water like a giant beast, silently recounting the heart-pounding battle that had just taken place.

Dustin stood atop the sea's surface, the Celestial Blade still in hand. His face was grim as he stared ahead. His clothes were shredded, his body covered in cuts and bruises, with blood streaming from his wounds and staining the water beneath him red.

Suddenly, a headless corpse floated to the surface. Its body, covered in blue scales and bearing torn, ragged wings, was riddled with gaping wounds. Dark blue blood seeped from it, dissipating into the water.

The body belonged to Poseidon.

"H-He's dead? How is that possible?"

Warrick and the others stared in stunned disbelief at the headless corpse drifting in the sea.

They could never have imagined that Dustin would slay one of the world's mightiest royal gods with a single blow. Had they not witnessed it themselves, they would have thought it impossible.

"He's an ultimate grandmaster still in his twenties, and he just killed Poseidon, the royal god. What kind of monster is this kid?"

Warrick and the others trembled with fear. A suffocating terror clouded their minds, making it hard even to breathe, as if an invisible hand was gripping their throats.

When Poseidon had first appeared, Warrick had been elated, thinking they were saved. But after the fierce battle, Dustin had beheaded Poseidon with a single devastating strike.

That strike hadn't just severed Poseidon's head—it had also shattered Warrick's final hope of survival.

"Phew... It's finally over," Dustin exhaled deeply.

His mystical pure energy was nearly depleted, and he stood on the verge of complete exhaustion.

He had to admit, Poseidon's strength was terrifying. Even after giving everything he had, Dustin had only managed to secure victory with a single, decisive strike. Had that blow

failed to sever Poseidon's head and destroy his life force, Dustin would have been the one to fall.

From what he knew, Poseidon wasn't even the strongest of the four royal gods. That title belonged to Zeus. If Dustin had faced Zeus today, he knew the outcome would have been much different.

"Hurry up and surround the area! Don't let anyone escape!"

Suddenly, loud shouts rang out from behind him.

Turning, Dustin saw Austin leading thousands of West Lucozian soldiers toward the dock.

The battle against Poseidon had been impossible to miss; the shockwaves alone must have been felt for miles.

The moment Austin received the news, he had mobilized his forces and rushed over.

Fortunately, the toughest opponent—Poseidon—had already been defeated. As for the others, they were severely injured and posed no real threat.

Dragging his exhausted body from the sea, Dustin stumbled onto the dock and collapsed without caring how it looked—he was simply too drained to bother.

"Dustin, are you okay? Are you hurt?" Austin asked anxiously.

He led a team of Draken Guardians and rushed to Dustin's side, never expecting that the mission to capture Warrick would result in his brother being injured.

"It's nothing—just some minor cuts. I'll be fine after a few days of rest," Dustin said, shaking his head.

"Here, take this Haemotrol. It'll help speed up your recovery," Austin offered, promptly pulling out a pill and handing it over.

Without hesitation, Dustin swallowed it. The pill dissolved instantly, releasing a warm sensation that spread throughout his body and slowly replenished some of his burned-out energy.

"What exactly happened earlier? Who was that mysterious expert you were fighting?" Austin asked, his expression grave.

From a distance, he had seen Dustin locked in a fierce battle with a powerful figure, and he knew immediately it wasn't Warrick.

"It was Poseidon," Dustin replied. "A royal god from the Hall of Gods."

“What? Poseidon, the royal god? In West Lucozia?” Austin’s frown deepened.

The royal gods of the Hall of Gods rarely intervened unless absolutely necessary.

It now made sense why Dustin had been pushed so hard—he had been facing Poseidon himself.

“He’s dead now, but his body still holds research value. Bring it back quickly,” Dustin instructed, glancing at the massive figure still floating on the sea.

Austin turned to his men and barked, “General Steele, retrieve the body.”

“Yes, sir,” Jaxon responded before diving into the water.

He swam swiftly to Poseidon’s headless body, gripped it tightly, and hauled it back toward the dock.

With a heavy thud, Poseidon’s body hit the ground. The once-glimmering blue scales now appeared dull and lifeless, tinged with a greyish hue.

“Hmm?” Dustin’s eyes narrowed as he scanned the corpse.

Normally, even a grandmaster’s body would retain a faint flicker of life force that would linger briefly after death.

Yet Poseidon’s body showed no trace of it—it was as if every drop of life had been drained away.

“General Steele, where’s his head?” Dustin asked sharply.

“I didn’t see it. It must’ve sunk to the bottom of the sea,” Jaxon answered, shaking his head.

“Gather a team and retrieve the head immediately,” Dustin ordered.

“Yes, sir,” Jaxon replied with a nod, quickly organizing the soldiers and ship crew to search the waters around the battle site.

“Dustin, do you think something’s wrong about Poseidon’s death?” Austin asked, suspicion creeping into his voice.

If this were a simple death, Dustin wouldn’t be pushing for such a thorough search.

“I can’t say for sure. Maybe I’m just overthinking it,” Dustin replied, staring out into the distance.

Normally, a grandmaster's death was certain if their head was severed.

But royal gods possessed powers few understood. Until they recovered Poseidon's head, Dustin couldn't be sure the battle was truly over.