

# An Understated Dominance [On-Going]

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## Chapter

2556

It had only been a hunch before, but now Matthias was absolutely certain—this was a setup. Someone was deliberately framing him to deflect trouble.

“Hmph! You people from Dragonmarsh say one thing and do another. Nothing but lies come out of your mouths. I don’t trust a word anymore,” Zeus said coldly.

The Pantheon had discovered evidence linking Logan to Matthias.

“I don’t know what issues you have with Logan, but let me make this perfectly clear: I have *nothing* to do with him. From start to finish, this has been a conspiracy orchestrated by others—people who want to watch us tear each other apart!” Matthias said firmly.

Now that he knew he was being framed, he forced himself to calm down. He wasn’t about to let himself be someone else’s pawn in this mess.

“Why should I believe you? For all I know, you’re the one hiding Logan,” Zeus shot back, unmoved.

He had scoured countless places looking for Logan and had finally gotten solid intel—he wasn’t going to back off so easily.

“Don’t you get it? If I *were* hiding Logan, would I still be wasting time trying to explain myself to you? I’d be long gone!” Matthias said, struggling to keep his anger in check.

“Hmph! The Dragonmarsh are deceitful to the core. Who knows what kind of tricks you’re playing?” Zeus sneered.

Matthias took a deep breath, trying to keep his fury from boiling over. “Then tell me—what would it take for you to believe me?”

“I won’t believe anything unless you hand Logan over,” Zeus replied coldly.

“I don’t know where Logan is! How am I supposed to find him out of nowhere?” Matthias’s voice grew sharp with frustration.

“Not my problem,” Zeus said, indifferent. “You have until sunrise. If I don’t get Logan’s whereabouts by then, I’ll burn this entire mansion to the ground!”

“You’ve gone too far!” Matthias couldn’t hold back his rage anymore.

“Then go ahead—make your move. Let’s see which one of us walks away alive,” Zeus smirked.

Even though he was wary of the Burning Heaven Blazing Talisman, he wasn’t about to back down. Not with Hera by his side.

**Crack... crack... crack...**

Matthias clenched his fists so hard his knuckles popped. A storm of rage boiled inside him, ready to erupt like a volcano.

He glared at Zeus. After a long silence, he let out a deep breath and managed to suppress the fury burning within him.

“Kyle! Go find out where Logan is—*now!*” Matthias growled.

“Your Highness?” Kyle frowned, confused.

He had already drawn his sword, fully expecting Matthias to order an all-out fight against Zeus. He hadn’t anticipated this retreat.

After everything Zeus had done, was Matthias really going to just take it?

“I said *go!*” Matthias shouted, turning to glare at Kyle.

As Dragonmarsh’s prince, he had never suffered such humiliation. But for the bigger picture, he had no choice but to endure.

“Understood, Your Highness,” Kyle said, biting his tongue as he left.

Seeing Matthias back down, Zeus couldn’t help but chuckle.

So this was Dragonmarsh—spineless to the core. Even when humiliated to the point of being walked on, they still swallowed it quietly.

“If my people suffer even *one more* loss, there’ll be no more talking tomorrow. We’re going to war!” Matthias warned before turning and walking away.

If it had been *just* Zeus, Matthias wouldn’t have hesitated to use the Burning Heaven Blazing Talisman.

But with Hera also present, things weren’t that simple. If the talisman failed to kill Zeus, he’d have to face both of them—possibly more than even his powerful defensive formations could handle.

And even if he succeeded in killing Zeus, the retaliation from the Pantheon would be never-ending. He’d be hunted every day of his life.

It wasn't a risk worth taking.

Still, if cornered with no way out, he would fight to the death.

As tension hung in the air, time crept by.

Matthias stood silently at the mansion gates, a thundercloud of fury hanging over him.

Behind him, tens of thousands of soldiers stood like a wall, deadly silent, radiating killing intent.

Finally, as the sky began to lighten, Kyle returned.

"Well? What did you find?" Matthias asked urgently the moment Kyle stepped out of the car.

"Your Highness, I just confirmed—Logan is with Grace. They left the city last night and are headed toward Loxuia Mountain," Kyle reported.

"Grace? Loxuia Mountain? What are they doing there?" Matthias asked, frowning.

"There's more. Yesterday, Zeus visited the third prince's estate to ask about Logan. We don't know what happened there, but afterward, Zeus came straight here to find you," Kyle continued.

Matthias's expression darkened instantly. "So it *was* Nathaniel. That snake set this whole thing up and dumped the Pantheon's wrath on *me*."

"Most likely," Kyle agreed.

"That bastard Nathaniel! When I take the throne, he'll be the first one I eliminate!" Matthias growled, seething with rage.

**Chapter** **2557**

"Your Highness, what now? Should we tell the Pantheon where Logan is?" Kyle asked solemnly.

Neither the Pantheon nor Logan—backed by West Lucozia Palace—were easy to deal with.

If they turned Logan over to Zeus, they'd make a powerful enemy in the West Lucozia Palace. But keeping Logan's location secret risked igniting the Pantheon's fury.

"Nathaniel's dumped this mess on me and left me with nothing but a trap," Matthias said darkly.

He now understood why Nathaniel wanted to redirect the problem—he couldn't handle it himself, so he passed it off to someone else. On top of that, he hoped to weaken Matthias through the Pantheon's wrath.

It was a cruelly efficient plan.

Matthias was furious, but he knew there was no way out of this now.

He had to pick a side: offend the Pantheon or offend Logan.

But thinking it over, it wasn't *his* fault to begin with. Logan had created this mess. The Pantheon's grudge was with *him*, not Matthias.

Even if things spiraled out of control, Matthias could argue he was simply defending himself.

With that in mind, Matthias made his decision.

"Go inside and tell Zeus where Logan is. Be honest. Then tell him to get the hell out!" Matthias ordered.

"Yes, Your Highness," Kyle said, turning to carry out the command despite the bitterness in his heart.

No matter how humiliating it felt, protecting his lord came first.

"I just hope nothing else goes wrong," Matthias muttered.

His decision to let Kyle deliver the information himself was deliberate—it gave him a layer of protection.

If Logan ended up killed and the West Lucozia Palace came looking for revenge, Matthias could blame Kyle for acting on his own.

It might not be completely convincing, but it gave him some political cover.

Moments later, Kyle returned, clearly upset.

"Well? Did he believe it?" Matthias asked.

"He only half-believes it," Kyle said. "Zeus said he'll go to Loxuia Mountain himself. And if he finds out we lied, he'll bring the full force of the Pantheon to wipe this place off the map. He also said *you* would pay the price personally."

"You're *sure* your intel was accurate?" Matthias asked, narrowing his eyes.

"One hundred percent. There's no mistake," Kyle replied.

"Then let them fight. Whether they kill each other or not, it's none of our concern," Matthias said with relief.

At this point, it was the best outcome he could hope for. Any future problems would have to be dealt with one at a time.

“Master, open a gap in the formation. Let the Pantheon in,” Matthias shouted toward the sky.

“Understood,” a tall, thin old man replied. He made a hand gesture, and a section of the Five Elements Blood Evil Formation opened up.

As soon as the barrier broke, two figures streaked through it and vanished into the sky.

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Meanwhile, at Loxuia Mountain...

Inside a naturally formed cave, Logan sat floating midair, eyes closed.

Five glowing orbs orbited him, each one shimmering with strange light. Inside the orbs, dragon-shaped auras swirled and flowed, releasing powerful spiritual energy that seeped into his body.

Logan was practicing the method Grace had taught him, slowly absorbing the dragon energy.

Even with his natural talent, the process was painstakingly slow. The five Dragon Essences weren't something he could fully absorb in a single sitting.

Grace remained silent by his side, keeping watch over him.

The cave itself was special—it masked energy fluctuations, making it nearly impossible for outsiders to detect what was happening inside.

This was precisely why Grace had chosen this place for Logan's cultivation.

Still, just in case, she had also set up layers of protective formations throughout Loxuia Mountain.

Even a grandmaster-level warrior would find it hard to break through quickly.

Before Logan began absorbing the Dragon Essences, Grace had consulted the Imperial Astronomical Observatory for a divination.

The result had been cryptic but clear:

*Where fortune lies, misfortune follows. Success and failure go hand in hand.*

If this worked, Logan would rise like a dragon and become unstoppable.

If it failed... he would die.

But they had no choice now. The danger was already here. Playing it safe would only lead to missed opportunities.

### **Buzz...**

Suddenly, the badge at Grace's waist flashed twice.

A warning.

If one badge flashed, it meant enemies were attacking.

Grace glanced at Logan, still deep in cultivation. She didn't disturb him. Instead, she walked over to a smooth slab of jade and leaned into it.

As soon as she touched it, the jade turned to mist and absorbed her.

In the next instant, she was transported to the top of Loxuia Mountain.

"Your Highness! It's urgent—a powerful intruder has forced their way in!"

### **Chapter 2558**

"Your Highness! Something terrible has happened. A powerful man forced his way through the mountain gate!"

At the peak of Loxuia Mountain, inside an ancient temple.

Just as Grace stepped out of the secret chamber, one of her personal maids rushed forward with the urgent report.

"Who is it?" Grace asked calmly, as if she had already anticipated this moment.

"Judging by their presence, they seem to be high-ranking members of the Pantheon of the Gods—possibly God Kings," the maid answered gravely.

The protective formation surrounding Loxuia Mountain had been useless against the two intruders.

Not just the defensive layers—even the attack formations shattered instantly, completely ineffective.

Only a God King could break through that easily.

"They're moving faster than I expected," Grace said, her brows slightly furrowed.

Even without looking, she already knew who it was.

The only ones who would come to Loxuia Mountain at such a critical moment were likely Zeus and Hera.

She had been keeping a close eye on the news from Oakvale City. Originally, she thought Nathaniel's interference would cause Zeus to clash with Matthias's forces.

That way, the God King would be tied up in Oakvale City and wouldn't have time to come after Logan.

Unfortunately, things hadn't gone according to plan.

Matthias had somehow sidestepped the conflict entirely, avoiding the disaster.

Now, the trouble that was supposed to fall on Matthias had landed squarely on her shoulders.

"Your Highness, the Pantheon is still pushing forward. Should we try to stop them?" the maid asked.

"How many formations are left outside?" Grace didn't answer directly. Instead, she posed another question.

"They've been mostly destroyed. At this rate, those Pantheon elites will reach the mountain's summit in less than an hour," the maid replied.

"No need to intercept them. Just focus on keeping the remaining formations powered and buy as much time as you can," Grace instructed firmly.

"Yes!" The maid nodded and turned to leave.

Grace rose into the air alone, then pulled a small, golden pagoda from within her robe.

The pagoda had three tiers, shimmering with golden light, clearly a rare and powerful artifact.

She began chanting an incantation and tossed the miniature tower into the sky.

"Buzz~!"

With a low hum, the pagoda instantly expanded as it caught the wind. In the blink of an eye, it grew larger than a house.

Grace continued the spell, and the golden tower kept growing—larger and larger.

Within a minute, it had become as massive as a mountain.

"Fall!" she commanded, forming a seal with her fingers and finishing the incantation.

The enormous golden pagoda dropped from the sky, covering the entire peak of Loxuia Mountain.

Then, in the next moment, it vanished—like it had never been there.

“Whew...”

Grace let out a slow breath and muttered, “I hope this Glazed Pagoda holds.”

The Golden Glazed Pagoda was her most important defensive artifact—legend said it was indestructible.

But even the strongest artifact has its limits.

One God King she could manage. But two? If both Zeus and Hera attacked together, there was no telling how long the tower could withstand the assault.

All she could do now was pray that Logan would finish absorbing the Dracan essences quickly and break through.

Otherwise, if the mountain’s formations fell and the Golden Glazed Pagoda gave out, everyone here would be in serious danger.

Grace sat down in the courtyard, brewed herself a pot of tea, and waited in silence.

From the foot of Loxuia Mountain, the distant sound of explosions echoed—it was the sound of the remaining formations being destroyed.

She had prepared thoroughly for this. Dozens of different formations were set up in advance, consuming a vast amount of resources and manpower.

Not only that, she had mobilized every force she could command, ready to make a last stand if it came to that.

She had done everything within her power.

Whatever happened next was no longer in her hands.

To be precise, everything now depended on Logan.

Whether they lived or died would all come down to how he performed.

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At that moment, at the foot of Loxuia Mountain—

God King Zeus had just shattered one formation, only to walk straight into another.



This time, it wasn't a defensive barrier or an attack trap—but a powerful illusion formation.

Thick fog rose all around, blotting out the sky and sun, making it impossible to tell direction from distortion.

It immediately enraged Zeus.

He was used to brute-forcing his way through any problem—killing anyone who stood in his way. Simple, brutal, effective.

What he hated most was being stalled.

Yet ever since he stepped near Loxuia Mountain, he had been bogged down by all kinds of strange and complex formations.

While many had already been broken, more kept appearing—one after another.

“You damn rats from Dragonmarsh are really getting on my nerves!”

“Once I catch you, I'll tear you limb from limb!”

His thunderous voice shook the entire mountain.

In contrast, God King Hera, who followed behind him, remained composed. She moved slowly and made no move to attack.

Trivial pests weren't worth her attention.

She had only one target—Logan, the man who killed Poseidon. Unless she saw Logan with her own eyes, she had no intention of striking.

## Chapter 2559

The illusion array Grace had prepared was remarkably clever.

Even innate-level martial arts masters—experts in their own right—would easily lose their way in it.

But against someone like Zeus, the God King? It was useless.

His spiritual sense and cultivation had long surpassed the array's power.

He didn't need to see through it—he just brute-forced his way through.

Every array had a base and a core. Once struck by overwhelming force, both would be destroyed.

And when that happened, the array naturally collapsed.

That's exactly how Zeus broke through—brute strength.

Whenever he got trapped, he didn't bother probing with spiritual sense. He simply unleashed devastating power, clearing out everything within hundreds of meters.

One blast was enough to take out most formations.

If not, he'd fire again.

With Zeus's monstrous power, no array had ever survived more than three of his energy strikes.

"Break!"

"Break!"

"Break again!"

Zeus shouted as he waved his arms, blasting energy in every direction.

Formations fell one after another.

He advanced, destroying everything in his path.

Behind him, Hera followed casually, looking bored, making no effort to help.

In this way, the two God Kings ascended Loxuia Mountain, leaving behind a trail of destruction—shattered trees, blasted rocks.

Finally, they reached the summit.

There stood an ancient, majestic temple.

In front of its gates were dozens of monks, all holding iron staffs.

They were all skilled fighters—two of them were even grandmaster-level.

When the God Kings approached, the monks immediately stood alert.

"Please stop here, honored guests," said a middle-aged monk, gripping a diamond-studded staff. "This is a sacred Buddhist ground. Violence has no place here. Please leave peacefully."

"Hand over Logan, and I'll spare your lives," Zeus said coldly.

He didn't even see the monks as a threat. But he could sense a powerful energy near the temple.

It felt like the Five Elements Blood Evil Formation—but stronger.

"Amitabha. The sea of suffering is endless. Turn back now, before it's too late. Do not take more lives," the monk urged.

"Enough nonsense! If you won't hand him over, you'll all die!" Zeus growled. His patience was gone.

And once he acted, there would be no mercy.

"If you insist on this path, we'll have no choice but to stop you," the monk replied sternly.

"Stop me? You bald-headed fools? You've got no idea who you're dealing with."

Zeus was done talking.

He raised a hand and pointed.

"Sizzle!"

A blue lightning snake shot out, heading straight for the monk's chest.

A hit like that would instantly kill any martial artist.

"Buzz~!"

Just before the lightning struck, a golden light flashed.

The electric snake vanished—completely absorbed, like a rock sinking into the ocean.

"Huh?"

Zeus's brows twitched. He was surprised.

That flash of gold... if he wasn't mistaken, it was a golden pagoda.

It appeared for just a moment before disappearing again.

And his lightning hadn't even caused a ripple.

"Interesting."

Behind him, Hera perked up slightly, intrigued for the first time.

She hadn't cared about any of the earlier formations, but this golden pagoda caught her eye.

It was huge, beautiful, golden—and could absorb energy.

If she could get her hands on it, it'd make a perfect defensive treasure.

“So, you've got a magic weapon. No wonder you dared to stand your ground.”

Zeus narrowed his eyes. “Let's see how much of my power that thing can really take.”

He slowly raised his hand and formed a claw.

Blue lightning began gathering in his palm.

At first, the energy ball was the size of an egg. But it grew steadily as Zeus built power.

Soon, it swelled to the size of a basketball, electric snakes crackling inside—brimming with terrifying energy.

“Let's see you stop this!”

He hurled the lightning sphere at the temple gates.

“Buzz~!”

The golden pagoda reappeared in an instant, covering the temple like a mountain.

The lightning ball smashed into it.

“Boom!”

A thunderous explosion rocked the mountaintop.

The pagoda trembled slightly—but then stabilized.

Most of the lightning was instantly absorbed.

The remaining energy surged outward, away from the temple like a shockwave.

“Huh?”

Zeus frowned. That was two attacks stopped cold.

Now he realized—this golden pagoda was no ordinary weapon.

**Chapter 2560**

What surprised Zeus, the King of Gods, wasn't just the golden pagoda's powerful defense—it was the way it absorbed attacks.

The massive lightning ball he had just hurled was mostly swallowed by the golden pagoda, leaving no visible damage behind.

This was far more advanced than brute-force spatial defense.

It was clear: this golden pagoda had to be a rare artifact.

Breaking it wouldn't be easy.

But the more he realized that, the more convinced he became that Logan was hiding inside the temple.

If he could destroy the golden pagoda, Logan—and the threat he posed—would be completely eliminated.

"My two donors, the Seven Treasures Glazed Pagoda is indestructible. No matter how hard you strike, it won't break. Please, stop wasting your strength and return to the mountain," the leading monk advised earnestly.

"Hmph! I refuse to believe there's any defense in this world I can't break!"

Zeus didn't back down. In fact, he was even more fired up.

He spread his arms wide and began gathering energy rapidly.

Two massive lightning balls formed in his hands, swelling larger and larger.

"Break!"

When they grew to the size of basketballs, Zeus launched them with all his might, slamming them into the golden pagoda.

**Boom! Boom!**

Two deafening explosions rang out, and the golden pagoda shuddered slightly.

Waves of energy rippled out from the blasts, but once again, the golden pagoda absorbed everything—leaving no trace behind.

Still, Zeus didn't stop. He kept building energy and launching wave after wave of lightning balls at the pagoda.

Explosions filled the air without pause.

Yet no matter how fierce the assault, the golden pagoda stood unmoved—unscathed, like a mountain unmoved by the wind.

Inside the temple, the monks finally exhaled in relief.

The Seven Treasures Glazed Pagoda was even tougher than they'd expected. To survive repeated attacks from Zeus without a single crack—this was no ordinary defense.

But while the monks and temple guards felt reassured, Grace in the rear courtyard remained tense.

She knew better than anyone that the pagoda—her life-saving treasure—wasn't invincible.

Though it looked unharmed, every hit from Zeus placed increasing strain on it.

If that strain kept piling up, the pagoda would eventually collapse.

In short, if Zeus kept attacking relentlessly, the pagoda would fall sooner or later.

At the current rate of attack, the Seven Treasures Glazed Pagoda could only hold him off for a day and a night.

And that was assuming Hera didn't join in.

If she did, the time it would take to break the pagoda would be cut drastically.

The real key, however, was Logan.

If he could absorb all the Dracan essences before the pagoda shattered, he'd be able to turn the tide.

If not—he'd die.

Grace was gambling her life that Logan would pull through.

Time ticked by.

Zeus kept hammering away at the pagoda, nonstop.

Blue lightning balls exploded against its surface like relentless cannon fire.

Grace understood all too well: no matter how strong the defense, it wasn't truly invincible. Every artifact had its limits.

Zeus's goal was simple—use brute force and overwhelming cultivation to reduce the pagoda to rubble.

It made sense in theory, but pulling it off wasn't easy.

The pagoda had its limits. Its internal energy wasn't infinite.

After a full hour of bombardment, the golden pagoda was still standing firm.

But Zeus was drenched in sweat, completely exhausted.

Since ascending as God King, he had never been this worn out.

He had always crushed his opponents in mere seconds.

Who would've thought that a single golden pagoda could survive more than an hour of his relentless attacks?

It was like trying to crack an impenetrable turtle shell.

Frustrated and furious, Zeus gritted his teeth.

But the more he failed to break it, the more determined he became.

After a brief rest, Zeus finally turned to Hera, who had been watching silently from behind, and snapped, "Hera! How long are you going to just stand there and watch?"

"Are you begging me for help?" Hera yawned, clearly amused. "You looked like you were enjoying yourself, so I didn't want to ruin your fun. Besides, don't you hate it when I step in and steal your thunder?"

"That was before! This is now! Can't you see I'm drenched in sweat over here?" Zeus shouted angrily. "If you don't help break this pagoda, we're in for a bigger mess!"

He was the mighty King of Gods. If word got out that he couldn't even destroy a single pagoda, how could he face the world?

"Alright, alright, since you're asking so nicely, I'll help."

Hera stretched lazily, her demeanor finally shifting to something serious.