

An Understated Dominance [On-Going]

Chapter 2561

If Zeus hadn't spoken up, Hera really had no intention of getting involved. She was perfectly content to stand on the sidelines and watch the action unfold.

But since Zeus asked for help, she couldn't just ignore him. After all, he was the leader of the four gods—she had to show him some respect.

"Let's see how tough this thing really is."

The God King Hera raised one hand, fingers spread wide.

Suddenly, a dozen black ice cones appeared behind her. Each cone was over two meters long, thick as a wrist, and radiated an intense, biting cold.

The moment they formed, everything within ten meters—grass, trees, bricks, and stones—was instantly coated in frost.

"Go!"

With a quick clench of her fingers, Hera launched the ice cones.

They shot forward like cannonballs, aiming straight at the golden pagoda.

Swoosh!

Whoosh!

Whoosh!

The cones pierced through the air, striking the pagoda—but instead of exploding, they sank into it like stones vanishing into water.

Only a few ripples appeared. No real impact. No visible damage.

"Hera! That weak little move isn't enough! Show me what you've really got!" Zeus shouted.

He was giving it everything he had, while Hera still looked half-asleep. Her sluggish attitude infuriated him.

He was putting in the effort—why was she slacking off?

"Alright, alright. Don't get so worked up. I'm taking this seriously," Hera said, her expression growing solemn.

Her earlier attack was just a test, but even that should've been powerful enough to seriously injure a top-tier martial artist.

Yet when it hit the golden pagoda, it barely left a ripple. That surprised her.

She knew the pagoda was a divine weapon, but clearly, she had underestimated its defenses.

If they didn't go all in, there was no way they were getting through it tonight.

Taking a deep breath, Hera raised her hand again.

Buzz...

This time, a huge number of black ice cones started to appear behind her.

One, two, ten, a hundred... in the blink of an eye, they filled the air.

The sudden surge made the monks inside the temple feel a chill down their spines.

Compared to the dozen earlier, these were overwhelming. The sheer volume alone amplified the threat.

“Go!”

With another clench of her fist, Hera launched the entire wave of ice cones at the pagoda like a relentless storm.

Swoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The sound of the cones tearing through the air filled the temple grounds. They crashed into the golden pagoda, sending ripple after ripple across its surface.

A few ripples were nothing, but now, dozens collided at once. The effect was dramatic.

The entire golden pagoda started to shake.

Ripples spread out layer by layer from the impact points, each wave stronger than the last—until the pressure became overwhelming.

“Nice! Keep going!” Zeus finally smiled.

Now this was Hera's true power.

The golden pagoda might not fall right away, but if they kept up the assault, it would only be a matter of time.

Hera didn't stop. She kept building power and firing wave after wave of black ice cones.

Each strike echoed with a roar as the pagoda trembled under the pressure.

Its once-brilliant golden light began to dim, weakened by the constant barrage.

“Hera! I’m with you!”

Encouraged by the results, Zeus joined the attack.

Balls of lightning lit up the sky, bursting one after another with deafening explosions.

As the pagoda’s glow faded, Zeus felt his confidence surge.

He had been right—no matter how strong the golden pagoda was, it had limits.

Once its energy was drained and its defenses pushed past their breaking point, it would collapse.

So, the two gods launched a joint assault on the pagoda.

Zeus’s lightning balls exploded with violent force, each blast making the pagoda shudder.

Hera’s black ice cones rained down like an endless storm—unstoppable and relentless.

Their attacks complemented each other perfectly.

Inside the temple, the monks were panicking but dared not make a move.

Zeus and Hera’s assault was so intense and overpowering, there was nothing they could do. The sheer pressure was terrifying.

As long as they stayed under the protection of the golden pagoda, they were safe. But stepping out to fight would be suicide.

Time ticked by.

Under the combined attacks of Zeus and Hera, the golden light of the pagoda grew dimmer and dimmer.

Finally, as dawn approached, the light vanished completely.

And then—a small crack appeared at the top of the tower.