

An Understated Dominance [On-Going]

Chapter 2563

“Bang! Bang! Bang!”

The temple shook with one explosion after another, echoing without pause.

The golden pagoda that shielded the temple was now riddled with fine cracks—dozens of them.

And as Zeus and Hera kept up their relentless assault, the cracks kept multiplying.

In less than thirty minutes, the entire metallic pagoda was veined with fractures.

“Break it!”

Sensing the structure had reached its limit, Zeus and Hera launched another full-powered attack together.

“BOOM!!”

A thunderous blast rocked the ground.

The golden pagoda, which had withstood their barrage all night, finally gave way and shattered into pieces.

Shards of golden metal rained down from the sky like glass, crashing heavily onto the temple grounds.

Back in the temple’s backyard—

The moment the pagoda collapsed, Grace coughed up more blood. Her body trembled on the verge of collapse.

“Your Highness!”

Her female guards rushed to her side in a panic, supporting her while positioning themselves protectively in front of her, ready to meet the coming threat.

They couldn't convince the princess to leave. So now, they were prepared to risk everything for her.

“Hahahaha... it's broken! Finally broken!”

Outside the temple, Zeus roared with laughter, his expression filled with wild excitement.

Though exhausted and nearly drained of energy, it was all worth it.

The power of a God King must never be questioned.

If he couldn't even shatter a single pagoda, how would he ever show his face again?

“Whew... I'm completely wiped.”

Hera let out a long sigh. Even though they had succeeded in destroying the pagoda, she didn't feel any sense of pride.

Two God Kings had to team up and fight all night just to bring down a single structure—it wasn't exactly something to brag about.

Now, her curiosity was piqued.

Who was behind this pagoda?

Whoever controlled it managed to hold off two God Kings for an entire night.

“Listen up! All monks—form the battle formation immediately!”

With the golden pagoda down, the monks stationed at the temple gate didn't hesitate. They quickly stepped forward, surrounding Zeus and Hera.

They knew the truth—after an all-night battle, the God Kings had to be running on fumes.

This was their best shot.

If the two regained their strength, there wouldn't be a sliver of hope left.

“You little insects think you can take us down? Overconfident fools,” Zeus sneered.

Even without using inner energy, he believed he could crush these monks with sheer physical might.

“Get the target!”

The lead monk wasted no time. As soon as the formation was in place, he gave the order.

“Attack!”

Dozens of monks charged, activating the Vajra Arhat Formation to encircle Zeus and Hera with two tight rings.

The air filled with the sound of whirling staffs.

Countless staff shadows came crashing down on them like a rainstorm.

Zeus didn't even flinch. He stood still, letting the staffs slam into him.

“Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang...”

The blows rained down with brutal force.

But every staff either bent, splintered, or shattered upon impact—none of them even scratched Zeus.

As for Hera, she vanished entirely—dodging every blow with ease.

“What?!”

The monks were stunned.

They'd thrown everything they had into that attack.

Zeus hadn't dodged, hadn't defended, hadn't used a speck of inner energy.

And yet, he was completely unharmed.

The result hit them like a brick wall.

They'd hoped this was the God Kings' weakest moment—but it turned out to be laughably one-sided.

Zeus' physical strength alone was enough to render their attacks useless.

“That’s it? This is the best you’ve got?” Zeus mocked, full of contempt.

He was in a good mood now, and didn't mind playing with these “ants” a little longer.

“Don’t be so cocky!”

Two master-level monks exchanged a glance and charged forward, swinging their iron rods—one aiming at Zeus' head, the other at his legs.

“Heh...”

Zeus didn't even blink. He casually raised one arm to block.

“Bang! Bang!”

The rods smashed into his body—and both bent sharply, 90 degrees, on impact. Still, not a scratch on him.

“What?!”

The two masters were horrified.

If that attack couldn't even bruise him, what hope did they have?

This wasn't just a setback—it was a death sentence.

“Are you done now?” Zeus sneered. **“Then it’s my turn.”**

With lightning speed, he slapped both monks in the chest and abdomen with open palms.

They had no time to dodge or defend.

They were sent flying a hundred meters, smashing through three temple walls before hitting the ground.

They landed in a heap, blood spraying from their noses, seriously wounded—unable to even get up.

One move.

Without using inner energy, Zeus had taken out two elite monks with a single blow.

The gap in power was too vast.

Now, everyone understood what true fear felt like.

Zeus, the God King, was a force beyond their comprehension.

An opponent they were never meant to face.

