

# An Understated Dominance [On-Going]

---

## Chapter 2564

“You’re nothing but ants, and you dare challenge the power of a god? Then die!” Zeus sneered.

He raised his hand, conjuring a ball of lightning, and hurled it into the air.

In an instant, the orb sparked with thunder, and several bolts of blue lightning struck down toward the surrounding monks.

“Stop!”

A crisp, firm voice rang out.

Suddenly, a golden Bagua symbol appeared in the sky above the monks. Like a mirror, it blocked all the lightning bolts.

With a loud *bang*, the Bagua shattered into pieces.

The one who intervened was Grace.

Though she had stopped the attack, her energy clearly weakened again.

“Oh? Another expert?” Zeus raised an eyebrow, surprised.

Even if that was just a casual strike, it wasn’t something any ordinary martial arts master could stop—especially not someone so young.

“Mr. Zeus, Ms. Hera, I am Princess Grace of Dragonmarsh. Why the hostility? If there’s a problem, perhaps we can talk it out,” Grace said as she slowly walked out of the ancient temple—alone.

She wore a simple, white outfit, spotless and elegant.

“Princess Grace?” Zeus narrowed his eyes. “So, the golden pagoda earlier was your artifact?”

“Yes. It’s my life-saving item,” Grace replied without hesitation.

“Heh... that explains a lot. No wonder it held us off for so long,” Zeus said, his voice laced with murderous intent.

He had assumed the one behind the golden pagoda was a top-tier master from Dragonmarsh. Never did he expect it to be a young girl.

When had Dragonmarsh produced so many prodigies?

Logan, a man with insane potential who had defeated Poseidon, was already trouble enough.

Now, yet another monster appeared.

Sensing his train of thought, Grace calmly said, "Lord Zeus, that item was completely destroyed by the two of you. My cultivation has declined, and I'll never be able to break through again. So, there's no need to worry."

"She's a smart one," Hera said, smiling with growing interest.

If Grace was truly a princess of Dragonmarsh, she might even consider training her personally. Talented and intelligent female warriors like her were rare.

"So what if that's true? Do you really think you're qualified to negotiate with us?" Zeus mocked.

"I'm not setting terms—I'm offering a deal," Grace said, her voice steady. "I know you've both hit a bottleneck in your cultivation. You might not break through for decades. But I happen to know a method that can let you absorb the aura of Heaven and make real progress."

Her words stunned them both. Their expressions changed instantly.

That bottleneck had plagued them for years. They'd tried everything and found nothing that worked.

They had almost accepted the fact that they'd stay stuck at their current level forever.

But now, Grace's words sparked hope.

Especially for Zeus—whose long lifespan depended on a breakthrough. He couldn't afford to pass up an opportunity like this.

Still, trusting a stranger blindly wasn't an option. They had been deceived before—more than once. Every time they'd thought they'd found a way forward, it had ended in disappointment.

"Why should we believe you?" Zeus asked, narrowing his eyes at Grace. "Do you really think we'd fall for this just because you sound confident?"

"You're both powerful gods. I wouldn't dare lie to you," Grace said with a faint smile. "If I wasn't certain, I wouldn't offer this deal. Otherwise, I'd be signing my own death sentence."

"Hmph. That actually makes sense," Zeus muttered, rubbing his chest. "Alright, let's hear your terms."

"My condition is simple—leave Dragonmarsh immediately. In three days, I'll bring you the method to break through," Grace said.

"Leave Dragonmarsh?" Zeus sneered. "So you're trying to buy Logan time? You think we'll fall for that?"

"I *am* helping Logan," Grace admitted, "but I'm not lying. This is a genuine offer."

"Well, you're honest, I'll give you that. But I still don't believe you," Zeus said coldly.

"I've stated my terms. Whether you accept them or not is entirely your choice," Grace said calmly, still composed.

"I've got a better idea," Zeus said with a twisted grin. "Wanna hear it?"

"Sure. Go ahead," Grace replied.

"Haha... we'll kill Logan first, then capture you. After that, we'll torture you until you spill the method. How's *that* for a plan?" Zeus grinned viciously.

The Pantheon had its own infamous torture division.

Once they got their hands on her, it wouldn't take long. Even the toughest would break under that kind of pain.