

# An Understated Dominance [On

Chapter 2573.

Zeus was dead.

The once-mighty God King of the Pantheon, who had dominated Dragonmarsh for days, finally met his end here—and not even a trace of his body remained.

He had reached the peak of the Grandmaster realm, just one step away from entering the Land of the Gods.

But that single step was like a chasm he could never cross.

No matter how strong or deeply rooted his power was, he couldn't withstand the force that came with that breakthrough.

In fact, it was that final step that had held Zeus back for decades.

So the moment he realized Logan had broken through, his composure shattered completely.

He died filled with resentment.

"Hah... it's finally over."

Grace let out a long sigh of relief as she watched Zeus' body explode into nothing.

These past few days of dealing with two God Kings had drained her entirely.

She couldn't afford a single mistake. Every word had to be calculated, every moment flawless.

One misstep could've led to utter catastrophe.

But she pulled it off.

She used her wits to stall them, buying Logan the time he needed to break through.

In the end, the crisis was averted.

"If it weren't for you, I'd be in deep trouble," Logan said, turning to Grace.

Even though he had been in seclusion, his spiritual senses allowed him to track everything happening outside.

He knew very well that Grace had bought him this chance with her planning, her protection, and her determination to hold the line.

And in return, he delivered when it mattered most.

"We're in this together. If anything happened to you, I'd be doomed too—so don't thank me," Grace smiled.

"Zeus is dead, and Hera's on the brink. What do you want me to do next?" Logan asked.

"I've already figured it out." Grace's tone turned serious. "Even though the God Kings are down, the Pantheon's hidden forces in Oakvale are still lurking. Before they regroup, we have to move. We need to wipe them out completely."

"No problem. I'll follow your lead from now on," Logan nodded.

At this point, his relationship with Grace had gone far beyond cooperation.

They were like battle-worn comrades—mortals who had placed their lives and their fate in each other's hands.

And when someone has done that, how could you not trust them?

"You just had a breakthrough. Is your body holding up?" Grace asked with concern.

"I'm good," Logan replied with a faint smile. "I've already synced with my body. As long as there's spiritual energy around me, I can draw on it continuously."

That was the major difference between a Grandmaster and someone who had stepped into the Land of Immortals.

A Grandmaster was still bound by the true energy stored in their own body.

The stronger and more refined their energy, the more power they could unleash.

But once you reached the Land of Immortals, that limit disappeared.

Your strength no longer came solely from within—you could draw directly from the world around you.

In essence, you became one with heaven and earth.

Every movement you made carried a natural force, and the aura you gave off was miles beyond what any Grandmaster could muster.

That's what the title "immortal" represented.

At this level, you could no longer be called a mere mortal. You walked among the spirits.

The only downside was that using too much of the world's energy could attract punishment.

Heaven was always watching.

And if you went too far, it would strike back with thunder and divine judgment.

That's why most people at this level didn't act lightly.

The more you used your power, the more likely Heaven would take notice.

Luckily, Logan had just broken through, so he wasn't at risk—at least not yet.

Unless he went head-to-head with someone equally powerful, triggering an intense battle, he'd be safe from judgment.

"Good. Since you're fine, let's strike while the iron's hot and wipe out every hidden threat we can," Grace said without hesitation.

She'd already made all the preparations.

All she needed was Logan's breakthrough, and the time to strike had come.

Her intelligence network covered the entire country—it was more extensive than any agency's.

Tristan, Matthias, Nathaniel, even the Pantheon—none of them escaped her surveillance.

But before, she could only watch. She didn't have the strength to intervene, so she stayed hidden in the shadows, lying in wait.

Now things were different.

With Logan's power backing her, they could crush any obstacle.

Not just the Pantheon—any enemy lurking in the dark would be in her sights.

Her goal was simple: use the silence before the storm—the calm before the news spread.

She would reshuffle Oakvale's entire underworld in one night.

Crush the threats. Lock down her position.

And so, under Grace's direction—.

A cleansing campaign led by Logan launched with full force.

And Oakvale shook from the ground up....

