

An Understated Dominance (Dustin Rhys)

Chapter 2654

Chapter 2554

At noon the following day, Zeus and Hera were playing a game of chess.

Suddenly, a middle-aged man hurried into the room. He bowed and said, “Greetings, Lord Zeus and Lady Hera. We’ve located Logan.”

Zeus and Hera looked up at once.

“Oh? You found him? Where is he?” Zeus asked.

“This morning, two groups of mysterious guests showed up at the Hevetica Club downtown, which is under Hall of Gods territory. During their conversation, they mentioned Logan’s name. According to them, he’s recovering from injuries in some important figure’s private chamber.”

“Injuries?”

Zeus and Hera exchanged a glance and nodded.

Logan might’ve won his fight against Poseidon, but he must’ve taken a serious hit. No wonder he’s been off the radar. It turned out that he had gone into hiding to recover.

“Any idea who this important figure is?” Zeus asked.

“Those people looked strong. Our scouts didn’t dare get too close, so they couldn’t hear everything clearly. I came to report right away to avoid tipping them off. The decision to proceed now rests with you, my lord, my lady,” the middle-aged man said, head bowed.

Even as a key member of the Hall of Gods, he knew better than to act without orders. He didn’t rise through the ranks by taking chances. Instead, he just kept his head down and steered clear of mistakes.

“Useless fool! You can’t handle even such a small task,” Zeus snapped.

“I’m sorry, my lord… But Logan is an ultimate grandmaster. I’m no match for him. Only someone like you or Lady Hera could take him down,” the middle-aged man stammered.

“Forget it. If we leave it to fools like you, nothing will ever get done. We’ll handle this ourselves,” Zeus said as he slowly rose from his seat.

“I think I’ll sit this one out.” Hera yawned. “Logan is injured, so I’m sure you can handle him alone. I doubt you’ll need me.”

“He’s not the problem. It’s the old beast in Aylka. If we wake him up, I won’t be able to deal with Logan alone,” Zeus replied coldly.

“Fine. I’ll go with you. The sooner we finish, the better. I really don’t like the weather in Oakvale,” Hera said lazily as she stretched.

If she were back in Artea, she’d still be sleeping at this hour.

20 minutes later, agonizing screams echoed from the second floor of the Helvetica Club. More than a dozen martial artists lay sprawled across the floor, groaning in pain. Not a single one could stand.

“Where’s Logan?” Zeus asked. He planted his boot on a man’s head, looking down indifferently.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” the man growled through gritted teeth.

“Wrong answer,” Zeus said flatly.

He crushed the man’s skull with a stomp, then turned to the next person. His voice was ice cold as he demanded, “Tell me where Logan is.”

“Please have mercy. I’m begging you,” the man cried, scrambling to his knees. “I swear, I was just here for a drink. I don’t want any part of this. Please spare me.”

“Pathetic fool,” Zeus said.

He raised a hand and unleashed a bolt of lightning that ripped through the man’s chest. It bore a hole straight through him and shattered his heart into pieces.

Strangely, no blood flowed from the wound, which was instead seared into blackened char.

The sight left everyone frozen in fear, cold sweat pouring down their faces.

“If anyone knows Logan’s whereabouts, I will spare his life. Speak now, or die,” Zeus threatened, voice like steel.

He was known for his brutal methods and had no patience for negotiations. Anyone who dared to defy him would be killed without a second thought.

After watching two men die in an instant, the others quickly realized that speaking up was their only chance of survival.

“I’ll count to three. Once I’m done, you’re all dead.” Zeus slowly raised his hand, and lightning crackled around his fingertips.

A wave of terrifying pressure swept through the place and crushed the air out of everyone’s lungs.

“Three…”

“Two…”

“One…”

Just as Zeus was about to wipe out everyone in the room, one man in a green outfit finally cracked under the pressure. “Fine. I’ll talk. I know where Logan is,” he blurted.

“Good.” Zeus gave a satisfied nod.

With a flick of his finger, a streak of lightning shot out like a serpent and weaved through the remaining martial artists at blinding speed.

When the last body hit the floor, the lightning serpent snapped back to Zeus’s hand. It danced and flickered between his fingers.

Now, only the man in green was left standing. He stared in horror at the piles of blackened ash around him.

He hadn’t expected Zeus to be this ruthless. Even as a death warrior, he couldn’t stop the fear crawling up his spine.

“Talk. Where is he?” Zeus asked. There wasn’t a hint of emotion in his voice.

The man swallowed hard.

“I-I’m Prince Matthias’ guard. Last night, a mysterious guest showed up at His Highness’ mansion. I believe his name was Logan Rhys.”

“Matthias?” Zeus narrowed his eyes. “How do I know you’re not lying?”

“This… this should be enough to prove my identity,” the man said. He fumbled inside his pocket and pulled out a badge carved with an intricate M.

Zeus snatched the badge from his hand and passed it to one of the key members of the Hall of Gods beside him.

“Yes. This is the authentic guard’s badge from Prince Matthias’ mansion,” the key member confirmed as he nodded repeatedly.

“Head to Matthias’ mansion and bring Logan to me,” Zeus ordered.

With that, he raised his hand, killed the man in green, and disappeared.

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