

# An Understated Dominance (Dustin Rhys)

Chapter 2664

Grace’s illusory formation was impressive.

Even divine martial artists, far beyond the grandmaster, could easily lose their way inside and struggle to find an exit.

But it was useless against a royal god like Zeus. His spiritual power and senses were far beyond what the illusion could contain. Even if he couldn’t see through it, he didn’t need to. He could simply break it with brute force.

Every formation had a core and a weak point. If struck with enough force, the entire structure would collapse on its own.

That was exactly what he did. He didn’t bother searching for a way out. He just unleashed raw, crushing energy that tore through everything within hundreds of yards.

One energy strike was usually enough to break the formation apart. If not, he’d just hit it again. Nothing had ever withstood more than three strikes from Zeus.

“Break it down!”

With a sweep of his hands, he unleashed raw energy in every direction like a storm that spared nothing in its path.

Formations collapsed one after another. As Zeus advanced, he tore through the defenses, carving a path through the hillside-trees splintered, rocks pulverized, and chaos trailed behind him.

Behind him, Hera followed at a leisurely pace. She looked completely unbothered and showed no intention of helping.

They steadily climbed Embercrest Hill, cutting through thick forest and smashing boulders along the way, until they finally reached the summit.

At the top stood an imposing ancient temple. In front of its massive doors, dozens of armed monks stood guard. These were elite fighters from the Luminary Hall, including two grandmasters.

As Zeus and Hera approached, every monk tensed, bracing for whatever was coming.

A middle-aged monk stepped forward, gripping a heavy iron staff. His voice was sharp. “Stop right there, travelers. This is sacred ground. No fighting is allowed. You are not welcome here. Leave the mountain now.”

“Hand over Logan, and we might spare your lives,” Zeus said coldly.

He didn’t care much for these monks, but he sensed a strong energy nearby. It reminded him of the Five Sanguine Elemental Seals, only more powerful.

“It’s not too late to turn back. The path you’re on leads only to suffering. Stop this violence before it’s too late,” the middle-aged monk urged.

“Cut the crap! Hand him over, or die,” Zeus growled.

His patience had run out. Once he snapped and took action, it would be a bloodbath.

The middle-aged monk frowned and said, “ If you insist, I have no choice but to stop you.”

“A bunch of bald monks think they can stop us?” Zeus scoffed. “You’ve got a death wish?”



As soon as the word fell, he lifted a finger, and a blue lightning snake shot at the middle-aged monk’s chest. With Zeus’s strength, any grandmaster martial artist would be dead on contact.

Just before the snake hit its target, a flash of golden light appeared. It swallowed the lightning snake whole and disappeared without a trace.

“Hmm?” Zeus raised an eyebrow in surprise.

The golden light that flashed just now resembled a steeple. It appeared and disappeared instantly. His lightning attack had left no trace, and that felt very odd.

“Now this is getting interesting,” Hera murmured with a smirk.

She was finally showing some interest. She had ignored all the formations until now, but the brief glimpse of the golden steeple caught her attention.

It was large, beautiful, and radiated golden light while having the ability to absorb energy. If she could get her hands on it, it would make an excellent defensive weapon.

“So you’ve got some kind of protective artifact. No wonder you dared to stand your ground at the gate.” Zeus narrowed his eyes. “Let’s see how well it holds up to my attack.”

He slowly raised his hand, and his fingers curled like claws as energy began to build. A ball of blue lightning sparked to life in his palm, no bigger than an egg.

As he charged it, the sphere grew to the size of a basketball. Inside, lightning snakes wriggled fiercely, pulsing with terrifying energy and radiating intense pressure.

“Break it for me!”

Zeus grabbed the lightning sphere and hurled it toward the main gate. It shot out like a cannonball and crackled with destructive force.

The massive golden steeple reappeared, towering like a mountain as it shielded the entire temple.

When the sphere slammed into it a moment later, it erupted with a thunderous bang. The steeple trembled under the impact but quickly regained its stability.

Most of the lightning sphere’s energy was absorbed by the steeple on impact.

However, the leftover energy exploded into a violent shockwave that blasted outward from the temple in the opposite direction.

“Huh.”

Zeus frowned. This second failure made him realize that this golden steeple wasn’t any ordinary artifact.