

# An Understated Dominance (Dustin Rhys)

Chapter 2665

What caught Zeus off guard wasn’t just how sturdy the golden steeple was, but it swallowed his attacks whole. The lightning sphere he’d thrown had almost all its energy sucked up by the steeple, leaving nothing behind-not even a scorch mark.

This method of neutralizing power was far more sophisticated than simply blocking it head-on. It was clear now that the golden steeple was a rare divine artifact, and breaking through it would be no easy task.

Still, the more resistance he encountered, the more certain Zeus became that Logan was hiding somewhere inside the temple. He believed that Hall of Gods’ potential threat, Logan, could be wiped out for good once the golden steeple was broken.

The middle-aged monk stepped forward and said firmly, “The Adamantine Body Art protects the Seven Shards Steeple. No matter how you attack, you won’t be able to break through it. Please stop wasting your energy and leave the mountain now.”

Zeus sneered. “You really think there’s a fortress out there I can’t tear down?”

He didn’t back down. Instead, the challenge only fired him up. He raised both hands and rapidly gathered energy. Two lightning spheres formed in his palms, growing larger by the second.

“Break it down!”

When the lightning spheres grew to the size of a basketball, Zeus hurled them at the golden steeple with full force.

The impact produced two loud explosions that shook the steeple slightly.

The lightning spheres released bursts of energy before the steeple absorbed them, and they vanished without a trace.

But Zeus kept going. He summoned one lightning sphere after another and hurled them with relentless fury.

Explosion after explosion boomed at the peak of the Embercrest Hill. However, no matter how hard he attacked, the steeple remained steady without any sign of breaking.

The monks inside the temple sighed with relief when they saw the steeple still intact. The Seven Shards Steeple’s defense was stronger than they expected. It could withstand repeated attacks from a royal god, which was extraordinary.

However, Grace, who was in the temple’s courtyard, showed no sign of easing up.

The steeple was a divine artifact tied to her life force. Though it looked fine now, she knew it had its limits.

Every strike from Zeus added stress to the steeple. If the pressure reached a critical point, it would shatter completely. In other words, if he kept hammering without a pause, he would eventually break through.

At this rate, it could only hold for about a day and a night. And that was assuming Hera didn’t join in. If she did, the steeple would break much faster.

But now, Grace had placed all her hopes on Dustin.



If he could finish absorbing the Dracan essence before the steeple collapsed, they still had a shot at turning the tide. Otherwise, she likely wouldn’t survive either.

She was gambling with her life while staking everything on Dustin to break through.

Time passed slowly, but Zeus continued his relentless assault outside the temple.

He launched the blue lightning spheres like cannonballs and slammed them into the golden steeple repeatedly. He knew the steeple was strong, but nothing was invincible since everything had its limits.

His goal was to keep pounding the steeple until it broke. Although the plan sounded simple, it proved to be much harder in practice. The steeple had its limits, and so did his strength.

After three hours of nonstop bombardment, the steeple still stood tall.

Zeus was exhausted, gasping for breath and drenched in sweat. Since becoming a royal god, he had never exerted himself like this. No opponent had ever made him struggle like this.

He never imagined that a damn steeple could tank three hours of his nonstop attacks. It was like bashing a turtle’s shell with his bare hands. Frustrated, he grew even more determined to break it.

After taking a short break, Zeus turned to Hera and said coldly, “How long are you planning to sit back and watch?”

“Are you talking to me?” Hera asked, yawning. “You seemed so into it, so I didn’t want to interrupt you. Aren’t you always the one complaining when I step in and steal your kill?”

“That was then. Things are different now,” he said, clearly annoyed. “Can’t you see I’m out here doing all the work? If you don’t step in and break this steeple, it’s only going to get worse.”

As the leader of the Four Royal Gods, Zeus couldn’t afford to fail. If word got out that he couldn’t even crack open a steeple, he’d be a laughingstock.

“Fine. Since you’re asking, I’ll help,” Hera said.

She stretched her arms, and the casual look on her face slowly faded.