

## An Understated Dominance (Dustin Rhys)

Chapter 2666

If Zeus hadn't spoken up, Hera wouldn't have lifted a finger. She would've just kept watching from the sidelines.

But since he asked for help, she couldn't ignore him. After all, he was their leader. Like it or not, she had to respect his order.

"Let's see how tough this thing really is," Hera said.

She raised one hand and spread her fingers. Behind her, a dozen black, icy spears appeared out of thin air.

Each one was six feet long, thick as a wrist, and radiated a deadly cold. The air turned sharp and biting. Within thirty feet, the grass, stone, and trees all glazed over with frost.

"Go."

Hera clenched her fist. The spears shot forward like missiles toward the golden steeple.

The air split with a sharp whistle as the icy spears struck their mark. But instead of exploding on impact, they slid in like blades through water, leaving only faint ripples behind.

Zeus snapped, "Hera, that pathetic excuse for an attack isn't going to cut it. Show me what you're really capable of."

He was already fighting with everything he had. But her attack came off sluggish, half-hearted, like she hadn't even bothered to wake up.

The sight grated on him. While he threw himself into the battle, she stood off to the side and barely lifted a finger.

"Okay. Calm down. I'm going all out now," Hera replied as her face hardened with resolve.

Her first strike had just been a test, though still powerful enough to injure a grandmaster martial artist. But against the golden steeple, it barely left a mark-just faint ripples. That caught her off guard.

She knew the steeple was a powerful divine artifact, but its defenses were stronger than expected. If they didn't unleash everything they had, breaking through it tonight was impossible.

Hera took a deep breath and raised her hand again. Hundreds of black icy spears appeared behind her, which quickly swelled to thousands. They filled the air like a dark, frozen storm.

The monks in the temple felt a chilling prickling on their scalps, as if tiny needles of ice were piercing their skin.

At first, just a few spears seemed insignificant. But now, with thousands converging, the force was overwhelming.

"Fire!" Hera shouted.

She clenched her fist, and thousands of ice spears shot toward the golden steeple like a storm. The moment they struck, sharp cracks rang out as waves of ripples burst across its surface.

One or two didn't matter, but when thousands landed at once, the entire structure shook under the impact. Ripples surged out in layers, growing heavier with each wave, until they crashed like a tide against the glowing barrier.

"Good. Keep going."

Zeus finally smiled. He knew this was Hera's true strength.

The golden steeple wouldn't break in one strike, but under this kind of pressure, even it had a limit.

She kept channeling energy and launched volley after volley of spears. The relentless assault made the steeple groan, as each wave built on the last as the strain mounted.

"Hera, let me fight with you!"

As the golden light around the steeple began to dim, Zeus sensed an opportunity. Power surged through him as he leaped forward, hurling lightning spheres in rapid succession. Each blast struck with deafening force.

The fading glow of the steeple wasn't just a sign of weakness but a confirmation. He could see that the structure had a limit.

The light had dulled, and its rhythm faltered. It couldn't last forever. Once that threshold was breached, the entire thing would collapse.

Together, the two royal gods pressed the attack.

Zeus's lightning spheres exploded on impact, as each strike sent tremors through the steeple's foundation. Hera's icy spears rained down in waves, sharp and relentless, like a blizzard that refused to let up.

Their powers meshed perfectly-force and precision, thunder and frost-blending into a rhythm that battered the ancient structure without pause.

Inside the temple, the monks felt every impact. Their scalps prickled as if stabbed by a thousand icy needles. They stood frozen, too terrified to move.

They knew that the steeple was their only shield. If it failed, they'd be wiped out in an instant. Facing the royal gods directly wasn't just suicide but an annihilation.

Time dragged on. The golden light dimmed further with every blast. Then, just as the first traces of dawn lit the horizon, the glow vanished entirely, and a thin, splintering crack split open at the top of the steeple.