

# An Understated Dominance (Dustin Rhys)

Chapter 2667

After a full night of relentless attacks, Zeus and Hera were drenched in sweat and gasping for breath. But the moment they saw a crack forming at the top of the golden steeple, their spirits surged. 1

Zeus let out a sharp laugh. “It’s finally cracking! I was starting to think this thing really was indestructible.”

Since becoming a royal god of the Hall of Gods, he had never pushed himself this hard. He had spent the entire night blasting the steeple without pause. It had drained him, but at least, the effort was paying off.

“This thing’s tough. It held up longer than I expected,” Hera said as she stopped to catch her breath.

Though she hadn’t used as much energy as Zeus, she was equally worn out. Still, she could tell the end was finally in sight.

“Now’s our chance. Let’s hit it together, both of us,” he said.

Despite their exhaustion, he knew they couldn’t afford to hold back. Only by breaking the steeple could they finally relax.

“Okay. Let’s do this.”

Hera took a deep breath and gathered her energy again. Hundreds of black ice spikes materialized behind her, sharp and humming with energy.

Across from her, Zeus raised both arms. Lightning crackled between his palms as the glowing spheres swelled with energy.

A moment later, they unleashed their attacks on the steeple.

A series of deafening blasts split the air, and the golden steeple trembled violently. Its internal energy had already been drained. Now, only its structure held it together.

The impact from Zeus and Hera’s joint strike split the surface with fresh cracks. Encouraged by the damage, they pressed on. They ignored their exhaustion and launched a full-scale attack.

They believed that once the steeple collapsed, the monks inside would be defenseless. As for Logan, they’d hazard he’d been seriously wounded in his last battle with Poseidon and no longer posed a threat.

So, with no hesitation or fear, they struck relentlessly.

In the backyard of the ancient temple, Grace sat cross-legged in meditation. Her face had gone pale, and blood trickled from the corner of her mouth.

The Seven Shards Steeple was tied to her life force. Every crack in the tower left a wound on her body, too. She had held out for as long as she could.

Zeus and Hera were simply too powerful.

Their combined attacks were relentless, and the damage to the steeple worsened with every blow. No matter how strong the artifact was, it couldn’t withstand the onslaught of two ultimate grandmasters.

Now, the steeple shook so violently it looked ready to collapse. Cracks kept spreading downward with every tremor.



Grace coughed out another mouthful of blood. Her lips were colorless, and she could barely breathe.

“Dustin... if you’re not done yet, we’re dead,” she whispered.

Panic surged in her chest, but there was nothing more she could do. From the very start, this fight had never been hers to win. She had done everything she could, and now it was up to fate.

“Your Highness, the steeple’s about to collapse. You have to get to the hidden chamber-now!”

Several female guards rushed into the courtyard and urged Grace to take cover.

“It’s no use,” Grace replied, shaking her head. “Once the steeple falls, no chamber in the world will save me.”

With Zeus’ spiritual strength, she knew there was no escaping Embercrest Hill. The hidden chamber might shield her temporarily, but it wouldn’t change the outcome.

If he couldn’t find the one controlling the steeple, he wouldn’t hesitate to flatten the entire mountain. And for someone like him, it was just a matter of effort.

And once that happened, she wouldn’t be the only casualty. Dustin, who was still absorbing the Dracan essence, would be buried with her.

She wasn’t ready to give up. There was still a sliver of hope, and she would cling to it with her last breath.

“Your Highness, let us escort you out through the back,” one of the female guards pleaded. “We’ll protect you with our lives if we have to.”

“I know you mean well, but I can’t leave. If I run, Dustin dies. I have to hold out, just a little longer,” Grace replied.

“Your Highness, with all due respect, his life can’t possibly be more important than yours.”

“You’re wrong,” Grace replied softly. “His life matters far more than mine.”

Her voice was calm, and her eyes were steady. “The Regal Observatory had read his fate. He carries immense destiny. A single decision from him could affect the future of the entire nation.

“If I die, it won’t change much. But if he dies, Dragonmarsh will lose nearly all its fortune. What comes after will be unrest and war, and countless people will suffer.”

She looked toward the distance and said firmly, “No matter what happens, even if it costs me everything, I have to keep him alive.”