

An Understated Dominance (Dustin Rhys)

Chapter 2669

“A bunch of weaklings like you dare challenge the wrath of god?” Zeus sneered. “Then, die where you stand.”

He raised his hand and conjured a sphere of lightning, then hurled it into the sky. Thunder cracked as bolts of blue lightning rained down on the monks below.

“Leave them alone!” came a shout, the voice crisp and clear.

At that instant, a golden octagram array appeared above the monks’ heads like a giant mirror. It blocked all the blue lightning bolts, then shattered with a deep, echoing crack.

Grace had conjured the array. Though she blocked the strike to protect the monks, the effort had drained her energy.

“Oh? I didn’t expect to find a master among you.” Zeus raised an eyebrow, visibly surprised.

Even though that was just a casual strike, it wasn’t something a typical grandmaster martial artist could’ve blocked, especially not someone so young.

“Greetings, Lord Zeus, Lady Hera. I am the Princess of Ariella. What could’ve provoked such wrath? Surely, we can talk this through.”

Grace stepped out from the ancient temple gate. Her white dress remained spotless despite the chaos around her.

“Princess of Ariella?” Zeus narrowed his eyes slightly. “That Golden Steeple earlier was your divine artifact?”

“That’s right. It’s bound to my life force,” she replied, not bothering to deny it.

He let out a low chuckle. “You’ve got some skill. I didn’t expect it to hold us off this long.”

But the amusement in his voice didn’t reach his eyes. Beneath it lurked a flicker of killing intent.

He had assumed the Golden Steeple had been set up by some supreme master from Dragonmarsh, or an ultimate grandmaster. Never did he expect the one who made two royal gods suffer a setback to be just a young woman.

When did Dragonmarsh start producing so many geniuses?

Logan Rhys-who had unlimited potential and managed to take down Poseidon-was already a headache. And now here came another monster. If someone like Grace were allowed to grow unchecked, she’d become a serious threat.

Grace seemed to read his thought and said, “The divine artifact bound to my life force was shattered by both of you. Not only has my cultivation been severely weakened, but I will never be able to break through again. So there’s no reason for you to have any reservations.”

“She’s a smart one,” Hera said with a faint smile.

A spark of interest lit up her eyes. If Grace hadn’t been a princess of Dragonmarsh, she might have taken her under her wing and trained her personally. There were far too few female martial artists with both her talent and shrewdness.

“So what if you’re telling the truth?” Zeus sneered. “Do you think you have the right to negotiate with us?”

“This isn’t a negotiation. It’s a deal,” Grace replied calmly.

She continued, “I know both of you have hit a wall in your cultivation. You haven’t broken through in decades. But I happen to know a technique that could let you tap into divine energy and push past your limits.”

Upon hearing that, Zeus and Hera froze. Even the way they looked at Grace had changed.

For years, the bottleneck had been their greatest frustration. They’d tried countless ways to break through, but nothing had worked. Eventually, they’d resigned themselves to the idea that they might be stuck at that level forever and would never push past their limits.

But now, Grace’s words lit a spark of hope, especially for Zeus. With his short lifespan, he desperately needed a breakthrough to extend it. It was the kind of opportunity he couldn’t afford to pass up.

Still, neither of them was foolish enough to take a stranger at her word. They’d run into situations like this more times than they could count. Every time they thought they’d found a way to break through, it always ended in disappointment.

“Why should we trust you?” Zeus narrowed his eyes and gave Grace a sharp once-over. “You don’t actually think we’d follow your lead just because you tossed out a few grand claims, do you?”

“With your status, how could I even think of deceiving you?” Grace smiled faintly. “I’m not reckless enough to make a deal without some certainty. That’d be like signing my own death warrant.”

“You might have a point,” Zeus said, stroking his chin. “So, what’s your condition?”

“Leave Dragonmarsh immediately. Three days from now, I’ll personally show you how to break through,” Grace replied.

“Leave Dragonmarsh?” He sneered. “So, you’re helping Logan deal with the crisis? And you’re using that as an excuse to trick us into leaving?”

“Yes, I’m doing this for him. But I’m not trying to trick you. I’m here to negotiate a deal with both of you,” she corrected.

“You’re honest, I’ll give you that. But I still don’t believe you.” Zeus shook his head.

“Those are the terms. How you want to proceed is up to you,” Grace said calmly, without a hint of arrogance or submission.

Suddenly, Zeus grinned. “I’ve got a better idea. Want to hear it?”

“Oh? Go ahead.”

He chuckled darkly. “First, we kill Logan. Then, we capture you. After that, we’ll use every torture we have to make you spill the secret to breaking through. How does that sound?”

The Hall of Gods had its own torture chamber. Anyone who was brought there didn’t last more than three days before confessing everything.