

An Understated Dominance (Dustin Rhys)

Chapter 2672

After stalling as long as she could, Grace finally stepped out of the ancient temple with a handwritten book after being urged by Hera.

“You two are so impatient,” she said. “This isn’t the kind of technique you can just scribble down off the top of your head. What if I got something wrong?”

As soon as she stepped out, she wasted no time shifting the blame.

“You’re always so quick with the excuses. Who knows what you’re really doing inside?” Hera scowled.

“I had to recall everything, write it down, and make sure there were no mistakes. You think that’s easy? Can’t you at least try to cut me some slack?” Grace frowned slightly.

“Enough talk. Hand over the technique now,” Zeus snapped impatiently.

“The technique’s right here. See for yourselves.”

Without saying much, Grace tossed the book into the air.

Zeus and Hera locked eyes for a split second before both lunging toward the book with lightning-fast reflexes. Both of them were fully developed ultimate grandmasters, just one step away from breaking through to the next level.

A technique like that-one that could push them past that final barrier-was invaluable to them. If it came down to it, either of them might turn on the other in a heartbeat.

“Hera! How dare you snatch it from me?” Zeus barked.

Hera scoffed. “After everything I’ve done, you think I’m just going to hand it over?”

The two clashed in midair, their figures flashing back and forth in a blur. However, neither dared to go all out. After all, one wrong move and they might destroy the book they both wanted.

After a fierce exchange of punches and kicks, they both reached for the book at the same time. Each grabbed one side of the book, refusing to let go.

“Let go, Hera. Don’t make me do something you’ll regret,” Zeus said, his expression grim.

As one of the four strongest royal gods, he had no doubt he could overpower her.

But she didn’t flinch. “You let go first. You think I’m going to do all this work for nothing? Not happening.”

Though they were royal gods, they each had their own agenda. If that book really held the key to breaking through their limits, it would be a priceless treasure.

Whoever got their hands on it would be able to break through to the next level. No one would have passed up an opportunity like that.

“I’m running out of patience. Don’t force me to turn on you,” Zeus warned as lightning crackled in one hand.

“Turn on me if you want. You think I’m scared of you?” Hera shot back.

She raised her free hand, and hundreds of black ice spears materialized behind her, like a swarm of wasps ready to sting Zeus alive.

While watching the standoff, Grace silently cheered them on. She hoped they’d start fighting soon, so they’d be too busy to come after her.

“Hang on! Let’s not throw punches just yet. “Seeing that Hera was ready to go all in, Zeus quickly stopped her. “We don’t even know if this book is real. Starting a fight over it now would be reckless, wouldn’t it?”

Hera frowned at his words. She’d been so focused on getting her hands on the breakthrough technique that she hadn’t stopped to think it through.

Now that he had said it out loud, a sliver of doubt began to creep in. She figured fighting over the book without even confirming if it was real was foolish.

“I have an idea. Let’s sit down and study it together. How much you can understand or grasp depends entirely on your own ability. What do you think?” Zeus suggested.

“Fine by me,” Hera replied with a nod.

Studying it together meant neither of them would be shortchanged. Whoever broke through first would depend purely on talent and comprehension.

“On the count of three, we’ll land slowly with no underhanded moves. Deal?”

“Deal.”

“Three... two... one.”

After reaching an agreement, Zeus and Hera landed at the same time, neither playing any tricks. They sat on the ground and began flipping through the pages.

Frowns quickly appeared as they read. What Grace had written was complex and difficult to follow.

They knew Dragonmarsh’s language like the back of their hand, and there wasn’t a single word they didn’t recognize. But when those words were strung together, the meaning twisted into something murky and confusing.

Zeus and Hera were stumped. Every word made sense on its own, yet the sentences didn’t add up. Still, neither of them spoke. They kept reading, forcing themselves through it as their frowns deepened and headaches bloomed.

One section even delved into Dragonmarsh’s octagram array theory, which was mysterious and complicated. It was like reading an ancient script written in a lost language.

By the time they finished every last word, their faces were tight with tension. The text was beyond them, and they couldn’t say for sure whether it was authentic or not.

However, admitting that would’ve meant swallowing their pride. And for royal gods, pride was everything.

“You really think you can fool me with a fake technique, missy? Do you think I can’t read?” Zeus suddenly snapped.

Without warning, he extended his hand. From a distance, he grasped Grace’s throat and lifted her off the ground.

“Your Highness!”

Everyone in the ancient temple turned pale. They instantly drew their weapons, ready to strike.

“Stand down!” Grace choked out.

She raised her hand to stop them, then used a move to push them back.

“I’ll give you one last chance. Hand over the real technique, or face the consequences,” Zeus growled.

“This is the real thing. I swear to God. If I’ve lied to you, may lightning strike me down.” Grace made a solemn vow.

A breakthrough technique like that couldn’t be fake. But whether others could grasp it was another matter.