

## An Understated Dominance (Dustin Rhys)

Chapter 2679

Zeus was dead. The royal god of the Hall of Gods had rampaged through Dragonmarsh for days before finally meeting his end here. His body was utterly obliterated.

He had reached a fully developed ultimate grandmaster realm, with only a single step separating him from the realm of terrestrial immortals. Yet that single step proved to be an insurmountable chasm.

No matter how powerful he was or how deep his foundations were, he remained powerless before that final barrier. In truth, that single step had blocked his path for decades.

When Zeus learned that Dustin had successfully broken through to the next realm, it broke his spirit. Eventually, he died with bitter resentment.

“It’s finally over,” Grace said.

She breathed a sigh of relief as she gazed at Zeus’ scattered remains. The past few days of dealing with Zeus and Hera had left her mentally and physically drained.

During that time, she couldn’t afford a single mistake. She had to rely on her silver tongue to convince the two royal gods to believe her words.

What appeared simple was actually layers upon layers of calculation, where every moment tested her resolve. Any sign of weakness or guilt could have brought catastrophic disaster.

Fortunately, she succeeded in the end.

Through sheer intellect, she had bought Dustin enough time to complete his breakthrough and successfully resolve the crisis.

“I can’t thank you enough. Otherwise, I would’ve been dead,” Dustin said, turning toward Grace.

Though he was in the cave, his divine consciousness could perceive everything happening outside.

He understood clearly that his successful breakthrough and ultimate victory depended entirely on her strategic planning and desperate protection as she stalled for time.

Still, he didn’t let her down. He’d broken through at the last second and turned the tide.

“We are in the same boat. If something happens to you, I won’t fare any better, so there’s no need to be so polite,” Grace said, smiling.

“Zeus is dead, and Hera is barely hanging on. What do you need me to do next?” Dustin asked.

“Good question.” Her expression turned serious. “Although both royal gods are dead, the Hall of Gods still has operatives lying dormant in Oakvale. We need to strike immediately while they’re still reeling and root out their entire forces.”

“No problem. I’ll follow your lead from here on out,” he replied with a nod.

Their relationship had evolved beyond mere cooperation and was now bound by life and death. Why wouldn’t he trust a friend who could entrust her country’s fate and her life to him?

“You just broke through. Are you sure your body can handle it?” Grace asked.

“I’ll be fine.” Dustin smiled faintly. “I can now commune with the flow of nature. As long as the spiritual energy of nature flows, I can draw upon endless power.”

The fundamental difference between an ultimate grandmaster and a terrestrial immortal was their power source.

Ultimate grandmasters were still bound to their own internal energy reserves. The more condensed and pure that energy became, the more devastating their attacks could be.

Terrestrial immortals were different since there was no such limitation. They were no longer confined to their internal energy. Instead, they could directly use the spiritual energy of nature that flowed around them.

In other words, those who reached the terrestrial immortal realm had merged with the flow of nature. Their every movement channeled the raw forces of creation, granting them power that dwarfed even the mightiest ultimate grandmaster.

That was what made them “immortal”. In that realm, one could no longer be called mortal since they had become what countless beings would revere as immortal.

The only drawback was that excessive use of natural spiritual energy could trigger divine retribution.

Generally speaking, terrestrial immortals seldom engaged in battle because the more they fought, the more likely they were to attract divine attention and punishment.

Fortunately, Dustin had only just broken through and faced no immediate risk. Only a forced battle against someone of equal realm might invite divine punishment.

“Since you’re fine, we should strike while the iron is hot and eliminate as many threats as possible.”

Without another word, Grace immediately began dispatching her people into action. She had prepared for every contingency.

Once Dustin successfully merged with the Dracan essence and achieved his breakthrough, she could seize this opportunity to cut out all the cancerous growths that had taken root throughout Oakvale.

Her intelligence network stretched across the entire nation. Within the borders, her reach exceeded that of any government agency.

Whether it was Tristan, Matthias, Nathaniel, or even the Hall of Gods itself, they were all under her watchful eye.

In the past, she could observe and gather intelligence, but she lacked sufficient power to interfere directly. Every action required her to be cautious of unintended consequences. She had been forced to remain hidden in the shadows while biding her time.

But now the situation had changed. With Dustin, who had reached the terrestrial immortal realm, lending his aid, any resistance could be effortlessly crushed.

Not only would she target the Hall of Gods, but also the various hostile forces lurking in the darkness. All would become targets of her campaign.

Her objective was simple-to exploit this single night before the news could spread throughout the nation. She would use these precious hours to completely restructure Oakvale’s underground hierarchy.

Such a move would accomplish two goals-eliminating existing threats while strengthening her own position.

Thus, under Grace’s meticulous orchestration, a systematic purge began to unfold with Dustin serving as the primary instrument of destruction. Every underground faction within Oakvale’s borders trembled as the campaign commenced.