

An Understated Dominance [On-Going]

Chapter 2551

Kyle wasted no time gathering troops and preparing the rescue mission.

Matthias, boiling with rage, stormed out of the palace.

“Please wait, Your Highness!”

Seamus suddenly called after him.

“Uncle, this is an emergency! We’ll talk later!” Matthias snapped.

Whoever dared attack his home would pay in blood.

“Your Highness, calm down. You could be walking into a trap,” Seamus warned.

“A trap?” Matthias frowned. “What do you mean?”

“You’ve never had issues with the Pantheon. Doesn’t it strike you as odd that the King of the Gods would suddenly attack your home?” Seamus asked calmly.

“Once we capture him, we’ll find out the reason!” Matthias growled.

“Your Highness, let me remind you—Zeus is the most powerful man in the Western world, second only to the Lord of the Pantheon. Even with your forces, you might not be able to take him down,” Seamus cautioned.

“No matter how strong he is, he’s just one man. I have thousands of elite troops. We’ll drown him in sheer numbers if we have to!” Matthias said with frustration.

He had Grandmasters under his command, and tens of thousands of soldiers. Why should he fear a single man, even if that man was Zeus?

“Even if you could defeat him, the cost would be enormous. Do you really want to suffer heavy losses in a battle you didn’t start?” Seamus pressed.

“So what should I do? Let him walk all over me? If I back down now, how will I ever gain respect again?” Matthias argued.

“I don’t know the full story yet, but this feels off. Someone may be stirring the pot. My advice—don’t confront Zeus directly. It’s not worth the bloodshed,” Seamus said firmly.

"I understand, but my mansion is under attack. I can't just do nothing!" Matthias's expression darkened.

"If you're willing to consider another option, I may have a plan that could help you out of this mess—without sacrificing your troops," Seamus offered.

"Uncle, I'm listening," Matthias said, hopeful.

"Instead of fighting Zeus yourself, why not use someone else? Drive a tiger to swallow a wolf," Seamus said, sipping his tea.

"Drive a tiger to swallow a wolf? What are you suggesting?" Matthias was confused.

"A powerhouse like Zeus must be countered by someone even stronger. From what I know, the old director of the Imperial Observatory is a legendary figure. If we can get him involved, the problem solves itself," Seamus explained.

Though not on the Astonishing World List, the old director's strength rivaled Arion's. His contributions to Dragonmarsh were immense.

"The old director?" Matthias frowned. "My father mentioned him before. But he's long been in seclusion. Even my father couldn't get him to act. How could I?"

"Where there's a will, there's a way," Seamus said, pulling out a round jade pendant. "Years ago, I saved the old director's descendant. This pendant was given to me as a token of gratitude. Take it to the Treasure Pavilion. That man will help you. Whether it works—well, that's up to fate."

"Thank you, Uncle!" Matthias's eyes lit up.

This pendant was more valuable than gold or jewels. It was a rare favor—maybe even a miracle.

Though part of him was reluctant to use it now—it could be a trump card for a future crisis—he had no choice.

"My Lord, don't get any ideas," Seamus warned. "The old eunuch doesn't get involved in political games. If you ask him to save your life, maybe. But asking him to help you take the throne? Not a chance."

For someone like that, court power struggles meant nothing. They followed the will of Heaven.

"You're right. I'll focus on getting through this first."

Though disappointed, Matthias knew Seamus was right. He pocketed the jade pendant and headed straight for the Treasure Pavilion.

If he could convince the old eunuch to step in, it would deal a heavy blow to the Pantheon's reputation—and elevate his own.

Chapter 2552

The Treasure Pavilion stood at the heart of the inner city, a place known for its exclusivity.

Inside, it offered rare treasures—elixirs, enchanted weapons, and powerful secret techniques. Only the wealthy elite and highly skilled martial artists dared to step through its doors. Ordinary people couldn't afford anything here.

At that moment, inside the Treasure Pavilion...

An elderly man with silver hair reclined comfortably in a lounge chair, casually listening to an opera performance. A small teapot sat beside him, and he occasionally took a sip directly from its spout, clearly enjoying his quiet afternoon.

Screech!

Suddenly, the sound of tires skidding to a halt shattered the calm. A luxury car stopped sharply outside the entrance, leaving black marks across the pavement.

Before the vehicle even came to a full stop, Matthias had already flung the door open and jumped out.

"I need to see the owner. It's urgent!" he barked as he rushed inside, his tone full of authority.

The old man didn't move from his recliner. Eyes half-closed, he replied lazily, "Customer, I assume you know the rules here. We only see guests by appointment. No exceptions."

"I'm Second Prince Matthias!" he snapped, flashing his golden insignia. "I'm here to speak to your master. Delay me again, and you'll answer for it!"

"Ah, so it's His Royal Highness," the old man said, offering a half-hearted salute with no effort to rise. "My apologies. But rules are rules. No appointment, no entry."

Matthias's face darkened. "What's your problem?! I'll tear this whole place down if you keep wasting my time!"

He was already on edge, desperate for help, and this old man's dismissive attitude only made things worse.

"If Your Highness chooses to demolish the Treasure Pavilion," the man said coldly, finally opening his eyes, "I'll still say the same thing."

"You—!" Matthias was seething, his scalp tingling with rage. He looked like he might strike at any second.

Then he remembered something.

Seamus's token.

With a flick of his wrist, he pulled it out and shoved it in front of the old man's face. "Take a good look! This is your master's token. With this, you *have* to help me—no exceptions!"

The old man's expression changed immediately. He stood up at once and examined the jade pendant closely. His brows furrowed.

"This token... isn't it supposed to be with Prince Mosey?" he muttered.

Matthias's eyes lit up. "You know it? You must be the shopkeeper then."

The fact that this man recognized the token—and even knew Prince Mosey's name—confirmed his identity.

"Yes, I'm the owner here," the man said seriously. "So the pendant was given to you by Prince Mosey?"

"That's right." Matthias nodded. "I'm in serious trouble. Uncle Mosey told me to come here and give this to you. He said *you're* the only one who can help."

The old man let out a long sigh. "Prince Mosey once saved my life. I owe him a debt. But Second Prince, you have power, influence, and countless experts under your command. If even *you* can't handle the problem, I'm not sure I can."

"If it were something ordinary, I wouldn't be here," Matthias said. "But this involves the God King Zeus. I need the old supervisor's help. You're the only one who can convince him to come out of seclusion."

Matthias laid everything on the table. No more hiding.

The old man's eyes sharpened as he listened. "So the God King of the Pantheon has gone this far? Do they really think Dragonmarsh has no one left to stand up to them?"

Matthias clasped his fists and bowed. "Sir, I was rude earlier. I apologize. But right now, our nation is in danger. I beg you—go to the old supervisor and ask him to act!"

The old man looked conflicted. "My father has long since withdrawn from the world. He wants nothing to do with worldly affairs."

"Please, at least try. If anyone can change his mind, it's you," Matthias pleaded earnestly. "Right now, only the old supervisor has the power to turn things around."

The old man was silent for a moment.

Then he gave a slow nod. "I'll give it a try. But I can't promise anything."

“Thank you, sir.”

“Wait here, Your Highness. I won’t be long.”

With that, the old man disappeared into the back room.

Matthias stood near the doorway, pacing anxiously. His thoughts raced.

What if it’s already too late?

What if Zeus has already left the mansion after killing everyone?

Even if he could persuade the old supervisor to intervene, what good would it do if the enemy had already vanished?

The minutes dragged on like hours. Finally, after the time it took for an incense stick to burn, the old man returned.

“Well? What did the old supervisor say?” Matthias asked anxiously.

“He refuses to involve himself in political conflicts,” the old man said. “But out of respect for Prince Mosey, he’s offering this instead.” He handed Matthias a small white silk bag. “This brocade bag should be enough to save you.”

Matthias took the bag and frowned. “A brocade bag?”

He couldn’t help feeling a bit disappointed.

How’s a bag supposed to scare off Zeus, the King of Gods? Is this some kind of joke?

Chapter 2553

At first, Matthias still held on to a sliver of hope. But when he heard the old director wouldn’t be coming, that hope quickly crumbled.

What good was a brocade bag going to do?

The God King Zeus was one of the most powerful figures in the world—a terrifying being who had reached the pinnacle of Grand Master. He could crush missiles with his bare hands and cleave a battleship in two with a single strike.

Would someone like that really be open to negotiation?

As if Matthias had suddenly realized something, the old man didn’t say much. He simply smiled and said, “The brocade bag isn’t useless. Your Highness, you’ll understand once you open it.”

“Then I’ll take a look and see what kind of treasure it holds.” Matthias frowned and quickly opened the white brocade bag.

Inside was a sheet of red talisman paper.

He pulled it out, looked at it, and instinctively frowned.

The talisman was a vibrant red, and the runes on it were drawn in shimmering golden ink.

On the front, he could barely make out a single word—“**burn.**”

“What is this?”

Matthias was clearly puzzled.

He had never seen a talisman like this before, but he could feel the intense energy radiating from it.

It was clear this thing wasn’t ordinary.

“To be honest,” the old man said with a proud smile, “this talisman is the result of my father’s ten years of hard work. It’s called the *Burning Heaven Blazing Talisman.*”

“*Burning Heaven Blazing Talisman?*” Matthias frowned slightly.

He considered himself well-versed in rare and mystical items, but he had never heard that name before.

“Everyone knows the Sacred Wyrms Summit has powerful talismans,” the old man explained, “but the truth is, my father’s skill with talismans is on par with the old talisman master.”

With pride in his voice, he continued, “I’m not exaggerating when I say this talisman has the same destructive force as a full-powered strike from my father. It should be more than enough to deal with this so-called God King Zeus.”

“Excellent! Wonderful! This is incredible!” Matthias couldn’t hide his excitement.

It was said that the old director was already half a step into the realm of immortality—just a notch below the legendary Taoist priest Arion.

If this Burning Heaven Blazing Talisman really packed the same punch as the old director’s full-strength strike, then it was a deadly weapon.

If he used it at the right moment, it could easily kill a Grand Master. Even someone as powerful as Zeus would be gravely wounded by it!

Matthias thought he'd return empty-handed, but now he held a weapon of immense power. It was an unexpected—and thrilling—surprise.

"Your Highness," the old man warned, "I have to remind you: this talisman is extremely rare and powerful. It's not something that can be replaced. There's only one. Use it wisely."

"Thank you for the warning. I promise I'll only use it if I have no other choice," Matthias replied with a nod.

A treasure like the Burning Heaven Blazing Talisman was a last resort, a hidden trump card. Only a fool would waste it on anything less than a life-or-death moment.

As for Zeus... Matthias had other plans.

"Your Highness, I won't keep you any longer," the old man said calmly. "Just let Prince Mosey know that the debt I owed him is now repaid."

"Of course." Matthias smiled and took his leave.

Night fell.

At this moment, Matthias's mansion was surrounded by elite troops, fully armed and on high alert.

General Kyle stood at the gate, his face twisted with rage.

Scattered around him were over a dozen mangled corpses.

This was the work of God King Zeus.

Every time it took to burn an incense stick, Zeus would kill someone inside the mansion and throw the body outside in a show of provocation.

None of the dead were related to the Second Prince.

Still, without orders to strike, Kyle could do nothing but stand by and watch. No matter how furious he felt, he didn't dare make a move.

"Bang!"

Another body flew from the mansion, landing with a sickening thud at the gate.

Bones shattered. Flesh split open. Blood splattered everywhere, painting Kyle's uniform in red.

The victim was dressed in fine clothes—someone clearly close to Matthias. His face was so mangled, he was unrecognizable.

“General Kyle! The Pantheon has gone too far! They clearly don’t take us seriously!”

“General! A soldier can die with honor, but we will not be humiliated! Give the word, and we’ll storm the place and rip those animals apart!”

“Please give the order, General! Let’s kill every last one of them from the Pantheon!”

Voices rose in fury as the latest corpse was thrown out.

The soldiers were burning with rage, their eyes bloodshot, their hands twitching with the urge to fight. They wanted revenge. They wanted blood.

“Silence!” Kyle suddenly roared.

“No one moves without His Highness’s command. Anyone who disobeys will be executed on the spot!”

His voice cut through the chaos like a blade.

Kyle’s eyes were bloodshot and brimming with tears—because one of those corpses had been his wife.

He had seen her mutilated body with his own eyes. The agony he felt was indescribable. He wanted nothing more than to tear Zeus apart with his bare hands.

But he was a soldier. And a soldier obeys orders.

No matter how much pain or hatred he felt—he would endure.

He would hold on.

Until His Highness returned.

Until the order was given.

And when that moment came, even if it cost him his life, he would make Zeus pay the ultimate price.

Chapter 2554

The deafening roar from General Kyle stunned everyone.

They stared at him—his eyes bloodshot, his whole body trembling with rage—and for a moment, no one could speak.

They understood his pain. They knew why he lashed out like that. But they also knew—they were soldiers, and discipline was everything.

No matter how deep the hatred, they had to hold it in until orders came down.

But that didn't mean the fury inside was fading. No, it was building, burning hotter, waiting for the moment it could finally explode.

As the tense silence hung in the air, three black vehicles suddenly sped up and screeched to a halt at the front gate.

When the soldiers saw the license plate on the lead car, they quickly made way.

Finally, Prince Matthias had arrived!

The door opened, and Matthias stepped out first, followed by five old men.

They came in all shapes—tall, thin, short, and heavy—but their clothes matched, and their energy was anything but ordinary.

Even standing still, they gave off a crushing presence, like mountains looming over the land.

These five were top-tier fighters, carefully cultivated by the force backing Matthias. Four of them had reached the pinnacle of the Grandmaster level, while the tall, thin one had already stepped into the realm of Great Master.

One Great Master and four Grandmasters—this lineup could dominate anywhere.

Except for the legendary sects like the Sword Union, Celestial Alliance, and the Mystic Arts Order, there were no other factions in the country capable of gathering such strength.

Dragons, Tigers, and those beyond human limits—those were a different matter.

Among all the royal contenders, Matthias had the strongest military backing. It was this power that gave him the confidence to fight for the crown prince title.

"Your Highness! The God King Zeus is still inside! He's killing someone every incense stick of time. Should we move in now?" Kyle rushed up and asked for orders as soon as Matthias arrived.

The rage in his heart had boiled over.

But Matthias frowned and said coldly, "A head-on assault would be reckless. Lock down every exit and wait for my command."

He'd already seen the mangled bodies near the gate. In the past, he might've stormed in without a second thought.

But he remembered Seamus Mosey's warning clearly: Don't go all-out against the Pantheon unless it's absolutely necessary.

Even if they won, the price would be devastating.

"Master," Matthias turned to the tall, thin old man. "To prevent any surprises, I need you five to set up a formation and seal off the entire mansion."

"No problem," the old man nodded. He quickly gave orders: "Second and Third Brother, take the north and south. Fourth and Fifth, go to the east and west. I'll anchor the center. Let's show those bastards what we can do!"

"Yes!"

The four didn't waste time. With a flash of movement, they disappeared into streaks of light, racing to the northeast, northwest, southeast, and southwest. They each took their positions mid-air.

Meanwhile, the tall, thin old man stepped into the sky, hovering directly over the mansion.

"Formation—start!"

His voice echoed softly.

The five of them began forming hand seals. A blood-red glow radiated from their bodies.

"Rise!"

As they finished the seals, they pointed sharply toward the sky.

Five beams of crimson light shot upward, converging a hundred meters above the mansion. They combined into a glowing, blood-red orb.

The orb grew rapidly as they poured more energy into it. In seconds, it ballooned to a monstrous five-meter-wide sphere.

And it wasn't over yet.

The five fighters bit their fingers, formed new seals, and pointed again at the orb.

"Five Elements Blood Evil Formation—suppress!"

They shouted together.

In the next instant, the orb burst with blinding light.

A layer of blood-colored energy spread out from the center, enveloping the entire mansion in a matter of seconds.

From the outside, it looked like a massive blood-red eggshell had covered the estate.

Then, the red faded, slowly disappearing—like it was never there at all.

But that was just an illusion.

With a single thought from any of the five, the protective layer would reappear in an instant.

This was their secret technique—the Five Elements Blood Evil Formation.

It could defend, attack, and even boost the abilities of the ones who cast it.

Most importantly, the five warriors could share their power through the formation.

Unless someone could unleash a force ten times stronger than their combined strength, breaking the formation was impossible.

“Your Highness, the formation is complete. You can enter safely. As long as we’re here, no one will touch you!”

The tall, thin man’s voice echoed from above, filled with confidence.

“Thank you, Masters,” Matthias said, bowing with respect to each of them.

Then, flanked by his personal guard Kyle, Matthias strode into the mansion

Chapter 2555

Before the Five Elements Blood Evil Formation was activated, Matthias didn’t dare step foot into the mansion, let alone negotiate face-to-face with the God King Zeus.

Even though he was a martial arts master, he was still no match for someone like Zeus, who had reached the rank of Grandmaster.

If a fight broke out, Matthias figured he wouldn’t last more than three moves against Zeus.

Even with the Burning Heaven Scroll the old supervisor had given him, he probably wouldn’t get the chance to use it.

So, to play it safe, he had invited his five masters specifically to set up this Five Elements Blood Evil Formation.

With the formation in place, the five masters were nearly invincible within its bounds.

If Zeus made even the slightest threatening move, the five of them would act instantly to stop him.

Matthias walked along the blood-stained cobblestone path with a cold expression until he reached the main hall.

Inside, two blond foreigners—a man and a woman—were sitting at the head of the hall.

The man on the left gave off a strong, commanding presence. His face was stern with a hint of arrogance, and his smile carried a wicked edge. Clearly, he was Zeus, the God King.

The woman on the right had a beautiful face and a seductive figure. She lounged lazily in her chair, looking half-asleep. There was no telling what she was capable of.

But the fact that she was seated beside Zeus made it clear—she wasn't just anybody. She was likely another God King.

Among the four high-ranking gods of the Pantheon, there was only one woman—Hera.

Realizing this, Matthias's face darkened.

He had expected just Zeus. He hadn't accounted for Hera too.

Challenging two God Kings at once was far from wise. Even with five Grandmasters backing him, he couldn't afford to act impulsively.

Aside from the two God Kings, several other powerful warriors from the Pantheon were in the room, along with a group of palace members kneeling on the floor.

Most of them were Matthias's family—his wives, concubines, and daughters—all being held hostage.

"Your Highness! Help us!"

"Your Highness, they're slaughtering people! Please, save us!"

"..."

As soon as they saw Matthias, the people on the floor cried out, begging for help.

They were used to being pampered and respected. When had they ever suffered like this?

Now they were being treated like dogs—stepped on and killed at will. It was heartbreaking and infuriating.

But Matthias ignored their pleas. He kept his eyes locked on Zeus and said coldly, “The Pantheon and I have always stayed out of each other’s way. Why did you barge into my home and start killing people?”

“You’re Matthias?” Zeus said, sitting comfortably with his sword resting by his side.

“I am,” Matthias replied, eyes narrowing. “Now answer my question.”

“They were just ants. I killed them. So what? What are you going to do about it?” Zeus sneered.

He had always been arrogant, never seeing the powerful of Dragonmarsh as anything more than insects.

To him, killing a few so-called elites was no different than stepping on bugs.

“Zeus, don’t get cocky!” Matthias snapped. “You’re surrounded. If you don’t want a war, you better back down!”

“Oh? Sounds like you still think you have the upper hand.” Zeus leaned forward with a mocking grin. “Even if I killed everyone in this palace, what would you do? You think some cheap formation can trap me? You’re a fool.”

It was clear he knew about the Five Elements Blood Evil Formation—but he didn’t care.

“If the formation can’t stop you, how about this?”

Matthias suddenly pulled out the blazing red *Burning Heaven Scroll*.

“Hm?”

Zeus’s smile faded slightly when he saw the scroll. His brow furrowed.

He didn’t know exactly what it was, but his instincts screamed danger.

If that scroll hit him, even if he didn’t die, he’d be skinned alive.

For the first time, Zeus took Matthias seriously.

This guy wasn’t just some weakling prince. He had a weapon that could genuinely threaten him.

“Well? Still ready to throw down?” Matthias asked, noticing Zeus’s hesitation. That flicker of fear in Zeus’s eyes gave him a boost of confidence.

"I underestimated you," Zeus admitted, sitting up straight. "I respect strength. So I'll give you a chance. Just tell me where Logan is, and we'll leave immediately. We won't touch another soul."

"Logan?" Matthias frowned. "How would I know where he is?"

"We're past that. Still playing dumb? Or are you trying to end the negotiation?" Zeus's tone grew colder.

"I've met Logan, but I don't know where he is now. And tell me this—what makes you think I know anything about his whereabouts?" Matthias shot back.

"Hmph. Then take a look at this."

Zeus raised his hand and sent a beam of white light flying toward Matthias.

Kyle jumped in front of it instantly, catching the light and stumbling back three steps. His arms went numb.

Looking down, they saw it was a guard's waist badge—engraved with the word "Guang."

"One of your people gave this to me," Zeus said coldly. "They told me Logan's hiding here with you. And you still want to deny it?"

"Hiding with me?"

Matthias was stunned for a second, then quickly regained his composure. His face darkened as he roared, "You idiot! You've been played! This is a setup!"