

An Understated Dominance [On-Going]

Chapter 2574

The storm came fast—and disappeared just as quickly.

In a single night, Logan and Grace returned to Oakvale.

And the entire underground network in the city had been turned upside down.

Every force once backed by the Pantheon—every one of their vassals—was wiped out.

Some hidden masters were killed without anyone even knowing how.

Against Logan—a powerhouse from the Land of the Gods—no disguise or resistance worked. Everything was useless.

The operation launched by Logan and Grace didn't just terrify foreign powers—it caused chaos among local factions too.

No one saw it coming.

Many forces didn't even hear a whisper before it was over.

It came too fast, like a bolt from the blue.

Right now, the country was in a sensitive stage. All the princes were fighting tooth and nail for the crown prince's position.

Now, with the sudden rise of a mysterious, powerful force, everyone was on edge.

All at once, various factions and intelligence networks kicked into high gear to figure out the truth.

At that moment, inside a quiet, luxuriously modest estate...

Tristan sat reading, calmly waiting for results.

Next to him stood a middle-aged man in plain clothes.

This was Milton. Not only Tristan's butler—but also his top military advisor.

Whenever something big came up, Tristan relied on Milton to help him sort it out.

"Milton, I heard that a mysterious force wiped out all of the Pantheon's operations in Oakvale overnight. Even some of our businesses took a hit. Any guesses where this new power came from?"

Tristan set down his book and broke the silence.

"Your Highness, it all happened too fast. Our intel team hasn't found any trace yet," Milton replied respectfully.

Since the morning, every intelligence agency linked to the palace had been working nonstop.

But given how strong this mysterious force was, it made sense they couldn't be tracked.

"Milton, help me weigh the situation. Is this mysterious power good news or bad?" Tristan asked again.

He liked uncertainty. But more than that—he liked control.

He was already struggling with Matthias and Nathaniel. Any extra pressure might be too much to handle.

"In my view," Milton began, "this power is a threat—but also an opportunity. If we use it right, it could actually help Your Highness."

"Oh? Go on," Tristan raised an eyebrow.

"Your Highness, we're clearly at a disadvantage in this power struggle. If things go the way they are, your odds of winning are less than twenty percent.

Right now, the lines are drawn. Those who support the second prince are locked in. Same with the third prince. There's little room for change.

Turning the tide seems impossible.

But this new force has thrown a wrench in everything.

They dismantled all of the Pantheon's operations overnight. That alone proves they're stronger than us—and maybe stronger than all the other factions.

If we can win them over and form an alliance, it could tip the balance.

In short, from a strategic point of view, this is a golden opportunity.”

Milton's voice was steady and thoughtful as he laid everything out.

After hearing him, Tristan's eyes lit up.

He was right. With the odds already against him, what did he have to lose?

Playing it safe would only lead to defeat. Might as well gamble on this new hope.

“Milton! You're absolutely right. This is our chance—we can't let it slip!” Tristan clenched his fists, fired up.

“Your Highness, even if you want to make contact, we still don't know who they are. How can we reach them?” Milton remained calm.

“We've waited long enough! If we wait any longer, we'll miss the window!” Tristan replied firmly. “Our intelligence network isn't as strong as Matthias's or Nathaniel's. If we hear something, they'll hear it too. By the time we act, it'll be too late!”

He knew very well—he was at a disadvantage in terms of power and background.

That meant he had to act faster and strike first.

“You have something in mind?” Milton asked, slightly surprised.

“I do. When it comes to intelligence, I know just the person,” Tristan said, narrowing his eyes.

“Who?” Milton asked.

“My sister—Princess Grace,” Tristan smirked. “Others might not know, but I'm well aware: she controls the most powerful intelligence network in Dragonmarsh. It reports only to the Emperor. None of us brothers can access it.

Whenever something major happens in Dragonmarsh, Grace is always the first to know. So if I go to her, I'll get to the bottom of who this mysterious force really is.”

