

An Understated Dominance [On-Going]

Chapter 2575

“So it’s Princess Grace. I completely forgot about her.”

Milton nodded thoughtfully.

Though Grace was a woman, she held the deep trust of the empire. Not only did she oversee the Imperial Observatory, she also secretly controlled Dragonmarsh’s most powerful intelligence agency.

That same agency had long served imperial interests. And even those who knew about it kept quiet—nobody dared to get involved.

“There are so few neutral powers left. If I can bring Grace to my side, my odds go up a little—maybe two more points,” Tristan said, narrowing his eyes.

“Your Highness, Princess Grace isn’t someone easy to win over,” Milton reminded him. “Gaining her support could come at a steep price.”

“True, getting her on my side won’t be easy,” Tristan replied with a faint smile. “But getting information out of her might not be so difficult.”

From what he knew, Grace occasionally sold intelligence to help fund the national treasury.

As long as it didn’t threaten national interests and the price was right, she was known to sell most kinds of intel.

“Milton, there’s no time to waste. Get the car. You’re coming with me to Sun Moon Tower.”

Tristan didn’t say anything more. He grabbed his coat and headed out.

Opportunities don’t wait around. Once they’re gone, they’re gone for good.

Whatever he could think of, Matthias and Nathaniel would figure out soon enough too—so he had to act first.

First to move, first to win. That would be his edge.

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An hour later.

A sleek black business car pulled up in front of the Riyue Building.

Tristan and Milton stepped out one after the other. Just as they reached the door, two bodyguards stopped them.

"Sorry, we don't allow walk-ins," said the bodyguard on the left.

"I'm here for your boss—Grace," Tristan said bluntly.

The two guards exchanged a surprised glance.

Anyone who could casually call out the boss's name definitely wasn't just some random visitor.

"Did you schedule an appointment?" the guard on the left asked politely.

"Can't I drop in without one?"

Tristan removed his hat and said calmly, "Tell Grace her elder brother is here. Let's see how she responds."

The guards' expressions shifted immediately.

"Please wait a moment," said the guard on the left. He turned and walked into the building.

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In a private room in the back garden of Sun and Moon Tower, Grace was focused on the latest batch of intel she'd received. Next to her, Logan lounged comfortably, sipping tea and snacking.

After a full night of action, the Pantheon's forces in Oakvale had been nearly wiped out.

Whatever remnants remained were either in hiding or on the run. They were no longer a threat.

The rest of the cleanup would be handled by official forces.

Knock knock knock...

A sudden knock came at the door.

"What is it?" Grace asked, eyes still on her documents.

"Boss, Prince Tristan is asking to see you," a voice called from outside.

"Tristan?" Grace finally looked up. "What's he doing here?"

"We're not sure. Shall we send him away?" her confidant asked.

"No need. Tell him to wait in the Pavilion. I'll be there soon," Grace instructed.

"Yes, ma'am." The confidant left quickly.

"Tristan showing up this early... must be because of what happened to the Pantheon last night," Logan said, his voice cool.

"My eldest brother had some ties with the Pantheon. The purge definitely impacted some of his interests. He's probably shaken and hoping to get some inside info from me," Grace said with a small smile.

No one visits a temple without a reason. Tristan's sudden arrival clearly had an agenda.

"What are you going to do?" Logan asked as he casually tossed a snack in the air and caught it with his mouth.

"I haven't decided. I might tell the truth—or I might feed him something else," Grace replied with a slight smile. Then she added, "By the way, I never asked—of the three princes, who do you support for the throne?"

"Me?" Logan shook his head. "None of them."

"Why not?" Grace was curious. "You've got the fate of the nation on your side, you've broken through the limits. With your current strength and status, you could help anyone rise to the top. Why not back one of them and become a trusted advisor?"

“Honestly?” Logan said calmly. “I don’t like any of your brothers. Tristan may look like a king, but deep down, he’s a tyrant—ruthless when it comes to power. Matthias? A born general. Reckless and aggressive. He might make a good marshal, but he’s no king.”

“What about Nathaniel? He’s both capable and strategic. Isn’t he a viable option?” Grace asked.

“He’s selfish, cold-blooded, narrow-minded, and doesn’t value human life. If he gets the throne, who knows how many people will die in Dragonmarsh? Your brothers might not even be spared,” Logan said, his voice steady and clear.

“My father’s time is nearly up. One way or another, someone has to take the throne,” Grace said, sighing.

“Speaking of succession,” Logan said suddenly, a mysterious smile on his lips, “I’ve already got someone in mind.”

“Who?” Grace leaned in, intrigued.

“You,” Logan said, pointing directly at her.

“Me?” Grace froze in shock.

Dozens of names had flashed through her mind just now—but never her own.
