

An Understated Dominance [On-Going]

Chapter 2576

“Logan, you’re joking, right?” Grace frowned slightly.

The suggestion had come so suddenly she didn’t know how to respond.

“I’d never joke about something like this,” Logan replied with a smile. “Your brothers aren’t up to the task—but you’re different. You’re smart, capable, brave, and wise. You’ve got the kind of vision that could lead Dragonmarsh to greatness.”

“Don’t be ridiculous. I’m just a woman. How could I possibly lead a nation?” Grace shook her head.

“Why should that matter?” Logan countered. “Wasn’t there a female emperor over a thousand years ago? People still talk about her.”

“That’s not the same,” Grace said, shaking her head again.

“Forget whether it’s realistic or not. Just ask yourself—*do you want it?* If you do, I’ll help you. I believe that under your rule, this country would thrive,” Logan said seriously.

Grace frowned in thought.

She had entertained such ideas before but always pushed them aside.

Not because she lacked the will or talent—but simply because she was a woman. That alone disqualified her in the eyes of society.

Public opinion was like a mountain—immovable.

Sometimes, being born female shaped your fate before you could even fight for it.

In today’s Dragonmarsh, the idea of a female ruler was unimaginable. Sure, there had been one in history, but she was a singular exception.

“You don’t need to answer me now. Take your time. Think it over carefully. Once you’ve made your decision, I’ll be there. No matter who you support—I’ll support them,” Logan said firmly.

He never cared to meddle in royal affairs and didn’t feel compelled to back any of the princes.

But in his heart, Grace was the one most fit to rule.

“I’m going to see Tristan,” Grace said, standing up.

She didn’t say anything more.

Grace wasn’t a passive person—she had her own fire.

But her ambition was always tied to the people and the nation.

She wanted Dragonmarsh to be strong and at peace. She wanted everyone to live better lives.

She had made countless sacrifices for that goal.

Whether leading an intelligence agency or risking her life alongside Logan—she always had her country in mind.

Until now, she had preferred to stay behind the scenes.

But Logan’s words stirred something inside her.

Should she go for it?

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Meanwhile, in a private room at the Pavilion—

Tristan sat in silence, staring at the steaming tea but not drinking it.

Milton stood behind him, hands down, head bowed.

Click!

The door opened suddenly.

Grace walked in with a light smile. Tristan quickly stood up to greet her, showing respect.

After all, he was here to ask a favor—he had to be humble.

“Brother, you never visit without a reason. What brings you here so early today?” Grace asked, gesturing for him to sit.

She settled into her seat across from him with ease.

“Grace, we’re family, so I’ll get straight to it,” Tristan said after clearing his throat. “You’ve probably heard about the power shuffle in Dragonmarsh last night.”

“Of course,” Grace replied. “The enemy forces, led by the Temple of the Gods, were purged. That’s actually a good thing for us.”

“You run the largest intelligence agency in the country. I assume you’ve already gotten to the bottom of it?” Tristan asked.

“Brother, why the sudden concern? Did the reshuffling hit some of your businesses?” Grace raised an eyebrow.

“It wasn’t devastating, but there were some setbacks. More importantly, this mystery force showed up too suddenly. If we don’t investigate, it could become a threat to national security. I’m just concerned,” Tristan said with a straight face.

He was clearly here for his own agenda, but dressed it up as patriotism.

“I see.”

Grace smiled. “Brother, you’re so dedicated to the country. Truly admirable.”

“No, no—I’m just doing my best,” Tristan said, waving modestly.

“Well then, since you’ve asked, I’ll have someone look into it right away,” Grace said easily.

“How long will it take?” Tristan pressed.

“Hard to say. But I’ll inform you as soon as I have something,” Grace replied vaguely.

“That works.” Tristan nodded. “But I’d prefer if this stays between us—for security reasons.”

“Of course,” Grace said with a polite smile.

“Alright, then I’ll take my leave.”

Tristan stood up.

“Let me walk you out,” Grace offered, escorting him out of the tower.

As Tristan’s car pulled away, her smile gradually faded.

Just as she expected—he was here because of last night’s events.

Now that Tristan had come, Matthias and Nathaniel would probably show up soon too.

What a headache.