

An Understated Dominance [On-Going]

Chapter 2577

At noon, inside Prince Mosey's palace.

Seamus had just finished lunch and was sipping tea while reading in the garden.

Suddenly, one of his trusted aides came to report, "Your Highness, the Second Prince is here to see you."

"Let him in," Seamus said calmly, not the least bit surprised—as if he had already expected it.

"Yes, sir."

The aide quickly left.

Moments later, Matthias strode into the garden, visibly agitated.

"Uncle! Something big went down in the capital last night!"

He didn't even bother to sit down before blurting it out.

"What's got you so worked up?" Seamus asked with a smile, setting his book aside.

"A bunch of major forces, led by the Pantheon, were wiped out overnight. Even some of my businesses took a hit!" Matthias said with a stern face. "The scary part is how suddenly it all happened. I didn't hear a single whisper beforehand. And no matter how much I've investigated, I've come up empty. That's why I came to you."

"I've heard about it," Seamus replied with a calm nod. "Like you said, whoever took out the Pantheon and its allies is a total mystery. Even my people can't dig up anything."

"Seriously?" Matthias frowned. "With everything going on about the crown prince selection, a mysterious force like this showing up out of nowhere... I don't know if that's good or bad."

He'd been fighting openly and behind the scenes with his brothers, expanding his influence and building alliances. The situation might be chaotic, but it was still within the realm of predictability—until now.

To completely wipe out the Pantheon and its allied forces in one night? That was terrifying. Not even if he threw in all his power could he pull off something like that.

"It's both good and bad," Seamus said calmly. "If this person isn't interested in the power struggle, then it doesn't really concern us. But if they are, and they choose to support one of the princes, it could tip the scales."

"So you're saying we need to figure out whether this person is joining the game?" Matthias caught on quickly.

"Exactly. First, find out who it is. Then figure out what they want. Only then can we plan accordingly." Seamus advised.

"Uncle, you don't seem the least bit nervous. Did you already expect this?" Matthias was surprised.

Despite the chaos, Seamus looked as unshaken as ever.

Either he had nerves of steel, or he already had a strategy in place.

"What good is panicking? You've got to stay calm, even when the sky is falling," Seamus said with a faint smile.

He'd been through more storms than he could count. Life-and-death moments had hardened him. Compared to all that, this? Just a small wave.

"I don't believe in fate. I only believe in myself," Matthias said firmly. "Whoever blocks my path—I'll crush them!"

"It's good to have ambition," Seamus replied. "But when you're outmatched, it's sometimes wiser to bend. Remember the ancient king who endured humiliation to rise again. Temporary setbacks mean nothing if you live to fight another day."

"Uncle, that kind of thinking doesn't suit me," Matthias said stubbornly. "For me, it's simple: win and become king—lose and die."

He'd trained in martial arts since childhood, forged by the battlefield. His methods were brutal and direct—whoever got in his way was eliminated.

"Alright, I won't tell you how to fight your battles," Seamus said, shifting the conversation. "But I do have some thoughts on what you asked me yesterday."

"Oh? I'm listening," Matthias leaned in, curious.

"Think about it. In all of Dragonmarsh, who has the power to wipe out the Pantheon overnight—and keep it completely secret?"

Matthias paused, furrowing his brow. "Could it be... my father?"

"If the emperor is seriously ill and barely holding on, how could he orchestrate something like this?" Seamus shook his head.

"Then who else?" Matthias asked, now completely puzzled. "Tristan and Nathaniel clearly don't have that kind of power. If they did, I'd have lost to them long ago."

He knew his brothers well. Each had their own backers, but they didn't have the ability to pull off something so massive and secretive.

"Let me remind you again," Seamus said. "The scariest part of last night's purge wasn't the brute strength—it was the intel. Whoever did it had the kind of information network that let them blindsides every single faction. That's what's truly dangerous."

"An intelligence agency?" Matthias repeated, stunned. Then, realization hit. "Uncle... are you talking about Grace?!"

If any organization in Dragonmarsh could rival such intelligence capabilities, it was the royal family's intelligence network.

Originally managed by the emperor himself, it had eventually been handed over to Princess Grace.

She had no political ambition, didn't side with any faction, and was a woman—someone seen as no threat to the throne. That's why the emperor trusted her.

Over the years, no one knew just how far her reach had extended.

But now Matthias understood—if anyone could pull off something like this from the shadows, it was her.

It had been Grace all along.