

# An Understated Dominance [On-Going]

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## Chapter 2579

“Frost, you’re a smart man—skilled in both strategy and combat. You have a bright future ahead of you,” Seamus said sincerely. “From now on, I’ll hand over all my authority and assets to you. You’re on your own now, so I trust you know what you should and shouldn’t do. I’m getting old, and there’s not much more I can help you with. Just remember one thing—think twice before you act. Don’t try to be too clever. Understand?”

Seamus looked at his adopted son with genuine concern, offering heartfelt advice.

“I will always keep your teachings in mind, Godfather!” Frost replied respectfully, hands clasped.

“Good. Go and make the arrangements,” Seamus said, waving him off. “I’ll cooperate with your self-torture plan, but the rest is in your hands now. I believe in you—my son won’t let me down.”

Frost bowed deeply, then turned to leave.

But as soon as he stepped outside, a cold smirk crept across his face.

He might be the famed “Jade-Faced God of War” in Oakvale, but he’d always lived in Seamus’s shadow.

No matter how many achievements he racked up or how famous he became, people always credited Seamus. Frost was just “Seamus’s adopted son.”

If Seamus had willingly stepped down and handed full control of Mosey Palace to him, Frost would’ve stayed loyal—grateful, even.

But Seamus had never intended to give up power.

And now, his secret support for Matthias only exposed just how far his ambition still stretched.

Even after all these years, he still dreamed of being the real power behind the throne—controlling the princes from behind the curtain.

Matthias, with all his brute force and recklessness, was just another pawn in Seamus's plan.

If Frost stayed under him, he'd never break free, never rise higher.

So he needed a way out—and this volatile political climate offered the perfect excuse.

Seamus clearly didn't think highly of Matthias. In fact, he had more faith in Nathaniel—the cunning, calculating type.

That's why Frost had proposed the self-torture scheme.

Partly to keep a backup plan alive... and partly to seize a chance to finally step into the spotlight.

If he could help Nathaniel seize the throne, he'd be hailed as a loyal supporter—and likely rewarded with real power, maybe even a governorship.

Much better than staying a glorified errand boy in Seamus's mansion.

"Don't blame me, Godfather," Frost muttered as he glanced back at the mansion. "You brought this on yourself. You've clung to power for too long. You never gave the younger generation a chance."

With that, Frost got into his car and drove away.

He didn't feel guilty. Not even a little.

People naturally seek to rise, just like water flows downhill.

That's just how the world works.

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Meanwhile, at **Nathaniel's estate**—

"What? Zeus—the King of Gods—is *dead*?!"

Nathaniel's eyes widened in disbelief as he heard the report from his trusted aide. "Are you sure? Zeus was one of the strongest beings in the world. How could he possibly be dead?!"

Just days ago, Zeus had caused major chaos in Oakvale, nearly putting the entire city in danger.

Nathaniel had been quick-witted enough to redirect the disaster toward Matthias—getting himself off the hook and forcing Matthias to reveal his trump card.

It had been a major political win.

He was even considering whether he could use Zeus's power again to eliminate more rivals.

But now, to hear Zeus was dead? It was hard to believe.

"Your Highness," the aide replied, head bowed, "we've triple-checked. The news is real. And it's not just Zeus—Hera, the other God King, has also gone missing. No one's found her. She's likely in grave danger."

Nathaniel's brows furrowed. "How could this happen? Two of the most powerful beings in the world, just gone?"

"There's more, Your Highness," the aide continued. "Last night, there was a complete shake-up in Oakvale's underground world. Every foreign power—especially those aligned with the Pantheon—was completely wiped out by a mysterious force. Even our interests were hit hard. We've suffered major losses."

"What?" Nathaniel shot to his feet. "All the foreign powers were taken out? And our assets too? Who did this?!"

Just a day ago, everything had seemed under control. But now, it felt like the whole world had flipped overnight.

"This new force came out of nowhere. There were no signs, no leaks. Our intelligence network didn't pick up a single trace," the aide said, his voice tense.

"Useless! All of you are *useless*!" Nathaniel shouted, slamming his palm on the table. "Something this massive happens, and you people know nothing?! Why should I even keep you around?!"

The rise of such a powerful, mysterious group in Oakvale was a *huge* threat.

They had effortlessly eliminated the Pantheon. If they turned their sights on him, it could be a disaster.

“Your Highness, please calm down. We’re doing everything we can to investigate. I’m sure we’ll have answers soon,” the aide said, dropping to his knees in panic.

“If I had to rely on you fools for survival, I’d be dead already,” Nathaniel snapped. “Prepare the car. I’m going to the royal Spanner family—*now*.”