

An Understated Dominance [On-Going]

Chapter 2580

After getting in the car, Nathaniel headed straight to the royal Spanner estate.

His mother, Jacqueline, was a direct descendant of the Spanner family, whose influence in Oakvale rivaled—and arguably surpassed—that of the Mosey family.

The head of the Spanner family, Ismael Spanner, was Nathaniel's uncle. A man known for both his intellect and military prowess, Ismael had retired from public life, but his legacy lived on through his two extraordinary children: Adam Spanner, the military genius, and Scarlet Spanner, the war goddess.

With such remarkable descendants commanding significant military forces, the Spanner family had long overshadowed the Moseys. It was this family's support that gave Nathaniel the confidence to pursue the throne.

Now that a major crisis had erupted, he had no choice but to seek his uncle's help.

Half an hour later, Nathaniel's car pulled up to the Spanner residence.

Without resistance, he made his way straight to the meeting hall, where Ismael was already waiting—he had received word of Nathaniel's visit in advance.

Ismael was a tall, broad-shouldered man with a square jaw and striking features. Even in his fifties, he radiated charisma.

"Uncle! Something huge happened in Oakvale last night. Did you hear about it?" Nathaniel asked the moment he stepped into the room.

"Nathaniel, you may be grown, but you're still reckless. That won't earn you much respect," Ismael replied, glancing at him with calm detachment.

"Uncle, this is serious. The people around me are useless, so I had no choice but to come to you." Nathaniel took a seat beside him.

"I've heard what happened," Ismael said, shaking his head. "But there's nothing I can do to help right now."

"Nothing you can do?" Nathaniel was taken aback. "Uncle, I'm your nephew. If you won't help me, who will?"

"It's not that I won't. It's that I *can't*," Ismael said evenly. "I started investigating as soon as I got the news this morning. The results were... unsatisfying. Better not to dig deeper."

"Uncle, this mysterious power appeared out of nowhere. If we don't figure out who's behind it, we're in serious danger. I can't even sleep at night," Nathaniel said, brows furrowed.

Anyone with the ability to wipe out foreign forces overnight—especially the Pantheon—was a threat. He needed to know where the danger lay.

"Nathaniel, think about it. If someone went through all this trouble to hide their identity, then they clearly don't want to be exposed. If you push too hard and they notice, you're asking for trouble," Ismael warned.

"I get what you're saying, Uncle, but I can't just sit back and ignore it. I'm already too deep into this. I have to manage the risks and keep everything under control."

"So, you won't stop until you get answers?" Ismael raised a brow.

"Exactly. Whether or not you help me, I'm going to get to the bottom of this," Nathaniel said firmly.

Ismael sighed. "Fine. Since you're so determined, I won't try to stop you. I'll give you a clue—ask Princess Grace."

"Princess Grace?" Nathaniel was momentarily puzzled, then caught on. "You mean Grace?"

"Look at you. You don't even know your sister's title. Shows how seriously you take her," Ismael said with a sigh.

"Come on, Uncle. Don't tease me. What does this have to do with Grace?"

"Because the largest intelligence agency in Oakvale is under Grace's control," Ismael said, voice low and firm. "You think she's not involved in what happened? Without her agency's help, no way could something this big have stayed hidden."

“You think *Grace* is behind it?” Nathaniel frowned. “But how? She’s just a woman. Even with an intelligence network, she couldn’t have dismantled the Pantheon overnight. That takes military power.”

“I don’t know the full story,” Ismael admitted. “But I’m certain she’s connected. If she’s not the mastermind, she’s at least an accomplice. That’s why I told you to go ask her. You might uncover something useful.”

“I understand,” Nathaniel said thoughtfully. “Thank you, Uncle. I’ll go see her right away.”

With his answer in hand, he didn’t linger. He stood, said goodbye, and left.

Ismael watched him go, then sighed. “When will that boy ever truly stand on his own?”

He couldn’t even handle a crisis without running to someone else.

And this was the man who wanted to be emperor?