

# An Understated Dominance [On-Going]

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## Chapter 2589

“Well done. Pucheng managed to contain the plague so quickly this time—it’s all thanks to your hard work.”

After hearing Stevie’s report, Grace finally exhaled in relief.

The infected had been quarantined, and now a team of top doctors was on-site to treat the patients. That alone eased a huge burden off her shoulders.

Now, the only thing left was to root out the remaining White Bone Cult members, and their mission would be a success.

“It’s all because of your leadership, Boss. An ordinary person couldn’t have pulled this off,” Stevie said with a grin.

“Don’t flatter me just yet. We’re not out of the woods.”

Grace changed the subject. “I asked you to investigate Penny a while ago—any updates?”

“We’ve got something.” Stevie nodded. “According to our intel, Penny did go to Wugang City and had close contact with several members of the Western Church. I’ve already sent people to bring him in. We should have results soon.”

“Good.” Grace nodded, then asked, “By the way, how many cities in the southern frontier are infected now? Is it getting worse?”

“Four out of the seven cities have been hit: Pucheng, Wugang, Linche, and Liyanche.”

Stevie continued, “Pucheng’s under control, so nothing to worry about there. But Wugang, Linche, and Liyanche are still dealing with rapid outbreaks. That said, the three emperors have each taken charge of those cities. As long as they act wisely, it should be manageable.”

“My three brothers are all here in the southern frontier?” Grace was a little surprised.

When she’d heard about the outbreak, she’d rushed down without checking on the broader situation.

She hadn’t expected all three imperial brothers to arrive overnight.

"It was the Emperor's decision," Stevie explained. "The moment you left Oakvale, they received official orders and moved out immediately. Looks like they're here to compete for credit."

"So, Father wants to use this crisis to test us... see how well we handle emergencies." Grace quickly caught on.

If this were just a standard containment operation, there'd be no need to mobilize all three princes at once.

It was clearly a test.

And from that, it was easy to guess that the Emperor's health had deteriorated—forcing him to start thinking seriously about naming a successor.

"The three princes are talented, sure... but they don't come close to you, Boss. It's just a shame—" Stevie stopped herself.

"Watch your words!" Grace shot her a look. "Just do your job. Don't talk about the three princes unless you want trouble."

"My apologies." Stevie quickly lowered her head.

"You're my right hand, Stevie. I don't want anything to happen to you. Stay out of the imperial power struggle, understand?"

Some things can be said, some things shouldn't. And what's safe to say today might become dangerous tomorrow.

"You're right, Boss. I understand," Stevie said seriously.

"Alright. That wraps up everything for now. No matter what others are doing, our top priority is to stop the plague and save lives."

Grace gave her next order. "Send a few people to deliver Mr. Rhys's prescription for treating the plague to the three princes. With the right treatment, they can prevent the virus from spreading further."

"Yes, ma'am!" Stevie answered and rushed off.

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"I heard your three beloved brothers have arrived too?"

Logan walked in just then, yawning.

After a full day of mentoring the so-called famous doctors, he'd finally managed to get through to them. It was slow progress—but they'd get better with practice.

“The Emperor sent them. It’s clearly a test,” Grace replied without hiding anything. “He wants to use this plague to choose a successor. The outcome will depend on how my brothers perform.”

She had already done everything in her power to help the situation. She had no intention of interfering in their trials. She only wanted the epidemic to end.

“The government sure knows how to turn a crisis into a test of leadership,” Logan joked.

“Maybe Father’s running out of time and has no choice left,” Grace said with a sigh.

When charity becomes a competition and saving lives is mixed with politics, everything starts to sour.

“I don’t care what the Emperor’s thinking. I just don’t trust your brothers,” Logan said bluntly. “If they treat the outbreak as a power struggle, they might end up doing something reckless.”

“Reckless?” Grace narrowed her eyes. “What do you mean?”

“You’re smart—you already know what I mean,” Logan said calmly. “Just in case, you should have your people keep a close eye on them. That way, if something does happen, there’s still a chance to step in and fix it.”

“I will.” Grace nodded, her voice calm.

She understood exactly what Logan was hinting at, but she didn’t want to go down that path in her mind.

Right now, all she hoped for... was that things wouldn’t spiral out of control.

That would be enough.