

An Understated Dominance [On-Going]

Chapter 2582

“The White Bone Cult is pure evil. They worship death and destruction—wherever they go, they leave devastation behind.

Thirty years ago, they were at their peak, with hundreds of core members and tens of thousands of followers.

They practiced dark sorcery and were extremely dangerous. Back then, they nearly took over the entire southern frontier, threatening the very foundation of the nation.

Later, my grandfather—the emperor at the time—ordered me, the current emperor, to lead 200,000 troops to surround and eliminate them. It took three months, but we completely wiped out the White Bone Cult.

To prevent future threats, he also created a special agency that combined intelligence work with assassination missions. That agency has spent years hunting down the cult’s remnants.

Within a few days, we cleaned up the last of them.

I always believed the White Bone Cult was gone for good. I never imagined they’d resurface after thirty years.”

Grace’s expression turned grim, her brows slightly furrowed.

One crisis after another. The palace affairs weren’t even resolved yet, and now the White Bone Cult was back.

How could anyone not feel overwhelmed?

“I’ve heard of them too,” Logan said thoughtfully. “They worship evil gods—brutal and fanatical. Every ritual demands a mass sacrifice. This plague... it could be another one of their blood offerings.”

“These monsters never quit,” Grace sighed. “I just don’t understand why a cult like that even exists.”

“Anyone who joins a cult is either incredibly stupid or blinded by greed,” Logan said, shaking his head. “You can’t explain their thinking with logic.”

Who in their right mind would join the White Bone Cult? It was a death sentence.

“Either way, we need to stop the plague first,” Grace said seriously. “You’re a brilliant doctor—will you come with me to the southern frontier and help reduce casualties?”

“As a citizen of Dragonmarsh, it’s my duty to help in times like this,” Logan replied with a firm nod.

“Good! Rescuing lives is like putting out a fire—we can’t waste a second!” Grace immediately gave the order to prepare a vehicle.

They headed straight to the airport.

The southern frontier was two to three thousand kilometers from Oakvale. Even by private plane, it would take half a day to get there.

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As Logan and Grace flew to the southern frontier...

Inside the Forbidden City, three golden orders were issued from the Royal Mansion and rushed out in three different directions by elite teams.

Within the hour, each golden order had been delivered to one of the three princes.

Along with the orders came secret decrees.

Although the golden orders were identical, each secret decree was different.

But once each prince read theirs, they all left their homes immediately—no hesitation, no delay—and headed straight to the southern frontier with their most trusted men.

The secret decree was simple:

A plague had broken out in the southern frontier, and it needed to be contained quickly.

Each prince would take charge of one city. The one who controlled the outbreak best and saved the most lives would earn great merit.

Normally, a public health crisis like this would be handled directly by the Royal Mansion. There'd be no need for a secret decree, let alone golden orders.

Clearly, this wasn't just about the plague—it was also a test.

At such a sensitive time, with the selection of a new crown prince underway, any ripple in the Forbidden City could cause waves across the empire.

The secret decrees made it clear—the throne was watching.

Each prince understood what was at stake. Whoever handled this mission best would rise in the emperor's eyes.

This wasn't just disaster relief.

This was the beginning of the battle for the crown.

That's why, after receiving their orders, all three princes raced to the southern frontier without a moment's pause.

In this game, getting there first meant gaining the upper hand.

If they could contain the plague quickly and reduce civilian casualties, they'd return to Oakvale as heroes.

And they'd have momentum on their side in the race for the crown.

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At 8 p.m., Logan and Grace landed in Pucheng, the southern frontier's main transportation hub—and ground zero for the outbreak.

This was where the plague first appeared.

If they didn't get it under control here, panic would spread fast. People would flee, and chaos would erupt across the region.

After landing, they climbed into a sleek black business car.

Sitting in the passenger seat was a woman in a black uniform.

She was striking—beautiful and commanding.

Her name was Stevie, Grace's top intelligence officer stationed in the southern frontier.

"Boss, we've locked down the village where the outbreak started," Stevie reported, handing over a thick folder. "So far, 23 people are infected. The news hasn't leaked."

The folder contained detailed profiles on every infected person—family, animals, recent contacts, travel history. Everything had been meticulously recorded.

To gather this kind of intel so fast was impressive.

"Who was the first to get infected?" Grace asked after flipping through a few pages.

"A man named Enrique," Stevie said. "We've posted guards around him."

"Good. Arrange for me to meet him," Grace ordered.

If Enrique was patient zero, there was a chance he'd come in contact with the White Bone Cult.

He might even be one of them.