

# An Understated Dominance (Dustin Rhys)

Chapter 2651

## Chapter 2551

Bryce rushed into Nathaniel's quarter and stumbled as he went. His clothes were soaked with sweat, and his face still wore the pallor of fear.

At that moment, Nathaniel was seated at his desk. He stared into the dim glow of a single lamp, lost in thought. Upon hearing the sound of frantic footsteps, he frowned and looked up.

"Y-Your Highness! Something terrible has happened," Bryce stammered. He burst through the door and was too panicked to bother with formalities.

"What's wrong?" Nathaniel asked with a frown, and he looked annoyed.

The mansion was so large that the explosion of the main gate earlier hadn't alerted him.

"Your Highness, Zeus and Hera, the royal gods from the Hall of Gods, just barged in and attacked us. General Derin tried to stop them, but Zeus raised his hand and struck him with a lightning bolt. General Derin... He was killed on the spot."

Bryce forced himself to calm his nerves and quickly recounted what had happened earlier. He had seen his share of battles, so he wasn't easily frightened. However, Lycas' sudden end had shaken him to his core.

In the blink of an eye, Lycas' body exploded. He was obliterated, with only a few charred scraps remaining-his bones had completely turned into ash.

The brutal scene left a deep psychological scar on Bryce. He was a powerful grandmaster martial artist, but he was as helpless as an insect in front of Zeus. The overwhelming gap in strength shattered Bryce's confidence.

"What nonsense are you talking about?" Nathaniel snapped. "Why would the royal gods of the Hall of Gods come to my mansion and kill my men? You've got to be mistaken."

His first instinct was to dismiss it as impossible. He had no personal conflict with anyone from the Hall of Gods. They'd even done some shady deals behind closed doors. 1

No matter how he looked at it, the Hall of Gods had no reason to target him. They even sent two royal gods his way.

These royal gods from the Hall of Gods were supreme fighters with the power to change the course of a nation. They wouldn't act unless necessary, and certainly wouldn't eliminate someone without some benefit to gain.

None of this made any sense to Nathaniel, nor could he believe it.

"Your Highness, I swear it's true. Some of General Derin's remains are still scattered outside the gates. I wouldn't dare lie to you," Bryce said. His face was full of distress.

"How could this happen? I've never crossed them. Why would they come after me?" Nathaniel's expression turned grim.

"It's because of Mr. Rhys," Bryce blurted.

He didn't dare to hide it and explained, "

The royal gods are here for him. General Derin was killed simply for not responding quickly enough.

"If I hadn't quickly suggested we help them track down Mr. Rhys, they might have stormed the mansion and threatened your safety, Your Highness."

"Logan?" Nathaniel's expression darkened even further.

He'd suffered heavy losses just to win Dustin's favor. Even though his vault was destroyed and the Dracan essence was stolen, he swallowed his pride. He wanted to leave a good impression on Dustin and set the stage for the future.

Nathaniel never imagined Dustin tangled up in such a huge mess. It was so serious that the Hall of Gods dispatched two royal gods from across the continent to kill him.

If Nathaniel protected him, he'd offend two royal gods and bring trouble upon himself. But turning him over meant betraying the West Lucozian monarchy and throwing away everything he'd invested.

No matter which option Nathaniel chose, neither was a favorable one.

"What should we do now, Your Highness?" Bryce asked, pale and sweating. "Lord Zeus has given us one day. If we don't deliver by sunset tomorrow, they'll be back-and this time, it won't end well for us."

"Damn it!" Nathaniel cursed, gritting his teeth. "How did I end up in this mess?"

His expression shifted between frustration and anxiety. In this situation, one wrong move could make everything worse.

After thinking for a while, he ordered, " Prepare the car. I'm going out."

At times like this, the only person who could offer him genuine advice was Cynthia.

Whenever he faced a major crisis, he always turned to his mother. She was the one who could always come up with a solution, no matter how impossible the situation seemed.

With the royal gods from the Hall of Gods involved, things were far beyond his ability to handle alone. He would have to rely on his mother and the Spanner family's influence to navigate this crisis.

As night fell, Nathaniel, accompanied by Bryce and a few trusted aides, sped toward Aylka in a car.

To avoid drawing attention, he even disguised himself. Fortunately, the journey was smooth, and they soon arrived at Cynthia's royal residence.

At that moment, she was sitting by the lamp and reading a book. When she saw her son arrive in such a hurried state, she couldn't help but feel puzzled.

"Nathaniel, what's going on? Why such urgency?" she asked.

"Mother, I've run into some trouble," he replied. He didn't hide the truth and carefully explained the situation to her.

After hearing his story, Cynthia's expression turned serious. She motioned for Nathaniel to sit, then ordered someone to pour tea for him.

After a moment of thought, she said, "This isn't unsolvable. With the right approach, it might even turn into an opportunity."

"Really? Do you have a plan?" Nathaniel asked, eyes filled with anticipation.

"You need to send someone to warn Logan. Let him know that the royal gods from the Hall of Gods are coming for him, and he should be cautious. We can use this chance to return a favor," Cynthia said.

"Mother, if that's the case, wouldn't the royal gods also come after me?" Nathaniel asked with a frown.

"Hold on. Let me finish," she said with a faint smile.

She added, "You're investing in a favor, so Logan will owe you later. As for the Hall of Gods, just shift the blame. Find a scapegoat. That way, you won't anger the West Lucozian monarchy. You'll wash your hands of the matter completely. It's the perfect solution, don't you think?"