

An Understated Dominance (Dustin Rhys)

Chapter 2655

At dusk, Matthias and Seamus sat across from each other in the Mosey mansion. They were locked in an intense game of strategy. The terrain model between them had become a battlefield, and each move was met with a calculated counter.

Anders stood beside them as he silently observed their game without interrupting.

Eventually, the game ended after Seamus placed a white flag in the terrain model and conceded defeat.

“Your Highness, your grasp of warfare is truly remarkable,” he said. “Your tactics are sharp, unpredictable-almost otherworldly. There’s simply no defending against them. I’ve always considered myself a strategist, but clearly, I’m nowhere near your level.”

He chuckled and shook his head, then took the white towel the maid handed over and slowly wiped his fingers.

“You flatter me, Uncle Seamus. It was just a lucky break, that’s all,” Matthias replied humbly.

Though he was born into royalty, Matthias never dared to assert himself in Seamus’ presence.

After all, Seamus was the primary backer of his ascension to the throne. He didn’t just provide financial backing, but he also helped Matthias build alliances and clear the many obstacles in his way.

With that backing, Matthias finally had the edge to challenge Tristan and Nathaniel in the fight for the throne.

“You’re truly gifted. You excel in intellect and warfare. Given time, you will undoubtedly become a ruler remembered throughout history,” Seamus complimented him generously.

“It’s too soon to say that. The crown prince title is still undecided. There’s no guarantee who will claim it,” Matthias replied and shook his head.

Though confident he could beat Tristan and Nathaniel, Matthias wasn’t taking any chances. He knew better than to relax until the throne was firmly within his grasp.

“With my godfather’s support, along with the Fallon family, the ancient houses, and all the major powers behind you, your claim to the throne is almost guaranteed,” Anders said with a smile.

“That may be true, but everyone knows my father has always favored Nathaniel. If he insists on supporting Nathaniel, what should we do then?” Matthias asked, narrowing his eyes.

Seamus calmly took a sip of tea and didn’t respond.

Anders glanced at Seamus, then lowered his voice.

“If it comes to that, Your Highness must be ruthless. You may have to take a page from the Boulderthorn betrayal,” he said.

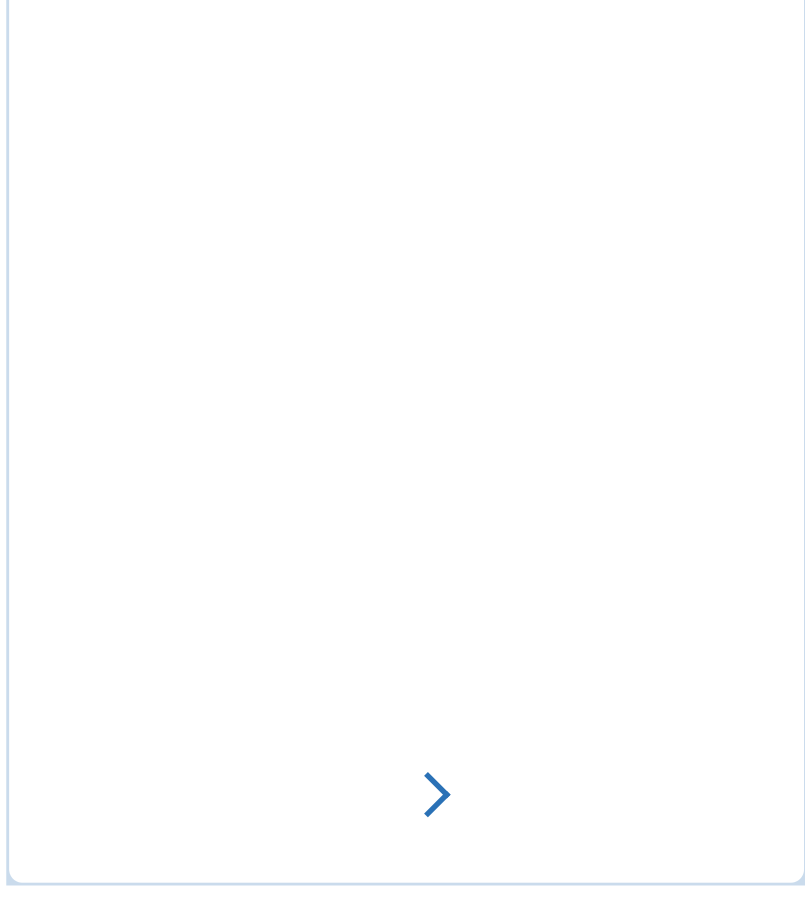
Matthias’ smile faltered. He looked at Seamus and then back at Anders.

“Anders, watch your words. Do you think I would ever resort to killing my brothers for the sake of power?” he snapped.

“Your Highness, you’re kind and righteous, but that doesn’t mean your brothers share the same virtue. While you’re concerned about brotherhood, they could be plotting behind your back,” Anders advised.

“I think this is something that requires careful consideration. What do you think, Uncle Seamus?” Matthias redirected the discussion toward Seamus.

Anders knew he couldn’t act without Seamus’s approval. If betrayal was on the table, it would need Seamus’ support.



“I will follow your lead. Whatever decision you make, I will fully support you,” Seamus replied calmly.

“Thank you, Uncle Seamus,” Matthias said with a faint smile. “By the way, any news from the West Lucozian monarchy?”

Throughout the empire, only the West Lucozian monarchy held enough power to sway the outcome of the succession to the throne. With 300,000 Black Dragon troops under their command, their backing could tip the balance.

“I’ve gathered some intel. They’ve got problems of their own. Right now, they’re purging their ranks and have no time to worry about Oakvale.

“Plus, Rufus doesn’t have much time left.

If they don’t want more trouble on their hands, the smart move is to lay low and pretend nothing’s happening,” Anders said.

“That’s a relief,” Matthias replied with a relaxed smile.

As long as West Lucozia didn’t stir up any trouble, everything was under control.

“Your Highness! Something’s happened back at the mansion.”

While they were conversing, Neville, Matthias’s private guard, came charging in.

“Why the rush? Can’t you see I’m talking to Uncle Seamus?” Matthias snapped. He frowned and looked irritated at the interruption.

After all, a seasoned general like Neville shouldn’t be panicking over something minor.

“I just received news that Zeus, the royal god from the Hall of Gods, stormed into the mansion. He’s killing people indiscriminately and even took Her Highness hostage. The entire mansion is in chaos,” Neville reported urgently.

“What? Zeus?” Matthias sprang to his feet, his expression darkening.

“How could this happen?” he asked. “I’ve never had any conflict with the Hall of Gods. Why would the dignified Zeus break into my mansion and start slaughtering my men?”

As far as he knew, there was no bad blood between them. If anything, they’d always kept things cordial. This sudden aggression made no sense.

“I don’t know the full details, but our guards have suffered heavy casualties. We urgently need reinforcements. Please give the order at once,” Neville said respectfully.

“Damn that Hall of Gods! They killed my men for no reason. This is unforgivable,” Matthias growled, his eyes burning with fury.

“Neville, listen closely. Rally the troops and surround every one of those Hall of Gods’ bastards. They will pay.”

“Understood, Your Highness,” Neville responded promptly before leaving.

In Oakvale, only a few individuals had the power to mobilize a troop, and Matthias was one of them.