

# An Understated Dominance (Dustin Rhys)

Chapter 2656

Neville sprang into action after receiving the order. He quickly rallied his troops toward Matthias' estate for rescue and backup.

Matthias wasn't in the mood to continue chatting. His face was grim as he strode toward the exit.

"Your Highness, please stay," Seamus called out suddenly.

"Uncle Seamus, something urgent has happened at home. Whatever it is, it'll have to wait," Matthias said impatiently.

Whoever dared to start a massacre in his estate wasn't walking away alive.

"Calm down. I'm sure you don't want to walk straight into a trap," Seamus warned.

"A trap?" Matthias frowned. "What do you mean by that?"

"Think about it. You have no feud with the Hall of Gods, so why would they send their royal god to cause chaos in your estate? Don't you find that strange?" Seamus said evenly.

"I'll get my answers after I capture Zeus," Matthias spat, gritting his teeth.

"Your Highness, I must warn you that apart from the elusive Supreme leader of the Hall of Gods, Zeus is the undisputed number one powerhouse in Strequa. And with all due respect... your troops aren't enough to capture him," Seamus reminded him.

"Zeus might be strong, but he's only one man, and I command thousands. I can crush him with numbers," Matthias said, refusing to back down.

His forces were packed with elite fighters, including grandmaster martial artists. If they attacked together, he didn't think Zeus was unbeatable.

And with 30,000 elite soldiers as his backup, what did he have to fear?

"Regardless of whether your men can take him down, a victory would still come at a heavy price. Is that something you're willing to face?". Seamus asked.

"Then, what do you expect me to do?" Matthias scowled. "Just stand there and let Zeus wipe his boots on me? If I keep hiding like a coward, who the hell's going to respect me?"

Seamus shook his head. "I don't know what's happening, but something feels off. It looks like someone is trying to stir up trouble. I suggest avoiding a direct clash with Zeus. Otherwise, you'll just lose your elite troops for nothing."

"I understand the implication. But now I'm in a dilemma and have no choice but to take action." Matthias's expression hardened.

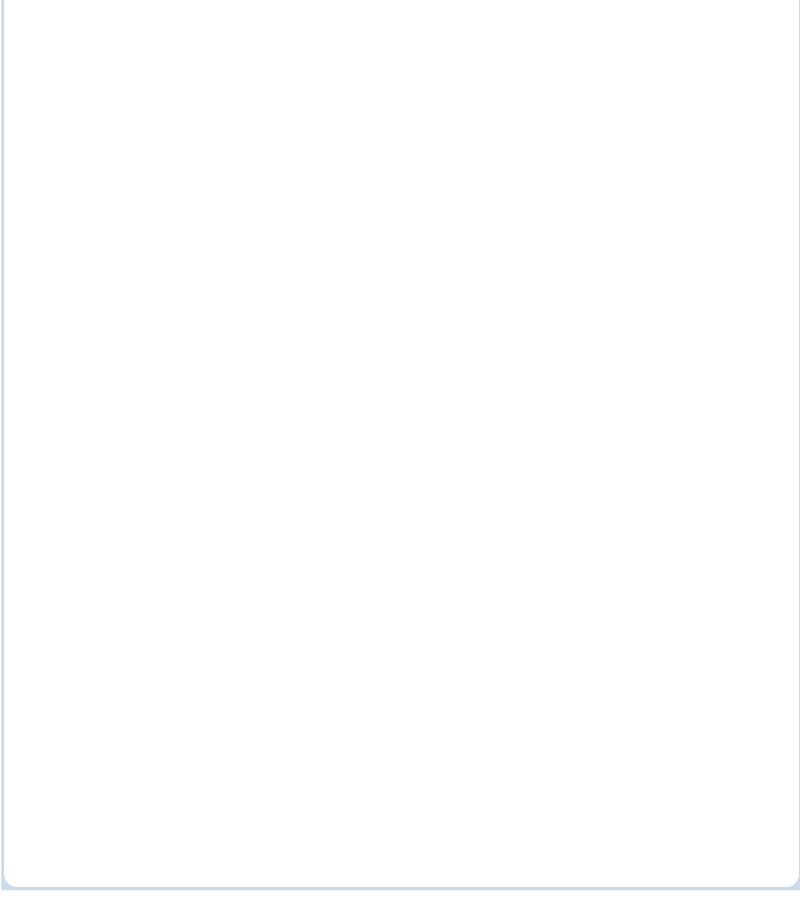
If his estate were raided and he did nothing, it would be a huge blow to his pride as a prince.

Seamus suddenly said, "I've got a plan that could get you out of this mess, but it all comes down to how well you handle it."

"Uncle Seamus, please tell me what I should do." Matthias snapped to attention.

"Instead of going head-to-head with Zeus and losing your troops, let someone stronger handle him," Seamus said, calmly sipping his tea.

"What do you mean?" Matthias asked, confused.



"A powerhouse like Zeus needs someone even stronger to take him down. I've heard the chief overseer of the Regal Observatory, Ezekiel Hawke, is a man of near-immortal ability. If you can convince him to step in, your crisis could be resolved," Seamus explained, his voice laced with meaning.

Ezekiel might not have been listed in the Astonishing World List, but those who knew him claimed his strength rivaled the living god Arion. Plus, he was a cornerstone of Dragonmarsh's enduring stability.

"Ezekiel Hawke of the Regal Observatory?" Matthias' frown deepened. "I've heard Father mention him before. Mr. Hawke is indeed strong, but he's been in seclusion for years and stays out of worldly affairs. If even Father couldn't get him to act, what chance do I have?"

"There's no such thing as impossible if you're truly determined," Seamus remarked.

He took out a round pendant and handed it to Matthias.

"Years ago, I saved Ezekiel's son. They gave me this pendant as a token of gratitude. Take it to the Gilded Chamber. His son will know what to do. But I can't guarantee if it will work."

Matthias' face lit up with delight. "Thank you, Uncle Seamus."

The pendant was like holding a promise. It was far more valuable than gold or jewels.

While it didn't guarantee Ezekiel would intervene, at least there was a chance.

If the pendant was used at the right time, it could be a life-saving card. But now, Matthias was already reluctant to use it.

He could save it as his ultimate trump card and turn the tide when it mattered most, like when ascending the throne by force. With Ezekiel at his side, no throne would be out of reach and no enemy could stand in his way.

"Your Highness, don't get ahead of yourself," Seamus said. He seemed to have read his thoughts and offered a timely reminder.

He added, "Ezekiel doesn't involve himself in politics. There's a chance he might save your life, but supporting your claim to the throne is out of the question."

Ezekiel only acted when the fate of the entire nation was on the line. To him, political struggle and the fight for the throne were simply survival of the fittest and natural shifts in the balance of power.

"Fine. Let's focus on getting through this crisis," Matthias said.

Though disappointed, he put those ambitions aside for now. Gripping the pendant tightly, he turned and made his way toward the Gilded Chamber.

If Matthias could convince Ezekiel to help him, he planned to use that opportunity to crush the Hall of Gods' influence and boost his reputation. With that kind of victory, more allies were sure to follow.

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