

## An Understated Dominance (Dustin Rhys)

Chapter 2681

“Oh, Princess Grace. I had nearly forgotten about her,” Milton murmured as he nodded thoughtfully.

Grace might have been born a woman, but she commanded Valon’s complete trust. Not only had she earned a position within the Regal Observatory, but she also secretly controlled Dragonmarsh’s most formidable intelligence network.

This intelligence organization had always served the royal family exclusively. Even those who knew of its existence dared not speak of it openly, much less interfere with its operations.

“So few neutral forces remain. If I could bring Grace into my camp, my chances of success would improve considerably.” Tristan’s eyes narrowed as he calculated the possibilities.

“Your Highness, Princess Grace is no simple opponent. Winning her allegiance would likely demand a steep price,” Milton warned.

“Recruiting her may prove difficult, but extracting information from her should be manageable enough.” A faint smile played across Tristan’s lips.

From what he understood, Grace privately sold intelligence to supplement the royal treasury. As long as someone could pay her price and the information wouldn’t harm national interests, she would part with most secrets.

“Milton, we don’t have time to waste. Get the car ready. You’re coming with me to Soluna Hall.”

Without further discussion, Tristan donned his coat and headed for the door.

Opportunities like this didn’t come twice. Whatever he could see coming, Matthias and Nathaniel would figure out soon enough, so he had to move first. Getting ahead was the only way to win, and that was the edge he needed.

An hour later, a black business sedan pulled up in front of Soluna Hall. Tristan and Milton stepped out of the vehicle one after the other.

As they approached the entrance, two guards blocked their path.

“Sorry. We don’t receive unknown guests,” the guard on the left said.

“I’m here to see your boss, Grace.” Tristan cut straight to the point.

The two guards exchanged glances, clearly surprised. Anyone who knew their boss’ actual name obviously had significant status.

“Excuse me, sir. Do you have an appointment?” The guard’s tone became considerably more respectful.

“Can’t I see her without an appointment?” Tristan removed his hat and said coolly, Tell Grace that her older brother has come to visit. Let’s find out what kind of reception she’ll give me.”

At these words, both guards’ expressions changed instantly.

“Please wait a moment,” said the same guard, and he entered the building.

Meanwhile, in the private room of Soluna Hall’s back garden, Grace was studying intelligence reports she had just collected. Beside her, Dustin leisurely sipped tea and enjoyed pastries.

After a night of intensive operations, most of the Hall of Gods operatives in Oakvale had been taken out. The few who remained were either in hiding or on the run and were no longer a threat. The cleanup would be left to the local authorities.

At that moment, someone knocked at the door.

“What is it?” Grace asked, not looking up from her intelligence materials.

“Ms. Linsor, Prince Tristan is here to see you,” came the voice of a trusted aide from outside the door.

“Hmm?” Grace finally lifted her head. ” Tristan? What does he want?”

“Unknown at present. Should I send him away?” her trusted aide inquired.

“No need. Show him to the Luna Suite. I’ll be there shortly.”

“Understood,” her trusted aide responded and quickly departed.

“Tristan showing up this early probably has something to do with the Hall of Gods operatives getting wiped out last night,” Dustin said.

“He’s had dealings with the Hall of Gods. Last night’s purge hit some of his operations hard. Sounds like he’s spooked and now he’s hoping to squeeze information out of me.” Grace smiled knowingly.

Tristan wouldn’t show up unannounced unless he needed something, and his sudden visit made his motives obvious.

“What do you plan to do?” Dustin took a small pastry from the plate and tossed it high into the air. He caught it neatly in his mouth and savored it with obvious pleasure.

He continued, “It’s your call. Either tell the truth or make excuses.”

Grace smiled faintly. “Oh, I haven’t asked you yet. Among the three princes, which one do you actually support for the throne?

“You’re asking me?” Dustin raised an eyebrow. Then, he shook his head. “I don’t support any of them.”

“Why not?” She looked puzzled.

She went on, “Now that you carry the fate of the nation and have broken through to a new realm, your power and status alone are enough to decide the throne. Whoever you back could take the crown, and you’d be the kingmaker behind it all. What could be more valuable than that?”

“To be honest, I don’t like any of your three brothers,” Dustin replied calmly.

He continued, “Tristan appears to be a gentleman, but he’s actually petty. He’ll use any means necessary for power.

“As for Matthias, don’t even get me started. He comes from a military background and acts erratically and brutally. He might make a decent general, but he’s not cut out to be a king.”

“What about Nathaniel, then? He’s a scholar and martial artist. Surely he’d be worthy?” Grace asked.

“He’s selfish, cold, and callous. Human life means nothing to him. If he takes the throne, God knows how many people in Dragonmarsh will die. Your other brothers probably wouldn’t survive either,” he replied bluntly.

“Father’s time is running short. Someone has to inherit the throne,” she said helplessly.

“Speaking of the one taking the crown, I already have the right person in mind.” Dustin suddenly smiled knowingly.

“Who?” Grace’s interest was instantly piqued.

“You.” He pointed at her.

“Me?” She froze. Many names had flashed through her mind just moments before, but she never imagined that he would choose her.