

## An Understated Dominance (Dustin Rhys)

Chapter 2686

After getting in the car, Nathaniel headed straight to the Spanner estate. His mother, Cynthia, was a direct descendant of the Spanners. Her family's influence in Oakvale rivaled that of the Moseys, perhaps even surpassing it.

The patriarch of the Spanners, Conan Spanner, was Nathaniel's uncle. Two decades ago, he was renowned as a scholar and a warrior. Though he had withdrawn from the public, his legacy lived on through his children.

His son Adam bore the title God of Military, while his daughter Scarlet was known as the Goddess of War. Both had achieved legendary status among their generation. They commanded large numbers of armies, and their futures seemed limitless.

With such prodigious talent within their ranks, the Spanner family had risen to unprecedented heights. Their growing influence now threatened to eclipse even the mighty Moseys.

It was this formidable backing that gave Nathaniel the confidence to contend for the throne. Since he was facing such momentous circumstances, he knew he must seek Conan's help.

Half an hour later, a car pulled up to the gates of the Spanner estate.

After stepping out of the vehicle, Nathaniel walked toward the meeting room without anyone stopping him.

Conan had earlier received news of his arrival and was already waiting inside.

He was a broad-shouldered man with a strong jaw. His rugged features still carried a certain charm. Even though he was over 50, he still possessed a distinctive charisma.

"Uncle Conan," Nathaniel called as he stepped through the doors. "Something major happened in Oakvale last night.

Have you heard anything about it?"

"Nathaniel, you're a grown man in your 20s, yet you're still this impatient. Can't you hold yourself together?" Conan gave him a sidelong glance with a calm expression.

"But this is a serious matter," Nathaniel said as he dropped into the chair beside Conan. "My people are useless, so I had no choice but to come to you for help."

Conan shook his head slowly. "I've heard whispers of what you speak, but I'm afraid there's nothing I can do."

"Nothing you can do?" Nathaniel's eyes widened in disbelief. "Uncle Conan, I'm your nephew. Who will help me if you won't?"

"It's not that I won't help you," Conan replied in an even tone. "It's that I can't. I've had my men look into it since the news broke just after midnight, but the results have been disappointing. Perhaps it's best not to dig any deeper."

"Uncle Conan, this mysterious force suddenly appeared out of nowhere. If we don't get to the bottom of it, it will be a major threat to us. I can't even sleep peacefully at night," Nathaniel said with a frown.

How could he allow another to sleep soundly? Anyone who might influence his claim to the throne needed to be investigated thoroughly.

He had to know whether that mysterious force was a threat or not. Only then could he shore up his defenses and find peace of mind. If something unexpected happened, there'd be no time for regret.

"Nathaniel, have you considered this? Whoever is behind that clearly doesn't want to be found since they've gone to great lengths to stay hidden.

"Sometimes it's better not to dig too deep. But if you keep pushing and they catch wind of it, you'll only stir up trouble you didn't need," Conan said.

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"I get what you're saying. But given how far things have progressed, I cannot simply ignore what has happened," Nathaniel replied seriously.

He went on, "At this point, I have no way out. I have to manage every risk and bring everything back under control."

"So you won't give up until you get the answers today?" Conan raised an eyebrow.

"You're right," Nathaniel replied without hesitation. "Whether you help me or not, I'm going to get to the bottom of this."

"Very well. Since you've made up your mind, I won't try to stop you. I'll give you a lead. If you want the full story, you better ask the Princess of Ariella," Conan suggested.

"The Princess of Ariella?" Nathaniel was momentarily taken aback before he remembered. "You mean Grace?"

"From your expression, it seems you don't pay much attention to your sister. You don't even know her official title." Conan shook his head in exasperation.

"Uncle Conan, stop teasing me. What does she have to do with this?" Nathaniel looked puzzled.

"Your sister controls the largest intelligence organization in Oakvale. You still think this has nothing to do with her?" Conan said irritably.

He went on, "There was a massive operation last night, so how do you think it could be covered up without the princess' intelligence organization's involvement?"

"Are you saying she is the person behind all this?" Nathaniel asked with a frown. "But how is that possible? She's just a woman. Even if she controls the organization, she couldn't have the ability to destroy the Hall of Gods' hidden forces in Oakvale overnight."

Zeus had fallen, Hera had vanished, and the Hall of Gods' various faction forces had been wiped out. Such thorough destruction was clearly impossible to achieve through an intelligence organization alone and required an overwhelming military force.

"I don't know how Grace did it, but I'm certain she's involved. Even if she's not the mastermind, she's at least the accomplice. That's why I'm telling you to talk to her yourself. See if you can get anything out of her," Conan said.

"I see." Nathaniel nodded thoughtfully. "Uncle Conan, I know what I need to do now. Thank you for your guidance. I'll take my leave."

After getting his answer, he didn't linger. He bid farewell and left immediately.

"When will he finally learn to stand on his own?" Conan sighed.

He couldn't even handle such a trivial matter and had to come asking for help. Was a prince like that really fit to inherit the throne?