

Chapter 2689 Planning To Break Solon's Leg

Half an hour later, Joshua was released from the chair, completely exhausted. After consuming so much croton and enduring the torment from the crown prince, he couldn't find any strength within him anymore.

His group of lackeys huddled in a corner, trembling in fear as they looked at the crown prince with terror as if he were a demon.

"Alright, since he has confessed, let's lock them up for now and wait for further instructions from Matthew," the crown prince said, holding the information obtained from the interrogation, and left the warehouse.

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"So, you didn't end up resorting to torture?" Matthew looked at the crown prince curiously.

"Of course not; I'm not a sadist. Isambard suggested various torture methods, but I wanted to try psychological tactics. I didn't expect Joshua to be so easily frightened that he spilled everything before I even finished."

Matthew nodded, surprised that the easygoing crown prince had such insight into this aspect.

"What if Joshua refused to talk in the end? Would you have resorted to more extreme measures like torturing him?" he asked, slightly disgusted.

"I'd rather shoot him dead than engage in such disgusting operations, but I can leave it to Fitz to handle that. Let me tell you, Fitz may look good on the outside, but he's actually quite twisted..." the crown prince trailed off.

"Achoo!" Fitz, who was guarding Joshua in the warehouse, suddenly sneezed, waking up and wiping his nose before tightening his coat. "It's getting cold. I had better put on more clothes, or I might catch a cold."

Meanwhile, Matthew finally discovered the mastermind behind Joshua's group after opening the Jay file. It was Solon from the Durham Family.

"I didn't expect him to be so persistent. It seems like the two slaps from my Dewsbury friend weren't hard enough. By the way, how did you know that that female journalist didn't hire this Joshua? I almost made the wrong assumption at first," asked the crown prince.

"It was obvious. Although that girl had the intention to seek revenge on us, she wouldn't dare hire someone to kill us. When I first captured Joshua and his men, I found daggers and firearms on them," Matthew answered, placing an exquisite Desert Eagle in front of them.

The crown prince's eyes lit up at the sight of the weapon. "Wow, it is really nice. The craftsmanship is exquisite. We don't have anything like this in our Biscuit collection."

Upon saying that, the crown prince discreetly tucked it into his pocket. Matthew didn't pay much attention to it since it was of no use to him anyway. "Since Solon has already brought trouble to our doorstep, it wouldn't be right if we don't respond."

"Should I just take care of Solon directly?" The crown prince's eyes lit up at the thought.

"Why do you have such murderous intent? Diplomacy isn't just about violence; it also involves social etiquette."

The crown prince seemed to understand and asked tentatively, "Should we negotiate with them?"

"Well, we are both gentlemen, so naturally, we should negotiate with them."

The crown prince nodded, then released the news that afternoon.

Regarding the losses at the Durham Family's dock, he would compensate with double the value, but he would definitely deal with Solon's lackeys after that. That was what negotiation was—if someone had sent people to cause trouble at another person's clinic, it was only fair that the latter dealt with the former's lackeys. It was reasonable.

After the crown prince's announcement, Seraphis, who had just calmed down, became restless once more. "Well, things are getting interesting again. The crown prince not only has a notorious name but also an arrogant personality. How dare he provoke the Durham Family? He's in trouble."

"You shouldn't jump to conclusions. Last time, he blew up the Durham Family's dock, yet nothing happened to him. This crown prince and Matthew aren't just ordinary people."

While everyone was speculating, Solon also gave his answer.

"Don't miss the Victorious Cruise!"