

Chapter 2714 Solon's Kidnapper

"Hello, may I speak to Olivia Perrer, the renowned journalist?"

Olivia couldn't immediately recognize Matthew's voice. Impatiently, she asked, "Who's calling?!" She couldn't help but feel humiliated being referred to as a renowned journalist, especially since she had recently been terminated by her media company.

"Who I am is not important, but I heard that you've been laid off by your company recently." Matthew intentionally brought up her termination. "As an old friend, I have breaking news that I believe can help you revive your career. Are you interested?"

Hearing Matthew's words, Olivia was about to curse until she heard the second half of the sentence. "Who exactly are you?" she asked skeptically.

"Matthew Larson, from Emden Hall."

The phone call abruptly ended after Matthew finished speaking.

Meanwhile, Olivia's face twisted in anger as she dwelled on her current situation. Jobless with a ruined reputation, she gritted her teeth and complained to herself. "Thanks to you, I'm now left with nothing at all! Hmph! Spare me your nonsense about reviving my career..."

Despite her resentment, Olivia couldn't shake off the thought of Matthew's tempting offer. "Well, it can't get any worse than this, can it?"

After a few moments of hesitation, she eventually decided to give it a try and called back the number.

"What?! You kidnapped Solon? I thought he died on the Victorious Cruise... Wait, what? The ransom is some military firearms worth ten billion?"

Initially, Olivia thought Matthew was playing a prank on her, but when she saw photos of Solon wounded and lying in bed on her phone, she started to believe what she was hearing. She then proceeded to record every piece of information she was told while trembling with excitement from head to toe. At the same time, she fantasized about how the breaking news was going to revive her career and propel her to new heights.

"Time and tide wait for no man, Olivia."

Meanwhile, Solon stared at Matthew in puzzlement.

"What exactly are you up to, Matthew?" Solon couldn't comprehend Matthew's motive behind his plan. After all, Matthew would be making himself an enemy of the Durham Family by blackmailing them with Solon's abduction.

D*mn, I can't believe a young man like him has the intelligence and courage to pull off something like that.

"What do you think I'm up to? I'm merely a kind doctor who does my best to help whoever needs my service. What's wrong with that? However, I think it's only fair for me to ask for a little 'compensation' in return after all the trouble I went through to save you. Don't you think so?"

Solon was stunned, but he still refused to believe a single word Matthew said.

"How dare you blackmail the Durham Family?! That's probably the most foolish thing you've done. Not only will you fail to get a single penny from them, but you will also face their wrath and suffer terribly. Therefore, you might as well let me walk free and let the Durham Family owe you a favor. As for the firearms worth 10 billion that you request, I'll grant your wish at my own expense. What do you say?"

Solon wanted to uncover Matthew's true motive behind his plan, but at the same time, he also wanted to escape the place and get away from the danger that could cost him his life as soon as possible. After all, the massacre had now become a high-profile case that attracted too much attention. If it became known to the public that he was the sole survivor of the massacre, he would likely be named as one of the suspects as well. Furthermore, he was aware of the complex intricacies involved in the case, which gave him goosebumps, especially when he imagined scenarios in which he was interrogated by the leaders of other powerful gangs about the case.

"I don't think so, but if it's any consolation, your plan could work if I was a child." Matthew stood up and leaned closer to Solon, giving him a pat on his chest. While Solon moaned in agony, Matthew added, "The Durham Family's favor means nothing to me; plus, I doubt you're going to appreciate me for releasing you, considering how 'close' we are to each other. Ask yourself this question—you're probably already thinking about ways to kill me when you get out there, aren't you? So, spare me your nonsense about what's in it for me after I let you go because if I ever do, you're going to come back for revenge rather than returning the favor. As a result, I'm going to end up as the scapegoat for the cruise massacre. Don't you agree with me, Mr. Durham?"