

Chapter 2721 The Forceful Unveiling Of The Enigma Box

Having discarded the watch disguised as a tracker, Matthew casually tossed it onto the hospital bed.

"Such an advanced piece of technology is truly astounding."

Ever since he had stumbled upon the cryptic clues of the black box in the investigation report, its location had been a constant puzzle. However, while examining Solon's injuries, his attention was drawn to the blinking watch on Solon's wrist. That was when the idea of the tracker occurred to Matthew.

Solon reached out and picked up the watch, examining the imitation timepiece in his hand with a look of utter confusion.

"Let's crack it open and see what's inside. It's astonishing that such a device could cause such a stir among the wealthy and powerful."

The crown prince brought a toolbox and attempted to pry open the black box before him. But no matter what he tried, the seamless black box remained stubbornly shut. Even when he used an ax and a chainsaw, all it did was create sparks, leaving the black box unscathed.

"Matty..."

"Why is everyone looking at me? This is my first encounter with such a thing as well," Matthew retorted.

Following his words, all eyes in the room shifted towards Solon.

"Don't look at me. I'm just as clueless. Each generation of the enigmatic black box is unique. Even the Keller Family doesn't know how to open it."

The crown prince furrowed his brow and asked, "Then how did the previous owners manage to open it?"

Faced with his nemesis, the crown prince, Solon found himself compelled to be honest. "Only those directly involved know. Luck seems to play a part. Some people have owned the black box for over a decade without ever unlocking its secrets."

He continued, "But some have resorted to brute force to crack it open!"

This was indeed the case. Certain influential groups had invested a significant amount in hiring a highly skilled grandmaster to forcefully open the box. Despite succeeding, the invaluable ancient Biscuit technique inside was irreparably damaged.

As a result, this family and the grandmaster became the butt of jokes in Seraphis. It seemed that the grandmaster had completely fallen out of favor.

If Matthew chose a violent approach, it would certainly be a spectacle to behold.

"Besides, if I knew how to open it, I wouldn't have thrown it into the sea."

Seeing Solon's apparent sincerity, Matthew unsheathed his Bloodreaper. "Everyone, step back!"

With a single swing of his sword, the entire table disintegrated into dust. The powerful recoil numbed his arm, but the black box remained unscathed.

"D*mn, it's so resilient?"

With a look of disdain, Solon watched Matthew's futile attempt to slice open the black box with a shattered sword. It was a futile endeavor, considering that bullets couldn't penetrate it, and bombs couldn't shatter it. It was nothing more than a pipe dream.

The crown prince was well aware of the sharpness of the Bloodreaper, having been the one to originally gift it to Matthew. However, the black box before him proved to be so robust that not even an ancient divine weapon could breach it.

"Let me try again. The rest of you, stand back!"

Following his words, Matthew channeled the energy within his body, concentrating it in his palm. A brilliant flash and a thunderous sound echoed through the house, causing it to shake as if in the throes of an earthquake.

Once the dust settled, a hole with a diameter exceeding ten feet appeared in the ground. Within this half-meter-deep crater, the indestructible black box was finally split in two.

"What kind of power is this?" Solon stared at the figure of Matthew before him, utterly bewildered. Was this the true extent of Matthew's strength?

And what was that sword—so incredibly sharp! As his gaze returned to the long sword in Matthew's hand, a fiery desire ignited in Solon's eyes.

Solon was a mix of envy and awe. His only consolation was in the ruthless dismantling, a process that had likely destroyed everything inside the black box.