

Chapter 2729 Igniting Solon's Fire

The battlefield reverberated with the relentless symphony of gunfire. Despite being outnumbered, Solon's faction held the advantage in firepower. Their warships, equipped with both light and heavy machine guns, transformed the front-line enemies into grim reapers, unleashing tongues of fire. In a single clash, hundreds from Sahil's side fell.

Sahil, his eyes ablaze with fury, watched the sudden eruption of conflict, fully aware that the masked young man was the catalyst. "D*mn it!" He cursed, This masked figure has ruined everything. We could have forced Solon's retreat, but now we have no choice but to fight.

"Mr. Solon has been kidnapped. D*mn it! Brothers, let's eliminate the kidnapers and rescue Mr. Solon!"

Sahil had no intention of harming Solon, mindful of the potential backlash from the main family. However, when it came to Matthew and Solon's subordinates, he was determined to show no mercy. His twisted plan was to slaughter Solon's subordinates and spare only Solon, thereby justifying his actions. In this scheme, Solon unwittingly became a pawn used by Matthew and Sahil to clear their names, and the battle erupted instantly.

Sahil's side, merely a patrol ship, had teamed up with the Durham and Keller families, believing their combined forces would deter any threats near Skargness. To cut costs, their patrol fleet lacked heavy firepower, equipped only with a few rifles and a small number of pistols. For a while, they were suppressed by the superior firepower of Solon's subordinates.

Seizing a rare opportunity, Matthew urged Solon, "Hurry up and follow me!"

Solon, seething with anger, glared at Matthew without responding. "Is this your idea of a plan? Stirring up internal strife within the Durham Family for your own gain? What are you up to, Matthew?" He nearly shouted the last words.

In less than three minutes of fighting, over a thousand casualties had already occurred. Solon's ambitions and the foundations he had built were crumbling, undermining his path to the top.

In the midst of this fierce battle, he hesitated. He didn't know how many would survive, and whether from the main family or the branches, they were all members of the Durham Family. At this moment, a sudden uncertainty gripped him.

Provoked by Solon's reaction, Matthew addressed him directly. "You know who you are. Do you really expect your mother to provide you with a lifetime of wealth and prosperity? Look at these people in front of you. They won't spare you just because you are Solon Durham but because you bear the surname Durham, the main family's surname."

He continued, emphasizing the stakes, "If your main family falls, they won't hesitate to devour you, the branches, and replace you. If you want to rise, follow me and fight together. You are now eliminating the family traitors, clearing suspicion, and restoring the family's reputation. If you want to turn the tables, come with me and fight!"

Solon, visibly shaken, felt the gravity of the opportunity before him. It wasn't easy for him to showcase his skills, and missing this chance meant missing it for a lifetime. "Matthew, tell me the truth. Are you really just helping me for the sake of turning the tables?" he asked, seeking clarity.

Without turning around, Matthew responded, "Does it matter?" He swiftly threw a metal needle like a bullet, eliminating an unseen enemy preparing to shoot.

"Yeah, it doesn't matter!" Solon turned to his subordinates and declared, "Brothers, as we pave the way for the Durham Family, I, Solon, will compensate fallen comrades with 750 thousand each as a pension. For the living, let's enjoy the good life together." With Solon's directive, his subordinates surged with enthusiasm as if injected with newfound vitality.

"Clear the way!"

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Amidst the resounding shouts, their momentum soared to the sky.