

Chapter 2739 Instructing Solon

Upon the insertion of three silver needles into Solon's thigh, his agonizing pain dissipated instantly. Matthew then nonchalantly gestured towards the couch in front of him.

"Take a seat! You may have courage, but your mental fortitude is lacking. Allow me to give you another complimentary lesson today!"

Solon, not daring to utter a word, obediently climbed onto the couch.

"Always think before you act. If I truly intended to steal your credit, there would be no need for me to don a mask."

Matthew hadn't even bothered to bring the crown prince along to hide his identity. He had merely used the Solitary Nine Needles during the execution.

At this point, Solon began to comprehend the situation. He nodded and attentively listened to Matthew's analysis.

"The individual leaking information about me clearly doesn't have the sincere intention of vindicating the deceased. As soon as your primary family takes action against the Skargness branch, these rumors will be dispelled. Therefore, his actual target must be you."

"Me?"

Upon hearing this, Solon looked at Matthew with a puzzled expression. The newspaper had clearly reported Matthew as the protagonist of the news, so why was he being implicated?

Seeing his bewildered expression, Matthew could only shake his head in resignation.

"Look beyond the surface. Who stands to gain the most once this issue is resolved? If I am exposed, who will bear the brunt? So, ponder on this. Who can't bear to see you prosper... D*mn it! If you continue to gaze at me with that suspicious look, I'll pluck your eyeballs out." Matthew threatened, rolling up his sleeves as he stood up.

Solon quickly raised his hands in surrender, saying, "Alright! Alright!"

With Matthew's guidance, Solon began to understand. However, upon further reflection, it appeared that Matthew held the most resentment towards him.

"Matthew, tell me then. Who else can't bear to see me prosper?"

"I'm not omniscient. It could be someone from your primary family, or a puppet master wanting to use your identity to stir up trouble, or perhaps a woman you've wronged in the past, with someone backing her..."

The more Solon listened, the more anxious he became. He hadn't been with the main family for long, and his foundation was shaky. If someone was secretly targeting him, it would be challenging for him to cope.

"Matthew, what should I do then?"

"Never mind. Just rest and recuperate."

He sipped his soy milk and added gravely, "The crown prince destroyed your docks, and I claimed a significant portion of your underwater treasures. If the Durham Family discovers this, they won't let it slide."

"Deviation invites punishment. You've already made significant contributions. Now, you need to learn discretion. Most importantly, maintain your distance from me."

Initially, Solon found Matthew's words reasonable, but his expression froze upon hearing the last sentence.

"Why?"

"Why so many questions? Just follow instructions." As Matthew spoke, he closed his eyes. "Young man, the world is vast. The Durham Family may be powerful, but their influence is limited to Seraphis. First, you need to lay low and build your own influence. If you can prove your worth in the future, I will reward you handsomely. Remember, the moment we step out of this door, we become sworn enemies. Prince, escort him out."

Before Solon could fully grasp the meaning behind Matthew's cryptic words, he felt his collar being seized, and he was abruptly ejected from the room.

Outsiders remained oblivious to the exchange between Solon and Matthew. All they witnessed was Solon, with a broken leg, being tossed out of the room.

"D*mn it! Matthew stole my credit and played me for a fool. I won't rest until I settle this score!"

Matthew was already weary, but hearing the commotion outside, a smirk crept onto his face.

"Solon isn't as foolish as I thought after all!"