

Chapter 2785 I Have a Way to Make Them Talk

"Iris, let's stay and listen to what they have to say!" Prince Garrett noticed the fear and confusion on Iris' face and explained patiently. "Since Gadel was inexplicably attacked, everyone present is a potential suspect."

"Why are we considered suspects? We had nothing to do with this. Why should we be suspected?"

Faced with Iris' stubbornness, Garrett could only shake his head helplessly. "Even though we are innocent, they won't see it that way. If something happens to Gadel... trust me, his guards are capable of anything."

Putting himself in their shoes, he knew that if he were attacked and killed without finding the culprit, all the guards would be ordered to be buried with him. Now that Prince Gadel's guards were facing this situation, they didn't care about anything anymore.

Provoking them at this moment would be suicidal.

After listening to her younger brother's explanation, Iris nodded in agreement, and the group quickly left this dangerous place and returned to their respective rooms.

"Activate all the informants and conduct an investigation for me. I want to find out who in the Montiria Royal Family was foolish enough to commit such a senseless act."

Attacking one of the heirs to the throne? How foolish could that person be? Once Prince Gadel died in this attack, their aging father would be capable of anything. None of the princes would have a good life.

Thinking of this, Garrett angrily smashed the tea table next to him.

As for the hot spring, the entire room was filled with dust after the explosion.

Gadel, protected by his subordinates, was unharmed, but he looked disheveled. However, the intense explosion killed several secret guards who were standing in front of him.

"Capture the attackers and bring them to me. I want to tear them apart," Gadel roared with endless anger.

Upon receiving the order, the members of the secret guards instantly moved and disappeared from the spot in the blink of an eye. Suddenly, a shout came from the side.

"Leave one alive and search for clues!"

As figures gradually appeared, Matthew's disheveled appearance came into view.

At this moment, his clothes had been torn into strips of fabric, and blood stains were still flowing from his dirty face.

Gadel breathed a sigh of relief when he saw Matthew in this state. Matthew had not only saved his life but also was someone with a special identity himself. If Matthew had died here, it would have been a big problem for Gadel.

"Mr. Larson, are you alright?"

Matthew nodded to indicate that he was fine. "Just a few minor surface injuries."

Originally, he had the ability to dodge the rocket attack. At least he wouldn't be as embarrassed as he was now. However, he didn't expect someone to dare to attack him in Peterburg. Caught off guard, he dodged the attack but couldn't avoid the explosion's aftermath.

A dozen seconds later, the members of the secret guards returned to their original positions, holding several attackers whose limbs had been severed. To prevent them from taking poison to commit suicide, the secret guards dislocated their jaws.

"Mr. Larson, how should we deal with these people?"

As members of the secret guard, they understood the situation very well. Since these people had come to attack the prince in this manner, they were definitely frontline fighters who would never reveal any useful information. Interrogation would only be a waste of effort.

Matthew also understood their thoughts. In the midst of everyone's puzzled gaze, he calmly said, "Since I spared their lives, I naturally have a way to make them talk!"

As a Holy Doctor, if he didn't have these methods, how could he survive in the world?

With Matthew's words, everyone in the room, including Gadel and the thousands of guards, looked at him in disbelief.

The reputation of frontline fighters couldn't be earned for nothing.