

Chapter 2813 A Surprisingly Easy Battle

On Matthew's side, a combination of a surprise attack and overwhelming firepower, along with the destruction of all the enemy's heavy artillery, resulted in a complete landing in less than half an hour. After several rounds of artillery fire, more than half of General Weaver's troops were killed or injured. Now, with the protection of the Graham Family and the crown prince's party, he was advancing without any pressure.

From an initial state of fury, General Weaver had progressed to sweating profusely. The enemy's firepower was too strong. Even in a head-on battle, he admitted that he would not be able to defeat them. Moreover, the enemy had launched a surprise attack, and his troops had not reacted in time, resulting in thousands of casualties in just one encounter. What was even more infuriating was the presence of skilled snipers on the other side. His men were shot in the head within seconds of exposing themselves. The situation was completely one-sided.

"General, I've run out of elixir."

"General, I'm out too!"

Upon hearing those reports, he was speechless.

"Ah, shoot! Hurry up and get some ammunition from the arsenal. What's the point of telling me?"

He was furious and scolded his subordinates for their predicament.

"The enemy has blown up our arsenal."

The revelation left him momentarily speechless. Without the arsenal, how could they continue to fight? The news prompted the other subordinates to promptly think about withdrawing. Taking advantage of his momentary confusion, a few exchanged glances and quietly slipped out of the camp, instantly causing the already low morale to collapse.

When he regained his senses, the situation was already out of control. Only about twenty remained of the last hundred or so men around him. The situation was hopeless, and he was powerless to turn it around. By the time Matthew arrived at the camp, everyone had already been subdued by the crown prince. Tied up on the side, Daran widened his eyes when he saw Matthew. Was he the young man he had met at Enzo's villa not long ago?

"Daran, don't you recognize me? Didn't you say that a strong wind could easily capsize a boat? Isn't that prophecy coming true now?"

Daran was stunned and did not respond. He had indeed said that. He had simply disliked Matthew and Solon and had threatened them with a cold look before leaving. He did not expect retribution to come so quickly. What was even more unexpected was that this young man was so formidable that he had completely defeated General Weaver. Upon reflection, he could not resist the desire to give himself a good, solid slap. Why did he have to provoke him?

General Weaver also did not expect the fierce combat troop's leader to be such a young man.

"Who exactly are you? How dare you attack our forces at night. Do you have a death wish?"

Matthew smiled faintly and approached him.

"You're General Weaver, right? I've heard a lot about you. I'm Matthew Larson! As for why I'm here, I simply want to retrieve Jefford's belongings and the hostages you've taken. Since you won't give them to me, I'll have to take them myself."

General Weaver was stunned. "Is that all?"

Oh, come on! You destroyed my island base just for these small matters.

With resentment, he glared at Daran, wondering why the idiot had not investigated the enemy's background before intercepting the ship.

"Matthew Larson, right? Today, I was ambushed by you. I admit defeat. You can take the people and the belongings."

Having recognized this grudge, he was prepared to seize the opportunity and kill this brat.

Matthew smiled calmly. "We don't need you to remind us, General Weaver. We've already taken them. However, aside from taking back the task, I want to ask you for a favor."

A momentary pause gripped General Weaver's countenance. His men were either dead or injured, and his warships had all been blown up by the enemy. What valuable things could he possibly have left?

"What is your favor?"