

Chapter 2930 No, My Wife Bought It

During the wait for rescue, Solon took the opportunity to repeat his conversation with the black-robed man.

After listening, Matthew also wore a pensive expression. Based on their discussion, he essentially confirmed that these black-robed individuals were not affiliated with Seraphis.

Furthermore, this individual was haughty and disrespectful. He did not even acknowledge the Durham Family and the Montiria Royal Family, indicating that the entity backing him must be a formidable force.

However, even after Matthew ran through all the potential hostile factions in his mind, he still had no leads. While battling the black-robed man, he noticed that the opponent's moves seemed vaguely familiar, but he couldn't quite place them.

As he contemplated and analyzed, he suddenly felt a tug at his pants.

Upon turning around, Matthew gazed at Solon behind him, who was shivering from the cold.

"Matthew, can I borrow your coat? I'm freezing."

It was winter and he was drenched. He was already feeling extremely cold.

Matthew smiled kindly. "No. My wife bought it. There's only one in the world."

Solon sniffled. "But it's so cold. What if I catch a cold?"

At that moment, Matthew's expression turned serious.

"Don't worry. I'll have the best doctor in Cathay check on you. Even if you're half dead, I can still save you."

Solon's expression changed. "Darn it! When you let me boast about your heroic deeds in the Great Mountain earlier, you kept addressing me with respect. Now you're treating me like this. Are you being so pragmatic?"

The more he spoke, the tighter Matthew wrapped his coat around him. This coat was personally purchased by Sasha, with fifty percent insulation and maximum heartwarming properties. How could he allow someone else to wear it?

"What's the talk about being pragmatic? I saved your life! I took time out of my busy schedule to assist you. If I wasn't concerned about you being ambushed, I would have left long ago. Do you think it's worth freezing here with you?"

The cold mountain wind felt particularly biting.

"If you're feeling cold, go and strip them of their clothes. The fabric looks good. It must be genuine silk."

Solon looked to where Matthew's gaze was focused and it broke his defense instantly.

"Darn it, Matthew! Can't you act like a human being? Do you expect me to strip someone else's clothes to wear?"

"Well, there's nothing I can do then. You'll just have to freeze."

"We're friends. Can you bear to see me freezing?"

"I can bear it. Furthermore, you, little troublemaker, are not my friend."

"Darn it..."

Their banter injected some liveliness into the tranquil mountain forest.

Half an hour later, the crown prince dispatched a helicopter to transport Solon away upon receiving the message, while Matthew pursued the direction where the figure in the black robe had vanished on his own.

However, the rescue operation took too long. After searching for a while, Matthew saw no sign of the black robe, so he promptly headed back to Whitecloud Village.

Upon Matthew's return, Isambard approached and inquired, "Mr. Larson, what's wrong with Mr. Solon?"

He gestured toward Solon, who was bundled in three or four layers of blankets and sneezing incessantly on the bed.

"It's nothing. He's just feeling cold and caught a chill from the mountain wind blowing on him for too long. He'll be fine after drinking more hot water."

Isambard instinctively wanted to ask why Matthew wasn't treating Solon when Matthew was a Holy Doctor.

But upon noticing the mischievous grin on Matthew's face, he decided to suppress that curiosity and refrain from asking unnecessary questions.

"Matthew, achoo... achoo..."

After a few sneezes, Solon gazed at Matthew with a reproachful look.

"Didn't you say that you could bring back someone who's half dead even if they're in a coffin? Please hurry and help me get rid of this awful cold."