

Chapter 2932 The Rich Heirs' Threat

Lying in bed, Solon was shivering all over, his eyes red not because he was sick but because of the unbearable words from his fellow family members outside. He tightly clutched the blanket with both hands, his lips almost bleeding from biting them. Even the crown prince beside him couldn't help but look at Solon with sympathy; as someone who was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, he felt angry hearing those words.

Just as Solon was about to erupt in anger and take action, a hand suddenly appeared on his shoulder.

"What doesn't kill you makes you stronger. Your identity is an unchangeable fact; it's only when you are strong enough that others will shut up."

After hearing Matthew's comforting words, Solon's angry expression calmed down a bit, but his eyes were still red.

At that moment, Dorian and his group also entered the room.

"Mr. Larson, thank you for saving Solon. I am here on behalf of the family to express our gratitude. As for these people, they are Solon's siblings from the same group."

Matthew first secretly signaled Solon to calm down, then put on a smile and walked out of the room to greet the Durhams. "Mr. Durham, I have heard of your reputation. There's no need for thanks. Since we are partners, we should help each other."

When Matthew finished speaking, the group behind Dorian did indeed look around with disdainful eyes, especially when they saw the crown prince sitting on the side while tapping his legs. Several of them looked completely displeased. They were direct descendants of the Durhams, so how could this country bumpkin not stand up to greet them? How ignorant.

Just as Dorian was about to continue his pleasantries, Niall snorted. "How ignorant!"

Upon hearing this commotion, the crown prince set down his teacup but sat back down upon seeing Matthew's gesture.

"My friend, I'm not sure what I did wrong to displease you." Niall walked up boldly, ignoring Dorian's discreet signals. "Since we are partners and the Durhams are on your turf, you should protect their safety. The Durham basta—Solon may only be injured but what if something worse happens? Can you handle it? And don't call me your brother. You don't deserve it, Matthew!"

With that, he arrogantly raised his chin, glaring at Matthew with his nostrils flared.

"Exactly, Niall is right. If you don't have the strength, Matthew, then don't interfere in such big matters."

"It's because of your lack of strength that Solon was ambushed. If it were us Durhams in the lead, no one would dare to cause trouble."

Upon hearing this, Matthew roughly understood the intentions of these spoiled second-generation rich kids—to use Solon's injury as leverage to force him to hand over the leadership of the Great Mountain Revitalization Project. They were indeed a group of pampered rich kids.

Matthew did not answer them but just looked at Dorian with a meaningful smile. "Mr. Durham, is this your family's intention?"

After being asked that question, Dorian's face turned purple and green. Who would have thought that an unruly mainline descendant like Niall would dare to say such things? Even if the Durhams had this intention, they shouldn't have said it directly. What were they thinking?

"Mr. Larson, don't listen to their nonsense. We are here to cooperate sincerely, with the purpose to eradicate the Night Vines and make the villagers in the mountains live a more prosperous life."

Although he had behaved humbly, Niall became more and more dissatisfied.

"Uncle Dorian, why do we have to be so humble to this Matthew? He's just lucky. If it weren't for the Grahams backing him up, he would be worthless."