

Chapter 2935 Solon's Growth, The Beginning Of A Chess Player

Matthew couldn't keep leading Solon; the latter either could be a pawn forever or become a chess player. Besides, Matthew had no shortage of followers so if Solon wanted to engage in meaningful conversation with him as an equal, he needed to mature quickly.

Solon lay on the bed, staring blankly at the blanket while lost in thought. Images of his encounters with Matthew and the words spoken by him kept flashing through his mind. After a while, Solon lifted his head and gazed directly at Matthew.

"I now see my path clearly!"

Matthew didn't press for a specific response as he sensed the air of authority emanating from Solon and realized that the latter had truly matured at that moment.

The crown prince, however, remained perplexed. "What are you two discussing? I can't make sense of it at all!"

Matthew glanced at him then at Solon, and shook his head. Solon's growth stemmed from recognizing his potential in this realm and evolving under Matthew's guidance, but the crown prince might never be enlightened with his disposition.

"With your intellect, it's challenging for me to explain." After the jest, Matthew tossed a bottle of cold medicine to Solon and exited the room.

You're my brother, regardless of your growth. It doesn't matter!

The crown prince turned to Solon as Matthew departed. "Solon, why are you smiling? Are you mocking me?"

"Prince, you misunderstand. How could I dare?"

"Don't deny it, I see that smirk. Solon, you seem different. Why is that?"

"Prince, I am sincere—ouch, my hand, it's broken!"

Laughter filled the room.

Daytime came; the sky was clear, and figures toiled in the fields outside the village. The villagers worked diligently, embodying simplicity, solidity, and peace.

In the afternoon, a well-equipped hundred-person combat team arrived from the Durhams, accompanied by ten experts.

"I am Stanford Durham. We're here to protect Young Master Solon as instructed."

After a nod, Matthew summoned Solon, whose cold had vanished after taking the medicine and was revitalized.

"Matthew, I owe you. Thank you! We've delayed enough after one day and I must depart now. Next time you leave the mountains, I'll treat you and the prince to a drink." With a casual wave, he left with the team.

"Matthew, why does he owe you?"

Matthew explained, "The Durhams sent this group not just to protect Solon but to send a message to me. If Solon wishes to continue our collaboration, he must act as the intermediary."

The crown prince nodded. "It's complex and not as straightforward as wielding a gun. And why does Solon seem sharper to me?"

Matthew rolled his eyes at the sarcasm. "That's your imagination as he's still a fool! Let's prepare. Many tasks await us at our next destination."

As the sun set, casting long shadows, Solon's convoy sped towards their destination. Little did they know that a future leader had begun his ascent.