

Chapter 2947 The Beauties of Goldton

The following day, Isambard's promised supplies arrived, forming a convoy of trucks laden with grain crates.

The crown prince and Paintaker exchanged uneasy glances, startled by the sheer abundance before them.

The staggering amount of grain hinted at substantial expense, catching them off guard with Isambard's unexpected generosity.

Even Matthew, eyebrow raised, couldn't ignore the significance of the surplus. To him, Isambard's lavish gesture seemed dubious, likely harboring ulterior motives.

What could it be? Matthew's mind raced, connecting recent events to this sudden abundance. Could Isambard be linked to the Night Vine industry, or is there another scheme at play?

In a moment of clarity, Matthew's face transformed with a chilling smile, signaling a newfound understanding.

This time, Isambard went all out to attract Matthew's attention. He was afraid that if Matthew thought he didn't send enough stuff, he would skip the invitation. Only when Matthew's attention was elsewhere could he smuggle stuff out.

Isambard pulled out all the stops to grab Matthew's attention this time. He feared if he didn't send enough, Matthew might blow off the invitation. Only when Matthew was distracted could he sneak goods out.

As the dinner party approached, Matthew followed Isambard's instructions and headed to the Royal Goldton hotel. It was among the province's few luxury spots.

The hotel's real claim to fame wasn't its food, though. It was the Goldton Beauties, the bar girls.

These ladies were top-tier beauties, each with their own allure. Some were curvy, some had grace, some were innocent, while others were downright captivating. Clad in body-hugging dresses, they were a sight to behold, capable of driving any man wild.

As Matthew arrived, the beauties greeted him warmly. "Welcome, esteemed guest," they chimed in unison. They had heard of Matthew's return, and upon spotting him, they hastened to extend their welcome.

Their approach was impeccable. The subtle touch and delicate scent left the crown prince speechless, his eyes wide with surprise. Witnessing this, Paintaker blushed furiously, unable to meet anyone's gaze, mumbling softly to himself.

Sensing Paintaker's discomfort, a few of the ladies were on the verge of teasing him. However, before they could, a mature laughter filled the air.

"Ah, Mr. Larson, you've made it," came the jovial voice.

Matthew recognized the figure immediately—none other than Isambard, the evening's host. He offered a slight smile and nod in acknowledgment. Despite the captivating presence of the ladies, he remained composed, his expression unchanged.

Observing Matthew's indifferent demeanor, Isambard couldn't conceal his surprise. He found it astonishing that Matthew showed no interest in the charming company.

His eyebrows lifted in disbelief. Isambard privately admitted that even he would have shown some reaction in Matthew's shoes, confronted with such beauty.

Matthew's youth and composure in the midst of allure left Isambard impressed. It was a testament to his remarkable patience and restraint, qualities not often found in others.

"Isambard, heard you've got something up your sleeve for me?"

Isambard's smile bordered on flattering as he replied, "Absolutely!" He motioned for them to proceed, extending a hand. "After you!"

Matthew acknowledged with a nod, leading Paintaker and the crown prince toward the private chamber.

The ladies had been teasing Paintaker, and Matthew's invitation was his ticket out of there. He seized it eagerly. The crown prince, however, appeared disgruntled, casting a lingering glance at the beauties before reluctantly following to the private room.

Isambard's smirk revealed his amusement at how easily the trio fell for his scheme.