

Chapter 2949 Action

With a clap, the door swung open, revealing a graceful and elegant lady entering.

Matthew immediately recognized her as Wisteria Stubber, the eldest daughter of the Stubber family, who had once looked down on him.

Under Isambard's directive, she had come to offer her apologies.

Wisteria lightly bit her lip, a hint of tears shimmering in her eyes. She clenched her hand tightly, her nails digging into her flesh.

A wave of emotions washed over her—embarrassment, frustration, and something indefinable, almost like shock.

Matthew chuckled at the sight. "What's with the stare? Go ahead and pour him some wine," Isambard nudged.

Wisteria's cheeks flushed deeper as she shyly approached Matthew, head slightly bowed.

Expecting a simple pour, Matthew raised his glass in anticipation.

To his surprise, Wisteria dropped to her knees, nuzzling against Matthew's leg like an affectionate puppy.

Once proud and haughty, now she feigned composure to serve him, leaving Matthew feeling bemused.

Is this the influence of authority?

After a round of praise, Wisteria finally filled Matthew's glass.

Seeing her offering the bottle with a mixture of nerves and grace, Matthew couldn't help but smile knowingly.

Propping his chin with one hand, he extended the glass. Witnessing this, the crown prince burst into laughter, much to Wisteria's embarrassment.

"Matthew, remember when she used to look down on you? Now she's serving you wine! Realized her mistake, huh?"

Teased by the crown prince, Wisteria blushed furiously, on the brink of tears. Her embarrassment peaked, a pang of something gnawing at her heart.

In that moment, Matthew offered a gentle smile, gesturing for the crown prince to cease. He then reached out, tenderly stroking Wisteria's head. "Alright, you can get up now."

As Wisteria gazed into Matthew's handsome face, and felt his warm touch, a strange sensation surged through her, her heart racing uncontrollably.

Tears cascaded down her exquisite face, regret consuming her. She lamented her past arrogance, realizing the poor impression she'd left on Matthew.

As bitterness swelled within her, the Stubbers watched in astonishment.

Was this the same haughty young woman they knew? Her newfound obedience was startling!

Observing his granddaughter's vulnerability, Isambard swiftly intervened, offering a smile and a toast.

In an instant, laughter and merriment enveloped the dinner table.

Amidst the dinner's façade, Isambard's planted men in Thorneville sprang into action.

"Sending us on this errand seems like a waste of our skills," one remarked disdainfully.

"Agreed. Back when I worked as a spy in Cathay, these villagers were just snotty brats," the other concurred.

These were Isambard's trusted insiders in Thorneville. Their nonchalant chatter belied their vigilant eyes, scanning the surroundings without pause.

Behind them, shadowy figures hurriedly set up TNT. Time was of the essence, their opportunity fleeting as Isambard entertained Matthew.

Once the dinner concluded, the fate of this shipment hung in the balance. And then, a flicker of intensity lit up their eyes.