

Chapter 2950 Near Crisis

Under the veil of a moonless sky, darkness reigned supreme, cloaking the landscape in obscurity.

In the distance, headlights pierced the night, prompting the men's eyes to narrow with apprehension.

With a swift, practiced motion, they readied their firearms, prepared for any eventuality. Even the henchmen paused in their task, hands poised over their weapons.

From the shadows emerged submachine guns, gleaming ominously in the dim light, their purpose clear.

Their strategy hung in the balance, teetering between covert success and open conflict. Plan A offered a chance at discretion, but Plan B stood ready for confrontation, risking all to ensure the cargo's delivery.

Yet, with danger lurking at every turn, success remained uncertain, failure a grim possibility. And in this treacherous game, discovery meant certain death at Isambard's hands.

Tension thickened as ominous thoughts swirled. If only Old Master Cosby were here, they'd sense the danger looming! The flames crept nearer, casting eerie shadows.

Palms slick with sweat, beads trickling down their brows, they faced the firelight's glow. Three figures emerged, youthful and bold. "What's the holdup? Why no fire on this chilly night?" The leader, Moby Kingston, hailed from Thorneville, a fresh face in the prince's ranks.

Moby caught the group's strained looks and the furtive hands. Realization dawned, a shock coursing through him like lightning.

Isambard's lieutenants tensed, resisting the urge to draw their guns. A silent standoff ensued, the air charged with unseen threats.

"We're just taking a walk, nothing more," Isambard's trusted man spoke up, masking his intentions. He vowed silently to act if Moby's crew made a move.

Moby sensed the tension but deflected it. "Sure, but next time, bring a torch. It's pitch black out here," he said, guiding his men away.

As they watched Moby's crew depart, Isambard's lieutenants relaxed, exchanging relieved glances. "Matthew's crew isn't all that," they muttered once the coast was clear.

Little did they know. After Moby and his companions walked away, they immediately extinguished the torch. "You go inform Young Master Larson about this, and we'll monitor the movements of these people here!"

"Stay sharp!" With no room for debate, they exchanged swift words and divided into pairs.

Moby and his companion crept back, huddling behind a boulder. Peering out, they watched Isambard's crew, hearts racing. Suddenly, they sucked in a sharp breath as they witnessed the men handling TNT.

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While the crown prince fielded a call, he made no effort to conceal it, adopting a nonchalant demeanor.

His eyes widened in disbelief as he absorbed the report from his subordinate. Moments later, he approached Matthew, wearing a puzzled expression.

"What's up?" Matthew's brow creased in concern.

Without delay, the crown prince leaned in and divulged the startling news.

The Stubbers reacted with astonishment. What's going on?

Isambard's unease deepened as he grasped the truth.

Matthew's suspicions about the dinner party intensified upon receiving this new information, connecting the dots swiftly.