

Chapter 2951 Situation Changes

While the crown prince fretted, Matthew merely offered a faint smile. "Let's wait for the right moment to keep an eye on Thorneville. I'm curious about Isambard's game plan."

With a casual wave, he dismissed the commotion. "Okay, enough fuss. Let's get back and take our seats."

Isambard's tension eased at Matthew's words. He'd been on edge, thinking he'd concealed everything too well for discovery.

Their interaction diffused the tension, and the dinner resumed its course. Amidst rounds of drinks, the crown prince announced an urgent departure, citing other commitments.

Had it been Paintaker or another, Isambard might've raised an eyebrow. But from the crown prince? Nothing seemed amiss.

After all, the crown prince lacked guile, wielded a sharp tongue, and exuded carefree vibes. Most would concur.

Fearful of tipping off the adversary, Isambard refrained from assigning anyone to tail the crown prince.

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Exiting the hotel, the crown prince dialed Fitz without delay.

"Get our crew on those folks' tail, and make sure they're ready to encircle Thorneville," he instructed succinctly.

His plan? Straightforward. Force the culprits out into the open.

Fitz wasted no time, rallying the men to action per the crown prince's orders.

Before reaching Thorneville, they encountered a puzzling sight: camouflaged vans packed with armed figures.

Fitz scoffed at the sight. C'mon, Matthew's our boss, future big shot of the region. What's there to fear?

At first, resistance flickered, but Fitz and his squad swiftly subdued them.

Following intense questioning, Fitz verified these were mercenaries hired by Isambard.

The crown prince, taken aback, dialed Matthew promptly.

Matthew's suspicions confirmed, he grinned at Isambard, a glint in his eye. "You surprised me today, Isambard. Just wait for my retaliation."

At Matthew's words, Isambard shivered inexplicably.

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Before long, Fitz intercepted a convoy of eight armed vans, accompanied by a mysterious truck whose purpose eluded them.

Meanwhile, Moby and his crew rang the crown prince. "Boss, these guys messed up the village..."

They'd tailed Isambard's henchmen to a secret stash. The sight of seven tons of Night Vine left them speechless, despite their Thorneville roots.

Shaking off their astonishment, they swiftly informed the crown prince.

"Great work! You nailed it this time!" With that, the crown prince swiftly ended the call.

Had it not been for the TNT revelation, he'd have commended them further, promising to inform Matthew.

That, however, could wait. Upon hearing the news, the crown prince raced to Thorneville. Taking charge, he led the charge into the heart of the town.

Delmont, puzzled by the sudden visit, wondered about the crown prince's intentions. Before he could decipher it, the prince and his entourage surged towards the spot Moby had identified.

Isambard's workers, caught off guard, panicked at the sight of the crown prince and his crew.

"Time to hustle, folks!" But before they could react, the crown prince's gesture spurred them into action, propelling them forward in a flurry of movement.