

## Chapter 2952 Breakthrough

Facing the crown prince and his well-armed crew caught Isambard's men off guard. Their lightweight weapons paled against the prince's advanced arsenal.

With the element of surprise on the prince's side, the skirmish swiftly tilted in his favor. Except for a fortunate few, Isambard's forces were decimated, and his closest aides captured.

After the clash, the crown prince phoned Matthew. "It's done, Matthew!"

As the dinner wound down, Matthew hung up and observed Isambard's strained smile. "You seem off, Isambard. Need a check-up?" he teased, a smirk playing on his lips.

Isambard shook his head, but inwardly, he panicked. Unable to reach his confidants, doubts crept in. When Matthew asked about post-dinner plans, Isambard, puzzled, shook his head instinctively.

"Alright, follow me. Remember that 'surprise' I mentioned?" Matthew grinned.

Isambard caught the glint in Matthew's eye, a sinking feeling gripping his chest. They exited the hotel to find a helicopter ready and waiting.

Isambard's heart raced. Why a helicopter at this hour? Then it hit him. The last thing he wanted. Could it be...

Dread consumed Isambard as fear gnawed at him.

"Let's go." Matthew's smile widened, gesturing for Isambard to board the helicopter.

Resigned to his fate, Isambard forced a bitter smile, clenched his jaw, and boarded the chopper. As the rotor blades whirred to life, his heart raced, knowing their destination: Thorneville.

Yet, a flicker of hope remained. He swallowed hard and rasped, "What's this surprise you've got?"

Upon touchdown, Matthew chuckled, a sharp gleam in his eyes. "You should already guess, right?"

Isambard's surprise faded, replaced by feigned ignorance. "I'm clueless."

"You had to play hardball, Isambard," Matthew retorted, a hint of reproach in his voice.

Brushing aside Isambard, Matthew strode towards the stronghold, torchlight painting the ground. Isambard quivered, confronting an undeniable truth.

As the helicopter touched down, Matthew descended gracefully, contrasting sharply with Isambard's stumble. The crown prince, Fitz, and their entourage drew near, unveiling the cache of seven tons of Night Vine.

"Matthew, I've nabbed all of Isambard's cronies in South Mountain. Want me to round up his lieutenants too?"