

Chapter 2958 Yosemite

A sly smile curled Tigre's lips as his beastly, bloodthirsty eyes gleamed with a chilling light.

Even if Thorneville allied with them now, it would hold no significance.

The only viable option was to set an example, disrupting Matthew's momentum of village subjugation.

It was a clever strategy to restrain Matthew and deter any heroics.

As for the execution? Simple. Eliminate all of Matthew's supporters.

"Hey, tell the soldiers to back off and ignore Sage's orders from now on!" Tigre ordered his lackey, his tone firm.

The lackey hesitated, taken aback by the command and Tigre's intense gaze.

As he turned to leave, Tigre interjected, "And make sure Sage doesn't catch wind of it, or..."

Tigre's ominous tone hung in the air, leaving a chilling effect on all present.

"Got it," the lackey affirmed.

If Sage got wind of this, he'd be livid. Despite his dedication, his boss seemed keen on his removal.

Once the lackey had left, Tigre gestured for everyone to leave, leaving him alone in the hall.

Picking up a gilded phone adorned with sparkling gems, he dialed a number. After a moment of silence, a voice answered.

"Who's calling?" The voice was gruff and cold, akin to a viper poised to strike.

"Mr. Yosemite, long time no speak," Tigre greeted, a name that would shock any henchmen listening in.

On the other end was the leader of the renowned Apostle Mercenaries, a top-ranked group in the realm.

The Apostle Mercenaries were renowned for their well-equipped fighters, seasoned from countless battles—a reputation earned through bloodshed. Hence the name, Apostle Mercenaries.

"What's the job?" came the inquiry.

"Easy. I need that village wiped out; we can talk compensation," Tigre replied.

The exchange was brief. Upon hearing the target was a mere village, evident dissatisfaction emanated from the other end.

"I thought you had bigger fish to fry, like the Montiria royal family, not some backwater village..."

Tigre understood the implied message. For such a minor task, they were unwilling to proceed unless the price was increased!

He sneered in response. "I've been clear. You'll be pleased with the price. Let's say, five hundred..."

As they reached an agreement, Tigre remembered something. "If things escalate, watch out for a guy named Matthew."

Before Tigre could finish, Yosemite interrupted, "Got it. Hands off him, right?"

Tigre was taken aback. "How did you know?"

Yosemite cut to the chase, "Saw it on TV. He's becoming a saint in Cathay, tied to big shots. Best to steer clear."

Tigre frowned. Yosemite's praise for their enemies didn't sit well with him.

As the sixth guardian of the Durhams, he prided himself on his youth and exceptional skill, refusing to entertain the notion of someone superior.

After a brief moment of contemplation, unable to refute the statement, he simply nodded in agreement.

"Now that you're briefed, get it done," he concluded, ending the call.