

## Chapter 2964 The End of the Fight

At the same time, at the foot of the mountain.

Alton, who was covered in wounds, with clothes torn to shreds, staggered down the slope.

He was lucky enough to survive the first rain of bullets and managed to escape from the mountain, clinging to his life.

"Boss, oh my poor boss!"

He ran and cried, his voice hoarse. He hated Matthew to the core. If it weren't for Matthew, Delmont would not have surrendered to anyone.

If Delmont had not surrendered to Matthew, Thorneville would still be growing Night Vine, the profit would not be messed with, and none of this would've happened.

The thought of that filled Alton with hatred. "I'll make you pay dearly, Matthew!" he spat.

As he walked, he began to think about where his future lay. And then he remembered someone. Tigre.

The firearms and Night Vine trade of Thorneville had always been under his purview. At that time, Tigre had a high opinion of him, even showing hints of trying to poach him. But he refused.

"Now that Matthew has meddled in Tigre's affairs, Tigre must hate him. Perhaps I should..."

With a flash of determination in his eyes, Alton staggered toward the direction of the Durhams' residence.

He would seek refuge with the Durhams first, make good use of Tigre's connections, and eradicate Matthew!

...

Matthew and his reinforcements arrived at Thorneville. He thought they would be facing a fierce battle.

To his surprise, Thorneville had already wiped out the mercenary group and captured the deputy commander!

This left Matthew slightly astonished. When they arrived, they found Delmont interrogating the deputy commander.

"Are you going to spit it out, or won't you?" Delmont roared mercilessly as he cracked his whip at the deputy commander.

"Please, please stop hitting me. I don't know who paid us. The commander is the only one who contacts the employer, and no one else is allowed to know their identity!"

The deputy commander cried out. His expression of despair mixed with heartbreak did not seem like an act.

"You still won't talk? I'll break you!" Delmont seemed genuinely enraged, but it was understandable.

After all, the mercenary group had killed so many of Thorneville's people. If it weren't for the fact that the deputy commander still had value, he would have killed him long ago.

"Let it go. I don't think he knows anything." Matthew's voice came from behind.

"Young Master Larson." Delmont stopped his actions and respectfully responded to Matthew.

"What do you think about this matter?" Matthew asked.

Delmont fell into deep thought. Matthew didn't rush him, waiting for him to speak.

After a moment, Delmont seemed to have made a decision. He slowly raised his head and looked at Matthew.

"Young Master Larson, I suspect that all of this was orchestrated by Tigre, sixth protector of the Durhams."

"Oh?" Matthew raised an eyebrow in response.

I'm representing the Martial League to deal with the Night Vine case. How dare Tigre attack my territory? Matthew looked puzzled.

Delmont quickly stepped forward and told Matthew in detail about the military trade between Thorneville and Tigre, as well as the goods trade.

He also reported to Matthew that Sage had acted as a mediator.

Matthew fell into contemplation.

At this moment, the crown prince spoke up. "Delmont, I think you must have misunderstood. If they have sent someone here as a mediator, why would they lay hands on you?"

Delmont shook his head, smiling bitterly. He had thought about the same thing before.

"I have encountered Tigre before, and I kinda know his personality."