

Chapter 2966 Anger of Isambard

When Isambard eventually caught wind of the news, he would naturally connect everything that happened in Thorneville to the destruction of his goods.

Isambard would think the mercenaries attacked Thorneville for the goods. If not for that, it was difficult to understand why a group of mercenaries would attack a small village.

By then, Isambard would be furious and trace the mastermind behind the Apostle Mercenaries.

Although the Stubbers might not be as powerful as the Durhams, they still found it within their capabilities to hunt for the mastermind behind the Apostle Mercenaries.

This was Matthew's plan to pit his enemies against each other. The three of them consisting of the crown prince, Danny, and Delmont were stunned after hearing what Matthew had in store.

"That's Matthew for you. Only he can brainstorm such a cunning plan. Oh no, it's wise!" the crown prince quickly flattered, but halfway through, he seemed to realize something was wrong and quickly spoke up.

Danny remained silent while Delmont looked admiring, even a bit gleeful.

"You're wise! Let them fight each other!"

Matthew wasted no time and quickly ordered Danny to lead the deputy commander and a group of people claiming to be Apostle Mercenaries to where Isambard hid his goods.

Without a word, they took out gasoline and poured it all over the warehouse. Then, they took out a lighter and lit it gently.

A snake of fire rose along the gasoline on the ground. Shortly after, the entire warehouse was engulfed in flames, and black smoke billowed in the air.

Isambard's scouts watched from afar.

They blanched as if they had seen a ghost. After a long time, someone finally reached out a trembling hand and called Isambard.

Eventually, Isambard's impatient voice came from the other end of the phone. "Hello? What's going on?"

He'd been impatient with these scouts the moment Matthew found his stash in Thorneville. His hidden goods wouldn't have been discovered if it weren't for these useless subordinates.

"Something terrible has happened!"

Isambard couldn't help but raise an eyebrow. Something terrible happened? What else could be considered a big deal? The goods are discovered.

"What happened?" he asked instinctively.

"The goods have all been destroyed in a fire!"

"What did you say?" When he heard this, Isambard felt his heart sink to the bottom of his belly. "Tell me!" he almost roared.

The scout felt like he might die if he repeated himself. "The goods have all been burned! All seven tons of it!"

Isambard felt everything around him spin, and he slumped onto his chair. "Who has such nerve to burn my goods! Is it Matthew?"

"No, it's a group of mercenaries called the Apostle Mercenaries."

"How dare a group of mercenaries burn my goods! I want to know who their backer is!"

Isambard's eyes were bloodshot, and he was on the verge of losing his mind. But fortunately, he still held onto a last shred of sanity.

He knew that a mere group of mercenaries would never dare to touch his goods easily! After hanging up the phone, Isambard didn't say a word.

He swung his arm and summoned all the armed forces his family had been training. Helicopters flew out of the residence, followed closely by a line of transport vehicles, and even missile launchers could be faintly seen!

They marched aggressively toward Thorneville.

Soon, they encountered a group of people led by Yosemite waiting at the foot of the mountain.

Yosemite was startled when he saw them. Just as he was about to approach and inquire about their intentions, Isambard's men roared, "Open fire! Don't leave anyone alive!"