

## Chapter 2967 The Fall of the Stubbers

Yosemite was stunned.

What is happening? I don't know these people. Why are they attacking me? There was no time to ponder on these questions.

Following Isambard's orders, the Stubbers' armed forces immediately opened fire. Missiles and shells poured down like a storm.

The loud explosions reverberated for miles. Even those in Thorneville heard the roars of the gunfire and missiles.

"Young Master Larson saw this coming miles away!" Although Delmont was praising Matthew, his expression was unpleasant.

As the head of Thorneville, he was aware of the many watchful eyes within the stronghold. However, he never anticipated that news of the burning of Isambard's goods would spread quickly, leading to a swift response.

This matter embarrassed him as a leader.

"You're not handling things well. Isambard's men are passing information right under your nose, and you're oblivious to it." The crown prince couldn't resist mocking at this point. He had always been someone who could mock others.

Delmont's face paled. Observing this, Matthew patted Delmont on the shoulder and offered a knowing smile.

"You couldn't help it."

Delmont was reassured hearing that. By this time, the battle at the mountain's base was nearing its conclusion.

Despite the formidable strength of the Apostle Mercenaries, they were ultimately just mercenaries.

Confronted with the fierce retaliation from the Stubbers, they swiftly surrendered. Shortly after, the mercenary group was destroyed.

Only their captain remained, and he was currently bound to a chair.

"Who ordered you to burn my goods?" Isambard's expression was fierce, his eyes filled with malice, as he spoke coldly.

"No comment!" Yosemite snorted and spat at Isambard.

"Very well, then." Isambard's smile turned chilling. With that, he aimed his gun at Yosemite's knee and fired!

A despairing scream echoed far and wide.

"Will you talk now?" Isambard inquired once more.

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Soon, Yosemite divulged the information.

Upon learning that Tigre had orchestrated the act, Isambard's complexion paled. He was somewhat incredulous.

And then his face fell, turning into a brooding mask.

Isambard knew the Durhams held significant power in Seraphis. If they chose to attack him, he had no choice but to yield.

After a long pause, he sighed deeply, appearing to age ten years. "It appears that my family can no longer retain a cut of the profit, can it?"

He dared not retaliate against Tigre. Instead, he gritted his teeth and decided to let the matter slide even though he was livid.

Although Tigre instigated the incident this time, Isambard knew that it was likely with the Durhams' support. "Since the Durhams no longer wish for my family to keep this cut, I'll have to throw it away."

After a prolonged period, Isambard sighed deeply and resolved to sell off his remaining stock, withdrawing entirely from the Night Vine business.

After the turmoil subsided, Delmont commenced the cleanup efforts within the stronghold. The stronghold's infrastructure had suffered extensive damage during the conflict.

Numerous lives were lost. Of particular concern to Delmont was the disappearance of his close friend, Alton.

Observing this, the crown prince consoled Delmont with great sensitivity. "He's likely dead. Don't worry about him."

Delmont had no idea what to say to that 'consolation.'

When Matthew witnessed the scene, he decided to use his power as the Commercial Union's chairman to offer unconditional support to Thorneville.

Upon learning that Matthew was planning to offer unconditional support to Thorneville, Delmont's eyes widened, and tears filled his eyes.

Then, he collapsed onto his knees of Matthew. "Young Master Larson, you are now the savior of me... No, the whole of Thorneville!"