

Chapter 2971 Be Tactful

Following the thunderous crack of the gunshot, Warrick remained immobile in sheer astonishment, beads of sweat trickling down his forehead.

It felt as though the bullet had whispered death across his temple.

He was just a hair's breadth away from death.

In an instant, every guard present aimed their weapons at Matthew and the crown prince.

However, the crown prince, unfazed by the situation, showed only disdain in his eyes. He twirled his gun and casually dispelled the smoke.

"My apologies, Mr. Warrick, if my poor marksmanship startled you," he said confidently. "Rest assured, my aim shall not falter next time!"

With a chilling gaze, he regarded Isambard and his son as if they were already defeated.

"You—"

Just as Warrick was about to retort, a reproachful voice intervened.

"Shut your mouth. You've done more harm than good." Isambard kicked Warrick to the ground, then turned to dismiss the guards. "And all of you, holster your firearms and leave!"

Once the guards had departed, Isambard immediately put on a warm smile again.

"Young Master Larson, please take a seat! The youngster doesn't know any better. Don't lower yourself to his level."

With that, he poured tea and served it to Matthew and the crown prince.

After sipping the tea, Matthew raised an eyebrow at Warrick and remarked, "Learn from your father more. That's how you survive longer."

Despite being almost as old as the crown prince's father, Warrick felt disgruntled being lectured by someone younger.

However, under his father's stern gaze, he meekly retracted his neck and bowed his head in silence.

Matthew observed this with a cold smile. How could such a shrewd man like Isambard have raised such an ignorant youngster?

"The Stubber Family's recent growth has been remarkable! It seems like you're taking over the entire market of Concordia."

Isambard's expression changed as he glared at Warrick with anger. This brat really talked too much!

"Young Master Larson, you flatter us. Our family owes much of our success to your influence. Without it, even fifty years of effort wouldn't have brought us here." His face was filled with flattery as his old hands anxiously fidgeted.

Matthew tapped the table lightly. "No need to be jittery, Mr. Stubber. We're just here for a courtesy visit. After all, it's your family that has provided us with the office space and accommodation for the Commerce and Martial Dual Alliance."

Matthew's tone was genuine, devoid of any irony.

However, the more genuine he was, the more uneasy Isambard felt.

Is the matter with Night Vines just going to be brushed under the rug like this?

Isambard entertained this query and promptly dismissed the naive notion from his mind.

With a concerned expression, he cautiously broached the subject.

"Young Master Larson, regarding the Night Vines incident, I erred in judgment. I vow that my family will never traffic in those hazardous substances again."

Matthew smiled faintly. "Isambard, I'm glad you've come to this realization. By the way, since you brought up the matter, it reminds me of something. Could you enlighten me on which forces are involved in the profit chain of Night Vines?"

At this, Isambard's complexion immediately paled.

Noticing this, Matthew stood up directly and declared, "Isambard, it's just between the four of us present. I won't let any information slip out." Having said that, he leaned in and listened attentively.

After a moment of silence from Isambard, Matthew surprisingly showed no signs of anger. Instead, he wore a delighted smile.

"Alright, I understand. Since you're hesitant to discuss it, I won't press further. We came today mainly to inquire about your well-being, Mr. Stubber. Now that we see you're fine, we shall take our leave."