

## Chapter 2972 The Worried Isambard

The crown prince found himself somewhat surprised. He had anticipated Matthew's visit to be a lesson for them.

Does it really end like this?

Isambard was overjoyed to receive such an outcome, and a huge burden was lifted off his heart.

Yet, the surreal turn of events left him uneasy, especially Matthew's calm smile—it made him nervous as if something was unsettling beneath the surface.

"Thank you for your understanding, Young Master Larson!"

Although he knew of many forces involved, he dared not speak out; the cost of betrayal was too high.

"Young Master Larson, let me escort you out!"

At that moment, Isambard wished for Matthew's departure. Every moment spent with him made Isambard feel uneasy.

He sensed a looming threat hanging over him, ready to strike at any moment.

As they walked a few steps, Matthew stopped abruptly.

"Isambard, I will leave you here. The development of Concordia still relies on your planning. When the Martial League office is established, I hope you will join me for the inauguration ceremony."

In the past, Isambard would have been ecstatic to hear this, but now he was more worried. "Thank you, Young Master Larson, for honoring our Stubber Family with such recognition."

After Matthew and his companion left, Isambard's joyful expression vanished, replaced by deep concern.

"Father, as I've told you, our Stubber Family now holds a prominent position in Concordia. We are the very foundation of the Dual Alliance. There's no need for you to worry."

Warrick's confidence grew with his words, and he almost jumped on the table in excitement.

However, Isambard looked disappointed.

"Shut up. Our accomplishments are attributed to the Commerce and Martial Dual Alliance. In opportune moments, even the least expected can thrive. You must understand, it's not our family that made the Dual Alliance, but the other way around."

After venting his frustrations, Isambard felt a slight sense of relief as the pent-up tension in his heart began to ease.

"For the next few days, transfer some of the family's assets out," he instructed.

Warrick appeared puzzled. "Why?"

"You don't need to know so much. Just do as I say," Isambard replied.

Seeing his father's serious expression, Warrick didn't dare to ask further. He nodded obediently.

Meanwhile, after leaving the Stubbers Mansion, the crown prince couldn't hold back any longer.

"Matthew, Isambard stocked Night Vines and tried to frame us. Are we letting this slide?"

Matthew smirked. "Let it slide? Of course not."

Confused, the crown prince asked, "Then, why didn't we act earlier?"

"With just those few bodyguards, I could have handled them myself!" Matthew shrugged and glanced back at the Stubbers Mansion. "After all, the Stubber Family is the foundation of our Alliance. Directly crushing them would seem like overkill and tarnish our reputation. In martial arts, there's more than just fighting—politics and relationships matter."

The crown prince scratched his head, utterly baffled by Matthew's words.

"Matthew, what do you mean? So, are we going to deal with the Stubber Family or not?"

It seemed like a dilemma between sparing or destroying them.

"Deal? Certainly, but not directly. Forget it. Explaining it to you won't help. Do me a favor and take care of a few things."

With a meaningful look, Matthew leaned in and whispered something to the crown prince.

The crown prince's eyes sparkled as he listened. "Wow, Matthew, you're so cunning. Hehe, but I like it."

A cold glint flashed in the crown prince's eyes.

And thus, the visit to the Stubber Family stirred a storm!