

## Chapter 3007 Princess Maria's Curse

The following day, the tragedy of Princess Maria was made public. Most of the civilians assumed that Princess Maria's curse had struck once more. However, that wasn't the case for the affluent families. When they heard the news, their faces changed at the thought of so many dead in just one night.

"Matthew's ruthless. He struck without a second thought. Several people couldn't even keep their meals in their stomachs after one look at that gory sight."

"I thought Mortimer's methods were brutal. I see now that Matthew is worse."

"Still, it's good news for us. These mercenaries and assassins have been lurking in Seraphis in the shadows, instilling fear among us. At least now we can sleep at night without worrying that we'll wake up in the afterlife."

Matthew was calmly preparing nourishing congee for two patients in the middle of the chaos.

When Fitz entered the room, he immediately noticed the pale and sunken-eyed crown prince and Solon. The two looked as if their souls had left their bodies.

"What's up with them?" Fitz inquired curiously.

Matthew didn't even bother turning around. Instead, he continued to focus on the congee in the pot and replied nonchalantly, "Oh, it's nothing. These young men here decided they were too strong for advice. What you're seeing now is the result of their actions. They saw something they shouldn't have and ended up like that."

Solon couldn't help but feel exasperated when he heard Matthew's comment. He had initially heeded Matthew's advice and had no intention of boarding the ship to seize the spoils of war. Unfortunately, he fell for the crown prince's persuasion, who claimed that there were several high-quality equipment ripe for the taking in the banquet hall, and... rashly decided to believe the man.

After that... Well, there's nothing after. There's just this and me paying for listening to the crown prince's claims!

Fitz looked at the two men's sorry state and felt a pang of sympathy for the crown prince for just a brief moment.

"Matthew, Mortimer called. He told you to call him when you're free."

"Got it!"

Matthew paused and handed the ladle to Fitz. Then, he instructed, "Keep stirring and turn off the heat in 10 minutes. Make them eat it."

"Sure thing, Matthew. Go about your business. You can leave this to me."

Matthew nodded and went to the hall to answer the call.

"Mortimer, what's the matter?"

"You really did go all the way to make an impression, huh?"

Matthew smiled faintly as he replied, "Mortimer, no method is too bloody for people like them. Being kind to them is being cruel to yourself."

Mortimer agreed readily as he said, "Too true! I wouldn't have bothered if I knew you had a plan in place. I almost tarnished my reputation. Now everyone's calling me a psycho!"

Matthew could only smile wryly at Mortimer's complaints.

"I was careless. I had too much on my plate and lost track of things. I initially wanted to provoke them, draw them out, and investigate them before eliminating them. I didn't expect to make you worry. My bad! Mortimer, let me know when you pay Concordia a visit! I'll treat you to a drink as a token of apology!"

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Although Matthew was on cloud nine over a job well down, Zedbar was frothing at the mouth.

The organizations that had fallen victim to the Princess Maria incident were demanding hefty compensation for the missing information.

"D\*mn it! Those incompetent ingrates! They can't even get a simple task done. They deserved to be wiped out. Yet, they have the audacity to ask me for compensation? Tell them that they won't receive a single penny until they fulfill their mission!"

Zedran's face had turned puce due to sheer rage upon hearing the outcome of the battle.

He had warned Zedbar over and over again not to take things too far. He had made it very clear that Zedbar was allowed to screw with Matthew but not harm the man's family.

Considering what had happened, it was more than obvious that Zedbar paid no heed to his advice. He was solely focused on gaining an upper hand on Matthew and Seraphis.

"He's planting the seeds of ruination for our family! To make matters worse, the assassin organizations are baying for blood over the loss of manpower!"

"Butler? Take 10 billion and locate those organizations involved in this incident. Provide it to them as compensation."

Zedran felt drained as he watched the butler depart.

The fourth prince was undeniably adept in politics. Sadly, he lacked the cunning and strategic foresight. He couldn't see the big picture and was utterly focused on getting even.

There was still a long way for him to go if he wished to surpass the other princes.

"I just hope Matthew will die this time!"