

Chapter 3033 A Strategic Encounter

Zedran was initially puzzled as to why this seasoned tactician would risk visiting him. As he pondered the turbulent situation in Montiria, Zedran began to grasp the purpose behind the visit.

"Having millions in hand is not as good as having a soldier at your command. Financial power ultimately can't compare to military power. Someone like you, Zedran, who commands hundreds of thousands of troops, is a true hero."

Kainne smiled knowingly as he raised his cup toward Zedran, the implication clear.

In peaceful times, his position controlling the economy would naturally be high and revered. However, the calm in Montiria was a mere facade. If turmoil were to erupt, Kainne's position would be extremely precarious.

Both seasoned strategists understood this silently. Although Zedran was aware of the situation, he couldn't help but let out a long sigh.

"Lord, your words hit hard. I'm simply assisting with management. If someone isn't pleased, I'm just another person."

As long as King Gawain I was alive, Zedran had no real power. No matter how lofty his position, he was merely a pawn, his fate hanging by a thread.

"We're all the same. We're just high-level workers."

"Of course, if that day ever comes, Zedran, don't forget about your brother-in-law."

This was Kainne's real agenda. Compared to political ambitions and the 7.5 million, this was child's play. Zedran agreed without hesitation.

"We're family. Helping each other is natural."

They raised their cups, substituting tea for wine, and reached a mutual agreement. One needed money and the other needed troops. Their cooperation was a win-win situation.

"Well, it's getting late. I should head back."

Kainne stood up to leave.

"Don't rush off. Stay a bit longer, at least until you're sober."

Kainne waved his hand to refuse the invitation. "I can't stay longer. If I stay too long, some people will get suspicious. Our positions are too sensitive."

With that, Kainne pointed subtly to indicate the person without naming them. Zedran didn't press further.

"Lord, no need to see me off. My driver is already here."

With that, Kainne, supported by two attendants, staggered out of the castle like a drunkard. He looked nothing like the clear-headed man he had been moments ago.

"Sneaky guy," Zedran muttered, shaking his head with a bitter smile as he watched the Chief Financial Officer's departing figure.

A drunken appearance at least caught others off guard. Zedran felt he was no match in this regard; his background as a military commander left him lacking in worldly wisdom.

On the other side, Kainne instantly regained his composure once in the car, his drunken demeanor vanishing completely.

His assistant in the front seat turned and said, "Lord Kainne, Prince Toby, Prince Garrett, and Prince Gadel just called. They want to invite you over."

Kainne shook his head, "A bunch of brats. Their information is quite timely. Tell them I got drunk at Zedran's place and declined all invitations. Also, when we get back, spread the word that I drank so much I'm bedridden and can't accept any invitations."

The assistant nodded seriously and noted this important instruction in his notebook.

In the backseat, Kainne opened the window as the scenery sped past.

Zedran saw Kainne as seeking an ally, a contingency plan. In truth, Kainne also aimed to use this opportunity to decline the princes' invitations.

Refusing once or twice might be manageable, but repeated refusals would breed resentment. Eventually, one of the princes would rise to power, and consequences would follow.