

### Chapter 3035 The Crown Prince's Fury

On the other side, Prince Toby lounged lazily on his jewel-encrusted golden chair, with two voluptuous maids beside him, cautiously enduring his restless hands.

"It seems Kainne isn't showing me much respect!"

At this, his brow instantly furrowed in displeasure.

The maid whose sensitive area was being groped suddenly felt waves of intense pain, though she dared not cry out.

The crown prince, Toby, was in a foul mood. Crossing him could cost one their life.

Rocco observed everything with a calm, unflinching face.

"Your Highness, there's no need for anger. A message just came from the servants saying that the Chief Financial Officer seems to have injured himself drinking, and a good witch doctor is already treating him."

Prince Toby slowly raised his chin with a smirk playing on his lips.

"Do you believe that? That old drunkard boasts he can hold his liquor no matter how much he drinks. Yet, after a visit to Zedbar, he suddenly collapses from drinking."

Growing more furious, he slapped the nearby maid, sending her flying.

"Get out of my sight! You can't even give a proper shoulder massage!"

The two maids, though aggrieved, were relieved to be spared and hurriedly fled after getting up.

"The old fox dares to slight me because he controls the finances! Once I ascend the throne, he'll be the first to face my wrath!"

"Your Highness, please calm down!" Rocco set down the tea and continued, "Our dispatched witch doctors have already gone there, haven't they? We'll find out whether this Lord Kainne's ailment is genuine or not when they return."

Upon hearing this, the anger on the crown prince's face gradually eased.

Lately, things had been going southward for him.

Originally, Prince Toby had intended to incite Zedbar to hire assassins to deal with Matthew. Killing Matthew would have been perfect, or at worst, they could have used Zedbar as a scapegoat to pay for the crime with his life.

However, Zedbar turned out to be utterly useless.

What bothered Prince Toby the most was believing he had thwarted Matthew's plan to establish the Martial Alliance headquarters. Yet, before he could even savor this minor triumph, he discovered that Matthew had already secretly built the headquarters on Basha's Sacred Mount. There was no longer any chance to target Matthew's associates.

This realization stoked Prince Toby's anger even further.

"What is Zedran up to? Why isn't he here yet?"

Waiting anxiously and seeing no sign of Zedran, Prince Toby had lost his patience.

"Your Highness, please remain calm. Lord Zedran may have been delayed by something."

Originally, Rocco had only meant to counsel the crown prince, unaware of Prince Toby's current state of agitation. Consequently, he became the target of Prince Toby's unleashed fury.

Prince Toby's face turned cold, and his tone became somber as he said, "If he has matters to attend to, does that mean I have none?" And the people you dispatched are no different. It's been half a day, and there's been no word. Are you all merely amusing yourselves with me?"

With these words, he angrily swung his arm, sending the wine glass in his hand directly into Rocco's forehead.

Crash!

The glass shattered instantly, mingling red wine and blood streaming down Rocco's brow.

"Your Highness, please calm yourself! I will go and hasten them!"

Throughout the ordeal, Rocco showed no concern for the wound on his forehead, not even raising a hand to touch it.

Prince Toby, acting on impulse, felt a pang of regret upon seeing Rocco in his current state but refrained from speaking due to the crown prince's status.

"Attend to your wound."

As Rocco left the room, Lynette, who had been waiting outside, immediately noticed his injury.

"Mr. Rocco, who harmed you? I will deal with that person!"

Lynette's face darkened as her right hand instinctively moved toward the dagger at her waist.

At that moment, all it would take was a word from Rocco, and she would unleash violence.