

Chapter 2992 The Crown Prince’s Desire for Revenge

The sky was already beginning to lighten on the horizon when all of Leanna's injuries were tended.

The crown prince, his arm wrapped in bandages, had not slept all night. When Matthew came down the stairs, he quickly rose to his feet. "Matthew, how is that chick? She's not severely injured, is she?"

Matthew shook his head, indicating that her injuries were not severe. "I have already tended to her broken leg. She lost an excessive amount of blood and suffered a mild concussion from the impact. I've had the housemaid give her a bath, and she's now resting," he said before staring curiously at the crown prince. "Wait, why this sudden concern for Leanna today?" As far as he remembered, the crown prince and Leanna weren't friendly with one another.

"Haha! You're overthinking it. I'm just afraid of messing up what you asked me to do. If something happens to this chick under my watch, I'll lose my reputation." The crown prince was a man who refused to be outdone by anyone. "By the way, Matthew, how do you think we should get our revenge on the Zedran Family?"

Learning that Zedbar was the mastermind behind the attack, the crown prince was boiling with rage, itching to kill him.

"Revenge? How? Charge into their army of tens of thousands and snatch the enemy's head from among the masses of troops?" Matthew questioned, raising an eyebrow.

The crown prince hesitated for a moment. Then, he eagerly proposed, "Since they're hiring assassins and mercenaries to attack us, why don't we do the same to them? It's all about the money, isn't it? My grandgodfather has plenty of it! 1 billion, 5 billion, or 10 billion—I don't believe we can't put a bounty on Zedbar's head!"

Seeing the crown prince grow more and more animated as he spoke, Matthew quickly interjected to stop him from daydreaming. "Cease those thoughts. Firstly, he has an entire nation backing him. As long as he controls who can enter or leave the country, only a select few can infiltrate Montiria. Besides, countless eyes in Seraphis are now watching us. The moment we make a move, countless newspapers will pounce to tarnish our image. I don't mind the heat on me, but I fear it might stall the Martial League's progress."

While Zedbar could afford to be reckless, Matthew could not. He had many factors to consider, especially in this nascent stage of the Martial League.

The crown prince, failing to grasp this, immediately grew disgruntled upon hearing this. "Why? If he could do this to us, why couldn't we do the same to him? Are we going to have to keep our guard up against these assassins forever?"

Matthew shrugged, spreading his hands. "Well, it's because we've stirred too many pots. They're just itching for me to slip up."

The crown prince rolled his eyes. He proposed another idea. "How about I get Master Levi to send me some top fighters? We can have them infiltrate into Montiria and kill that son of a b*tch!"

However, this idea was immediately vetoed by Matthew. "Forget it. Are there no advanced grandmasters in Montiria? They might go and not come back. It's not worth it to kill a small fry like Zedbar," he replied before changing the subject to cut off the crown prince's imagination. "Alright, rest up properly since you're injured. I already have a solution for this. Zedbar won't be causing trouble for much longer. Get yourself healed quickly. There's a lot more for you to handle for me."

With that, he patted the crown prince on the shoulder and went up the stairs.

After a sleepless night, Matthew slept in until the afternoon, his first thought being about Seraphis' announcement to its entire region. 'No foreign mercenaries are allowed in the provinces of Skargness and Southaven. If caught, they'll be dealt with ruthlessly.'

This short announcement didn't deter the outlaws. Instead, it fueled their determination.