## **Chapter 2340 Arriving in Eastshire, Dark Forces Emerge**

Although it was only a temporary return to Eastshire to fulfill the Martial League's transfer order, there was still a sense of nostalgia for Matthew.

Unlike before, he sneaked into Bainbridge like a stowaway this time.

On the journey back to Eastshire, it went smoothly overall despite that he was being secretly monitored by a few weasels.

Arriving in Eastshire, Matthew immediately summoned Rat.

This person had been mingling in the lower class for years, navigating between the light and the dark. Naturally, he gathered a wealth of information.

"President Larson, why are you back so suddenly? Why didn't you inform us in advance so that we could welcome you?"

Facing the enthusiastic veteran, Matthew exchanged a few customary greetings with him before shifting to a serious topic.

"By the way, how much do you know about the Martial League hall in Eastshire?"

Having had no contact with the Martial League before, Matthew was quite clueless about this kind of information.

Upon hearing the question, Rat stood up.

"President Larson, forgive me for speaking out of turn. Except for a few elderly people, the Martial League branches in Eastshire are mostly controlled by Master Levi's people."

He was worried about Matthew.

After all, the Six Southern States were Levi's territory.

If Matthew wanted to confront such a powerful figure, it would be reckless of him to do so.

"There's no need to worry about Master Levi."

Seeing Matthew's insistence, Rat stopped worrying.

"Among the Martial League branches in Eastshire, one-third are elderly people, one-third are from the Sandels, and the rest are all Master Levi's people.

"Speaking of which, they don't really have any power. If it weren't for Layna, the third faction would have been marginalized long ago."

Hearing that, Matthew understood the situation to some extent.

In short, Levi had already become very powerful.

However, this situation did pose a dilemma for Matthew.

There was no deep enmity or grudge between the two sides.

If it wasn't necessary, he didn't want to stand against Levi.

"Alright. I understand the general situation now."

As Rat was about to leave, he suddenly remembered something.

"Oh, by the way, President Larson, there have been many strangers coming to Eastshire recently."

Strangers?

This piece of news immediately caught Matthew's attention.

Rat pondered for a moment before shaking his head.

"Hmm? Do you know their identities?"

groups of people, so I dare not investigate them up close. The only group I know about is the group of weasels from Emsgate.

"I don't know the detailed identities of these people. There are many experts among the two

People from Emsgate also came?

"But the other two groups have distinctive auras. They should be from a significant force."

It seemed that what Old Mr. Bane said was true.

ulterior motive for their sudden visit.

These people were truly audacious.

Of course, what really concerned Matthew were the first two groups.

"Alright. Don't gather any more information during this period. Watch out for your own safety."

The South was already a barren land, which indicated that these groups of people must have some

Leaving him with that, Matthew walked out of the hotel.

Just as he reached the entrance, a customized Mercedes-Benz stopped in front of him.

"Hello, Holy Doctor Larson. Our Master would like to invite you over for a cup of tea with him. Would you please come with me?"

After the car door opened, a middle-aged man in a tailcoat stepped out and politely extended the

It seemed that some people were constantly keeping an eye on him.

Thinking of that, Matthew casually asked a question.

"May I ask for your Master's surname?"

The man who looked like a butler had already opened the back door of the car.

Turning his head, he smiled and uttered a single word, "Sandel!"

Upon learning the other party's identity, Matthew raised a brow.

After nodding in agreement, Matthew got into the car.

He didn't expect that as soon as he arrived in Eastshire, the Sandels, one of the Ten Greatest Families of Eastshire, had already found him.

"Please, get in."

invitation.