

Chapter 2478 Going Home

In recent years, the Martial League's various strategic deployments required a significant amount of manpower. There simply wasn't enough manpower available to organize and manage Seraphis. Blake's plan was to have the most promising young individuals take charge.

On the one hand, it would allow them to develop their management abilities. Talented individuals like Matthew would need strong management skills, whether they intended to establish their own family or become part of the core of the CAUMP and Martial League.

On the other hand, having Matthew oversee the reorganization of Southaven and Skargness had multiple advantages. If successful, it could save a considerable amount of resources while establishing a central point for expansion, potentially leading to the complete overhaul of Seraphis.

In summary, whether Matthew succeeded or not, this new endeavor was a plan that brought benefits to the Martial League without harm. It was a plan worth pursuing.

After a brief period of contemplation, Matthew eventually agreed to the proposal. Of course, the plan to reorganize Southaven and Skargness was still in its preliminary stage, privately discussed between Rhett and Blake. The specific details would need to be discussed by the Martial League's elders in due time. A clear announcement would come after these discussions.

After both parties reached a consensus on the matter, the two elders recounted the general course of Charley's final battle with the black-robed servant.

Not having witnessed the battle first hand, Matthew felt a tinge of regret.

As Rhett had preparations for the next day regarding his responsibilities as the trainee instructor of the Martial League's Ground Force, he bid his farewell and left.

Now, in the hospital ward, only Matthew and Blake remained.

"Matthew, I had planned to explain something to you later, but your growth has been too fast. I might as well explain it to you now," said Blake as he handed Matthew a leather box.

Curious, Matthew opened it and found a metallic pistol inside.

Huh?

"Elder Carr, what is the meaning of this?"

Firearms were heavily regulated in Cathay, considered restricted and reserved for the highest levels of national defense. Unauthorized possession was a capital offense, and unauthorized use, regardless of one's influence, resulted in execution. Regular citizens wouldn't even have a chance to see such weapons, let alone possess them.

Facing Matthew's confusion, Blake slowly explained, "In Cathay, we have strict control over firearms. That's why you rarely see them. However, in case there's a conflict with foreign forces or in unregulated territories like the Highsea, the possibility of encountering firearms is significant. So, it's good to be prepared. While a handgun like this won't pose much threat to you considering your current abilities, you should still be cautious about heavier firearms."

Matthew understood at once.

During their last voyage on Highsea, Martin and Levi's presence helped control the situation. Otherwise, the ruthless Emsgate individuals might have secretly employed powerful firearms.

"Thank you for the advice, Elder Carr. I'll keep that in mind," Matthew said.

Blake chuckled heartily across from him. "Hahaha, no need to be so polite. We, old folks, have been waiting for your generation to grow up. If something happens to you halfway, all our efforts will be in vain. So, take care of yourself. Your responsibilities are substantial. Alright, it's getting late. Rest well."

With that, he vanished from the spot, leaving a wealth of information for Matthew to chew on at his own pace.