

Chapter 2485 The Plan for the Two Provinces

Picking up the teapot containing the Ultimate Medicine Brew, Matthew patiently poured wine for Flynn.

As for the tea leaves in the teapot, they had long been emptied by Flynn and used to warm the wine.

"Master, has the Bane Family encountered some problems lately? The entire compound was swarming with patrolling guards and secret guards when I came in," Matthew asked.

Flynn took a sip of the wine in his hand before calmly waving his hand. "It's nothing major, just some cunning rats trying to cause trouble. Then again, it's quite bothersome."

Since Flynn didn't want to delve into the details, Matthew decided not to press further and continued pouring wine.

After enjoying a few sips, Flynn smacked his lips in contentment. "Indeed, this wine is still as heart-warming as ever. With a few sips, the chill disperses. The only regret is that this batch is a bit young, lacking the depth of flavor."

"No problem, I'll keep my eyes peeled lately and find you some century-old fine wine, Master."

With a slight frown, Flynn inquired, "What do you mean? Will you be away again soon?"

Matthew pressed his lips together, then answered, "The Martial League has assigned me a new position. I might have to make a trip in the near future."

At that, he recounted the responsibilities of the Martial League presidents in Southaven and Skargness provinces to Flynn.

"Blake's quite considerate. Indeed, at your current stage, you need to start planning for your own influence. He has actually done you a favor in smoothing the path for your future."

After a moment of contemplation, Flynn analyzed gravely, "However, Seraphis is characterized by rough terrain and tough people, especially the local forces. Although they are under the jurisdiction of Cathay's Martial League, they mostly act against it."

"If you're going there, you must prioritize safety. Of course, if you want to rectify the situation, I suggest you start with the common folks. They might be tough, but they're straightforward."

"Moreover, your future goal is to establish your own influence there. So, the first thing you need to do is improve their lives. Once that happens, their support for you will come naturally. As for those local forces, they can be easily dealt with."

Matthew was enlightened after hearing the plan Flynn had laid out for him. Ever since accepting this assignment, he had been racking his brains over it. Now, after Flynn's guidance, a clear path had formed in his mind.

"Thank you for your guidance, Master. I understand now."

In response, Flynn waved his hand with a hint of helplessness. "Go on, as master and disciple, there's no need for such formal words."

Alas, he slowly put down his cup after that and asked with concern, "Matthew, I sense an overwhelming air of hostility in your demeanor. If something is bothering you, feel free to speak up. Bottling it up might affect your mood."

He had noticed it from the moment he laid eyes on his last disciple.

Initially, he thought Matthew sought him out to resolve this hostile issue. But now, with the matter more or less discussed and the conversation reaching its end, Matthew's furrowed brow, heavy with hostility, showed no sign of abating. So, Flynn took the initiative to ask.

Matthew's actions involuntarily paused for a moment upon being prompted, and he withdrew his initial smile, revealing a conflicted expression.

However, suddenly, Flynn turned stern. "Hmph, a day as a master is a lifelong connection as a father. There's nothing you can't say to me."

After much hesitation, Matthew slowly spoke up. "I originally didn't want to involve you in this, Master—ah, forget it—I met with Lord Voodoo today."