

Chapter 2499 Setting Off With the Soul Casket

In response, Sasha gave her husband a dirty look as she packed the luggage on the ground. "Yeah, I'm going to Seraphis with you!"

"Sorry? But I'll only be there for a few days, and I'll be back after I'm done!"

However, Sasha was completely unmoved by Matthew's explanation. Instead, she said with a mischievous smile, "You're not fooling anyone. Do you not realize you'll reflexively rub your nose every time you tell a lie? Others might not understand you, but don't forget, I know you well. And there's no way you can finish reorganizing two provinces that quickly."

Matthew had never noticed that about himself. "Do I?"

With his lie now exposed, he stopped rubbing his nose in annoyance.

Alas, he was at the complete mercy of his wife.

"How about you just stay home and keep Nat and your parents company? I don't even know what unexpected events I might face during this trip to Seraphis. I can't guarantee the timeline either."

Honestly, he didn't want Sasha to accompany him to Seraphis. It was a dangerous area with various local forces, and he was naturally concerned about her safety.

However, the more he insisted, the more determined Sasha became. "It's precisely because the timeline is uncertain that I want to go with you. If you can't make it back to Bainbridge for the holidays, at least you'll have me by your side to celebrate. Besides, if there's any danger, I'll have you by my side to protect me."

Simple words carried a gentle warmth.

Approaching Sasha, Matthew extended his arms and gently embraced her, his hands caressing her hair.

Calmly, he agreed, "Alright, let's go together then. Consider it as a trip for us two."

Sasha didn't say anything at that, only quietly pressing her cheek against Matthew's chest, feeling his heartbeat, a faint smile playing on her lips.

Early the next morning, just as the sky was breaking dawn, Matthew arrived at the Martial League headquarters.

"Hello, I'm here to collect Instructor Larry's soul casket."

After the conclusion of the first phase of the Martial League's transition, even though Larry Slob had passed away, the Martial League had posthumously appointed him as a Ground Force instructor. At the same time, his family would also receive a monthly pension.

Upon seeing Matthew, the reception staff first saluted him before turning around to grab Larry's urn and belongings.

"Thank you for taking this trip, Mr. Summit Warden."

Now that Matthew's status had elevated to the leader of the Summit Warden Five. How others addressed him naturally changed as well.

"Don't mention it," Matthew replied, his expression slightly solemn as he accepted the wooden soul casket.

After placing it in the designated transport vehicle, Matthew paid his respects, then got into the Martial League's specialized off-road vehicle with the transport vehicle carrying the casket behind him, embarking on the journey.

On the other side, Helen got up and was about to wake up her daughter and son-in-law when James said, "Don't bother. They both left before dawn. They should have left Bainbridge by now."

Anxiety immediately overcame Helen upon receiving the news. "What? Sasha went along, too?"

"Yes."

"That child... The older she gets, the more disobedient she becomes. She didn't even tell me when she left!"

Seeing how distressed Helen looked, James comforted her. "Alright, young people have their own lives. They hadn't had a chance to enjoy their time alone after coming to Bainbridge. They don't want to tell you because they know you'll keep nagging them. Just go along with their idea; don't get upset."

Helen thought her husband had a point. That said, she still felt somewhat uncomfortable about her daughter's sudden departure and her husband's reproach.

"Alright, fine, you're the nice elder while I'm the evil one in the family. Happy?!"

After many years of marriage, James naturally knew how to deal with Helen's occasional outbursts. By not engaging in conversation and letting her vent for a few moments, she would eventually find it uninteresting and give up.