

Chapter 2514 Stellan's Predicament

Having noticed Matthew's displeasure, Stellan smiled and asked, "Are you dissatisfied with the arrangements, Mr. Larson? Or perhaps these dishes don't suit your taste?"

At that, Matthew slowly stood up, disregarding Evander's hint. "Mr. Warrington, I'm straightforward by nature and don't like beating around the bush. If anything I say upset you, I apologize in advance."

Stellan chuckled on the opposite side and lifted his wine glass. "Feel free to speak your mind. Mr. Larson."

With that, Matthew related calmly, "As I traveled here, I gained a rough understanding of the situation in Hulwin. Initially, I thought the conditions in Seraphis were just exaggerated. However, Hulwin alone has left me speechless.

"Setting aside the issue of public security, just the state of the local Martial League disappointed me greatly. I don't mind simple food and drink, but Mr. Warrington, take a look at this extravagant setup.

"The money spent on decorating this banquet hall could rebuild four or five Martial League office buildings easily. Yet, please, Mr. Warrington, take a look at the shabby appearance of the office buildings. Don't you find this situation rather unsightly?"

As he reached the conclusion, Matthew's tone grew more serious.

In positions of authority, responsibilities shouldn't be disregarded.

Except for flattery, they seemed to do nothing substantial. Moreover, inside the office, all members of the Martial League were not older than thirty, a group of youngsters who did nothing but busy themselves with trivial matters. This kind of Martial League branch truly angered Matthew.

Accompanying Matthew's reproach, the atmosphere around the dining table turned serious. Faced with Matthew's criticism, Stellan's face first reddened, then turned bitter. He clenched his fists on his thighs and let out a long sigh after a while. "Mr. Larson, I don't think you fully understand our situation. The matters involved are extremely complicated. If you are willing, I can explain, and you will understand my difficulties."

Matthew found this response somewhat unexpected. He had thought Stellan would become angry and defensive. However, the president's reaction was quite different. After sitting back down, Matthew raised his hand slightly, signaling for him to continue.

"Mr. Larson, esteemed officers, the situation is as follows..."

As Stellan narrated the story, the overall situation in Seraphis gradually unfolded before Matthew's eyes. It became clear that within the entire Cathay, the Martial League's presence was weakest in Seraphis. The control here was completely in the hands of local forces. The Martial League's association system only worked internally. The influence of a Martial League president paled in comparison to the local power-wielding families. In this context, the Martial League's effectiveness was greatly hindered.

"Moreover, our Martial League resources in Hulwin are supported by the local Yarwood Family. We've never seen any resources allocated from headquarters since I took office. With this situation, what do you suggest I do, Mr. Larson?"

"If I hadn't constantly ingratiated myself with Old Mr. Yarwood, our Martial League branch in Hulwin would have closed down long ago due to insufficient funds."

Rage surged within Matthew after hearing Stellan's narration. Still, he suppressed it and asked, "How is that possible? The headquarters never neglects the resources of each branch. How could Hulwin have received nothing?"

"Why else, if not because of our, as you said, unsightly appearance, Mr. Larson?" Stellan sneered and pointed to the ceiling.

Instantly, Matthew got his hint. The allocated resources must've been embezzled along the way. Fueled by this realization, Matthew slammed his palm onto the solid wood table, leaving five deep imprints.