

Chapter 2515 Trouble From the Yarwood Family

Subsequently, the conversation at the dining table gradually came to an end as Matthew and Stellan exchanged questions and answers.

And as the situation in Hulwin unfolded, things only got worse.

Even the money used in renovating the banquet hall where Matthew was located was provided by the Yarwoods of Hulwin. Of course, they didn't sponsor their local Martial League so generously for nothing. The banquet hall was purely for showcasing and impressing guests. Whenever important guests arrived, the Yarwoods would use this space to entertain them.

How could they not have some prestige when the Martial League was their canteen?!

Stellan even had to seek permission from the Yarwoods before gaining the right to use this hall to host Matthew.

At this point, after learning the truth, Matthew couldn't even be bothered to get upset anymore.

The entire Seraphis was a mess, and the Martial League branch here was practically non-existent.

"I've painted you in the wrong color, Mr. Warrington. But rest assured, everything will get better. I, Matthew Larson, will ensure that the banner of the Martial League will fly high in every corner of Seraphis."

On the other side, Stellan simply lifted his wine glass with excitement. "We'll be in your hands, Mr. Larson."

Of course, deep down, he felt nothing but disdain, for he had heard these words countless times over the past decade. Every envoy sent from headquarters started off with such righteous indignation and grand ambitions, only to slink back to Bainbridge in defeat. Therefore, he didn't take Matthew's lofty aspirations seriously and only continued to shower him with flattery.

After a few rounds of wine and tasting the dishes, the initially peaceful atmosphere of the banquet was completely shattered by the arrival of a group of young delinquents. As the door was pushed open, one of them headed straight for Stellan.

"Stellan, I heard you're hosting an important guest in our banquet hall today."

Seeing the newcomer, Stellan immediately stood up, adopting a tone of appeasement as he bowed slightly. "Mr. Malachi, what brings you here?"

However, the young man named Malachi Yarwood paid him no attention. He went straight to the table without acknowledging anyone else's presence and grabbed a bottle of red wine, pouring it into his mouth.

"My, what good food and wine. It feels good when you're spending money that's not your own, isn't it?"

Initially, he planned to celebrate his girlfriend's birthday. But when he learned that Stellan had occupied the lavishly decorated banquet hall funded by his family, he naturally became displeased.

After setting down the wine bottle, he turned his gaze toward Matthew, and when he laid eyes on Sasha, a noticeable glint appeared in his eyes.

Despite his young age, Malachi was quite the ladies' man. With just one look at Matthew and Sasha, he knew there was something going on between them, and it instantly stirred up his discomfort.

How can a fine beauty like her be with a hillbilly?!

With a shift in his gaze, Malachi said arrogantly, "Hahaha, I was wondering what distinguished guest you were hosting, Mr. Warrington. A nobody, eh? I'm going to celebrate my girlfriend's birthday later, so you all better leave quickly."

Matthew was a low-key kind of guy, to begin with. Plus, due to his ruined clothes during the battle with the Shadow Guards, he simply changed into a clean uniform he found inside the off-road vehicle.

Meanwhile, in Malachi's eyes, the Yarwood Family dominated almost everything within the boundaries of Hulwin. A mere patrol officer like Matthew was practically nothing to him.

That said, his words and actions struck revelation in Matthew, allowing him to see the true laxity of the Hulwin Martial League; even within the Martial League, outsiders could easily intrude. Such behavior would be a capital offense in Banbridge!

Matthew shook his head and decided to leave. "In that case, Mr. Warrington, we will take our leave."

He didn't want to get entangled with Malachi, who suddenly appeared. After all, Matthew had many important matters to attend to.

However, trouble seemed to follow even when one sought tranquility.

Just as he was about to leave, a sudden command came from behind. "Stop!"