

Chapter 2516 Malachi Harasses Sasha

"What? Something you need?" Matthew turned around and asked indifferently, looking at Malachi.

His composed demeanor irritated Malachi, who responded with annoyance. "You can all f*ck off, but this young lady must stay."

However, the next second, Malachi felt a chill creeping over him.

On the side, Stellan quickly stepped in to mediate as he observed the tense exchange between the two. "Mr. Malachi, this is a misunderstanding. It was my oversight, not considering that I should have informed you about the arrangement. Allow me to introduce—"

Before he could finish introducing Matthew's identity, Malachi waved his hand impatiently and interrupted him. "I don't care who they are, Warrington. All I care is that my family fully funded the renovation of this banquet hall, and it's not for you to show off to your friends and family."

At that, Malachi turned to Matthew. He took a leisurely seat, poured himself a glass of red wine, and swirled it lazily with legs crossed at the knees as he teased greedily, "Don't expect Warrington to help you. Either you leave this beautiful lady here and leave quietly, or I'll have my men escort you out."

In response, Matthew glanced at Stellan, who met his gaze briefly before shifting his eyes away with a hint of embarrassment. Resigned, Matthew shook his head.

"Malachi, is it? It's a serious offense to meddle with the Martial League, do you know that?"

Malachi burst into laughter. "Hahaha, a serious offense? Why don't you have Warrington arrest me, then? Come, Warrington. Didn't you hear your colleague? I've committed a serious offense by meddling with the Martial League. Come on, arrest me!"

As he spoke, Malachi brought his wrists together as if ready to be handcuffed, playfully inching closer to Stellan, who could only chuckle awkwardly.

"Cut it out, Mr. Malachi. Who'd dare arrest you in Hulwin? Hehe."

As his words fell, Malachi's playful expression instantly turned grim, and he bore into Matthew. "You hear that, punk? Whatever I say goes in Hulwin. I dare you to arrest me!"

Matthew remained silent, and Malachi walked triumphantly up to him at that. "Hey, gorgeous, I'm Malachi Yarwood. Shall we be friends? Given that you're still young and inexperienced, I should remind you that some people may look impressive in uniforms, but in reality, they're just small fries. Why don't you join me for dinner? I'll take you for a ride in my Bugatti and show you the scenery of Hulwin."

Without waiting for Sasha to respond, he reached toward her cheek. However, before he could touch the young woman, intense pain came from his raised wrist. "Ah, let go of me, you f*cker!"

Matthew clamped Malachi's wrist with one hand and demanded icily, "First offense, offend the Martial League; second offense, harass the spouse of the Martial League's Summit Warden; third offense, insult the Summit Warden. Do you admit your guilt?"

At that moment, Malachi's whole attention was on the excruciating pain in his wrist, preventing him from fully comprehending Matthew's words. At that, driven by pain, cursed angrily, "Let go of me, you motherf*cker, or I'll tear you to shreds!"

Despite his struggle, Matthew's grip on Malachi's wrist was unyielding, like a pair of iron pliers, rendering Malachi unable to break free.

"Unrepentant!" Matthew exclaimed, and without hesitation, he slapped Malachi hard, sending him flying with great force.