

Chapter 2517 Malachi Calls for Reinforcement

Malachi's eyes turned bloodshot as he held onto his loosened molar. "F*cking hell, that hurts. How dare you f*cking attack me?! Just you wait; none of you will walk out of Hulwin alive today!"

After swallowing a mouthful of blood, he stormed out of the banquet hall, clearly intending to call for reinforcement.

Until his figure completely disappeared, Stellan, who had been wearing a constant smile, regained his normal expression. "Don't mind him, Mr. Larson. That was Malachi Yarwood, a wastrel from the Yarwood Family. He thinks he's above everyone else, always acting arrogantly because of his family's influence.

"I've been fed up with that kid for a long time, so you can imagine how satisfying it was for me when you slapped him. You've really helped relieve some frustration."

Matthew couldn't help but admire Stellan's quick change of attitude. One moment, he was bowing and scraping, and as soon as Malachi left, he put on a different face and started kissing Matthew's *ss.

However, considering the larger context he was operating within, Matthew could understand. If he couldn't play his cards right, Stellan wouldn't have managed to stay in the position of a seemingly influential but essentially powerless president for so long.

It was simply the way they survived in this environment. There wasn't much for Matthew to say.

Without responding to Stellan's words, Matthew simply stated plainly, "It's getting late, and I should rest. If there's nothing urgent, Mr. Warrington, let's end it here today."

Stellan instantly understood. "Your accommodations have already been arranged, Mr. Larson. Please come this way."

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Meanwhile, after suffering a setback at the Martial League, Malachi made his way to The Trillium Casino, which was under the Yarwood Family's name. As their largest casino, it naturally attracted numerous thugs.

Malachi went straight to the backyard and called out, "Grimsby, Scuttle, gather some people and come with me."

Immediately, Grimsby rushed over, bowing and scraping. Seeing the palm print on Malachi's face, he instinctively asked, "Mr. Malachi, what happened to you?"

At that, Malachi responded with curses, "What's it to you?! I got beaten up by some Martial League guard from out of town. Quickly gather some people and help me get revenge!"

As he spoke, the gamblers and smokers in the courtyard, who were playing cards and drinking, stopped in their tracks. "What the f*ck? How dare they mess with Mr. Malachi?!"

"Brothers, get your weapons!"

"Whoever did it, I'll rip their f*cking hand off!"

For a moment, the entire courtyard became noisy, and the commotion caught the attention of Valentin Yarwood.

As he appeared, the noisy backyard immediately fell silent.

"What are you all doing, so full of energy? Since none of you want to rest, all of you will watch over the place through the night!"

Some of the thugs became visibly disheartened in response. Watching over the place all night was the most exhausting job. But Valentin's words were like royal decrees, and they wouldn't dare utter a word of dissent. The only thing they could do was turn their gazes toward Malachi.

In this situation, Malachi could only approach with a stiff upper lip. "Uncle Valentin, I was originally going to the Martial League's banquet hall to celebrate my girlfriend's birthday. But I got slapped in the end. I can't let it go, so I asked Grimsby and Scuttle to help me get revenge."

As he spoke, he put his hand down and revealed his swollen cheek.

"What a disgrace.

"Alright, Grimsby, take care of it. As useless as a member of the Yarwood Family is, it's not in an outsider's place to teach him a lesson." Valentin's words were also a veiled insult.

While catching Valentin's insinuation, Malachi dared not talk back, for he feared his eldest uncle the most among their family members.

"We'll just make a quick trip to the Martial League! It won't delay Grimsby and the others from watching the place."

As he spoke, he led the group of thugs toward the Martial League building.