

Chapter 2518 Valentin's Accusation

At the mention of the Martial League, Valentine frowned at once and called out to Malachi, stopping him. "Hold on. Where did you say you're going?"

Malachi, looking confused, answered honestly, "The Martial League. You have no idea how cocky Stellan has gotten, Uncle Valentin! He treats our banquet hall as if it's his own, using it to entertain his Martial League colleagues. I've merely made some comments about that guy, and guess what, he attacked me!"

Alas, his rambling only earned him a grim expression from Valentin. "So, you went to cause trouble at the Martial League just now?"

Malachi nodded in bewilderment and was about to continue when a sharp pain came to his cheek again. The next second, he was sent flying from the slap.

Upon landing, Malachi felt dizzy, and he cast a gaze of grievance, laced with bafflement, toward his uncle.

Valentine, however, disregarded his grievance and gave him a cold snort. "Do you have any idea who Stellan entertained today?"

"That guy is the newly appointed leader of the Summit Warden Five, the Lecarres Summit Warden, and also the president of two provinces for the Martial League. He's the rising star of the Martial League headquarters, wielding real power.

"He's not the same as those useless provincial presidents you assume! Even I wouldn't dare to confront him head-on. How dare you go and cause trouble?!"

"So be it that you neglect your duties, being idle and lazy, but also cause trouble for your family... Hmph, you better go and apologize to them tomorrow, then stay obediently at home!"

At that, Valentin threw his arm dismissively into the air before turning away, leaving a disgruntled Malachi behind.

After a while, when Grimsby saw that Malachi was motionless, he tentatively asked, "Are we still going, Mr. Malachi?"

"Get lost, you piece of sh*t," Malachi snapped, covered his now symmetrically swollen cheeks and left the area in a daze.

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On the other side, under Stellan's warm hospitality, Matthew and the others arrived at the grand villa arranged for them within Hulwin, provided, of course, by the Yarwood Family.

After seeing them off, Stellan bid his farewell. "Mr. Larson, you've had a long journey. Rest for a while. If you need anything, feel free to contact me. We shall not disturb you further."

With that, he turned and left.

Only after his figure disappeared did Evander approach Matthew. But just as he was about to speak, Matthew raised his hand to stop him. He pointed at his own ear and then gestured around the villa.

Evander understood it immediately, and after a long, thorough search, the five of them returned to Matthew's side. "Mr. Larson, we've checked. There are no listening devices."

Finally, Matthew spoke, "Although Seraphis has joined Cathay, it hasn't been for long. Local forces are showing signs of self-proclaimed authority. Our reorganization here is aimed at taking away their power. Caution is of the utmost importance."

Evander nodded in understanding. "We intend to report the incident with Baxter Damron intercepting us to headquarters, Mr. Summit Warden. This is the report document. Is there anything else you need to add, sir?" he asked while handing the document in his hand to Matthew.

However, after accepting the papers, Matthew chucked them aside without even taking a gander. "There's no point in reporting it. Aurelius Damron will just shift all the blame onto a dead man. By then, without solid evidence, the Martial League won't be able to act against the Damron Family."

His words surprised Evander, who then quickly caught the implication—Matthew had killed Baxter.

Well, since he was dead, so be it. After all, he was already a dead man walking.