

Chapter 2519 The Slob Family in Trouble

After coming to his senses, Evander added, "Mr. Larson, the situation here has reached a very challenging point. Considering your and Madam's safety, I'm planning to request some reinforcements from headquarters."

However, Matthew declined his suggestion. "No need for that. Seraphis is already extremely hostile toward outsiders. Bringing in too many Martial League guards will only provoke the resentment of the local residents.

"Here's what we'll do, Captain Calloway. Please apply for a team of secret guards to protect my wife. We don't need too many, just ten will suffice. Remember to have them arrive discreetly, preferably with only headquarters knowing their true identities."

"Understood, sir!"

Following that, Matthew returned to his room, where his lovely wife had finished unpacking.

Seeing Matthew's exhausted face, she cooed, "You must be exhausted. How does taking a bath sound? I've already prepared the hot water for you."

Matthew's heart warmed. Home was wherever Sasha was.

Simple actions and heartfelt words often provided the best remedy for weariness.

Approaching her, Matthew gently embraced Sasha in his arms. No words were needed; only a gentle warmth enveloped them both.

A quiet night passed, and early the next morning, as Matthew arrived on the first floor, Evander returned hotfoot, panting heavily. "Mr. Larson, we have a problem. Instructor Larry's family, whom you asked me to investigate, seems to be in trouble."

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In Willowbrook, a group of burly, menacing villagers had gathered outside the dilapidated earthen house.

One of them, Festus Loomis, planted one foot on the bedstead with a quirked brow and spoke with a mischievous smile, "There's no need for such anger, Mrs. Slob. We've come here sincerely. You might want to reconsider."

In bed, Alberta's face had turned bright red due to anger. "Get out! I won't sell Warly Hill to you even if it's the last thing I do!"

In her moment of frustration, she began to cough violently.

Seeing that, Vivian became gravely anxious. However, she was currently under someone else's control.

In the presence of the two large men, she felt utterly defenseless, with no ability to resist whatsoever.

Festus, by the bedside, took pleasure in seeing Alberta's condition. "You're being unreasonable, Mrs. Slob. I have your best interest at heart, after all.

"Look at your rundown house and your destitute life. Even if you don't care for yourself, you should think about your daughter-in-law. She married into your family at such a young age. Can you bear to see her suffer her whole life?

"Here's ten million. With this money, you and your daughter-in-law will never have to worry about money ever again."

Alberta's anger subsided upon hearing Festus' persuasion. She glanced at Vivian, and her face revealed signs of wavering.

However, just as Festus thought the situation was turning in his favor, Vivian suddenly shouted anxiously, "Mom, don't listen to him! Warly Hill is where generations of the Slob Family ancestors rest. If we sell it, they won't rest in peace!

"Besides, Larry is about to return. Our good days are coming, Mom..."

Alas, before she could continue, Festus raised his arm and slapped Vivian's face without hesitation. "Shut up, you d*mn woman. You talk too much!"

Despite the blood at the corner of Vivian's mouth, her gaze remained fixed on Festus, showing no signs of submission.

At that, Festus' face twisted into a lecherous grin, and he said, "You look even more alluring when you're angry, pretty girl."

Then, he raised his hand and reached for Vivian's delicate cheek.