

## Chapter 2529 An Invitation for Tea

At the Yarwood Mansion, Valentin lounged lazily on a tiger-skin lounge chair.

Standing before him was Festus, who had returned to recuperate from his injuries.

"So, you're telling me that Matthew Larson brought the women from the Slob Family to the mansion I arranged? Well, that's quite intriguing! Hahaha, Mr. Summit Warden's actions have been somewhat sneaky."

As he chuckled, Valentin took a sip of his tea.

Festus bowed respectfully and replied, "Mr. Yarwood, Matthew was sent by the Martial League to subdue the provinces. Should we send someone to deal with him? After all, we've buried quite a few Martial League members in the underground of Hulwin."

Just as he proudly recounted his deeds, Valentin gradually narrowed his eyes.

His icy stare instantly silenced Festus.

"Are you teaching me how to do things?" he asked chillingly.

Those frosty words caused Festus to break out in a cold sweat and promptly grovel.

"Mr. Yarwood, I dare not!" he exclaimed.

Valentin disdainfully glanced at Festus and indifferently remarked, "Don't get too cocky in life. Some things can be done, but they must remain unspoken. You'll join them if those words escape your lips again."

By "them," he was referring to the lost souls in the underground of Hulwin.

Festus was instantly trembling with fear and kept apologizing profusely.

After serving under Valentin for numerous years, he was well-acquainted with his boss' temper.

"For now, don't make any rash moves. Just keep a close eye on Matthew for me. The Martial League's Summit Warden may meet his end, but certainly not within our territory."

Following Valentin's instructions, Festus promptly affirmed, "Yes, I understand."

With that, he made a hasty exit as if escaping for his life.

Not long after he left, another figure walked in.

Seeing the newcomer, Valentin once again put on a smiling face.

He stood up and quickly approached.

"Mr. Warrington, you're quite the elusive one. I didn't invite you for tea, and you didn't even drop by to visit your old buddy."

As he spoke, he reached out and embraced Stellan's shoulder.

The warmth of his gesture gave the impression of a lifelong brotherhood between them.

Stellan forced a smile and responded, "Mr. Yarwood, you know how it is. Although the Summit Warden is just a greenhorn, his status is quite something. If I don't entertain him properly, he might report back to headquarters, and I won't be able to bear the consequences."

His expression turned bitter as he spoke.

Valentin couldn't help but burst into laughter.

"Mr. Warrington, you're painting quite a dramatic picture. Who would dare to punish you here in Hulwin? As long as you give the word, I'm ready to go through thick and thin for you, and there'd be no turning back for them."

As Valentin uttered these words, Stellan pretended to be afraid and waved his hands in protest. "You're too kind, Mr. Yarwood. But when it comes to matters of life and death, I truly can't afford it."

The more afraid he acted, the heartier Valentin's laughter became.

"Mr. Warrington, you're my buddy, and your concerns are mine. There's no need for thanks; it's as if we're strangers. Come, let's have a seat and catch up. It's been a while since we sat down for tea together."

Hearing this, Stellan couldn't help but secretly curse.

Buddy? Yeah, right, as if!

Are we really buddies when you've been harming my Martial League subordinates?

Are we buddies when you've sidelined me and made me a figurehead president?

Are we buddies when you've been secretly spreading rumors and blocking anyone from joining our local Martial League association?

Of course, these cynical thoughts were swirling in Stellan's mind.

On the surface, he still maintained a flattering facade.

However, just as he was about to perform his customary nod and bow, an unfamiliar tightness gripped his chest. The effortless motions that had been second nature to him now felt oddly uncomfortable.

After taking a deep breath, he struggled to suppress his unsettling feeling.

"Mr. Yarwood, your gracious invitation for tea is a true honor," he uttered.

Although he was now little more than a sidelined president, his official status still held some weight.

Valentin's smile radiated even more brightly as Stellan continued to lay on the compliments.