

Chapter 2609 Who Do You Think You Are?

As Fiorenna spoke, a clear and melodious voice echoed throughout the entire hall. "Elders, I offer my greetings. Have you all been informed of the purpose of our visit to Seraphis by Atlas?"

As the crowd's gaze remained fixed on her, Fiorenna gently smiled, her red lips moving. "Recently, Prince Gadel has been facing shortages of resources, so we only require all the mineral resources from Warly Hill. As for that wretched place, Hulwin, you can divide it however you wish. I assume there are no objections to this proposal?"

As Fiorenna's words fell, the representatives of the various factions present unanimously agreed.

At this moment, Gadel, who was standing behind, also stood up. "That's settled then. I'll be awaiting your good news. Atlas, I am weary."

After hearing the young prince repeatedly addressing him by name, Atlas couldn't help but feel displeased. However, considering the backing of a powerful nation that the prince represented, along with hundreds of well-armed guards, and his own intentions to align with Montiria, Atlas concealed his discontent. He maintained a bright smile on his face in response.

He then signaled to his eldest son to lead Gadel away for some rest.

After all the personnel from Gadel's party had left, Atlas cleared his throat. "I assume you are all aware of the situation in Hulwin. The old coot from the Zedler Family dares to encroach on Hulwin even when he's on his last leg. Not a single member of the Zedler Family showed up, even for Prince Gadel's welcoming party. I suggest we unite and demand an explanation from Mortimer Zedler."

However, after his impassioned speech, the representatives of the various factions either continued sipping their tea, closed their eyes or engaged in hushed conversations, paying little attention to Atlas' words.

"Atlas, our primary purpose for gathering here today is to welcome Prince Gadel," one person spoke up, and others chimed in.

"That's right, Atlas. We should take things one step at a time. Rushing won't help."

"This matter is significant. Let's take it slow, step by step."

The attendees at this gathering were all powerful factions in Seraphis, and no one held a significant advantage over the others. Why should they listen to Atlas' orders?

Even if there were rumors from the Zedler Family about Mortimer possibly ailing, the Zedler Tiger Guards were still formidable. Plus, the Zedler Family's maritime firepower in the inner sea couldn't be underestimated. Unless absolutely necessary, no one was willing to provoke them.

With the sixth prince of Montiria already gone and having made his appearance, there was no further reason to stay.

"Everyone, my household staff has made lunch, and they're quite insistent, so I'll take my leave."

"Dashiehl, wait a moment. It's been a while since we shared a drink. Let's go to your place and have a cup of wine."

"We also have important matters to attend to. Please excuse us, everyone!"

With each farewell greeting, more and more representatives left the gathering. Most of these departing individuals had little interest in the division of Hulwin, while the remaining few were the primary stakeholders in the division of this substantial "cake." As the scene quieted down, a few of them exchanged glances and began their clandestine discussions.

Unaware of the events transpiring in the meeting, Matthew continued on his journey. After a long and tiring trip, he finally arrived in Concordia.

Before entering the city, he found a secluded corner and concealed his vehicle. Then, he changed into worn-out clothes.

"The things I do for this mission..." He muttered to himself with a self-deprecating tone, then clenched his teeth.

After inserting two needles into his acupoints, GB-20 and GV-16, Matthew was in excruciating pain, cold sweat pouring from his forehead. However, something miraculous was happening—his appearance gradually changed. Combined with the dust and fatigue from the journey, it made Matthew's face look entirely different. Unless one were very familiar with him, one would hardly recognize him.

Satisfied with his disguise, Matthew nodded at his reflection in the rearview mirror. With this new appearance, he walked toward Concordia.