

Chapter 2622 The Quarrel Before the Cruise

Overwhelmed by the warm invitation of the Stubber father and son, Matthew eventually agreed to have dinner with them.

"Matthew, you don't sound like a local here," Isambard asked during the meal, trying to make conversation. Matthew simply evaded the question. "Indeed, I'm not a local. I've come from out of town. I heard that Concordia has good medicinal herbs, and I'm a physician, so I came to collect some herbs."

"I see. Well, Matthew, let me raise a toast to you. Thank you for your help; my son's life was saved because of you," Isambard expressed his gratitude sincerely, raising his glass as he stood up.

Naturally, Matthew had to stand up as well and return the gesture.

After this brief interaction, an unusual feeling emerged in Matthew. He couldn't shake off the impression that Isambard was a bit too formal and not as straightforward as his son, Warrick.

After some casual conversation, Isambard returned to the topic. "Matthew," he began, "I've noticed your remarkable skills. I have a somewhat delicate request."

Matthew replied, "Please feel free to ask, Old Mr. Stubber. If there's any way I can be of help, I'll do my best."

Isambard raised the issue after a toast. "Here's the situation: because of the recent trouble caused by the Perryvall Family, it's become quite a mess. On our way here, we've been contacted by the Zedler Family. They hope that both sides can peacefully resolve the matter.

"As a result, we've arranged a meeting at sea to sit down and discuss things peacefully. I'm concerned about my granddaughter's safety during this meeting. So, I'm hoping that you can join us to help ensure her safety."

Isambard set his wine glass aside and waited for Matthew's response. On the one hand, he believed that Matthew would be a capable protector for his granddaughter. On the other hand, he saw this as an opportunity to build a relationship and possibly recruit Matthew.

Since Matthew's primary reason for being in Concordia was to gather information, he accepted the offer, seeing it as a way to gather intelligence by getting involved with these two influential factions.

"Thank you, Matthew. Here's the two million as a token of appreciation," Isambard said. "Please don't rush to refuse. My son is still alive because of you, and now we'd like to trouble you to protect Avril. If you don't accept it, we'd feel uneasy with our conscience."

Following his father's words, Warrick joined in. "Mr. Larson, please accept it. We can't repay the debt of saving a life in any other way. We can only express our gratitude through this kind of gesture."

With their words leaving him little room for refusal, Matthew reluctantly accepted the gold card they offered.

After a few rounds of drinks and a satisfying meal, it was getting late, and Ivy began to yawn frequently. Matthew took his leave from the gathering.

"Dad, Avril hates having a bodyguard follow her. Is it really appropriate to arrange for Matthew to protect her?" Warrick expressed his concerns.

In response, Isambard simply huffed and said, "You know nothing. I have it all planned out. Just mind your own business."

Reprimanded by his father, Warrick lowered his head and remained silent.

Early the next morning, Matthew arrived at the agreed-upon location with the Stubber Family. When their entourage of three arrived at their destination, Matthew finally met the person he was tasked with protecting, Avril Stubber.

However, when she saw him, a look of disdain appeared on her face. "Tch, I thought Grandpa had found me some incredible expert. Turns out it's just a greenhorn," she remarked. "And you even brought two tag-alongs. I'm starting to doubt whether you're really the bodyguard my grandpa sent."

With that, she lowered her head and, peering through the gap above her sunglasses, began to disdainfully assess Matthew.