

Chapter 2810 Setting Sail With General Weaver

Upon Matthew's return to Concordia, he wasted no time in organizing manpower. Upon hearing that someone had dared to threaten his elder brother, the crown prince immediately called upon and summoned all his subordinates.

With the issuance of Matthew's White Tiger Token, thousands of Zedler Tiger Guards swiftly arrived. By the time the crown prince, accompanied by Danny and his group, reached Highsea, Ophelia and Miles, accompanied by five thousand Zedler Tiger Guards, stood ready with their destroyer warships at the designated location. The two sides merged, forming a force of over six thousand people.

Upon seeing Matthew, Danny, and the others, they quickly organized their formation. In the blink of an eye, over eight hundred people had lined up in neat squares.

"Salute!"

With a loud roar from Danny, the entire Feather Guards performed a chest-pounding motion in unison, displaying a resolute and spirited demeanor.

"The Feather Guards reporting for duty!"

A resounding voice echoed, reaching the sky.

After some time, Matthew finally reunited with them, and their faces were filled with determination. It was a stark contrast to their first meeting, where they looked pale and emaciated, compared to their current selves, resembling robust bears. This was especially true for their leader, Danny, who now stood at an imposing height of 1.9 meters with bulging muscles that made him look like an iron tower.

Even the well-trained Zedler Tiger Guards on the battleship couldn't help but admire such a posture. Despite their youthfulness, these youngsters exuded an aura no less than that of a professional combat unit. Moreover, they were truly young, with limitless potential.

As for the crown prince and his followers, they couldn't help but feel a strong sense of envy. Rather than envy, it would be better to eliminate them than to allow such a group of carefree individuals to undergo such rigorous training.

"Well done. You have all been diligent during this time."

After praising them with a sentence, Matthew changed the subject. "Our target this time is General Weaver from the Montiria Navy. The difference in numbers between us and them is not significant, and they also have a stronghold to rely on. At the same time, this will be your first real combat operation. I value your lives, understand?"

Although these youngsters had the top-notch cultivation techniques provided by Matthew, the Creation Technique and the Unrestrained Technique, and could easily handle two or three adults individually, the battlefield was unpredictable. A moment of carelessness could cost them their lives, especially when facing experienced veterans. Despite their slightly inferior skills, the opponents' marksmanship was enough to surpass these young warriors by a considerable margin.

As for others, like the crown prince and the Zedler Tiger Guards, Matthew had no need to worry at all. Faced with combat using firearms, these people were as agile as eels.

The Feather Guards, led by Danny, showed no fear. Instead, they responded in unison with admiration on their faces.

"Understood!"

"Alright, let's set sail!"

With Matthew's command, dozens of search warships, led by the crown prince's flagship, slowly sailed out into the night.

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On the other side, at the bay of Montiria, the island was brightly lit. Pairs of guards patrolled with guns, ensuring security. Inside the camp, General Weaver and Daran were drinking heartily.

"In the future, you should follow my lead. Those insignificant figures like Enzo Gavell only dare to show off in small places like Seraphis."

"I won't hide it from you. Not only do I have the Minister of Border Affairs, Zedran Flow, supporting me, but even the crown prince also supports me."

General Weaver, slightly drunk, hugged Daran and boasted incessantly. At this moment, his faction was at its peak, successfully recruiting Daran and his several thousand subordinates into their camp. Most importantly, Daran was quite capable, having intercepted over two billion worth of supplies, all of which were now transported to General Weaver's territory. Daran only needed thirty percent, but even that amounted to over ten billion—a considerable sum for General Weaver.

Daran raised his wine glass, full of flattery. "General, I will have to rely on your care in the future."