

## Chapter 2850 The Big Picture

The banquet concluded, and amidst a flurry of discussions, the guests departed. The dramatic events that unfolded during the banquet left the guests astounded.

First, the third prince of Montiria made an unexpected appearance, followed by Prince Toby causing a scene. Then, Mortimer came to support them, and the evening culminated in a heated sparring session.

Regardless of the banquet's impeccable organization, the spectacle alone was enough to captivate everyone.

As the crowd dispersed, the once bustling Stubber Family banquet hall fell into silence. The lights that had previously illuminated the square like daylight were now mostly extinguished.

"Dad, these black granite tiles that we spent tens of millions on have been completely ruined," Warrick said, looking at the mess in front of him with a pained expression. However, as soon as he finished speaking, Isambard slapped him on the back of his head.

"Shut up, brat, and call someone over," he ordered.

"Alright, Dad, I'll get someone to fix it right away," Warrick replied, only to feel a throbbing pain at the back of his head.

"Fix? Fix what? Has your brain gone soft?" Isambard's hand trembled with anger. "Do you know what this wreckage signifies?"

"It's the birthplace of the future Lord of Seraphis, the place that witnessed the rise of Mr. Larson. It's a treasure, do you understand?"

Warrick looked at his father, puzzled. "Dad, can Mr. Larson really become the king of Seraphis?"

"Son, how many times have I told you to look at the bigger picture?" Isambard sighed, looking up at the stars at a forty-five-degree angle.

"The Martial League events have just concluded. Despite the busy period, the Martial League still sent Mr. Larson, one of the Summit Wardens, to Seraphis. It must be to pave the way.

"Seraphis has been in chaos for far too long. It needs someone to take charge. I've been searching for that person, and now I've found him."

"Mr. Larson is the Stubber Family's opportunity to rise!"

Warrick looked up and noticed a tear in the corner of Isambard's eye under the moonlight, and he began to comprehend.

What he didn't know was that years later, a mysterious wealthy businessman would offer a sky-high price to buy this square, only to be rejected by Isambard.

However, that was a story for another time.

On the other side, after the banquet, Matthew was staring at the mountain of documents in front of him with a headache. He lacked capable and trustworthy managers. The only one, Leanna, had been assigned to handle the affairs of the Commercial Union.

The re-establishment of the Martial League was not something Matthew could handle alone. Even the task of gathering information from various influential forces in Skargness proved to be a challenge.

The Zedler Family was also occupied with the re-establishment of the Southaven Martial League and couldn't spare any manpower.

"Matthew, if it's truly impossible, let me assist you. Just tell me what you need," The crown prince offered, observing Matthew's frustration.

Matthew's eyes twitched when he heard the suggestion. He looked up at the righteous crown prince and briefly considered the feasibility of the idea, indicating his desperation for help.

However, this thought only lasted for half a second in Matthew's mind before being dismissed. Given the crown prince's character, there was no way he could handle tasks properly. If he were to collect information and negotiate with forces, it would undoubtedly result in chaos.

"You better stay by my side and help me. Otherwise, there will be no one to ensure my safety."

The crown prince appeared slightly resentful. "Matthew, do you think I am incapable of handling this?"

What the crown prince implied was, "Are you underestimating me?"