

Chapter 2925 Repaying Isambard's Efforts

Isambard, with decades of experience in society, had become quite shrewd. He decided to listen to Matthew's plan first before giving a response and to avoid any clashes of ideas.

"Mr. Larson, what are your thoughts?"

"The work in Whitecloud Village is almost complete and we no longer require as many people for these tasks. So, I propose to expand our operations into the mountains. For Whitecloud Village and the surrounding villages within a 30-mile radius, I plan to appoint Warrick as the leader. I am curious to hear your opinion, Isambard..."

Matthew paused at this point, clearly outlining his intentions. He was entrusting the Stubber Family with full responsibility for this area, based on Isambard's performance thus far.

Despite past conflicts, Isambard had been diligently handling various matters for Matthew, from the Chamber of Commerce to the Martial Alliance, and now the development and construction in the mountains.

This was Matthew's way of reciprocating and providing an explanation to Isambard. By following Matthew's lead, the Stubber Family would not face any losses.

Upon hearing this, Isambard stood still as he was stunned. During the early stages of the Martial Alliance's revival, all the Chamber of Commerce members were eager to secure opportunities for their children, but Isambard had refrained from taking any action.

It wasn't that he didn't want his children to join the Martial Alliance; in fact, he was more eager than anyone else. To avoid causing trouble for Matthew, he had even sent his granddaughter, Avril, abroad to study in an attempt to resolve any grievances against Matthew.

Now, he was finally seeing results after all his efforts, indicating that his son, Warrick, was on the path to joining the Martial Alliance.

"Thank you, Mr. Larson, for your support. The Stubber Family will not disappoint you."

He was so overwhelmed with excitement that he didn't know where to place his hands. If he weren't bound by age and rules, he would have considered prostrating to Matthew.

The opportunity for the Stubber Family's advancement had finally arrived.

"You must understand that this is the first quota granted through the mountain development. It comes with a certain level of pressure. The Commercial Union members are all observing you. If you do not perform well, I will assign the quota to another family or group."

Isambard grasped Matthew's implication. In terms of strength and influence, the Stubber Family was merely average within the Commercial Union. By granting them the initial management quota, Matthew was placing a certain level of pressure on the Stubber Family.

"Mr. Larson, rest assured. If our construction is subpar, my family will step down willingly. We will not embarrass you."

Matthew nodded and he found it easy to converse with intelligent individuals.

"Let's discuss the next steps in planning. Here is the information Fitz has brought back. Managing Whitecloud Village will be relatively straightforward, but as we venture deeper into the mountains, the situation will become more complex."

After reviewing the documents swiftly, Isambard formulated a plan.

"We could consider consolidating the small villages into one larger village, which would streamline management. As for the young individuals in these rural areas, we could encourage them to relocate from the mountains to work. While their numbers are significant, our company has the capacity to accommodate them. As for the villagers who have transitioned to cultivating Night Vine, this..."

This issue was significant as there was no regulatory framework in the mountains. Everyone pursued profit without restraint. Addressing those involved in the Night Vine trade was manageable, but the farmers posed a dilemma. Enforcing regulations was challenging due to their large numbers, which would potentially lead to significant unrest.

As they grappled with this matter, urgent footsteps could be heard outside the door.

"Matthew, something terrible has occurred. Solon's helicopter was ambushed and crashed!"