

Chapter 2939 The Martial League Won't Tolerate This

Matthew sighed softly, "Everyone has the right and is free to pursue a prosperous life, but we must make honest money, not blood money."

Alton rose to his feet abruptly as he slammed his mug on the table.

"No need to preach, Matthew. We need to survive. Are you offering to provide for our villagers?"

What Matthew had said was asking them to destroy their means of survival. The villagers in the room were looking at him with intense animosity.

Delmont remained silent for a moment before rising to his feet. "Calm down, Alton. Let him talk. He hasn't finished his words. Matthew, if you intend to sever the village's lifeline, then you must have alternative solutions in mind for our survival. If you're merely here to talk, I'll kill you on the spot."

Shawn, who had been holding back his anger, was on the verge of intervening, but Matthew clasped his shoulder.

"Did you forget what I told you? Stay put. I'll handle this."

The guns pointing at Matthew raised as he rose slowly. However, he paid them no mind and continued speaking calmly. "Chief Thorne, as I mentioned earlier, you're making blood money from the Night Vine. It's not a sustainable solution. It's currently confined to the mountains, yes. But have you considered the possibility of it spreading to urban areas? At that time, how will the major powers and prominent families react? Even if they allow it to spread because they also want to profit from it, the Martial League won't sit idly by."

Delmont grasped the essence instantly. "The Martial League, you say?"

At first, he thought Matthew was merely a wealthy man with a conscience compared to the other businessmen.

"Yes, the Martial League. You mountain folks are ill-informed. Allow me to introduce myself. I'm the head of the Summit Warden of Martial League, the Lecarres Summit Warden."

At that, he produced his token and placed it on the table. "Chief Thorne, if you doubt me, you can ask around about the resumption of the Skargness Martial League and the Southaven Martial League."

The information had been widely circulated, and Delmont had heard of it too. Yet, he didn't anticipate that the president would be Matthew nor did he be young.

Delmont fell silent as he pondered over Matthew's words. With just one look, Alton had a bad feeling. Knowing Delmont for years, he could tell Delmont was having second thoughts.

"Don't listen to him, Delmont! He's attempting to intimidate us. We have two hundred thousand people in our village. Let him bluff as he pleases. We can deal with this braggart."

As he fervently expressed his resolve, he suddenly felt a cold sensation at his neck. Glancing sideways, he saw a gleaming sword pointed at his throat.

"Mr. Thorne, as I mentioned earlier. I have my way out. Your weapons don't scare me. I'm not belittling you, but I'll have you know that your bullets will never reach me."

At that, Matthew vanished from Alton's sight in an instant and reappeared in his seat.

Alton couldn't help but swallow thickly. Is he even human?

After taking a deep breath, Delmont once again adopted a sincere expression.

"You have remarkable skills, Matthew. It's no surprise that you have attained the position of the Summit Warden at such a young age. That's impressive."

Not long ago, he held Matthew in disregard. But after witnessing Matthew's strength, he respected the younger man. As the chieftain, he knew he had to make the right choice for his village.