

## Chapter 2945 Conspiracies

Although Thorneville was just a small village nestled in the mountains, it reaped substantial profits from cultivating Night Vine. The annual earnings were impressive to the degree that it was almost terrifying.

As the business and profits grew, the village no longer had the absolute say in the distribution of their earnings.

Various powerful forces had intervened in the business.

Despite being the village chief, Delmont was merely a figurehead with limited authority.

There were numerous vested interests in Thorneville that he couldn't touch without facing dire consequences.

Still, he was the village chieftain. Many people within the village listened to his orders.

Soon, the news of his allegiance to Matthew spread around, attracting the attention of village elders and spies from other factions.

As the news reverberated throughout the village, it eventually reached the ears of influential figures from the other factions after their spies reported back to them. Many of them were incensed by the audacity of someone encroaching on their profits.

One could never stay calm after learning that a stranger demanded a share of their profits.

However, their anger subsided when they learned that the culprit was none other than Matthew. After all, they knew who Matthew was.

Not only was he the Holy Doctor, but he was also the president of the Martial League and the Commercial Union. Recently, he also got rid of General Weaver. His capability was fathomless.

In summary, they were no match for him.

Having the audacity to cross him was one thing, but the prospect of antagonizing such a formidable figure for trivial gains seemed unwise to many.

Most individuals soon abandoned the idea of seeking retribution against him, but one person remained deeply troubled. It was none other than Isambard. He had amassed a fortune through dealings involving Night Vine. He even invested a lot of money in Thorneville.

Little did Delmont know, Isambard had bought seven tons of Night Vine from Thornville. They weren't ordinary Night Vine. They had been air-dried and compacted.

If he put the goods on sale, it would likely stir a commotion in the market.

Even to the wealthiest families, being unable to sell the goods meant suffering a great loss in money. Not to mention Isambard wasn't the wealthiest man in the country.

He almost had a heart attack at the revelation of Thorneville's submission to Matthew.

However, he didn't dare to cross Matthew to get Thorneville back.

"Oh no, I'm doomed..." He was desperate.

His subordinate proposed a plan, "Boss. Matthew must be here to form the Martial League. You can offer supplies to him."

The suggestion gave him a glimmer of hope. A daring plan was formed in his mind.

It was rather simple.

He could offer supplies to Matthew and propose a dinner between them. Then, he would have his men infiltrate the Martial League that Matthew intended to establish, so they could report to him from time to time.

If I provide him with the necessities, there's no way he could turn me down. When the time comes, he'll have to focus on me solely.

However, he was blowing smoke into Matthew's eyes.

The supplies and the spies were all a distraction.

His goal was to divert Matthew's attention to the meal and execute a covert operation to retrieve the seven tons of goods stored in Thorneville.

Despite the reluctance to supply Matthew and to treat him to a meal, Isambard knew that the sacrifice was necessary to gain something.

He saw it as the only viable strategy to reclaim his assets.