

## Chapter 2970 Seeing the Stubbers

After handling the affairs of Thorneville, Matthew began to make other arrangements.

Although the Martial League was established, Matthew still had to brainstorm the creation of its various departments.

Establishing the Grounds Force, selecting a location for the herb planting ground, and addressing many other tasks awaiting Matthew's attention were the most pressing matters at the moment.

However, the Night Vine remained the most crucial issue, as its source had yet to be discovered.

"Any updates from Kasen's end?"

The mention of this turned the crown prince grim. "Based on our investigation, the entities involved in the Night Vine's profit chain are multiplying."

"Based on our current observations, over sixty families and organizations are already linked to it. The Stubber Family is just a minor player."

These are just the ones that are visible, too. Who knows how many are hiding behind the scenes.

Matthew looked at the busy village, his gaze contemplative.

"Call Kasen and everyone else back! I had hoped they would exhibit some restraint for their interests, but it appears I overestimated them. Their actions have taken a turn for the worse."

While Matthew remained composed on the surface, the crown prince detected a hint of murderous intent. These people should be killed for ruining so many families.

With his gaze in the direction of the sky, Matthew declared, "We're seeing Isambard."

He vanished immediately, leaving behind a few fleeting afterimages before disappearing entirely.

"Why are we seeing the git?" the crown prince muttered before following suit.

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Back in the Stubbers' residence in Concordia, following the failed smuggling incident, Warrick felt too ashamed to remain in Whitecloud Village. Even upon returning to his family, he was restless and had not enjoyed a peaceful night's sleep in days.

Observing his father pacing anxiously, Warrick couldn't help but offer some words of comfort.

"Dad, don't fret so much. We have invested a great deal in establishing the Martial League for Matthew. It's just right we make some profit."

Isambard looked at his son with bloodshot eyes, his expression darkening instantly.

"You know nothing. This is just the calm before the storm. You think you know Matthew? He might look calm, collected, and easygoing, but that man is a beast."

"The Night Vine is something he'll never forgive, and we have done the unthinkable. Do you comprehend the gravity of that?" Isambard roared.

He thought he was a visionary, but he succumbed to the allure of the Night Vine. He had even contemplated taking action against Matthew! Now, in a moment of clarity, he felt profound regret.

"Alas, I was blinded by greed in the end!"

As he sighed, two figures suddenly materialized at the gate.

"Who goes there?" The surrounding security personnel sprang into action to shield Gan's father and son.

"What's the matter, Isambard? Is this how you welcome an old friend?"

With a mischievous whisper, Matthew and the crown prince entered the room leisurely.

Upon catching sight of the two men, Isambard trembled involuntarily, his weary face now drained of color. He could smell death coming for him. Sh\*t!

Warrick thought his father was getting too old and cowardly. Our family rules this city.

"You'd better know your place, Matthew. Our family provides for the Martial League's staff. Cause trouble, and I'll make sure the staff goes homeless, and then..."

As a result of Warrick's cockiness, the crown prince narrowed his eyes and whipped his gun to pull the trigger.