

Chapter 2986 Hi, Mr Lucius

The construction of the Martial League headquarters could face delays, but Matthew's priority was the safety of his wife and companions.

"Please guide me through this, Mr. Lucius," Matthew pleaded earnestly.

Upon hearing his plea, Lucius straightened up slightly. A smile dawned on his face as he realized his objective had been achieved.

He then began to outline a solution, "It's quite simple. You can build the Martial League headquarters on Basha's Sacred Mount."

Lucius elaborated, "You can openly build the headquarters while discreetly relocating your family and subordinates to the Sacred Mount. This will serve as a diversion, drawing attention away from outsiders. Your loved ones within the Sacred Mount will be completely secure."

His confidence was palpable, and his assurance was unwavering. He even pledged to step down as sect master if any assassination attempts breached the Sacred Mount's defenses.

Of course, behind Lucius' outward confidence lay a deeper motive driven by paternal love and a genuine desire for his daughter's happiness. In his world, the idea of multiple wives and concubines was commonplace.

After hearing Lucius' proposal, Matthew's face lit up with relief and gratitude as the plan promised newfound security for his loved ones.

"Thank you, Mr. Lucius. I will consider it," Matthew expressed sincerely.

"You're welcome. You can give me your decision by tomorrow night," Lucius suggested before vanishing into the night alongside Feather.

Upon their return, Feather expressed discontent, "Mr. Lucius, Matthew is unappreciative. It's an honor to allow them to build the headquarters on the Sacred Mount, yet he still needs to think it over."

Lucius halted his complaints, raising his hand. He explained, "He may think I have ulterior motives as he needs to hand over the whole family to the Sacred Mount."

"He has no other choice," Feather insisted.

"I've been considering your happiness, my dear daughter, but you still disregard me," Lucius murmured, resenting Ivy's indifferent attitude toward him.

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At Stubbers Mansion, the consequences of Matthew's manipulation left the entire Stubber Family vulnerable. However, their troubles did not end there.

Toby's declaration only added fuel to the fire. He declared, "The Stubber Family has conspired with the enemy, and I will impose penalties on them!" This accusation triggered an immediate backlash, with several erstwhile allies severing ties with the family.

The butler was visibly distressed inside Isambard's study room as he meticulously calculated the mounting losses. After an agonizing assessment, he finally summoned the courage to deliver the grim report.

The butler began, "Mr. Stubber, I have tallied the losses, and it's dire. All industries under the Stubber Family have ground to a halt. At this rate, we may struggle to sustain ourselves within just one month."

Seeing Isambard, who appeared utterly dejected, the butler could not utter the word "bankruptcy."

Recent events had left Isambard drained, both physically and mentally exhausted. His tired eyes betrayed a profound weariness. He contemplated, The downfall of the once-thriving Stubber Family resulted from my momentary greed.

"Alright, you may leave," he instructed, reaching for the glass with trembling hands. As Isambard reached for the glass, it slipped from his fingers and spilled its contents on the floor.

However, before one wave could settle, another one arose.

Following a flurry of hurried footsteps, the study door was flung open.

A panicked servant rushed in, reporting, "Mr. Stubber! Mr. Stubber! We're in trouble! Mr. Warrick was attacked! All his tendons were severed."

Isambard stood abruptly upon hearing the shocking news. He exclaimed, "What?! How is Warrick faring?"

The servant responded anxiously, "The situation is dire. He is currently receiving treatment in the emergency room."

Fear and worry gripped Isambard as he rose abruptly from his seat. He ordered urgently, "Quick! Summon the driver to take me to visit Warrick!"

As he moved to step forward, a sudden wave of dizziness washed over him.

"Mr. Stubber..." the servant called out in concern. He then immediately summoned, "Someone, help!"