

Chapter 2999 Mortimer's Bloody Methods

Meanwhile, in Raischester...

The establishment of the Martial League on Mortimer's end was progressing on a full scale and at a pace that far outstripped Matthew's.

In the study, Miles was reporting updates on the progress of various tasks. "The Martial League's affairs are all sorted out. All that's left is to get the personnel and equipment in place for it to officially begin operations. Also, those sneaky rats who slipped in have been taken care of."

There was a moment of silence from Mortimer, his fingers tapping on the desk in front of him. Finally, he instructed, "Cut off all of their heads and have them hung on the lighthouse at the harbor."

With these words, the atmosphere in the room grew heavy, a sense of menace looming.

"Father, won't this provoke them?" Miles couldn't help but feel concerned. After all, these desperados were capable of anything.

"What's there to be afraid of? My success today is the result of walking a path paved with the blood and bones of my enemies. I've never backed down when it comes to being ruthless! Spread the word—all foreign mercenaries and assassin organizations in Southaven must register! A week from now, any unregistered ones will be killed!"

Miles could tell from Mortimer's murderous demeanor that he meant business. After closing the file, he promptly left the study.

"Listen up, Zedler Tiger Guards! It's time to clean house in Southaven!"

With that command, a hundred thousand guards were swiftly mobilized.

At noon that day, the fishermen of Raischester discovered a bizarre sight atop the lighthouse: scores of mercenaries' and assassins' heads arranged like a macabre wreath. The bloodied heads were clearly visible from every angle.

"The Zedler Family is digging its own grave. Tonight, they'll learn the price of crossing our Night Mercenary."

However, just as the leader of the mercenary group bellowed threats, the inn's door swung open effortlessly.

In less than 20 seconds, Miles emerged from the inn. "Go back and tell my father that the Night Mercenary has been taken care of. I'll personally handle the rest of those mongrels."

With that, he took a wet towel from his subordinate and wiped the blood from his hands.

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After wrapping up his conversation with Lucius and Ivy, Matthew led his wife to the herb garden on the Sacred Mount.

Before they even stepped into the garden, a rich natural fragrance of herbal medicines hit them.

Matthew's nimbus began flowing within him without him needing to exert any effort. Seven Nights Ginseng, Lustrous Fruit, century-old fleecflower roots, Starfall Herb, and so on... With each breath, invaluable medicinal treasures flashed through Matthew's mind.

Unfortunately, the Fire Red Lotus he sought was absent among the numerous herbs.

However, what surprised him more than the herbs was the compatibility between them. Herbs that normally clashed worked together perfectly in the hands of the mysterious Mr. Stewart, nourishing each other even.

There was a faint sense of profound wisdom underlying it all. It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that an ordinary person, upon inhaling the fragrance of these herbs, could alleviate their ailments and troubles.

"Is Mr. Stewart an advanced grandmaster?" Matthew asked, his expression filled with astonishment.

Standing beside him, however, Feather remained silent, merely looking at Matthew with a meaningful smile on his face. "Mr. Stewart enjoys solitude and doesn't like outsiders disturbing him. Besides, he's rather reclusive. Only a few old people and Mr. Lucius and his daughter can come and go here."

After Feather's reminder, Matthew could clearly sense a hint of awe in his gaze.

Entering the herb garden, they saw a silver-haired old man bending over and tending to various herbs. His gentle movements were akin to tending to a newborn, and he looked both earnest and solemn.

Feather remained silent, merely gesturing with his eyes for Matthew and Sasha to patiently wait for a while.