

Chapter 2345 Arrogant Baxter Damron

Before this, Shiloh merely knew that someone from the Damron Family in Bainbridge had come to Eastshire, but he didn't pay much attention to it.

Therefore, he was not aware of the details of the visitor.

Now that he saw this person from Emsgate, Shiloh was furious.

"We are at one of the Martial League's branches. Who allowed you to bring outsiders in?"

After saying that, he stared angrily at everyone present.

Even the few senior elders couldn't help but avoid eye contact.

"Hmph! Coward! You don't have to search the crowd anymore, Old Master Edwards. I was the one who brought Josiah McCrae in!"

Baxter stepped forward and admitted.

"Mr. McCrae is a distinguished guest of our family, and he is also my good friend. It should be your honor that he could attend this hall meeting in the countryside. So what's the matter, Old Master Edwards? Are you looking down on me, or my family?"

After his explanation, Baxter narrowed his eyes and questioned loudly.

At that moment, Shiloh suddenly became speechless.

He never expected that the prestigious Damron Family would be so shameless.

"Mr. Damron, I am not disrespecting the Damron Family, but isn't it inappropriate for this person to be present at a branch organization of the Martial League?"

The more Shiloh intended to explain, the more complicated it sounded, and the more impatient Baxter became.

He was the direct descendant of the Damron Family, while Shiloh was just an insignificant figure under the South's jurisdiction. He wasn't even worthy of being considered a significant presence among the second class in society, yet he dared to challenge him!

"When you're old, you should mind your own business so that you can live longer! Am I right, Old Master Edwards? Besides, Matthew also agreed that he should overpower everyone present here to be recognized as a legitimate leader, didn't he?"

As he spoke, a sinister smile appeared on his face.

Shiloh's face turned red with anger upon being threatened by a younger generation.

He had originally thought that the other party had an extraordinary identity, so he tried to control his words and actions as much as possible.

He never expected that Baxter would be so audacious.

"Arrogant brat, I will settle this matter today. Since when could outsiders act so boldly under my jurisdiction?!"

As Shiloh slammed the table in anger, over 60 percent of the crowd stood up instantly.

In the blink of an eye, they surrounded Baxter and his group.

Facing that situation, Josiah could no longer hide his excitement as he gripped the hilt of his sword.

"Step forward if you're not afraid of death."

He twisted his body and slowly crouched down as he spoke.

The atmosphere at the scene became tense.

When Shiloh glared at him, a voice suddenly rang from behind him.

"Old Master Edwards, are you going to embarrass the new hall leader?"

With the Bloodreaper in his hand, Matthew came to Shiloh's side.

"Now that I am the hall leader of Eastshire's Martial League, dealing with thugs like them naturally becomes my responsibility."

He turned his gaze and looked toward Josiah and his group.

"I, Matthew Larson, always keep my word. I don't have enough space to display my skills here, so come with me."

After speaking, Matthew didn't even wait for the other party to reply as he started walking toward the training ground outside the hall.

Resentment filled his mind as soon as he met his enemy.

When Matthew was ambushed by his peers from Emsgate during the trip to Highsea, he could've died on the spot if it weren't for Martin Newmont's protection.

Matthew had always held a grudge in his heart, but after returning to Bainbridge, these people seemed to have disappeared into thin air.

Now, it seemed that they had found a hiding place in Bainbridge.

Anyway, it was an opportunity for him.

It was time to settle the score for that day.

"Bring it on! No one from your team is able to ambush me today!"

Matthew's words were a mockery to the other party for the ambush they had done together during the trip to Highsea.

Upon hearing that, Josiah showed a furious expression.

"How does a loser have the audacity to act so arrogantly? No one can save you this time."

As he spoke, he crouched down again.

The Seven Pace Sword at his waist was firmly held in his palm.

A butterfly that suddenly flew close to him was instantly split in half, dying a miserable death in mid-air.