

Chapter 2439 I Rushed Back From the Far North

Meanwhile, after leaving the Martial League Hall, Matthew's mind was consumed by the thoughts of the Emsgate warrior's transformation. Although Rhett didn't say much, Matthew surmised from the stunned expressions of these two elders that there must be hidden information that he wasn't aware of for the time being.

As Billy had previously stated, Matthew's own prowess remained insufficient. The truth might have revealed itself if he had been stronger, obviating the need for further investigation.

As he contemplated and walked with his head down, he suddenly noticed an approaching figure heading in his direction. Instantaneously, the Bloodreaper in his hand trembled uncontrollably, and with this slight aberrant movement, he snapped out of his thoughts. When he lifted his head and looked ahead, a stranger of the same age as him was smiling and staring at him from a distance of less than thirty feet away.

Although that man had long hair, it did not affect his heroic and handsome appearance. However, a strand of white hair on his forehead added an air of mystique to him, and his terrifying aura was the most striking feature of his appearance. Even though he wore a composed expression, the sword energy emanating from this man's body caused Matthew's cheeks to ache.

This is a master level! he thought.

Soon, their eyes met, and the white-haired young man nodded slightly. "Hey, bro, watch your step as you walk." After noticing Matthew's wariness, he smoothed his worn-out yet neat attire. "Sorry, I just rushed back from the Far North. I can't fully control this sword's energy."

"You don't know that place isn't fit for human habitation." The words escaped Matthew's lips almost to himself, his eyes widening in disbelief.

He knew the Far North and the Endless Sea were forbidden places for humans. Nevertheless, he was utterly astonished when he learned that this man had returned from the Far North. Yet, as he gazed upon the man's face, though wearied, Matthew couldn't help but notice the striking resemblance to himself. Suddenly, a realization struck him. "Are you Charley Henderson?"

He distinctly recalled that Old Mr. Bane had mentioned this young man to him. Among the emerging young talents of Cathay, Charley stood out remarkably. Around five or six years ago, he felt that his "art of the sword" had hit a wall. As he was impatient to unlock his full potential, he disregarded the advice of his elders and went to the Far North alone to refine his skills.

At this moment, Matthew's question triggered an unexpected smile from Charley, and he said, "I didn't expect that, after leaving Bainbridge for five or six years, someone would still remember me. May I ask, what is your name, bro?" Having spent years training in isolation in the Far North, he remained unaware of the world's current events.

"I am Matthew Larson!"

After getting confirmation from the other party, Matthew bowed and respectfully saluted with his sword.

After Charley returned the gesture, his gaze fell on Matthew's right hand. "A fine blade indeed, destined for greatness once you reach its pinnacle. Unfortunately, it seems your strength is not yet sufficient to fully unleash its potential."

Taken aback by his candid response, Matthew couldn't help but recall that Old Mr. Bane had only lauded Charley's outstanding talent. However, there had been no mention of his straightforward demeanor, which carried a subtle sting in its words.

Unaware of the other man's inner thoughts, Charley continued, "We can have a friendly match when we have time but before that..."

As the man's speech momentarily halted, Matthew tuned in with heightened anticipation, sensing that an extraordinary revelation would follow.

At this moment, Charley scratched his head with an awkward gesture. "I've been away for a long time and this... On my body..."

Just then, the quiet street was interrupted by a distinct gurgling sound.

Matthew's ears perked up as he quickly grasped his meaning. "If you don't mind, Charley, how about a late-night snack?"

"Sure!" Charley agreed without hesitation, devoid of formality or decline.