

Chapter 2440 Charley Henderson, the Big Eater

Meanwhile, at the quiet street corner, beads of sweat formed on the brow of the ramen shop owner as he deftly managed the boiling noodles in the pot. Despite over a decade of running the shop, he had never encountered such an astounding appetite in a young patron.

While still busy with the noodles, he heard someone urging him, "Boss, two more bowls of miso ramen!"

"Uh, okay, coming right up," the ramen shop owner replied. Then, he promptly took a large bowl and prepared the ingredients before serving them on the small table. In the meantime, he could see more than ten stacked empty bowls on the ground next to the table.

On the contrary, the sight of the piping hot miso ramen prompted Charley's taste buds to dance impatiently. Without delay, he grasped his utensils and began savoring the flavorful broth. "Mmm, delicious! Matthew, why are you merely observing? Join me," he insisted warmly.

In response to his cordial invitation, Matthew politely shook his head and declined, "Thank you, but I'm good. Enjoy your meal, Charley. I'm already quite full." As he said this, he gently pushed the large bowl of ramen closer to Charley.

Initially, he had intended to invite him to a fancy restaurant for a meal. However, Charley promptly declined the offer as he preferred humble food shops over upscale establishments.

As Matthew slid a bowl of steaming ramen toward Charley, his offer was met with a contented acceptance. With one hand deftly guiding noodles into his mouth, Charley positioned another large bowl before himself. "Hehe, then I won't hold back," he said.

Matthew was utterly amazed by the young man's appetite. Despite standing around six feet tall and not seemingly weighing no more than 150 pounds, Charley seemed to possess a bottomless pit for a stomach. As he watched Charley effortlessly tackle bowl after bowl of ramen, a pang of concern crept into his mind, fearing Charley might eat until he exploded.

True to his fears, Charley's appetite was voracious. It wasn't until the ramen shop owner signaled the depletion of ingredients that Charley finally stopped himself from ordering more. Having emptied the contents of two large ramen bowls before him, he wiped his mouth.

"Thank you for your hospitality, Matthew. It's been a long time since I've tasted something so delicious," he said, punctuating his gratitude with a contented burp. Then, he continued, "By the way, Matthew, with your strength, you should be considered an Elite. Have you participated in this year's re-election of the Martial League?"

Matthew found himself momentarily wordless, unable to contain a mutter inwardly. What do you mean by "considered"? It seems like you're not good at speaking. A wry twitch curved Matthew's mouth as he briefly recounted the past two days' events regarding the re-election of the Martial League.

After listening, Charley let out a sigh of relief. "That's a relief. I received a message three months ago and rushed to Bainbridge without a moment's delay. Thankfully, there is still one day left."

Matthew was surprised by his response and asked curiously, "Isn't the Far North off-limits for other humans? How did the people from the Martial League manage to find you there?"

"They sent up a signal flare outside the northern border and left a letter before leaving. Though I wonder why they didn't think to send me some good food," Charley grumbled with a hint of disappointment.

Evidently, life in the Far North is not as good as it might seem. From what Matthew knew, that place was not only relentlessly cold throughout the year, with thick blankets of snow, but also filled with hungry and ferocious beasts lurking around. Of course, judging by his appearance now, those ferocious beasts might have ended up as his food.

"Speaking of which, will those people from Emsgate still be competing tomorrow? Are there any other Elites? I've been fighting with killers all year round, and I almost forgot what it feels like to kill," Charley remarked, a frigid sword-like aura emanating from him, enough to send shivers down one's spine.

Beneath that chilling intent to kill, Matthew felt he was standing before an ancient killer, not a human.