

Chapter 2441 Support from Emsgate Arrives

As they chatted casually, the topic gradually shifted away from the re-election of the Martial League.

"Are Mr. Wyatt and Elder Carr doing well? I remember back then, when I was sneaking out of Bainbridge, these two old men chased after me relentlessly for hundreds of miles!" Still, I got the last laugh in the end as I managed to escape from their grasp. Heh." Charley couldn't help but burst into laughter when he recalled those memories.

"The two old men are doing fine. I just came from their place. If you hurry over now, you should still be able to see them."

Once Matthew brought that up, Charley suddenly rose to his feet.

"Sure, it's been a long time since I left Bainbridge. It's about time for me to pay them a visit. Thank you for your hospitality tonight, Matthew. I'll treat you to a meal if we meet each other again." With that, he waved his hand as he bid his goodbye.

However, he said one last thing before leaving, "Work hard. With your current strength, your sword will start gathering dust. The waters of our Martial League run deep. I assure you, what you see now is just the tip of the iceberg."

He paused for a moment before he continued, "If you have the chance, you should strive to obtain a position within the Martial League. It will greatly benefit your future martial arts development."

Although Matthew didn't understand why Charley was being so vague, he still nodded in agreement.

Then, the two bid farewell to each other and left their separate ways.

Yet, just as Charley walked away, he suddenly turned back and glanced at Matthew's figure.

Then, he muttered under his breath, "He has good fortune. It seems that my future in the art of the sword won't be lonely."

Afterward, he resumed his steps and headed towards the Martial League headquarters.

The cold wind blew, and only yellow leaves kept falling behind him.

Meanwhile, on Matthew's side, he couldn't help but recall his conversation with Charley, especially his cryptic remark. The man's powerful aura had made a deep impact on him.

In fact, the other party's strength was not just limited to his current strength. What was more frightening about Charley was his terrifying potential that seemed so limitless.

Although this person had a carefree and casual personality, his words were also sometimes rather bizarre... The aura he emitted with every move and gesture could easily send chills down one's spine.

"So, this is the strongest sword genius of Cathay, then?"

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The Great Octavian received the support he had been eagerly waiting for after the duel finally came to an end.

He had to remind himself to maintain his composure as he walked out of the courtyard to welcome the arrivals. To his surprise, the person leading the group was a girl dressed in half black and half white.

Although he harbored a great deal of doubt in the face of such a young person leading the charge, he still respectfully bowed before he approached the entourage.

"This young one, Octavian, greets the honorable seniors."

Alas, none of the members of these three teams paid any attention in the face of the Great Octavian's warm welcome.

Instead, they simply walked straight into the hall.

The girl was even more outrageous as she immediately made herself comfortable in the main seat.

The elders leading the Talone Sect and Anbe Family didn't find her actions out of the norm. It was evident that they didn't see anything wrong with her attitude.

Just when the Great Octavian was trying to puzzle out just what on Earth was going on, the elder of the Talone Sect walked forward with a serious expression and reprimanded sternly, "How dare you! Octavian, how could you not pay your respects to our venerable Spiritualist Miss St. Clair?"

The Great Octavian's whole body trembled involuntarily upon hearing his words.

He was immediately overwhelmed by fear as he knelt.

"Greetings, Miss St. Clair."

At this moment, the Great Octavian finally understood why the Talone Sect and the Anbe Family, who were the top forces in Cathay, would show such utmost respect to this girl.

This particular family that produced numerous Spiritualists were legends.

Although they rarely made an appearance, whenever it involved major matters in Emsgate, it didn't matter what decision was made; it had to be approved by this particular before it could proceed.

Regardless, the Great Octavian couldn't help but feel bewildered. They were just having a Martial League re-election competition. So, why would such a terrifying existence intervene in something so trivial? Just as his mind was whirling with several possibilities, Winona, who was sitting in the main seat, finally spoke in a calm tone, "Octavian, it seems like this operation didn't go smoothly, huh."