

Chapter 2474 Detail-Oriented

"Young man, since I've chosen to approach you gently, can I hope for your honesty?"

Matthew nodded in confusion. Although he wasn't sure of this person's intentions, he knew well that an Emsgate woman who practiced martial arts wasn't likely to be a good person.

"Very well, I just want to know, during your duel with Chad Talone, what was the final sn— decisive move that led to your victory?"

Originally, she intended to use the term "sneak attack," but it felt inappropriate, so she rephrased her words.

"Are you referring to the flying needle technique?" he said, extending his uninjured palm, and a black glowing needle hovered steadily in his hand.

At that, Winona's initially calm expression suddenly fluctuated. A faint murderous intent emanated from her gaze. However, this fleeting killing intent quickly vanished, concealed by her demeanor. "Yes, yes, that's it. Young man, where did this flying needle come from? Could you explain in detail?"

Frowning, Matthew pretended to ponder for a while before speaking seriously, "Oh, this? It was presented to me by Mr. Wyatt, the Great Elder of CAUMP, after the Holy Doctor Competition. As the new Holy Doctor, it was a reward."

Before he could finish speaking, Winona sensed something unusual in Matthew's words.

The Holy Doctor Competition took place some time ago. If Matthew had possessed the Solitary Nine Needles since then, it wouldn't make sense for him to withhold such a powerful trump card during the confrontation with the Talone Sect and the Anbes. This indicated that the person who rescued Matthew the night before was likely connected to the Solitary Family or had an extraordinary relationship with them.

Furthermore, the Solitary Nine Needles must've been given to Matthew at that time. However, the Solitary Nine Needles were the treasured possession of the Solitary Family, and it was unthinkable for them to entrust it to an unrelated person.

If Matthew knew what Winona was thinking at this moment, he would surely be shocked. She seemed to know more about the entire incident than he did. Yet, Winona maintained a smile on her face, though her eyes held a touch of coldness.

"Holy Doctor Larson, you are not being honest.

"If that's the case, I might have to resort to some tricks."

As she spoke, she slowly approached Matthew. In the palm of her hand, a faint black light emerged.

However, Matthew, lying on the sickbed, seemed unfazed by Winona's threat, merely shaking his head in resignation. "Sigh, you don't believe me even when I'm telling you the truth. Is suspicion that deeply ingrained within the Spiritualist Clan?"

Winona's movements in her hand paused involuntarily, and she asked, "Spiritualist Clan... You knew my identity from the beginning?!"

As she said it, she suddenly realized that she might have been played by Matthew.

"Of course. Are you underestimating me, ma'am? I'm the Holy Doctor of Cathay and also the branch master of the Martial League, after all. Do you have any idea how illustrious the name 'Winona' sounds?"

"Just kidding. I'm messing with you, old h*g."

Winona's initial smile vanished instantly. She had put in countless efforts to maintain her youthful appearance, and what she despised the most was being called "old h*g."

For a moment, the air in the ward became thick with a strong sense of hostility. However, just as quickly as it had appeared, the hostility dissipated within a blink of an eye.

After the brief surge of anger, Winona immediately realized something was amiss. It seemed that Matthew's words were intentionally provocative.

"Mr. Larson, it seems like you are deliberately trying to provoke me," she said while approaching his sickbed and sat down slowly. She extended her slender fingers and let her nails lightly trail across Matthew's cheek.