

## Chapter 2480 Meeting With Lord Voodoo

During the days spent at home, Matthew continuously honed the Solitary Nine Needles. According to the cultivation technique, this set of metal needles wasn't just effective for combat but also remarkably potent for healing and medical treatment.

Aside from that, Matthew would accompany his wife and occasionally help out at the shop. However, most of the time, he just ended up causing more trouble than assistance.

It was inevitable since Matthew's fame had skyrocketed. Coupled with his handsome appearance, he instantly attracted a large group of enthusiastic fans, mostly young girls seeking photos and autographs.

After a few instances of causing chaotic crowds, Helen forbade him from going to S&L's Breakfast anymore.

Consequently, Matthew had no choice but to obediently stay home, preparing for the upcoming arrangements.

"Mr. Larson, someone delivered an invitation for you from outside, saying it's from an old friend."

After taking the envelope from the housekeeper, Matthew promptly opened it.

"Did they mention who the sender is?"

The housekeeper merely shook her head, looking bewildered.

"Tranquil Brews?"

Alas, there was no information about the sender in the invitation letter either.

"Alright, I got it, Ms. Edith."

With curiosity in his mind, Matthew headed out alone.

The tea house was located in a relatively remote area. The customers came in small groups, mostly elderly people who enjoyed tranquility. As Matthew reached the second floor and opened the door to a private room, he found a middle-aged man seated inside.

Upon seeing the man's face clearly, Matthew furrowed his brows—he didn't recognize this person.

The man, on the other hand, picked up his cane when seeing Matthew's reaction and stood up tremblingly.

"Oh, Holy Doctor Larson, it seems even a distinguished person like you can forget old friends. What's wrong? Can't remember even your old acquaintances?"

As he spoke, he lifted his hand and slowly tore off the facial disguise, revealing his true identity.

"Lord Voodoo?"

When their eyes met, Matthew immediately grabbed the hilt of his sword, exuding an aura of hostility.

On the other side, Lord Voodoo shook his head calmly. "There's no need for such intense hostility, Doctor. After all, we haven't seen each other for so long. Why not sit down and have a chat? Listen to the news I've brought you first, and then you can take action if you wish."

With that, Lord Voodoo gestured invitingly, then sat down and calmly started brewing tea.

"I hope this news will buy you some time to stay alive." Matthew had withdrawn his hand at this point.

Since Lord Voodoo dared to come alone to meet him in Bainbridge, he must have some kind of assurance.

Thinking along these lines, Matthew sat down across from Lord Voodoo.

"Come, come, it's been a while since we last met, and I haven't yet expressed my goodwill. Let's use tea in place of wine. Congratulations to young Mr. Larson on becoming the new Holy Doctor of Cathay."

Matthew didn't react to his actions but only stared icily at him. However, Lord Voodoo didn't mind. He casually extended the tea cup forward and then withdrew it.

After he finished the tea in one gulp and wiped his mouth, he remarked, "Ah, good tea. Indeed, the tea leaves from Bainbridge are the most authentic."

Matthew's patience gradually wore thin with the man's series of actions. "Lord Voodoo, if you have something to say, say it quickly. If you're just here to show off your tea-drinking skills, that display has run its course.

"Of course, if you're simply tired of living and seeking a way out, I don't mind expending some effort to help you with that."

When he was in Eastshire, Lord Voodoo had tried countless times to bring him to his death's door. Moreover, he was one of the culprits responsible for the downfall of the Larson Family. Meeting him again now, Matthew wished he could end the man's life on the spot, so how could he possibly show any good demeanor?

Facing Matthew's cold words, Lord Voodoo remained composed as he poured the tea leaves leisurely. "There's no need for such anger, Holy Doctor Larson. I am here with good intentions, delivering a message to you. Your demeanor truly chills my heart.

"All my efforts have been in vain! Don't you think so, Young Master Larson?"