

Chapter 2484 Flynn's Fishing

After Matthew left, the group of secret guards behind him immediately whispered to each other, and the secret guard who had been kicked in the butt approached Yannick with a disgruntled expression. "Captain, who's that guy? Why are you treating him with such deference?"

Yannick snorted disdainfully before explaining irritably, "That's Matthew Larson, Old Master Bane's very last disciple. He might be young, but he's already a prospective elder of CAUMP, an instructor trainee at the Martial League's Ground Force, and the branch master of Eastshire's subdivision.

"But look at us, still secret guards at our age and blind as well. Who are we to reason with?!"

Amazed and aware of the captain's sarcastic tone, the kicked secret guard scratched his head and returned to his post, feeling frustrated.

The commotion caught Albert's attention, and he escorted Matthew to Flynn.

Along the way, Matthew couldn't help furrowing his brows as he observed the tightly guarded and constant patrols of secret guards. The situation indicated that something was amiss in the Bane Family.

They arrived at the lakeside pavilion in the backyard, where Flynn was still sitting by the water's edge, gazing at the bobber on the surface.

Just as the elder reached for the tea set, his hand found it empty. He looked up and found Matthew standing by his side with a smile, holding a teapot and carefully pouring the brown tea into a purple clay cup, creating a thin stream of tea that smoothly filled the cup.

"You're here!" Flynn nodded and smiled faintly.

Just as he was about to continue speaking, ripples suddenly spread across the lake's surface, causing the fishing float to bob up rapidly.

Instantly, Flynn, who had been drowsy a moment ago, became alert. "A fish is biting! A fish is biting!"

Excited, he immediately shrugged off his coat and cape, and as he lifted his right arm, he created ripples on the lake's surface with a swift motion.

Under the midday sun, a few water droplets glistened as a golden-threaded red carp thrashed wildly, its tail slapping the grassy shore.

"Haha, a golden-threaded red carp. A good omen, a good omen." Amid hearty laughter, Flynn first unhooked the iron hook from the fish's mouth, but he frowned when he patted its plump belly.

"Conceiving eggs in the cold of winter, it seems this litter of baby carps is in for a tough time." As he spoke, he crouched down and gently returned the pregnant carp to the water.

Perhaps due to catching this gravid golden-threaded red carp, Flynn's mood was exceptionally good. With a satisfied smile, he gestured toward the tea table in the courtyard. "Come, have a seat. What brings a busy guy like you to visit this old man?"

With that, Flynn sat down by the tea stove. The gentle red flames cast a warm glow.

Embarrassed by his master's teasing, Matthew blushed. "I have been busy with the Martial League's competition these days, so—"

Before he could finish explaining, Flynn interjected, "No need to explain. It was just a jest. By the way, how's your recovery coming along?"

At that, Matthew grinned. "I've fully recovered, naturally. With my strong physique, these minor injuries are nothing."

Then, he glanced at Albert, who was leaving. Once the latter was gone, Matthew discreetly took out a gift box disguised as tea leaves.

However, before he could open the package, Flynn's eyes lit up, and he contentedly stroked his long beard.

"Master, these are the Ultimate Medicine Brews I personally made during this period. Would you like to taste it?"

Flynn gulped and made no unnecessary movements. He simply flicked the tea in the cup onto the lake's surface.

"Pour me some!" he ordered eagerly, presenting his purple clay cup before Matthew before even finishing his words.