

Chapter 2492 Returning to the Backyard of Renew Pharmaceuticals

The agreement on the Highsea has been settled. All that remained was for time to slowly pass and let matters ferment.

After all, the Damrons also needed a long time to gather their forces for such a grand battle, for it concerned their family's reputation and their very survival.

On the other hand, Matthew seemed somewhat subdued.

After the initial fervor of the challenge had died down, things had gradually settled. Additionally, the finishing work of the Martial League's first stage competition was wrapping up, and various spectator nations were starting to return.

The once bustling city of Bainbridge suddenly appeared somewhat deserted.

In his leisure, Matthew went to the backyard of Renew Pharmaceuticals.

The hidden sect disciples had already departed, and within the yard, the golden leaves rustled more than before. The once lively courtyard was now empty, devoid of any presence. The residual laughter and joy had been dispersed into the wind.

After Shawn had sent his greetings the day before, he hurriedly returned to Mightwater. Of course, Salazar accompanied him back to Eastshire. He said he had enough of staying in Bainbridge.

As for Matthew, his primary purpose in coming was to retrieve the herbs he had stored in the room. However, before he could open the door, he heard a commotion from behind.

"Dr. Larson?"

Turning around, Matthew was met with a slight smile from the person who had approached.

"It's really you, Mr. Larson. I thought you wouldn't come back here again.

"Oh, that reminds me, the Goddess of Meteora asked me to give you this before she left."

As he spoke, the staff handed him an envelope with a red face and quickly dashed away.

Matthew took a gander at the envelope.

'Dear Matthew, matters here are settled. Roland kept mentioning meeting you before heading back, but considering that you are busy with the re-election of the Martial League... Master Bane is urging, so I'm returning to the Crichtons first. See you next year, take care. Lola!'

The contents of the letter were simple, mostly family matters. After reading it, Matthew folded the letter and carefully placed it against his chest.

Upon opening the door, he found the room untouched. A thin layer of dust had settled on the tables and chairs.

After packing up his belongings, Matthew decided not to linger. The people were gone, and besides a letter, there was nothing left of significance.

Closing the door behind him, he glanced at the distant mountain before hesitating. Ultimately, he decided against going there. Since the people were gone, what was there left to contemplate?

As he walked back into the courtyard, Matthew suddenly felt a chill on the tip of his nose. Looking up at the gray sky, he noticed countless snowflakes were gently falling. The trees around him, even the emerald bamboo, began to creak.

"It's snowing!"

As he extended his hand, the snowflakes drifted down silently, lingering for only a moment before transforming into water droplets in Matthew's palm.

He smiled faintly and continued on his way. The budding atmosphere of the courtyard was extinguished, leaving only the accumulating pure white snow.

In the following days, Matthew returned to his state of cultivation, and under his continuous practice, the Solitary Nine Needles became more and more proficient.

With the power of his spiritual energy, he could already use a single needle freely. As for the double needles, although Matthew could control them simultaneously, their stability and lethality were greatly reduced.

Moreover, the Solitary Nine Needles were not limited to offensive capabilities. They also had extraordinary effects in treating illnesses and ailments. Their ability to administer medicine, guide energy flow, and clear meridians surpassed that of ordinary silver needles by several folds.

Matthew stared at the metal needle within the black rosewood box in front of him and narrowed his eyes. Then, one of the metal needles shot forth like a streak of lightning, swiftly rotating around Matthew as its center.

The metal needle itself was extremely small, and with its incredibly high speed, it vanished from sight for a moment.

Outside, even though the Highsea challenge had not yet begun, those with ulterior motives had already begun employing underhanded tactics.