

Chapter 2493 A Snowy Appointment

The rapidly falling snow covered the entire city of Bainbridge. The roads, tree branches, and rooftops were now blanketed with thick layers of white snow.

The cold weather, heavy snowfall, and the approach of evening had turned the roads eerily quiet.

One of the service staff shivered as they looked at the weather outside. "This weather is so darn cold. Maybe we should close up early."

As if the mention of closing triggered something, a sense of cold seemed to settle around them, but it seemed that just mentioning this made the surroundings even colder.

His companion across from him glanced discontentedly at the second floor. "There's still a customer upstairs. We can only close when he leaves."

At that, the complaining staff member became even more impatient. "Ugh, so annoying. I'll go ask him when he's planning to leave."

However, just as he was about to go upstairs, his companion stopped him. "Are you crazy? Even our boss treats that customer with the utmost respect. If you want to get fired, I won't stop you."

After struggling for a moment, the staff member gave up on his initial idea. "D*mn it, I'm freezing to death here. The boss is also a lunatic, not allowing us to close. He wouldn't even install heating."

He glanced at the open door, through which the cold wind was continuously blowing in, making his hands and feet feel like ice.

Just as he was growing increasingly annoyed, a figure emerged from the wind and snow, treading through the white landscape with a black silhouette.

The newcomer didn't waste any words. With a pat on their thick fur cloak, they casually said, "Here for an appointment!"

The service staff discreetly nudged his elbow into his grumbling companion's side. Then, putting on a smile, he stepped forward to greet the newcomer. "Hello, sir. Please follow me."

There was only one customer left now in the whole tea house; there was no need for further inquiry.

In the tearoom on the top floor, an elderly man was leisurely tinkering with a fireplace in front of him. As the fire burned brighter, the teapot on it gradually emitted white vapor.

When the lid of the teapot kept popping up, the room's door suddenly swung open.

"You sure are in the pink, Old Mr. Cunningham, still keeping it at bay despite the bitter cold of these winter days," teased Aurelius as he entered the room.

Seeing the newcomer, Terrance, by the fireplace, looked up. "It's not easy to schedule an appointment with the patriarch of the Damron Family nowadays. Could it be because you're too ashamed to show yourself after the failure of the last incident?"

At the mention of this, Aurelius instantly turned grim.

His plan hadn't really failed.

He had personally killed Josiah McCrae, the talented disciple of the Golden Sword Sect, and then framed Matthew for it. In reality, this plan had succeeded.

It deepened the enmity of Emsgate's various forces toward Matthew. However, they dared not directly attack Matthew within Cathay's territory in Bainbridge.

They could only issue a series of assassination orders against Matthew.

However, so much time had passed, but Matthew remained in Bainbridge, leaving Emsgate forces no opportunity to strike. This had made Matthew rather complacent.

"Old Mr. Cunningham, if you've invited me here today just to mock me, then there's no need for further nonsense. Next spring, my Damron Family will prepare for a life-and-death battle with Matthew on the Highsea. Now, if you'll excuse me." Without hesitation, Aurelius turned to leave.

Across the room, Terrance stood up abruptly. "No need to be so agitated, Master Damron. My jest was merely playful banter. It's not meant to be taken seriously. Since I've gone to such lengths to invite you, there's surely an important matter to discuss."

Aurelius' anger subsided slightly upon hearing that. With a cold snort, he ultimately sat back down and downed the tea Terrance had filled for him in one go.