

Chapter 2583 First Encounter

Perhaps Ophelia was influenced by Matthew's calm demeanor as she gradually calmed down after that altercation.

Nonetheless, there was an enthusiastic glimmer in her eyes as she gave a slight bow.

"Dr. Larson, please follow me."

After the two entered the courtyard, Miles, who stayed behind, snorted coldly. Then, he spoke in a chilly tone, "You have one day to leave Raischester. Otherwise, I'll be coming after you."

As soon as he finished speaking, a sense of danger filled the air.

The two security guards could only tremble and babble their affirmative responses.

They exchanged glances before hastily retreating. They had no choice as they had provoked the wrong person.

Meanwhile, Matthew was following Ophelia through a maze-like corridor. Soon, they finally reached the end of the hallway.

"Grandfather, Holy Doctor Matthew Larson from Cathay is here."

A voice finally came from inside the room after she gave a soft rap against the door.

"Come in!"

As the room door swung open, it was as though they were transported into a place that was filled with death and decay.

Inside the room, an old man with a lively gleam in his eyes was comfortably seated in a wheelchair.

Alas, all of this was merely superficial.

Matthew knew what was happening with just one glance.

Old Mr. Zedler's time was running out if he failed to receive proper treatment for his ailments.

Matthew bowed respectfully after stepping foot in the room.

"This one is here to pay his respects to Old Mr. Zedler!"

Yet, as soon as he made eye contact with the old man, he suddenly widened his eyes.

"Hmph, brat! How dare you impersonate a Holy Doctor and deceive my granddaughter?"

Matthew genuinely didn't expect such a reaction from the old man upon their first meeting.

Just as those words fell from Mortimer's lips, a figure suddenly emerged from a corner of the room.

The person wasted no time in raising their hand and striking Matthew's chest.

Matthew was so caught off guard that he didn't even have time to draw his sword.

Since they were already in close quarters, he decided to abandon the sword and fight with his fists.

Ophelia, who was forced to the sidelines, was filled with confusion.

Before she could blurt even a single question, Mortimer had raised his hand, silencing her.

The fierce battle continued without any interruptions. Due to the limited space and the opponent's extraordinary skills, forcing him to close combat, Matthew saw no point in holding back if he wanted to get out of this in one piece.

Thus, he decided to utilize the Bane Family's mixed martial arts.

They exchanged blows, dodging and countering efficiently. As a result, they had already fought for more than a dozen rounds in seconds.

Unfortunately, as they were evenly matched, neither could gain the upper hand.

The fight dragged on for another four to five minutes when Mortimer finally decided to speak up to stop them, "That's enough, Deimos!"

As soon as the words were spoken, the shadow that had suddenly appeared to attack Matthew retreated with a flash.

Matthew was left standing in the room, utterly flabbergasted.

"What is the meaning of this, Old Mr. Zedler?"

Mortimer simply smiled in the face of Matthew's question and stroked his gray and thinning beard before explaining, "Hahaha, Mr. Larson, please excuse my actions earlier. Rhett and Blake have been very tight-lipped regarding any information about you. Moreover, the relationship between the two areas they hail from isn't exactly amicable... So, there aren't many people who are aware of your identity!"

Mortimer's words were an understatement of the century.

Seraphis and Cathay weren't just unfriendly toward one another. In fact, the local forces were downright hostile toward the Martial League.

After all, ambitious men were everywhere. These men would do anything to become the top dog, as it were.

Hence, the existence of the Martial League was the biggest obstacle to their ambitions.

The ever-increasing hostility between these two areas eventually led to Seraphis being wholly cut off from Cathay. So, any information on the comings and goings of Cathay was scarce in Seraphis.

Regardless, Matthew instantly noticed a huge inconsistency after listening to Old Mr. Zedler's explanation.

"If that's the case, how did you come to know of me, Old Mr. Zedler?"

"Hahaha, I have to thank Flynn for that. We used to be in frequent contact. So, he would boast about your achievements to me from time to time."

Matthew was somewhat surprised upon hearing his answer.

"Old Mr. Zedler, you and Master Bane are acquaintances?"