

Chapter 2610 The Strange Alley

When Matthew entered the city, the morning market had just begun. Compared to Hulwin, Concordia gave the impression of being even more impoverished.

Various street vendors and shops lined both sides of the road, bustling with activity. Despite the liveliness, it exuded an aura of poverty.

As he strolled through the streets, Matthew found himself in a narrow alley.

"Young man, would you like some pork?" A butcher called out to him.

After hearing someone calling, Matthew instinctively turned his head and then shook it at the bearded butcher. Unbeknownst to him, after he walked away, the butcher muttered to himself, "Such a young lad, learning disguise techniques of all things. He must be trying to avoid romantic debts. Yes, that must be it!"

Before his words even landed, he casually swung his butcher knife. "So annoying. It's winter, yet there are still flies."

At that moment, a fly, innocent and unaware, was sliced into two pieces as it dropped to the ground from a tree trunk a few feet away from him.

As for Matthew, this was his first stop in Skargness, and he planned to freshen up. After all, several days of continuous driving had taken a toll on his ironclad physique.

"Ridgeline Lodge!" Matthew proceeded directly to his lodging. However, before he could reach the hotel's entrance, a figure suddenly appeared beside him.

Instinctively, he quickly sidestepped. When he regained his composure, he found himself face to face with a woman dressed as a villager. It was unusual; he usually sensed when someone approached within ten feet of him, but this woman had almost bumped into him before he reacted.

"Young man, these are freshly baked wheat cakes from me. They're really delicious," the woman said, offering a basket of wheat cakes. Though it seemed somewhat comical, it was also incredibly sincere.

Smelling the pure aroma of the wheat, Matthew couldn't resist his appetite. He looked at the woman's thin, worn cotton jacket and felt moved. "Ma'am, don't bother yourself anymore. I'll take the whole basket."

"Really?"

The woman's face lit up, surprised by Matthew's generosity. She clearly hadn't expected to encounter such a generous customer so soon after opening her business.

"Yeah." Matthew took out some cash and handed it to her. "Here, ma'am. You can keep the change."

"This is too much; this is enough to buy ten baskets of wheat cakes! I can't accept all of it!"

"It's fine. You can use the extra money to buy yourself a warmer coat. The one you're wearing looks thin."

Despite her protests, the woman eventually accepted the money.

Watching her happily walk away, Matthew shook his head.

"It seems like she really needed it!" After muttering to himself, he stopped dwelling on the odd encounter with the woman and entered the lodge, carrying the basket of wheat cakes.

"Excuse me, I want a single room," Matthew requested.

It seemed that the lodge wasn't busy at the moment. When Matthew approached the front desk, the owner was sound asleep, resting his head on the table.

It wasn't until Matthew spoke that the owner abruptly woke up. He then greeted Matthew with a warm smile, "Hello, how can I assist you, dear guest?"

"I'd like a single room, please."

After repeating his request, the hotel owner swiftly prepared everything. Matthew was amazed at the astonishing speed and skill of the owner's hands.

Practice makes perfect, indeed!

With that thought in mind, Matthew paid and received his room key before heading upstairs.

Meanwhile, the owner at the front desk yawned and promptly returned to resting his head on the table.

"Seriously? Jagger is using sword energy again, so annoying..." He mumbled, and before he even finished his words, he began snoring again.