

Chapter 2767 Haven't We Met Somewhere Before?

A hundred musicians played together on the magnificent stage, creating enchanting sounds from their various instruments. Although each instrument had its own unique tone, the exceptional musicians seamlessly blended them, weaving a beautiful melody.

Inside the banquet hall, the lights dimmed under the influence of the saxophone, and elegantly dressed gentlemen adjusted their attire before gallantly inviting both familiar and unfamiliar ladies to join them in a dance. This was a necessary prelude to set the atmosphere for the banquet.

"Beautiful miss, may I have the honor of inviting you for a dance?"

Eleanor received numerous invitations and politely declined each one. While her attire and temperament may not have been as impressive as some other women's, her facial features were still appealing. Coupled with her youthful advantage, she naturally caught the attention of many men her age.

On the other hand, Matthew, by her side, seemed a bit lonely. Despite overshadowing the entire crowd in terms of looks, his outfit discouraged countless interested girls. Every woman present, except for Eleanor, wore high-end dresses that cost tens or hundreds of credits. Dancing with a guy like Matthew, dressed in cheap casual clothes, would not only seem out of place but also damage their reputations.

Matthew, however, didn't mind. He enjoyed the tranquility. On the contrary, Eleanor glanced at him. "How about I grace you with a dance, huh?"

Matthew chuckled, shook his head, and said, "Have you had too much to drink? Do I look like I know how to dance?"

While he could handle a fight and was skilled in practicing medicine, dancing was a completely different story. Until now, Matthew couldn't understand who invented such a boring and tedious activity.

Eleanor rolled her eyes. "Whatever. You're the one who had too much to drink!"

Suddenly, a well-built young man approached from behind.

"Hello, beautiful lady. Would you honor me with a dance?"

Though Eleanor was impatient, she suppressed her temper and politely replied, "I'm sorry, but I'm not feeling well."

"Ah, that's a shame. Missing the chance to dance with such a beautiful lady is a regret in this lifetime! To your unparalleled beauty, I toast."

Despite the man's cheesy speech, Eleanor couldn't resist the flattery. After he finished speaking, she graciously raised her glass, clinking it against his.

Taking advantage of this moment, the man leaned against a nearby table. As his hand touched the table, a subtle movement occurred at the cuff of his sleeve. Shortly afterward, a tiny snake, as thick as a pinky finger, swiftly slithered under the table.

"Well, I won't disturb you any longer. I wish you a pleasant evening."

Without lingering, the man turned to leave. However, just as he was about to turn away, Matthew, standing behind him, suddenly stopped him.

"Wait, haven't we met somewhere before?" Matthew looked at the man's face, sensing a familiar feeling. However, since coming to Seraphis, he had encountered so many people that he couldn't recall right away.

The man hesitated. "I don't think so."

With a faint smile, the man met Matthew's gaze, and this exchange made Matthew suddenly alert. Although the killer instinct in the man's eyes flashed only briefly, he still caught it. Sensing this anomaly, Matthew subtly pulled Eleanor behind him.

"We might have met at the Zedler Residence!" He remembered. The man before him was the witch who had drugged Mortimer!

Zedbar's face turned pale upon hearing these words. When he visited the Zedler Residence, he took meticulous precautions to prevent his true identity from being exposed. He had carefully disguised himself, undergoing a significant transformation in appearance, attire, and demeanor. However, what he never expected was that Matthew would never forget anyone who harbored murderous intentions toward him.