

Chapter 2864 A Reminder From Mr Bamboo

In the grass hut, Matthew took a moment to regain his senses after drinking the bamboo leaf tea. He felt an unprecedented sense of comfort throughout his body, as if he had just undergone a major rejuvenation, with a refreshed mind and clear thoughts. Just a sip of that tea had somehow slightly strengthened his spiritual power as well.

He knew that all of this was due to the effects of the bamboo leaf tea in front of him. Reflecting on it, he realized that the water used to brew the tea had definitely come from a spiritual spring, but as for the bamboo leaf, he couldn't fathom its origin. It looked no different from ordinary leaves, but its effects were astonishing.

"Are you awake?"

The old man who was serving Matthew didn't turn his head and still held the bamboo cup, his calm gaze on the irregular movements of the bamboo leaves inside as they slowly floated with the steam.

"Thank you for your hospitality!"

Matthew was about to get up and bow in thanks, but he was pressed back into the bamboo chair by an invisible force.

"No need. There's no such formality here in the mountains. It's just ordinary hospitality. As long as you're satisfied, that's enough."

Matthew didn't understand the old man's intentions, but since the latter had said so, he could only obediently remain in his original position. The room fell into a calm silence, with only the sound of the wind rustling the bamboo leaves outside.

After a while, footsteps came from outside.

As soon as Feather entered the door, he nodded to the old man with a smile.

"Thank you, Mr. Bamboo, for your help in receiving our guest!"

The old man didn't respond, still admiring the tea in his hand. However, Feather knew his character and didn't mind.

"Mr. Larson, the sect master has invited you over!"

Matthew was slightly excited as he was finally going to meet this legendary super expert. "Sir, I'll take my leave now!"

Even though the other party didn't care about these formalities, he still needed to show the necessary respect.

Just as Matthew stepped out of the grass hut, a voice suddenly sounded in his ear.

"Young man, you have a good foundation, but your heart is filled with too much malice. If you don't handle it properly, you'll never become a grandmaster in this life!"

Matthew paused, looking back to find that Mr. Bamboo had disappeared without a trace.

"What's wrong, Mr. Larson?"

Clearly, only Matthew had heard this, or Feather wouldn't have asked the question.

"Nothing. Let's go!"

Matthew became somewhat serious since Mr. Bamboo's words echoed in his mind for a long time. With mixed feelings, Matthew followed Feather up the stone steps.

After passing through the layers of clouds, Matthew set foot on the main peak for the first time. It was as if the top of the mountain had been sliced off by a sword, forming a vast green plateau.

"Mr. Larson, I'll leave you here, as the residence of our sect master is right ahead. I have some important matters to attend to, so I won't accompany you. Also, our sect master is nice and friendly, so there's no need to be nervous. I'll take my leave now; please make yourself at home!"

Matthew watched Feather's departing figure, and his brows furrowed tightly.

Too much has changed! Feather had been polite to him because of Ivy before this, but now, the words were filled with deep respect.

After pondering for a while, Matthew shook his head and stopped worrying. Now that he had safely delivered Ivy, he planned to return to Concordia after meeting the sect master, as there were still many matters to be dealt with there. After all, he didn't have the same resources as Feather, who could travel thousands of miles effortlessly. Matthew would still need to take a plane, which would inevitably delay a lot of time. Moreover, his communication device was still in his room. If he didn't return for a long time, Concordia would surely be in chaos.

With these thoughts in mind, Matthew stepped forward.

As he walked along a narrow path, surrounded by lush green trees, he came across a unique grass hut. Positioned beside a tranquil pond, with a modest pavilion on the opposite side, a middle-aged man wearing thin-framed glasses sat at a stone table in front of it.