

Chapter 937 Choice

In the face of Delgado's threats, Trevor was not in the mood to argue with him. He simply treated Delgado as a nuisance, not worthy of his attention.

Trevor followed Gladys into the martial arts school.

As they headed deeper into the place, he noticed fewer people milling around. Finally, they arrived.

Trevor saw a tea room, which looked very quaint.

The wooden door was huge and had carvings that reflected its rich history.

Trevor would finally meet the first mysterious master, so he was a little excited.

Gladys pushed the door open, its hinges squeaking slightly. Trevor mentally prepared himself, but when he finally laid eyes on the master, he was a bit disappointed with what he saw.

The master was a thin, old man who looked frail and vulnerable. He had grey hair, and his limbs looked like they could break any minute. Still, he was clearly skilled at making tea.

Trevor thought if he was Pearce Martinez.

He wondered if his father wanted him to learn the art of making tea from Pearce.

He pursed his lips and appeared calm. He did his best not to let his disappointment show on his face.

Although learning how to make tea was an enjoyable pastime, it wasn't what Trevor needed at the moment. What he wanted to learn was the skills to fight, so he could exact his revenge.

"Have a seat." Pearce's wrinkled face was expressionless.

"Gladys, you can leave now. I want to talk to this young man."

Gladys gently closed the door. As she left, the room fell into silence.

Trevor sat in the chair and said nothing, and Pearce did the same. The only sound was their breathing.

They stayed silent for a long while.

It was not until the water in the furnace boiled again that Pearce made a pot of tea. With steady hands, he poured it into the small teacup. The steam rose, and the entire room was filled with the soothing smell of tea.

"Young man, you are more patient than your father."

The old man suddenly smiled.

Trevor's heart skipped a beat. It was true that his father once

visited this place before.

Pearce picked up the teacup gracefully, inhaled the tea aroma, and said, "Were you a little disappointed when you saw me just now?"

Trevor's eyes widened in shock. He was pretty sure that he schooled his features to mask his disappointment, but Pearce saw through his facade.

Could he read people's minds?

"Yes, you're right." Trevor didn't lie. He sighed and shook his head.

Pearce didn't take a sip of his tea. Instead, he put the cup back on the table. His eyes softened. "Not bad. At least you're honest and not someone who likes telling lies. I appreciate your honesty."

After a while, he continued, "I've also heard about what happened to the Sanderson family. It's a pity to see that it has now become like this. Some people are just too greedy. Your grandfather and I are friends, but as an outsider, it's not appropriate for me to interfere with the affairs of the Sanderson family. If you want revenge, you'll have to do it by yourself."

With two fingers, Pearce knocked on the table twice.

"If you want to learn some skills from me, you have to do chores first."

Chores?

Trevor was shocked to hear that.

Pearce looked at Trevor intently, gauging his reaction.

When he was young, he had earned quite a good reputation.

After he opened a martial arts school, people flocked to it, hoping to learn from him.

However, they were furious and felt that Pearce was deliberately making it difficult for them when they heard they needed to do chores.

Besides, Pearce looked old and frail, which made a lot of them doubt whether he was still good at fighting.

Trevor had a blood debt to collect.

Pearce was looking forward to what choice this young man would make.



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