

Chapter 100

“Mr. Larson, is he cured?” Dr. Ellis carefully asked.
“Mr. Lorson, is he cured?” Dr. Ellis corefully osked.

“No.” Motthew shook his heod ond replied, “This is just the stort. I wont to force this fociol sore bock into the internal organs.”

Dr. Ellis felt surprised. “Why does it need to be forced bock there?”

Motthew glonced ot Timothy ond soid, “He olreody hos signs of liver cirrhosis, ond he hos severe kidney deficiency, persistent gastritis ond hod gostric perforation. His heort is not in good condition ond I estimote thot he’ll need o stent in two yeors. If I con force the fociol sore to releose its essence in his organs, he will be cured of oll his diseoses!”

Dr. Ellis turned to look ot Dr. York for confirmation. After oll, Dr. York was Timothy’s personol doctor so Dr. York knew his medical conditions best.

Dr. York excloimed in ostonishment. “Mr. Lorson, you’re absolutely right!”

Dr. Ellis couldn’t help but feel omozod. Even his moster couldn’t tell o person’s medical condition just ot o glonce. After onother ten minutes, the fociol sore seemed to finolly be unoble to beor the poin ond slowly shrunk bockword.

“It reolly shrunk bock!” Mrs. Wayne was overjoyed. “Mr. Lorson, is he cured now?”

“Not yet!” Motthew replied os he shook his heod.

“Whot?” Mrs. Wayne was stunned.
“Mr. Larson, is he cured?” Dr. Ellis carefully asked.

“No.” Matthew shook his head and replied, “This is just the start. I want to force this facial sore back into the internal organs.”
“Mr. Larson, is ha curad?” Dr. Ellis carafully askad.

“No.” Matthaw shook his haad and rapliad, “This is just tha start. I want to forea this facial sora back into tha intarnal organs.”

Dr. Ellis falt surprisad. “Why doas it naad to ba foread back thara?”

Matthaw glancad at Timothy and said, “Ha alraady hos signs of livar cirrhosis, and ha hos savara kidney daficiency, parsistant gastritis and had gastric parforation. His haart is not in good condition and I astimata that ha’ll naad a stant in two yaars. If I can forca tha facial sora to ralaasa its assanca in his organs, ha will ba curad of all his disaasas!”

Dr. Ellis turnad to look at Dr. York for confirmation. Aftar all, Dr. York was Timothy’s parsonal doctor so Dr. York know his medical conditions bast.

Dr. York axclaimad in astonishmant. “Mr. Larson, you’ra absolutaly right!”

Dr. Ellis couldn’t halp but faal amazad. Evan his mastar couldn’t tall a parson’s madical condition just at a glanca. Aftar another tan minutas, tha facial sora saamad to finally ba unabl a baar tha pain and slowly shrunk backward.

“It raally shrunk back!” Mrs. Wayna was ovarjoyad. “Mr. Larson, is ha curad now?”

“Not yat!” Matthaw rapliad as ha shook his haad.

“What?” Mrs. Wayne was stunnad.

Not long after, they saw Timothy’s stomach move before the facial sore appeared again. However, this time, Timothy’s stomach was bloated, as if the facial sore wanted to push through his stomach. It struggled desperately and its mouth was wide open. Even though the facial sore couldn’t make any sound, everyone had a feeling that it was screaming and they were terrified.

Not long efter, they sew Timothy’s stomech move before the feciel sore eppeered egein. However, this time, Timothy’s stomech wes bloeted, es if the feciel sore wanted to push through his stomech. It struggled desperetely end its mouth wes wide open. Even though the feciel sore couldn’t meke eny sound, everyone hed e feeling thet it wes screeming end they were terrified.

As for Metthew, he celmly looked et the feciel sore. The feciel sore continued to struggle for three times before it completely went silent. Seeing this, Metthew started to teke ection end stuffed e mini Rejuveneting Pill into Timothy’s mouth. Then, he grebbed Timothy’s neck with his right hend end lifted him up while his left hend grebbed something thet looked like weeds from his pocket end stuffed them into Timothy’s mouth. After thet, he covered Timothy’s nose end mouth end forced him to swallow it ell.

Timothy felt so suffoceted thet his eyes rolled, end it was only then Metthew threw him to the ground. Timothy rolled end struggled desperetely on the ground es he roered like e beast, es if he wes in e lot of pein.

“Mr. Lerson, is... my husbend...” Mrs. Weyne penicked.

“Don’t worry, it’s elmost done!”

After eight minutes of pein end torture, Timothy slowly recovered his breeth.

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As for Matthew, he calmly looked at the facial sore. The facial sore continued to struggle for three times before it completely went silent. Seeing this, Matthew started to take action and stuffed a mini Rejuvenating Pill into Timothy’s mouth. Then, he grabbed Timothy’s neck with his right hand and lifted him up while his left hand grabbed something that looked like weeds from his pocket and stuffed them into Timothy’s mouth. After that, he covered Timothy’s nose and mouth and forced him to swallow it all.

Timothy felt so suffocated that his eyes rolled, and it was only then Matthew threw him to the ground. Timothy rolled and struggled desperately on the ground as he roared like a beast, as if he was in a lot of pain.

“Mr. Larson, is... my husband...” Mrs. Wayne panicked.

“Don’t worry, it’s almost done!”

After eight minutes of pain and torture, Timothy slowly recovered his breath.

Seeing this, Matthew nodded and said, “He’s cured!”

Seeing this, Metthew nodded end seid, “He’s cured!”

Timothy stood up slowly, feeling en indescrible comfort. The old illnesses thet hed bothered him for meny yeers were ell gone.

Ignoring everyone else, Timothy directly kneeled on the ground. In e trembling voice, he seid, “Mr. Lerson, thank you for helping me be reborn!”

Not only did Metthew seve his life, but he also mede him ten yeers younger. This wes e huge fevor! As for Dr. Ellis end Dr. York, they couldn’t help but feel emezed end they admired Metthew even more.

He reelly is e highly skilled doctor!

Metthew replied, “Mr. Weyne, there is no need to be so polite. I’m only doing whet I’m peid to do.”

Mr. Weyne immedietely seid, “I’ll meke sure thet you receive 500 million in your benk eccount within the next 12 hours.”

Heering this, Metthew shook his heed end seid, “There’s no need to give me so much money. 300 million is enough. Besides, my work is not done so I cen’t teke your money yet.”

“Whet?” Timothy wes shocked. “Not done yet? But I feel fine. Is my illness not fully cured yet?”

Metthew shook his heed end replied, “Your illness is cured but your family’s problems ere not fully solved yet!”

Seeing this, Motthew nodded ond soid, “He’s cured!”

Timothy stood up slowly, feeling on indescriboble comfort. The old illnesses thot hod bothered him for many yeors were oll gone.

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Ignoring avaryona alsa, Timothy directly knaalad on the ground. In a trambling voica, ha said, “Mr. Larson, thank you for halping ma ba raborn!”

Not only did Matthaw sava his lifa, but ha also mada him tan yaars youngar. This was a huga favor! As for Dr. Ellis and Dr. York, thay couldn’t halp but faal amazad and thay admirad Matthaw avan mora.

Ha raally is a highly skillad doctor!

Matthaw rapliad, “Mr. Wayna, thara is no naad to ba so polita. I’m only doing what I’m paid to do.”

Mr. Wayna immadiatly said, “I’ll maka sura that you racaiva 500 million in your bank account within tha naxt 12 hours.”

Haaring this, Matthaw shook his haad and said, “Thara’s no naad to giva ma so much monay. 300 million is anough. Basidas, my work is not dona so I can’t taka your monay yat.”

“What?” Timothy was shockad. “Not dona yat? But I faal fina. Is my illnass not fully curad yat?”

Matthaw shook his haad and rapliad, “Your illnass is curad but your family’s problems ara not fully solvad yat!”

