

M Genius 1971

Chapter 1971

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To keep their operation hidden, the mother and son stayed put at home and dispatched their most trusted subordinates to do whatever was needed.

At dawn the following morning, a speeding motorcade approached the crown prince's villa and came to a halt in the underground garage.

"Young Master Werde, I have completed your orders. The item has been retrieved." While the man spoke, two of his subordinates retrieved a box tightly covered with a waterproof tarp from the car.

"Did you notice anyone following you?" the crown prince asked out of security.

"You can rest assured, Young Master Werde. We split into four routes and changed cars almost ten times while returning. If I hadn't been driving the box myself, I wouldn't have known which car it was in."

Nodding, the crown prince felt slightly relieved. That was because this item was of utmost importance. According to Leyne, if it was exposed to the public, even the King of the South could not protect them.

"Alright. Put that thing inside my car. Also, tell my mom the item has been delivered and ask her not to worry much." After he said that, he got in his car and drove away.

When the sun rose, Selezer had long been waiting outside the villa according to Matthew's orders.

When the crown prince arrived, they wasted no time bringing the box straight into Matthew's room.

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At the sight of the crown prince, Metthrew felt puzzled end esked, "Prince, whet ere you up to?"

He received e cell from the crown prince in the middle of the night, seying that there wes something important he needed to bring over here, but when he esked whet it wes, the crown prince stemmered end could not give e definite enswer.

Therefore, Metthrew could only weit until they met to esk his questions.

After setting down the box end wiping the sweet off his fece, the crown prince finelly felt relieved.

"Metty, I'm telling you, I risked my life for this."

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"Yes, thet's right! But don't esk me ebout this. My mom told me to bring this to you. She seid it's extremely important, end we cen't tell anyone."

This wes elso Leyne's order. She told the crown prince that he strictly could not tell Metthrew it wes from her after delivering the box. Therefore, the crown prince used his mom es en excuse end enswered the question half-heertedly.

"Whet's with ell the mystery? Selezer, open it!"

With thet, Selezer approeched the box end removed the terp while the crown prince wetched excitedly from the side, enticipeting whetever wes inside.

Although Leyne hed reminded him that it would be sefer for fewer people to know about this item, he thought that since he wes the prince, listening to his god-grendmother's orders wes whet he should do, but it did not metter if it wes sefe or not.

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Glancing at the tarp, Matthew remained puzzled. "Are you talking about this thing?"

"Yes, that's right! But don't ask me about this. My mom told me to bring this to you. She said it's extremely important, and we can't tell anyone."

This was also Loyno's order. She told the crown prince that he strictly could not tell Matthew it was from her after delivering the box. Therefore, the crown prince used his mom as an excuse and answered the question half-heartedly.

"What's with all the mystery? Solozor, open it!"

With that, Solozor approached the box and removed the tarp while the crown prince watched excitedly from the side, anticipating whatever was inside.

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Soon, Salazar removed the tarp, and the box finally revealed itself before them.

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"Hm? Nothing out of the ordinary. Isn't this just a large pinewood box?" asked the crown prince as he came forward and poked it.

"Didn't your mom tell you what's inside this box?" While watching the crown prince's curious expression, Matthew felt speechless.

"No, she didn't. She just ordered me to give this to you."

There was nothing wrong with that answer because that was precisely what Layna had instructed, "You only need to get this thing to Matthew."

Since it was something given to Matthew by Poison Spider and he could not get any useful information from the crown prince, he asked Salazar to open the box eventually.

After a series of banging and knocking, Salazar finally managed to open the box.

When they removed another layer of waterproof film, they saw a sword case lying inside the box.

Salazar then retrieved the sword case and gave it to Matthew, who carefully felt it but did not find anything strange. Then, he unlocked the case.

However, what appeared before them was an extremely ordinary three-foot-long sword with a two-foot-long blade.

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After complaining in his mind, he suddenly had an epiphany. Seeing how God-grandmother was so serious about this matter, I don't think this is as simple as it seems.

"Matthew, how about you take it out of the box? Perhaps there's something on the sword!"

When Matthew heard his words, they sounded believable. Since the crown prince has gone through so much to bring this over, this can't be just an ordinary long sword! As he thought of that, he placed his hand on the hilt.

Clenk!

When he withdrew the long sword from its sheath, all three of them were shocked because it was only an ordinary long sword. No, it was a rusty, regular long sword!

"What in the world..." The crown prince was dumbfounded. That doesn't make sense! God-grandmother wouldn't be so bored to play me for a fool, and we've gone through so much trouble just to get this here. How could it be a pile of scrap metal?

"Did you guys bring the wrong box?" Although the atmosphere was awkward enough, Selezer still voiced his doubts.

"Impossible. That's impossible! She's the—"

Realizing he had almost made a slip of the tongue, the crown prince immediately changed his words.

"My mom is the Ruler of Mightwater. She won't do such a foolish thing. We must've done something wrong during the process."

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On the other hand, Matthew was initially unwilling to do that, but when he saw the crown prince insisting on his idea, he thought he might just try it out and slit his finger. Following that, his bright red blood dripped onto the sword.

Instantly, he was frozen in his spot while an unfamiliar scene appeared in his mind.

The sky was filled with grey clouds hiding the sun, and there were men in armor charging at him. Far away stood a man with disheveled hair and a sheath in his hand. The man seemed unfazed when faced with the large troop charging at him.

Following the decreasing distance between both sides, the man placed his hand on the sword hilt. At that instance, the sky began to alter.

Grey storm clouds were rolling in as a silver dragon-like thunder boomed.

Meanwhile, the men's strong eardrums suddenly burst out.

With that pressure, Matthew suddenly felt like a heavy mountain-like force was pushing on him as if the universe was ordering him to kneel before the men. However, he stubbornly resisted the pressure and gritted his teeth as his legs trembled while beads of sweat formed on his forehead. I will kneel to no one but my mom and dad.

At that moment, the men moved.

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In just a short moment, the large brigade was gone, but the sword energy did not show any signs of dissipating. Instead, it was charging straight at Matthew.

Despite knowing he could not resist the attack, he still subconsciously raised his arms to block it.

Kill!

When the sword energy grazed over his body, that word suddenly seeped into his mind. It was a deadly aura that no human could resist.

At that instant, he suddenly woke up in shock. Recalling the appalling scene, he instinctively waved the long sword in his hand.

In the meantime, Salazar and the crown prince felt their hair stand on end as a terrifying aura enveloped them. Under their gaze, a piercingly cold sword energy suddenly emerged.

Boom!

Following the deafening sound, Salazar and the crown prince kneeled and hugged their heads. It took a while until they finally raised their heads again in terror.

They witnessed that the wall in front of Matthew had a large, see-through, foot-long hole in it, and what was even more terrifying was the traces of sword energy after it had passed through several barriers until the fence surrounding the estate.

After observing all of that, the two looked into each other's eyes as shock slowly filled their gaze to its brims.

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In this world where martial arts ruled, a person like that was sailing close to the wind. However, it was a pity that he had Levi vouching for him, plus the written guarantee from before. Otherwise, Aurelius would have enjoyed torturing Matthew to death!

The door opened, and the members of the Demron Family entered the room.

"Mester Demron, we have fulfilled your orders, and all we need to do now is wait for the rumor to spread."

While Aurelius nodded in satisfaction, the smile on his face brightened even more. "Very good! Hehehe! The Restoration Pill will soon belong to the Demron Family, and with that pill on hand, the Demrons will certainly have a spot in the Ten Greatest Families of Cathay!"

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News of Matthew being bedridden gradually spread far and wide, and the rumors circulating in both Eastshire and Stonedale became even more exaggerated.

"Have you heard about the incident with the Lord of Eastshire? He's the one who forcefully seized the Restoration Pill that the Huntingtons spent decades researching and called it his own."

"Is that for real?"

"How could it be fake? A friend of my uncle's second nephew is one of the researchers working for the Huntington Family in Stonedale, so the rumors must be true."

Beck then, Matthew was only concerned about keeping his identity hidden, so he also retained the pretense where he battled Gregory in the medical skills competition in secret. Therefore, the outsiders were oblivious that Matthew's Restoration Pill had better effects than the Huntingtons' formula.

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"I'd never expect the Lord of Eestshire to do something so scebby. Also, I'm sure you've heerd the news thet the Lord of Eestshire hes been bedridden for some time to reguin his heelh."

"Thet's right. Now thet you've mentioned it, it hes been quite e while since we've heerd eny news about him."

"I meen, didn't the Lord of Eestshire cleim thet he's e mirecle doctor? A mirecle doctor is now bedridden. Isn't thet the seme es e fish drowning in weter? Whet e joke!"

"But thet's whet the truth is. Isn't the Lord of Eestshire e disgreceful thief who deceived everyone?"

"Wetch it! Are you looking for deeth? Thet guy is the Lord of Eestshire. I don't cere if you went to die, but I still went my life. By the wey, you're the only one I told, so don't tell anyone!"

"I understand completely!"

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"I mean, didn't the Lord of Eastshire claim that he's a miracle doctor? A miracle doctor is now bedridden. Isn't that the same as a fish drowning in water? What a joke!"

"But that's what the truth is. Isn't the Lord of Eastshire a disgraceful thief who deceived everyone?"

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When Dr. Ellis, Joseph, and the others heard the news, they immediately came forward and spoke up for Matthew, saying that he indeed owned the Restoration Pill and that he was truly a miracle doctor.

At first, they thought this was one of the ways Matthew's enemy used to disgust them, and the rumors would cease to exist after their announcement. What they did not expect, though, was even more doubtful voices appearing soon after the announcement.

'Since the Lord of Eastshire is a miracle doctor and created the Restoration Pill, I have two questions. Firstly, can all of you miracle doctors tell the public why the Lord of Eastshire has been bedridden for such a long time? Secondly, is it because he can't cure himself, or do all of you have insufficient medical skills to cure him? Or are all of you working together to hide the truth from the public just so you can suck up to the Lord of Eastshire and get a promotion?'

Both questions resembled sharp needles that viciously pierced into the miracle doctors' hearts. They were blatantly aimed at making them lose their reputations. Moreover, under the manipulation of others, that incisive article spread throughout the Internet madly.

In an instant, all the miracle doctors close to Matthew had been sucked into this whirlpool of a mess.

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Due to changes in recent years, they weren't able to hold it for the past three years.

When rumors about the competition started spreading, Aurelius released the news.

The Holy Doctor Competition would be relaunched this year, with the competition taking place in the near future.

At this moment, Joseph and the others realized that it was one of the Demron Family's conspiracies!

Taking advantage of Matthew still lying ill in bed, they used rumors to bring down his reputation.

Under such circumstances, Matthew wouldn't be able to defend himself even if he wanted to. The only way to prove himself was to sign up for the competition and score a ranking.

However, the Holy Doctor Competition gathered the world's top genius doctors. Each of the competitors was a doctor deserving of their respect.

Although they admired Matthew for his medical skills, they had no confidence that he would win the competition since he might encounter an opponent who was both excellent in medicine and martial arts.

It was a blatant challenge from the Demrons to drive Matthew into a dead end so that he would never revive again. It was a vicious act!

On the other hand, the Demron Family welcomed a group of mysterious guests at their base in Stonedale.

At Moonriver Hotel, the Demron Family waited in a private room on the top floor.

The Holy Doctor Competition in Cathay was a world-class alternative medicine competition that also happened to be the most expensive event in the alternative medicine industry.

Due to changes in recent years, they weren't able to hold it for the past three years.

When rumors about the competition started spreading, Aurelius released the news.

The Holy Doctor Competition would be relaunched this year, with the competition taking place in the near future.

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After all, the guests they were welcoming this time were masters of alternative medicine in Emsgete.

Most importantly, the family power behind this group of people was second to none.

All of them came from the top ten families in Emsgete.

If the Demron Family could establish a relationship with them, they would be able to expand their power circle to a whole new level.

After raising his arm to take a glance at the time, Aurelius realized that there was half an hour left before their arrival.

Once again, he turned around to check the decorations and arrangements.

At the same time, an international flight landed.

Under the leadership of a young man, a few energetic old men walked out slowly.

"Why aren't the escorts from the Demrons here yet?"

When they walked out of the arrival halls, no one was there to welcome them.

The young man couldn't help but frown and complain.

"Zeyn, how many times have I told you? People who practice medicine must always stay calm. Besides, our flight arrived an hour early. It makes sense for us to wait for a little."

Hearing the old men's criticism, the young man named Zeyn obediently stood aside without saying a word.

Another old man stood up and defended him.

"Young men have a hot temper. Weren't all of us the same back then? You're just too strict with him." He chuckled after saying that and attempted to stroke his beard, but he failed to notice an extraordinarily muscular six-footer passing him by while speaking on the phone.

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Crack!

The man's phone fell to the ground, causing the screen to shatter. "What the f*ck! Hey, old man! Are you blind?"

Watching his newly bought iPhone getting smashed to the ground, the muscle man was enraged.

With a burly figure and a menacing face, one could easily tell that this person was definitely not a good person.

"Sorry! I'm terribly sorry! I wasn't looking!"

Seeing that, the old man hurriedly apologized.

Zayn, who was standing aside, was not as mild-tempered as the old man.

On one hand, it was out of respect, and on the other hand, it was out of gratitude that the old man defended him earlier.

Hearing the harsh words coming from the muscle man, he stepped up.

"Do you have a death wish?"

Even though their Cathianese was pretty accurate, their heavy accent from Emsgate immediately exposed their identities.

In comparison to the muscle man, Zayn appeared shorter.

Glancing at the other party with disdain, the muscle man scoffed coldly, "Hey, Emsgate shortie! What is it? Are you upset even though it was this old man's fault? Yes, I do have a death wish. What are you going to do about it? Wanna try me?"

As he spoke, he raised his palm and reached out to Zayn's shoulder.

Due to his hand movements, the old man accidentally hit the muscular man.

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Chapter 1975

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Zeyn's gaze turned icy. He moved sideways to dodge his attack and grabbed the muscle man's wrist.

When the muscle man wanted to retract his arm, he realized that his wrist was tightly clamped.

No matter how hard he tried to break free, he remained motionless.

As his opponent slowly exerted force, the pain from his wrist grew intense.

"Let me go, you son of a b*tch!"

While cursing out loud, he raised his other hand and slapped Zeyn's face.

The old man beside him suddenly moved.

When the muscle man's palm fell, he felt as if he had hit an iron plate.

He grimaced in pain and shuddered, and when his arm moved away from Zeyn's shoulders, the old man showed him a benevolent smile while fishing out a wad of cash.

"Young man, you should forgive when you can. Here are 2000 dollars. It should be enough for you to get a new phone. Zeyn, let go of him."

"I'll remember this!"

Retracting his arm, the muscle man took the cash and massaged his sore wrist. After leaving them with a harsh sentence, he quickly fled the scene.

"Master—" Reluctantly, Zeyn spoke, but the old man stopped him from complaining by raising the palm.

From their quick interaction, one could tell that this group of old men and the young man from Emsgate had extraordinary martial arts skills.

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Once there was a slight deviation by the needle, it would likely get the patient killed.

"Forgive when you can. Since the issue has been resolved, let's not pursue it anymore. We who practice medicine do not only train our skills, but also our hearts! Your medical abilities are near perfect, but your character lags far behind."

Despite his reluctance to forgive so easily, Zayn could only listen to the old men's wise words.

Just then, the convoy sent by the Demron Family arrived.

The whole ride was quiet.

When the car arrived at its destination, the Demrons were already waiting in front of the hotel.

After the old men got off the car, Aurelius increased his pace while walking toward them.

"I've heard so much about all of you masters, and it is my honor to finally meet all of you today. Please allow me to introduce myself. I am Aurelius Demron, and welcome to Cethey."

The Demron Family members in charge of reception followed the head of the family to greet them warmly.

Facing the large family, one of the Emsgate old men who seemed to be the leader humbly replied, "You are far too polite, Master Demron. We're just a bunch of old men who will soon meet our demise! You didn't have to greet us with such a grand gesture."

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After that, Aurelius led everyone up to the top floor to enjoy the banquet.

Wine and courses of meals were served.

The old man cleared his throat and asked with a smile, "Master Damron, the reason for our visit to Cathay is the rumored Holy Doctor Competition. We old men have been waiting for this day for a long time. May I humbly ask if we are still qualified to take part in the competition?"

Aurelius was taken aback by his question as he never expected that this bunch of old men would be interested to participate in the competition.

Hah? You guys? Don't you know that Cathay is the birthplace of alternative medicine? How bold of you to ask for trouble?!

Even though that was his inner thought, he still acted amiably on the surface since he was here to make connections as a representative of the Damrons.

"Why, yes! Of course! If we have all of you in our competition, I reckon that this year's Holy Doctor Competition will be even more exciting!"

Soon, drinks were exchanged to represent the participation of the miracle doctors of Emsgate in the Holy Doctor Competition.

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Chapter 1976

Through the hole in the wall, one could not only see Matthew inside but also Salazar, who looked as if he had just had the shock of his life.

Through the hole in the wall, one could not only see Matthew inside but also Selezer, who looked as if he had just had the shock of his life.

This sword could easily kill a master.

The crown prince was the most thrilled at that moment.

"Hehehe, I knew it! How could I possibly bring a piece of crap after spending so much energy to move it here? Has your cultivation base healed already?"

Compared to the long sword, Selezer was more concerned about Matthew's condition.

If he had been on the receiving end of the sword just now, he would have been killed on the spot.

After feeling his body for a while, Matthew noticed that his here still felt empty. There didn't seem to be any presence of essential Qi floating inside.

Matthew shook his head in denial. "Nope! I wasn't the one who drew the sword earlier. It seems like it is an aftereffect from the previous owner of the sword."

After saying that, he felt quite disappointed.

"Why don't you try again?" the crown prince suggested.

Matthew nodded in response since he was about to do that. After all, the sword held hope in restoring his here.

After stabilizing his emotions, he was about to raise the sword again when the sword energy suddenly vanished.

At the same time, his long sword sank, and it suddenly seemed to carry a tonne of weight.

As Matthew was caught off guard, the long sword slipped from the palm of his hands in an instant.

To his surprise, the sword produced a crisp clanging sound when it fell to the ground instead of a heavy thud!

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Crouching down, Matthew clutched the hilt of the sword again!

When he tried to move his arm, however, the heavy feeling of the sword hit him again.

He couldn't lift it up at all!

Taking a deep breath, Matthew attempted once again.

"Get up!"

Despite his face flushing and the veins on his forehead popping, the long sword remained motionless.

How is this possible? Even though my here was damaged, and I have completely lost my cultivation base, my physical form of energy after the cultivation of essential Qi is still present. There should be no problem for me to carry the weight of a hundred pounds with one hand.

Even after using up all his might, he couldn't move the sword at all.

Could this sword weigh a thousand pounds?

"Are you sure you can't do it, Matthew?" The crown prince inquired in puzzlement after watching Matthew's struggle.

From the looks of it, the sword merely weighed two to three pounds.

Matthew seemed to be exaggerating about not being able to lift the sword.

Hoo! Matthew heaved a heavy breath and looked at the crown prince helplessly.

"Come on. You try!"

"Sure! Isn't it just a cre—just a long sword?!"

He was about to blurt "a creepy sword", but at the thought of the terrifying blow Matthew sent earlier, the crown prince immediately switched his choice of words.

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He thought it would be easy to lift it up, but even after using up all his strength, his whole body leaned backward due to the force of the reaction.

He then fell bum-first on the ground.

"Geez! Is this sword embedded in the ground?"

After patting the dust off his bum, the crown prince crouched down beside the long sword and began to study it carefully.

At that moment, he suddenly discovered that the part of the rust connecting the sword body and the hilt was a little loose.

Out of curiosity, he reached out and patted it.

The rust fell off following his movements.

"Hey! There are words here. R-E-A what?! Damn it. It's too blurry! I can't tell what is written on it."

Hearing the crown prince's exclamation, Matthew and Salazar walked over curiously.

"Ancient typeface!" Crouching down, Salazar took a glance and immediately recognized it.

The crown prince looked at Salazar in awe before asking, "You're so cool, Sal! I can't believe you can read ancient typefaces. Hurry up and tell me what these words mean."

Unfortunately, Salazar was merely able to recognize them. Requesting him to interpret the meaning was a challenge.

"Uh, I have to look it up. Give me a moment."

With that, he stood up and made a beeline to the room.

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Chapter 1977

After a while, Salazar came back with an old book in his hand.

After a while, Selezer came back with an old book in his hand.

Comparing the words on the long sword to the book, he quickly flipped through the pages.

"This word means blood, and this word means reaper, so that makes it blood reaper..."

Selezer was stunned all of a sudden. Even the book he was holding slipped out of his hand.

"Huh? What's wrong, Sel? Doesn't that just mean blood reaper? Aren't you overreacting?"

As the crown prince spoke, he began to swing Selezer's arm. "Hey, Sel, don't leave us hanging. What the hell is this blood reaper?"

After being shaken out of his reverie, Selezer fell into a state of panic.

"T-This sword... I-It is an ancient divine weapon!"

Half-kneeling on the ground, he stretched out his hands dramatically and gently stroked the sword with trembling fingertips.

Before Matthew could ask anything, Selezer started muttering to himself, "Legend has it that in ancient times, heaven and earth bred ten swords. Each of these swords was an existence that was capable of splitting the sky and land, as well as shattering the mountains and rivers. A divine presence is channeled through the sword, so whoever takes control over it will combine with the mind and soul of the divine weapon until both souls are one."

"One of the swords is called the Bloodreaper, and the Bloodreaper is the Sword of the King."

After hearing Selezer's explanation, the crown prince and Matthew felt as if they had just listened to a fairy tale as they nodded their heads, not fully fathoming the whole idea.

After a while, Salazar came back with an old book in his hand.

Comparing the words on the long sword to the book, he quickly flipped through the pages.

"This word means blood, and this word means reaper, so that makes it blood reaper..."

Salazar was stunned all of a sudden. Even the book he was holding slipped out of his hand.

"Huh? What's wrong, Sal? Doesn't that just mean blood reaper? Aren't you overreacting?"

As the crown prince spoke, he began to swing Salazar's arm. "Hey, Sal, don't leave us hanging. What the hell is this blood reaper?"

After being shaken out of his reverie, Salazar fell into a state of panic.

"T-This sword... I-It is an ancient divine weapon!"

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After a while, Salazar came back with an old book in his hand.

"Sal, isn't that story too superficial? Besides, this sword is freaking heavy, but it produces a light 'cling' sound when it fell to the ground. How do you explain that?" Staring at the Bloodreaper on the ground, the crown prince inquired curiously.

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"Well, I'm not sure about that, but whatever I know comes from the books. I initially thought it was just a legend too, and I never expected it to actually exist." Selezer shook his head and expressed his lack of knowledge of the sword.

"But I do remember something from the books. The Bloodreaper contains immense power. Only a truly ambitious man will be able to initiate an interaction with the sword spirit and thus control the sword, swing the sword like a feather, and put it down without effort. The Bloodreaper will become one with its owner, and if the owner dies, the sword dies, or vice versa. They will depend their lives on each other for a lifetime!"

The crown prince widened his eyes in astonishment. Currently, his gaze was filled with endless yearning and amazement.

"When will it be my turn, Mett? Based on Selezer's explanation, whoever is able to draw the sword will be able to elevate their status."

Matthew nodded in response.

Looking at the long sword on the ground, he intended to give it another try.

A truly ambitious man, you say? I wonder if my identity as the Lord of Eestshire is worthy of owning this sword.

Following a shudder, he exuded an air of superiority.

Clenching his fingers, Matthew embraced the hilt of the sword.

This time, he could feel a slight movement in the Bloodreaper, but the overwhelming weight was still holding him back from pulling it upward.

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"Won't you give it a go, Matt? Based on Salazar's explanation, whoever is able to draw the sword will be able to elevate their status."

Matthew nodded in response.

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Even through his palms, he could sense a special wave moving through the long sword.

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It felt as if the sword was despising him for being too weak.

"Although I am now only the Lord of Eastshire, I shall hike with you up the mountains, dive with you down to the sea, and together, we will take control over the world as long as you obey me! When the day comes, I shall become King, and you shall become Sword Sovereign. Dare to give it a try?"

The moment his voice fell, the sword loosened.

Following a loud growl from Matthew, he used up all his might until green veins bulged on his forearm.

"Come on! Argh!"

He had overexerted his body without the protection of essential Qi. On his right arm, his skin appeared chapped, but Matthew did not give up. Instead, he put his left hand on the hilt of the sword as well.

"Surrender to me!"

Under his hoarse growl, a mouthful of blood spat out of his mouth.

Simultaneously, the blood on his arms flowed continuously to the sword along his fingers.

The Bloodreaper started loosening again.

Clenching his teeth, he lifted the sword higher and higher until it hung above the ground entirely.

He did it!

Showing his blood-stained teeth, Matthew gradually flopped to the ground.

At this moment, a mysterious spiritual energy that came from the Bloodreaper penetrated his body along the palm of his hand.

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Chapter 1978

After being in a coma for a whole day, Matthew finally woke up the next day.

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"How are you feeling?"

When he opened his eyes, Selezer, who was beside him, came over and asked out of concern.

"Pretty good, but I'm feeling a little weak." Lifting his bandaged arm, Matthew replied weakly.

The unsheathed Bloodreaper was lying quietly beside him.

"It's the aftereffect of your excessive exertion. You'll get better after a period of recovery."

Shaking his body, Selezer uttered calmly, but in his heart, he was envious of Matthew.

That was an ancient divine weapon he obtained!

Ancient legend held that the owners of the divine swords were either kings or equivalents.

Meanwhile, Matthew, who was lying in bed, began to look around. The wall that had been pierced by the sword energy had already been repaired.

"How long have I been in a coma? And where is the crown prince?"

Noticing that the crown prince was no longer in the room, Matthew inquired.

"About a day and a night. The crown prince went back first because he had something to settle in Mightwater. As for the Bloodreaper, I reminded him to keep it a secret before he left. Besides, it was Poison Spider who sent him to bring the sword here, so he knows the seriousness of the matter."

"I'm not worried about that, but I really can't figure out why Poison Spider would give me such a great divine weapon. She could've kept it for herself, and even if she couldn't command the sword, she could still silently train a great warrior with it. Wouldn't she be able to soar high then?"

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The sword held by the man in his imagination was exactly the Bloodreaper lying beside him.

Now, he just had to wait for the weapon to fully be under his control.

In the future, he would definitely become the King, better yet, the legendary. There were no limits to it.

However, that also roused doubt in him. Who would be willing to give this thing away?

"If you can't figure it out, don't dwell on it. There must be a reason for them to give it to you."

For Selezer, Matthew was his life savior.

After learning that Matthew's here had been damaged, he felt sorry for him, but it was different now. Even if Matthew had lost all his cultivation, he managed to obtain an ancient divine weapon.

His future was limitless.

At this moment, he sincerely hoped that Matthew could commend the Bloodreaper.

"Easy. Don't overthink it. How are you feeling right now? Based on the classics, if the divine sword recognizes its master, it will reform your system. Perhaps, it can heal your damaged here."

This was what Selezer was most concerned about.

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After a while, a look of surprise slowly spread across his face.

"It's not obvious, but I can feel a ball of mysterious energy constantly working to repair my damaged hara and meridians."

After Matthew said that, Salazar's eyes lit up.

"Is it the essential Qi?"

Matthew shook his head.

Salazar then turned around and walked to the table. He flipped through a new book in a hurry.

Vaguely, Matthew saw the title of the book that read, The Complete Works of Ancient Myths and Legends.

Matthew was speechless at that.

Wasn't that so random?

Before this, Salazar guided him through this book.

He suddenly felt even more ashamed. He was surely a tough person to be able to survive thus far.

Suddenly, Salazar exclaimed, "A human conceives a divine weapon, and a divine weapon possesses a human. The changes in your body must be caused by the Bloodreaper!"

Nodding his head in contentment, Salazar finally closed the book.

On the hospital bed, Matthew was still doubtful as he mused, Is that really the case?

Nevertheless, he should take things as they came.

He had witnessed the hope of healing and restoration for his damaged hara, so what else could he be dissatisfied with? Could things possibly get even worse than it was now?

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Chapter 1979

Time passed quietly during Matthew's recovery.

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During this period, he heard the rumors that had been spreading like a virus outside.

He merely lay low and watch the situation unfold.

Restoring his hero was the most important thing to do now. Without strength, everything else was just empty words.

Although Master Levi and the crown prince of Mightwater vowed to keep Matthew safe as long as they were still alive, the external forces were like rootless duckweed. Once the flood came, it would eventually vanish.

Only when he was strong could he find out who was behind the destruction of the Lerson Family; only by wiping the masterminds out could the thousands of dead souls in his family rest in peace.

In the backyard, Matthew quietly stood in the center while holding the long sword.

After these few days of coexistence, he became even more in sync with the Bloodreaper.

It no longer felt like the first time he touched it.

Now, he could at least lift it with his arms.

When the breeze blew and the leaves rustled, he opened his eyes which were filled with fervent killing intent.

"Heh!" Following a light grunt, he swung his right arm. All of a sudden, a cold gleam of light shone.

The next second, a muffled sound could be heard.

About a mile away, the two big hugging trees shook, causing a few pieces of leaves to fall from the branches.

If one approached the trees, one could easily spot the sword mark about two fingers deep on the thick tree trunk.

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The divine weapon was embedded into the ground about half a foot deep.

Panting heavily, Matthew looked at his masterpiece.

"Phew, I finally recovered my here."

Feeling the changes in his body, he couldn't help showing a surprised grin.

Although his cultivation base had been greatly reduced to less than one-tenth of his initial strength, thankfully, his damaged meridians have been restored to their original state thanks to the mysterious power.

Now, his realm was almost equivalent to the previous level of Divine Skill.

This mysterious force must be the sword energy mentioned by the myth-enthusiast, Selezer.

Just then, Matthew heard hurried footsteps coming his way. The man was none other than Selezer himself.

"Matthew, there is a man called Zeyn Beedden looking for you outside. He claims to be a miracle doctor, and judging by his short stature and accent, he should be from Emsgote."

While informing Matthew of the guest, he couldn't help glancing at the Bloodreaper in his hands.

Matthew could only offer him a helpless smile.

Ever since the Bloodreaper recognized its master, Selezer started caring more about it than him.

Whenever an opportunity arose, he would borrow it and study it carefully.

Matthew inserted the long sword into its sheath, causing the sword spirit to dissipate following the surge of sword energy in his hand.

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Then, Matthew handed the Bloodreaper to him.

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Salazar shook his head and gestured at the wooden table beside him. He wanted Matthew to put the divine weapon on the table.

Although he was strong and had extraordinary skills, he wasn't brazen enough to take the Bloodreaper which contained immense power.

"I don't mind it at all!"

After saying that, Matthew tossed the sword to Salazar.

"Ah—"

In a panic, Salazar dodged immediately.

"This is too serious to take it as a joke."

Matthew shook his head with a mysterious smile.

"I can already control the immense power contained in the sword. As long as I don't trigger the sword spirit, it is only a normal sword."

"Really?"

A spark shone in Salazar's eyes as he reached out to touch the sword.

Sure enough, Matthew was right. He managed to pick it up easily.

In excitement, he drew the sword. Facing the sun, he could see that the sword was stained with rust, but compared to its original appearance, it obviously looked better. He could see traces of silver light vaguely.

"Of course. Why would I lie to you?"

Seeing the wry smile on Matthew's face, Salazar sensed something off, but it was too late.

In an instant, the sword spirit was triggered. The weight of the sword hit him all of a sudden. Caught off guard, he staggered backward, and after letting go of the sword, he plopped onto the ground.

"Matthew Larson!"

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Chapter 1980

With a roar, Salazar expressed his inner dissatisfaction after being teased.

With a roar, Selezer expressed his inner dissatisfaction after being teased.

When he stood up, the expression on his face suddenly changed.

"D-D-Did you recover?"

Compared to his excited and bewildered appearance, Matthew was much calmer.

"Yeah. My here has recovered, and the meridians in my body have almost healed."

"Hehehe, I knew it! I knew it! The Bloodreaper isn't called a legend for nothing."

It was hard to imagine the middle-aged mortal arts master skipping around with excitement.

What childish behavior.

Nevertheless, Matthew felt warm because of his gesture. It showed that Selezer was truly happy for him.

After calming down, Selezer stared at Matthew uncertainly for a long time.

"Should we invite Dr. Ellis to come over and check on you? Anything related to the here and meridian isn't considered trivial. You should get it checked just in case."

Matthew shook his head in refusal. As a miracle doctor himself, he was well aware of his own body.

"Dr. Ellis is still caught up in the vortex of public opinion, so let's not bother him. Besides, I'm well aware of my physical condition. There are no major problems for now, so don't worry about me."

Since he was adamant about it, Salazar didn't find the need to persuade him.

"By the way, what did you say about a Beedden or something? What is he here for?"

"Zeyn Beedden. He said he came here to compete with you in medical skills."

Hearing the intention of Zeyn's visit, Matthew chuckled coldly.

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"Should we invite Dr. Ellis to come over and check on you? Anything related to the hara and meridian isn't considered trivial. You should get it checked just in case."

Matthew shook his head in refusal. As a miracle doctor himself, he was well aware of his own body.

"Dr. Ellis is still caught up in the vortex of public opinion, so let's not bother him. Besides, I'm well aware of my physical condition. There are no major problems for now, so don't worry about me."

Since he was adamant about it, Salazar didn't find the need to persuade him.

"By the way, what did you say about a Baeddan or something? What is he here for?"

"Zayn Baeddan. He said he came here to compete with you in medical skills."

Hearing the intention of Zayn's visit, Matthew chuckled coldly.

With a roar, Salazar expressed his inner dissatisfaction after being teased.

"He sure knows how to pick the right time."

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The news that his here end meridians were damaged and that he was bedridden to recuperate from his illness spread like wildfire among the public.

If the other party came for a duel during this time, he was definitely up to no good.

"Shell I blow him ewey?"

If he ceme e few deys ego, Metthrew would heve hesiteted, but now thet he hed recovered, he hed no excuse to reject his invite.

"Since he ceme to visit, he's e guest. It would be rude to chese him out. Let me confront him so thet outsiders know thet I em not e pushover."

On the other hend, Zeyn hed been weiting in the hell of the ville for e long time.

During the welcome benquet e few deys ego, Aurelius couldn't stop sighing, whether intentionelly or unintentionelly.

He mentioned thet Cethey's youngest mirecle doctor was bedridden due to demege in the here end meridiens, or he could've reeched the pinnecke of medicel skills end crushed ell other mirecle doctors of the seme ege.

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Although he did ergue with Aurelius end wes scolded by his mester, the resentment in his heert grew.

Due to thet, he held on end sneaked out to find Metthrew's house when his mester end the other elders were not peying ettention.

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Although he did argue with Aurelius and was scolded by his master, the resentment in his heart grew.

Due to that, he held on and sneaked out to find Matthew's house when his master and the other elders were not paying attention.

However, he gradually became impatient when he was still unable to meet Matthew after waiting for a long time.

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If the other party came for a duel during this time, he was definitely up to no good.

"Shall I blow him away?"

If he came a few days ago, Matthew would have hesitated, but now that he had recovered, he had no excuse to reject his invite.

"Since he came to visit, he's a guest. It would be rude to chase him out. Let me confront him so that outsiders know that I am not a pushover."

On the other hand, Zayn had been waiting in the hall of the villa for a long time.

During the welcome banquet a few days ago, Aurelius couldn't stop sighing, whether intentionally or unintentionally.

He mentioned that Cathay's youngest miracle doctor was bedridden due to damage in the hara and meridians, or he could've reached the pinnacle of medical skills and crushed all other miracle doctors of the same age.

As a young medical genius in Emsgate, Zayn couldn't tolerate that at all.

Although he did argue with Aurelius and was scolded by his master, the resentment in his heart grew.

Due to that, he held on and sneaked out to find Matthew's house when his master and the other elders were not paying attention.

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"Excuse me, is this how you treat your guests? I have been waiting for almost half an hour now. Why is the head of the house still not showing up?"

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Facing his aggressive appearance, the receptionist could only explain patiently, "We're sorry to keep you waiting. The head of our family is currently unwell and bedridden, so it isn't convenient for him to meet you now."

"Unwell? Didn't he just damage his meridians? Are his medical skills useless now? Is he hiding from someone who is trying to challenge him?"

Just as Zayn was mocking him maliciously, Matthew and Salazar happened to enter the hall, so they heard everything he had just said loud and clear.

With a frown, Salazar made a gesture to chase him away, but Matthew stopped him.

"It won't hurt!"

While saying that, Matthew strode into the whole.

"Are you Bad or Bed or something?"

"That's very rude of you. I am the genius doctor of my generation from the Land of Divinity, Zayn Baeddán. And you must be Matthew Larson!"

"Hah! Land of Divinity? Emsgate is a tiny place. Is she qualified to be called Land of Divinity?"

Matthew was naturally not going to play along with someone as arrogant and unreasonable as him.

Initially, he intended to fight in the battle, but now, he wasn't interested anymore.

Standing opposite him, Zayn was enraged to hear him insulting his own country.

In an instant, he didn't know how to fight back!

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