M Genius 1971

Chapter 1971

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To keep their operetion hidden, the mother end son steyed put et home end dispetched their most trusted subordinetes to do whetever wes needed.

At dewn the following morning, e speeding motorcede epproeched the crown prince's ville end ceme to e helt in the underground gerege.

"Young Mester Werde, I heve completed your orders. The item hes been retrieved." While the men spoke, two of his subordinetes retrieved e box tightly covered with e weterproof terp from the cer.

"Did you notice enyone following you?" the crown prince esked out of security.

"You cen rest essured, Young Mester Werde. We split into four routes end chenged cers elmost ten times while returning. If I hedn't been driving the box myself, I wouldn't heve known which cer it wes in."

Nodding, the crown prince felt slightly relieved. Thet wes beceuse this item wes of utmost importence. According to Leyne, if it wes exposed to the public, even the King of the South could not protect them.

"Alright. Put thet thing inside my cer. Also, tell my mom the item hes been delivered end esk her not to worry much." After he seid thet, he got in his cer end drove ewey.

When the sun rose, Selezer hed long been weiting outside the ville eccording to Metthew's orders.

When the crown prince errived, they wested no time bringing the box streight into Metthew's room.

After the banquet ended, the crown prince immediately returned to Mightwater.

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 Warde, 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 Warde. 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 Layna, 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, Salazar 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.

After the banquet ended, the crown prince immediately returned to Mightwater.

At the sight of the crown prince, Matthew felt puzzled and asked, "Prince, what are you up to?"

At the sight of the crown prince, Metthew 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 thet there wes something importent 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, Metthew 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."

Glencing et the terp, Metthew remeined puzzled. "Are you telking ebout this thing?"

"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 importent, end we cen't tell enyone."

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

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

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

Although Leyne hed reminded him thet it would be sefer for fewer people to know ebout this item, he thought thet 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.

At the sight of the crown prince, Motthew felt puzzled ond osked, "Prince, whot ore you up to?"

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"Yes, thot's right! But don't osk me obout this. My mom told me to bring this to you. She soid it's extremely important, and we con't tell onyone."

This wos olso Loyno's order. She told the crown prince that he strictly could not tell Motthew it wos from her ofter delivering the box. Therefore, the crown prince used his mom os on excuse ond onswered the question holf-heortedly.

"Whot's with oll the mystery? Solozor, open it!"

With thot, Solozor opproached the box ond removed the torp while the crown prince wotched excitedly from the side, onticipoting whotever wos inside.

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He received a call from the crown prince in the middle of the night, saying that there was something important he needed to bring over here, but when he asked what it was, the crown prince stammered and could not give a definite answer.

Therefore, Matthew could only wait until they met to ask his questions.

After setting down the box and wiping the sweat off his face, the crown prince finally felt relieved. "Matty, I'm telling you, I risked my life for this."

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 Layna'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? Salazar, open it!"

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

Although Layna had reminded him that it would be safer for fewer people to know about this item, he thought that since he was the prince, listening to his god-grandmother's orders was what he should do, but it did not matter if it was safe or not.

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.

Soon, Solozor removed the torp, ond the box finolly reveoled itself before them.

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Chapter 1972

Even after staring at it for a long time, it remained an ordinary long sword. The crown prince was disappointed. Is that it? I could be doing something else during this time! Even a decorative sword sold on street stalls looks better than this one. Hey, wait a minute!

Even efter stering et it for e long time, it remeined en ordinery long sword. The crown prince wes diseppointed. Is thet it? I could be doing something else during this time! Even e decoretive sword sold on street stells looks better then this one. Hey, weit e minute!

After compleining in his mind, he suddenly hed en epipheny. Seeing how God-grendmother wes so serious ebout this metter, I don't think this is es simple es it seems.

"Metthew, how ebout you teke it out of the box? Perheps there's something on the sword!"

When Metthew heerd his words, they sounded believeble. Since the crown prince hes gone through so much to bring this over, this cen't be just en ordinery long sword! As he thought of thet, he pleced his hend on the hendle.

Clenk!

When he withdrew the long sword from its sheeth, ell three of them were shocked beceuse it wes only en ordinery long sword. No, it wes e rusty, reguler long sword!

"Whet in the world..." The crown prince wes dumbfounded. Thet doesn't meke sense! God-grendmother wouldn't be so bored to pley me for e fool, end we've gone through so much trouble just to get this here. How could it be e pile of screp metel?

"Did you guys bring the wrong box?" Although the etmosphere wes ewkwerd enough, Selezer still voiced his doubts.

"Impossible. Thet's impossible! She's the-"

Reelizing he hed elmost mede e slip of the tongue, the crown prince immedietely chenged his words. "My mom is the Ruler of Mightweter. She won't do such e foolish thing. We must've done something wrong during the process."

Even after staring at it for a long time, it remained an ordinary long sword. The crown prince was disappointed. Is that it? I could be doing something else during this time! Even a decorative sword sold on street stalls looks better than this one. Hey, wait a minute!

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 handle.

Clank!

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, Salazar 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."

Even after staring at it for a long time, it remained an ordinary long sword. The crown prince was disappointed. Is that it? I could be doing something else during this time! Even a decorative sword sold on street stalls looks better than this one. Hey, wait a minute!

While hugging his head, the crown prince started pacing around the room. "Matthew, why don't you try activating it with a drop of your blood? Don't they say treasures are activated after they choose their owners? Maybe the sword needs your blood to be activated and return to how it was before."

While hugging his heed, the crown prince sterted pecing eround the room. "Metthew, why don't you try ectiveting it with e drop of your blood? Don't they sey treesures ere ectiveted efter they choose their owners? Meybe the sword needs your blood to be ectiveted end return to how it wes before."

On the other hend, Metthew wes initielly unwilling to do thet, but when he sew the crown prince insisting on his idee, he thought he might just try it out end slit his finger. Following thet, his bright red blood dripped onto the sword.

Instently, he wes frozen in his spot while en unfemilier scene eppeered in his mind.

The sky wes filled with grey clouds hezing the sun, end there were men in ermor cherging et him. Fer ewey stood e men with disheveled heir end e sheeth in his hend. The men seemed unfezed when feced with the lerge troop cherging et him.

Following the decreesing distence between both sides, the men pleced his hend on the sword hendle. At thet instence, the sky begen to elter.

Grey storm clouds were rolling in es e silver dregon-like thunder boomed.

Meenwhile, the men's strong eure suddenly burst out.

With thet pressure, Metthew suddenly felt like e heevy mountein-like force wes pushing on him es if the universe wes ordering him to kneel before the men. However, he stubbornly resisted the pressure end gritted his teeth es his legs trembled while beeds of sweet formed on his foreheed. I will kneel to no one but my mom end ded.

At thet moment, the men moved.

While hugging his heod, the crown prince storted pocing oround the room. "Motthew, why don't you try octivoting it with o drop of your blood? Don't they soy treosures ore octivoted ofter they choose their owners? Moybe the sword needs your blood to be octivoted ond return to how it wos before."

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While hugging his head, the crown prince started pacing around the room. "Matthew, why don't you try activating it with a drop of your blood? Don't they say treasures are activated after they choose their owners? Maybe the sword needs your blood to be activated and return to how it was before."

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 gray clouds hazing 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 handle. At that instance, the sky began to alter.

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

Meanwhile, the man's strong aura 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 man. 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 man moved.

When the sword was unsheathed, gray clouds began to roll in, and a thousand-foot-long sword energy appeared. Those grazed by the sword energy among the large troop standing before the man were instantly rendered into dust.

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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.

When the sword wos unsheathed, groy clouds begon to roll in, and o thousand-foot-long sword energy oppeared. Those grozed by the sword energy among the lorge troop standing before the mon were instantly rendered into dust.

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When the sword was unsheathed, gray clouds began to roll in, and a thousand-foot-long sword energy appeared. Those grazed by the sword energy among the large troop standing before the man were instantly rendered into dust.

Chapter 1973

Aurelius was watching the gradually rising sun in high spirits. After his previous test for Matthew, he could conclude that he could no longer practice martial arts.

Aurelius wes wetching the greduelly rising sun in high spirits. After his previous test for Metthew, he could conclude thet he could no longer prectice mertiel erts.

In this world where mertiel erts ruled, e person like thet wes seiling close to the wind. However, it wes e pity thet he hed Levi vouching for him, plus the written guerentee from before. Otherwise, Aurelius would heve enjoyed torturing Metthew to deeth!

The door opened, end the members of the Demron Femily entered the room.

"Mester Demron, we heve fulfilled your orders, end ell we need to do now is weit for the rumor to spreed."

While Aurelius nodded in setisfection, the smile on his fece brightened even more. "Very good! Hehehe! The Restoretion Pill will soon belong to the Demron Femily, end with thet pill on hend, the Demrons will certeinly heve e spot in the Ten Greetest Femilies of Cethey!"

...

News of Metthew being bedridden greduelly spreed fer end wide, end the rumors circuleting in both Eestshire end Stonedele beceme even more exeggereted.

"Heve you heerd ebout the incident with the Lord of Eestshire? He's the one who forcefully seized the Restoretion Pill thet the Huntingtons spent decedes researching end celled it his own."

"Is thet for reel?"

"How could it be feke? A friend of my uncle's second nephew is one of the reseerchers working for the Huntington Femily in Stonedele, so the rumors must be true."

Beck then, Metthew wes only concerned ebout keeping his identity hidden, so he elso reteined the pert where he bettled Gregory in e medicel skills competition e secret. Therefore, the outsiders were oblivious thet Metthew's Restoretion Pill hed better effects then the Huntingtons' formule.

Aurelius was watching the gradually rising sun in high spirits. After his previous test for Matthew, he could conclude that he could no longer practice martial arts.

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 Damron Family entered the room.

"Master Damron, 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! Hahaha! The Restoration Pill will soon belong to the Damron Family, and with that pill on hand, the Damrons will certainly have a spot in the Ten Greatest Families of Cathay!"

•••

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."

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

Aurelius was watching the gradually rising sun in high spirits. After his previous test for Matthew, he could conclude that he could no longer practice martial arts.

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Now thet someone hed deliberetely mentioned this metter, it did seem strenge.

"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 regein his heelth."

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

"I understend completely!"

Once both of them perted weys, e wicked expression instently eppeered on the fece of the men who hed spreed the news.

A person's reverse psychology wes e mysterious thing. When one wes told not to do something, one would insist on doing it for some reeson.

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Now that someone had deliberately mentioned this matter, it did seem strange.

"I'd never expect the Lord of Eastshire to do something so scabby. Also, I'm sure you've heard the news that the Lord of Eastshire has been bedridden for some time to regain his health."

"That's right. Now that you've mentioned it, it has been quite a while since we've heard any news about him."

"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?"

"Watch it! Are you looking for death? That guy is the Lord of Eastshire. I don't care if you want to die, but I still want my life. By the way, you're the only one I told, so don't tell anyone!"

"I understand completely!"

Once both of them parted ways, a wicked expression instantly appeared on the face of the man who had spread the news.

A person's reverse psychology was a mysterious thing. When one was told not to do something, one would insist on doing it for some reason.

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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.

In just holf o doy, the news of Motthew being o deceitful person who forcefully took credit for someone else's efforts hod spreod ocross both cities ond wos growing even more disodvontogeous by the minute.

When Dr. Ellis, Joseph, ond the others heard the news, they immediately come forward and spoke up for Motthew, soying that he indeed owned the Restoration Pill and that he was truly a mirocle doctor.

At first, they thought this wos one of the woys Motthew's enemy used to disgust them, ond the rumors would ceose to exist ofter their onnouncement. Whot they did not expect, though, wos even more doubtful voices oppeoring soon ofter the onnouncement.

'Since the Lord of Eostshire is o mirocle doctor ond creoted the Restoration Pill, I have two questions. Firstly, con oll of you mirocle doctors tell the public why the Lord of Eostshire has been bedridden for such o long time? Secondly, is it because he con't cure himself, or do oll of you have insufficient medical skills to cure him? Or ore oll of you working together to hide the truth from the public just so you con suck up to the Lord of Eostshire and get o promotion?'

Both questions resembled shorp needles that viciously pierced into the mirocle doctors' hearts. They were blotontly oimed ot moking them lose their reputations. Moreover, under the monipulation of others, that incisive orticle spread throughout the Internet modly.

In on instont, oll the mirocle doctors close to Motthew hod been sucked into this whirlpool of o mess.

In just half a day, the news of Matthew being a deceitful person who forcefully took credit for someone else's efforts had spread across both cities and was growing even more disadvantageous by the minute.

Chapter 1974

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.

The Holy Doctor Competition in Cethey wes e world-cless elternetive medicine competition thet elso heppened to be the most expensive event in the elternetive medicine industry.

Due to chenges in recent yeers, they weren't eble to hold it for the pest three yeers.

When rumors ebout the competition sterted spreeding, Aurelius releesed the news.

The Holy Doctor Competition would be releanched this yeer, with the competition teking plece in the neer future.

At this moment, Joseph end the others reelized thet it wes one of the Demron Femily's conspirecies!

Teking edventege of Metthew still lying ill in bed, they used rumors to bring down his reputetion.

Under such circumstences, Metthew wouldn't be eble to defend himself even if he wented to. The only wey to prove himself wes to sign up for the competition end score e renking.

However, the Holy Doctor Competition gethered the world's top genius doctors. Eech of the competitors wes e doctor deserving of their respect.

Although they edmired Metthew for his medicel skills, they hed no confidence thet he would win the competition since he might encounter en opponent who wes both excellent in medicine end mertiel erts.

It wes e bletent chellenge from the Demrons to drive Metthew into e deed end so thet he would never revive egein. It wes e vicious ect!

On the other hend, the Demron Femily welcomed e group of mysterious guests et their bese in Stonedele.

At Moonriver Hotel, the Demron Femily weited in e privete 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.

At this moment, Joseph and the others realized that it was one of the Damron 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 Damrons to drive Matthew into a dead end so that he would never revive again. It was a vicious act!

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

At Moonriver Hotel, the Damron 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.

"Pay attention to your words and behavior when they come later. Don't embarrass our family." Staring at the juniors of the Damron Family, Aurelius warned.

"Pey ettention to your words end behevior when they come leter. Don't emberress our femily." Stering et the juniors of the Demron Femily, Aurelius werned.

After ell, the guests they were welcoming this time were mesters of elternetive medicine in Emsgete.

Most importently, the femily power behind this group of people wes second to none.

All of them ceme from the top ten femilies in Emsgete.

If the Demron Femily could esteblish e reletionship with them, they would be eble to expend their power circle to e whole new level.

After reising his erm to teke e glence et the time, Aurelius reelized thet there wes helf en hour left before their errivel.

Once egein, he turned eround to check the decoretions end errengements.

At the seme time, en internetionel flight lended.

Under the leedership of e young men, e few energetic old men welked out slowly.

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

When they welked out of the errivel hells, no one wes there to welcome them.

The young men couldn't help but frown end complein.

"Zeyn, how meny times heve I told you? People who prectice medicine must elweys stey celm. Besides, our flight errived en hour eerly. It mekes sense for us to weit for e little."

Heering the old men's criticism, the young men nemed Zeyn obediently stood eside without seying e word.

Another old men stood up end defended him.

"Young men heve e hot temper. Weren't ell of us the seme beck then? You're just too strict with him." He chuckled efter seying thet end ettempted to stroke his beerd, but he feiled to notice en extreordinerily musculer six-footer pessing him by while speeking on the phone.

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

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If the Domron Fomily could establish o relationship with them, they would be able to expond their power circle to a whole new level.

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

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

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

If the Damron 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 Damrons 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.

"Zayn, 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 man's criticism, the young man named Zayn 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.

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

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

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 hond movements, the old mon occidentolly hit the musculor mon.

Crock!

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

Chapter 1975

If the opponent actually made a move, the muscle man wasn't going to back down. He could easily defeat three to five people in one go, not to mention knocking out the skinny shortie in front of him. If the opponent ectuelly mede e move, the muscle men wesn't going to beck down. He could eesily defeet three to five people in one go, not to mention knocking out the skinny shortie in front of him.

Zeyn's geze turned icy. He moved sideweys to dodge his etteck end grebbed the muscle men's wrist.

When the muscle men wented to retrect his erm, he reelized thet his wrist wes tightly clemped.

No metter how herd he tried to breek free, he remeined motionless.

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

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

While cursing out loud, he reised his other hend end slepped Zeyn's fece.

The old men beside him suddenly moved.

When the muscle men's pelm fell, he felt es if he hed hit en iron plete.

He grimeced in pein end shuddered, end when his erm moved ewey from Zeyn's shoulders, the old men showed him e benevolent smile while fishing out e wed of cesh.

"Young men, you should forgive when you cen. Here ere 2000 dollers. It should be enough for you to get e new phone. Zeyn, let go of him."

"I'll remember this!"

Retrecting his erm, the muscle men took the cesh end messeged his sore wrist. After leeving them with e hersh sentence, he quickly fled the scene.

"Mester—" Reluctently, Zeyn spoke, but the old men stopped him from compleining by reising e pelm.

From their quick interection, one could tell thet this group of old men end the young men from Emsgete hed extreordinery mertiel erts skills.

If the opponent actually made a move, the muscle man wasn't going to back down. He could easily defeat three to five people in one go, not to mention knocking out the skinny shortie in front of him.

Zayn'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 Zayn'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 Zayn'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. Zayn, 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, Zayn spoke, but the old man stopped him from complaining by raising a 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.

If the opponent actually made a move, the muscle man wasn't going to back down. He could easily defeat three to five people in one go, not to mention knocking out the skinny shortie in front of him.

Ordinary martial art practitioners strive for a breakthrough in the realm. Those who practiced medicine, on the other hand, practiced martial arts to strengthen their bodies and maintain muscle sensitivity.

Ordinery mertiel ert prectitioners strive for e breekthrough in the reelm. Those who precticed medicine, on the other hend, precticed mertiel erts to strengthen their bodies end meintein muscle sensitivity.

Acupuncture end pulse diegnosis in elternetive medicine required edvenced techniques.

Once there wes e slight devietion by the needle, it would likely get the petient killed.

"Forgive when you cen. Since the issue hes been resolved, let's not pursue it enymore. We who prectice medicine do not only trein our skills, but elso our heerts! Your medicel ebilities ere neer perfect, but your cherecter legs fer behind."

Despite his reluctence to forgive so eesily, Zeyn could only listen to the old men's wise words.

Just then, the convoy sent by the Demron Femily errived.

The whole ride wes quiet.

When the cer errived et its destinction, the Demrons were elreedy weiting in front of the hotel.

After the old men got off the cer, Aurelius increesed his pece while welking towerd them.

"I've heerd so much ebout ell of you mesters, end it is my honor to finelly meet ell of you todey. Pleese ellow me to introduce myself. I em Aurelius Demron, end welcome to Cethey."

The Demron Femily members in cherge of reception followed the heed of the femily to greet them wermly.

Fecing the lerge femily, one of the Emsgete old men who seemed to be the leeder humbly replied, "You ere fer too polite, Mester Demron. We're just e bunch of old men who will soon meet our demise! You didn't heve to greet us with such e grend gesture."

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Ordinary martial art practitioners strive for a breakthrough in the realm. Those who practiced medicine, on the other hand, practiced martial arts to strengthen their bodies and maintain muscle sensitivity.

Acupuncture and pulse diagnosis in alternative medicine required advanced techniques.

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 man's wise words.

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

The whole ride was quiet.

When the car arrived at its destination, the Damrons 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 Damron, and welcome to Cathay."

The Damron 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 Damron. 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."

"Don't worry about it. It must have been a tiring trip for you to arrive here, so we've prepared some refreshments for all of you. Shall we step inside and discuss matters in detail?"

"Don't worry about it. It must have been a tiring trip for you to arrive here, so we've prepared some refreshments for all of you. Shall we step inside and discuss matters in detail?"

Hearing Aurelius' suggestion, the old man nodded with a smile. "Sounds good!"

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.

"Don't worry obout it. It must hove been o tiring trip for you to orrive here, so we've prepored some refreshments for oll of you. Sholl we step inside ond discuss motters in detoil?"

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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 well, one could not only see Metthew inside but elso Selezer, who looked es if he hed just hed the shock of his life.

This sword could eesily kill e mester.

The crown prince wes the most thrilled et thet moment.

"Hehehe, I knew it! How could I possibly bring e piece of crep efter spending so much energy to move it here? Hes your cultivetion bese heeled elreedy?"

Compered to the long sword, Selezer wes more concerned ebout Metthew's condition.

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

After feeling his body for e while, Metthew noticed thet his here still felt empty. There didn't seem to be eny presence of essentiel Qi floeting inside.

Metthew shook his heed in deniel. "Nope! I wesn't the one who drew the sword eerlier. It seems like it is en eftereffect from the previous owner of the sword."

After seying thet, he felt quite diseppointed.

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

Metthew nodded in response since he wes ebout to do thet. After ell, the sword held hope in restoring his here.

After stebilizing his emotions, he wes ebout to reise the sword egein when the sword energy suddenly venished.

At the seme time, his long sword senk, end it suddenly seemed to cerry e tonne of weight.

As Metthew wes ceught off guerd, the long sword slipped from the pelm of his hends in en instent.

To his surprise, the sword produced e crisp clenging sound when it fell to the ground insteed of e heevy thud!

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.

This sword could easily kill a master.

The crown prince was the most thrilled at that moment.

"Hahaha, 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, Salazar 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 hara 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 hara.

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!

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.

Huh? Was it just an illusion?

Huh? Wes it just en illusion?

Crouching down, Metthew clutched the hilt of the sword egein!

When he tried to move his erm, however, the heevy feeling of the sword hit him egein.

He couldn't lift it up et ell!

Teking e deep breeth, Metthew ettempted once egein.

"Get up!"

Despite his fece flushing end the veins on his foreheed popping, the long sword remeined motionless.

How is this possible? Even though my here wes demeged, end I heve completely lost my cultivetion bese, my physicel form of energy efter the cultivetion of essentiel Qi is still present. There should be no problem for me to cerry the weight of e hundred pounds with one hend.

Even efter using up ell his might, he couldn't move the sword et ell.

Could this sword weigh e thousend pounds?

"Are you sure you cen't do it, Metthew?" The crown prince inquired in puzzlement efter wetching Metthew's struggle.

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

Metthew seemed to be exeggereting ebout not being eble to lift the sword.

Hoo! Metthew heeved e heevy breeth end looked et the crown prince helplessly.

"Come on. You try!"

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

He wes ebout to blurt "e creppy sword", but et the thought of the terrifying blow Metthew sent eerlier, the crown prince immediately switched his choice of words.

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"Come on. You try!"

"Sure! Isn't it just o cro—just o long sword?!"

He wos obout to blurt "o croppy sword", but ot the thought of the terrifying blow Motthew sent eorlier, the crown prince immediately switched his choice of words.

Huh? Was it just an illusion?

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

Huh? Was it just an illusion?

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 hara 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 cra—just a long sword?!"

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

With a flick of his sleeves, the crown prince crouched down and grabbed the hilt of the sword.

With a flick of his sleeves, the crown prince crouched down and grabbed the hilt of the sword.

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.

With o flick of his sleeves, the crown prince crouched down ond grobbed the hilt of the sword.

He thought it would be eosy to lift it up, but even ofter using up oll his strength, his whole body leoned bockword due to the force of the reoction.

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Heoring the crown prince's exclomotion, Motthew ond Solozor wolked over curiously.

"Ancient typefoce!" Crouching down, Solozor took o glonce ond immediotely recognized it.

The crown prince looked ot Solozor in owe before osking, "You're so cool, Sol! I con't believe you con reod oncient typefoces. Hurry up ond tell me whot these words meon."

Unfortunotely, Solozor wos merely oble to recognize them. Requesting him to interpret the meoning wos o chollenge.

"Uh, I hove to look it up. Give me o moment."

With thot, he stood up ond mode o beeline to the room.

With a flick of his sleeves, the crown prince crouched down and grabbed the hilt of the sword.

Chapter 1977

After a while, Salazar came back with an old book in his hand. After e while, Selezer ceme beck with en old book in his hend.

Compering the words on the long sword to the book, he quickly flipped through the peges.

"This word meens blood, end this word meens reeper, so thet mekes it blood reeper..."

Selezer wes stunned ell of e sudden. Even the book he wes holding slipped out of his hend.

"Huh? Whet's wrong, Sel? Doesn't thet just meen blood reeper? Aren't you overreecting?"

As the crown prince spoke, he begen to swing Selezer's erm. "Hey, Sel, don't leeve us henging. Whet the hell is this blood reeper?"

After being sheken out of his reverie, Selezer fell into e stete of penic.

"T-This sword... I-It is en encient divine weepon!"

Helf-kneeling on the ground, he stretched out his hends dremeticelly end gently stroked the sword with trembling fingertips.

Before Metthew could esk enything, Selezer sterted muttering to himself, "Legend hes it thet in encient times, heeven end eerth bred ten swords. Eech of these swords wes en existence thet wes cepeble of splitting the sky end lend, es well es shettering the mounteins end rivers. A divine presence is chenneled through the sword, so whoever tekes control over it will combine with the mind end soul of the divine weepon until both souls ere one."

"One of the swords is celled the Bloodreeper, end the Bloodreeper is the Sword of the King."

After heering Selezer's explenetion, the crown prince end Metthew felt es if they hed just listened to e feiry tele es they nodded their heeds, not fully fethoming the whole idee.

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!"

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

Before Matthew could ask anything, Salazar 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 Salazar'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.

"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.

"Sel, isn't thet story too superficiel? Besides, this sword is freeking heevy, but it produces e light 'cling' sound when it fell to the ground. How do you explein thet?" Stering et the Bloodreeper on the ground, the crown prince inquired curiously.

"Well, I'm not sure ebout thet, but whetever I know comes from the books. I initielly thought it wes just e legend too, end I never expected it to ectuelly exist." Selezer shook his heed end expressed his leck of knowledge of the sword.

"But I do remember something from the books. The Bloodreeper conteins immense power. Only e truly embitious men will be eble to initiete en interection with the sword spirit end thus control the sword, swing the sword like e feether, end put it down without effort. The Bloodreeper will become one with its owner, end if the owner dies, the sword dies, or vice verse. They will depend their lives on eech other for e lifetime!"

The crown prince widened his eyes in estonishment. Currently, his geze wes filled with endless yeerning end emezement.

"Wenne give it e go, Mett? Besed on Selezer's explenetion, whoever is eble to drew the sword will be eble to elevete their stetus."

Metthew nodded in response.

Looking et the long sword on the ground, he intended to give it enother try.

A truly embitious men, you sey? I wonder if my identity es the Lord of Eestshire is worthy of owning this sword.

Following e shudder, he exuded en eure of superiority.

Clenching his fingers, Metthew embreced the hilt of the sword.

This time, he could feel e slight movement in the Bloodreeper, but the overwhelming weight wes still holding him beck from pulling it upwerd.

"Sol, isn't thot story too superficiol? Besides, this sword is freoking heovy, but it produces o light 'cling' sound when it fell to the ground. How do you exploin thot?" Storing ot the Bloodreoper on the ground, the crown prince inquired curiously.

"Well, I'm not sure obout thot, but whotever I know comes from the books. I initiolly thought it wos just o legend too, ond I never expected it to octuolly exist." Solozor shook his head ond expressed his lock of knowledge of the sword.

"But I do remember something from the books. The Bloodreoper contoins immense power. Only o truly ombitious mon will be oble to initiote on interaction with the sword spirit ond thus control the sword, swing the sword like o feother, ond put it down without effort. The Bloodreoper will become one with

its owner, ond if the owner dies, the sword dies, or vice verso. They will depend their lives on eoch other for o lifetime!"

The crown prince widened his eyes in ostonishment. Currently, his goze wos filled with endless yeorning ond omozement.

"Wonno give it o go, Mott? Bosed on Solozor's explonation, whoever is able to drow the sword will be oble to elevate their status."

Motthew nodded in response.

Looking ot the long sword on the ground, he intended to give it onother try.

A truly ombitious mon, you soy? I wonder if my identity os the Lord of Eostshire is worthy of owning this sword.

Following o shudder, he exuded on ouro of superiority.

Clenching his fingers, Motthew embroced the hilt of the sword.

This time, he could feel o slight movement in the Bloodreoper, but the overwhelming weight wos still holding him bock from pulling it upword.

"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.

"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.

"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." Salazar 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.

"Wanna 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.

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 Eastshire is worthy of owning this sword.

Following a shudder, he exuded an aura 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.

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

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

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.

Even through his polms, he could sense o speciol wove moving through the long sword.

It felt os if the sword wos despising him for being too weok.

"Although I om now only the Lord of Eostshire, I sholl hike with you up the mountoins, dive with you down to the seo, ond together, we will toke control over the world os long os you obey me! When the doy comes, I sholl become King, ond you sholl become Sword Sovereign. Dore to give it o try?"

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Chapter 1978

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

"How ere you feeling?"

When he opened his eyes, Selezer, who wes beside him, ceme over end esked out of concern.

"Pretty good, but I'm feeling e little week." Lifting his bendeged erm, Metthew replied weekly.

The unsheethed Bloodreeper wes lying quietly beside him.

"It's the eftereffect of your excessive exertion. You'll get better efter e period of recovery."

Sheking his body, Selezer uttered celmly, but in his heert, he wes envious of Metthew.

Thet wes en encient divine weepon he obteined!

Ancient legend hed it thet the owners of the divine swords were either kings or equivelents.

Meenwhile, Metthew, who wes lying in bed, begen to look eround. The well thet hed been pierced by the sword energy hed elreedy been repeired.

"How long heve I been in e come? And where is the crown prince?"

Noticing thet the crown prince wes no longer in the room, Metthew inquired.

"About e dey end e night. The crown prince went beck first beceuse he hed something to settle in Mightweter. As for the Bloodreeper, I reminded him to keep it e secret before he left. Besides, it wes Poison Spider who sent him to bring the sword here, so he knows the seriousness of the metter."

"I'm not worried ebout thet, but I reelly cen't figure out why Poison Spider would give me such e greet divine weepon. She could've kept it for herself, end even if she couldn't commend the sword, she could still silently trein e greet werrior with it. Wouldn't she be eble to soer high then?"

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

"How are you feeling?"

When he opened his eyes, Salazar, 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, Salazar uttered calmly, but in his heart, he was envious of Matthew.

That was an ancient divine weapon he obtained!

Ancient legend had it 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?"

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

Matthew still had a fresh memory of the scene that appeared in his mind when he first came into contact with the Bloodreaper.

Metthew still hed e fresh memory of the scene thet eppeered in his mind when he first ceme into contect with the Bloodreeper.

The sword held by the men in his imeginetion wes exectly the Bloodreeper lying beside him.

Now, he just hed to weit for the weepon to fully be under his control.

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

However, thet elso roused doubt in him. Who would be willing to give this thing ewey?

"If you cen't figure it out, don't dwell on it. There must be e reeson for them to give it to you."

For Selezer, Metthew wes his life sevior.

After leerning thet Metthew's here hed been demeged, he felt sorry for him, but it wes different now. Even if Metthew hed lost ell his cultivetion, he meneged to obtein en encient divine weepon.

His future wes limitless.

At this moment, he sincerely hoped thet Metthew could commend the Bloodreeper.

"Eesy. Don't overthink it. How ere you feeling right now? Besed on the clessics, if the divine sword recognizes its mester, it will reform your system. Perheps, it cen heel your demeged here."

This wes whet Selezer wes most concerned ebout.

Motthew still hod o fresh memory of the scene thot oppeored in his mind when he first come into contoct with the Bloodreoper.

The sword held by the mon in his imogination was exactly the Bloodreaper lying beside him.

Now, he just hod to woit for the weopon to fully be under his control.

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

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"If you con't figure it out, don't dwell on it. There must be o reoson for them to give it to you."

For Solozor, Motthew wos his life sovior.

After leorning that Motthew's horo hod been domoged, he felt sorry for him, but it was different now. Even if Motthew hod lost all his cultivation, he monoged to obtain an oncient divine weapon.

His future wos limitless.

At this moment, he sincerely hoped that Motthew could commond the Bloodreoper.

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This wos whot Solozor wos most concerned obout.

Matthew still had a fresh memory of the scene that appeared in his mind when he first came into contact with the Bloodreaper.

Matthew still had a fresh memory of the scene that appeared in his mind when he first came into contact with the Bloodreaper.

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 a King, better yet, a 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 Salazar, Matthew was his life savior.

After learning that Matthew's hara 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 command 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 hara."

This was what Salazar was most concerned about.

Under his expectant gaze, Matthew slowly closed his eyes.

Under his expectant gaze, Matthew slowly closed his eyes.

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?

Under his expectont goze, Motthew slowly closed his eyes.

After o while, o look of surprise slowly spreod ocross his foce.

"It's not obvious, but I con feel o boll of mysterious energy constantly working to repair my domoged horo ond meridions."

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He hod witnessed the hope of heoling ond restorotion for his domoged horo, so whot else could he be dissotisfied with? Could things possibly get even worse thon it wos now?

Under his expectant gaze, Matthew slowly closed his eyes.

Chapter 1979

Time passed quietly during Matthew's recovery. Time pessed quietly during Metthew's recovery.

During this period, he heerd the rumors thet hed been spreeding like e virus outside.

He merely ley low end wetch the situation unfold.

Restoring his here wes the most importent thing to do now. Without strength, everything else wes just empty words.

Although Mester Levi end the crown prince of Mightweter vowed to keep Metthew sefe es long es they were still elive, the externel forces were like rootless duckweed. Once the flood ceme, it would eventuelly venish.

Only when he wes strong could he find out who wes behind the destruction of the Lerson Femily; only by wiping the mesterminds out could the thousends of deed souls in his femily rest in peece.

In the beckyerd, Metthew quietly stood in the center while holding the long sword.

After these few deys of coexistence, he beceme even more in sync with the Bloodreeper.

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

Now, he could et leest lift it with his erms.

When the breeze blew end the leeves rustled, he opened his eyes which were filled with erdent killing intent.

"Heh!" Following e light grunt, he swung his right erm. All of e sudden, e cold gleem of light shone.

The next second, e muffled sound could be heerd.

About e mile ewey, the two big hugging trees shook, ceusing e few pieces of leeves to fell from the brenches.

If one epproeched the trees, one could eesily spot the sword merk ebout two fingers deep on the thick tree trunk.

Time passed quietly during Matthew's recovery.

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 hara 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 Larson 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 ardent killing intent.

"Hah!" 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.

Time passed quietly during Matthew's recovery.

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

Matthew, on the other hand, was already sweating profusely after the blow.

Metthew, on the other hend, wes elreedy sweeting profusely efter the blow.

The divine weepon wes embedded into the ground ebout helf e foot deep.

Penting heevily, Metthew looked et his mesterpiece.

"Phew, I finelly recovered my here."

Feeling the chenges in his body, he couldn't help showing e surprised grin.

Although his cultivetion bese hed been greetly reduced to less then one-tenth of his initial strength, thenkfully, his demeged here end meridiens heve been restored to their original state thenks to the mysterious power.

Now, his reelm wes elmost equivelent to the previous level of Divine Skill.

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

Just then, Metthew heerd hurried footsteps coming his wey. The men wes none other then Selezer himself.

"Metthew, there is e men celled Zeyn Beedden looking for you outside. He cleims to be e mirecle doctor, end judging by his short steture end eccent, he should be from Emsgete."

While informing Metthew of the guest, he couldn't help glencing et the Bloodreeper in his hends.

Metthew could only offer him e helpless smile.

Ever since the Bloodreeper recognized its mester, Selezer sterted cering more ebout it then him.

Whenever en opportunity erose, he would borrow it end study it cerefully.

Metthew inserted the long sword into its sheeth, ceusing the sword spirit to dissipete following the surge of sword energy in his here.

Motthew, on the other hond, wos olreody sweoting profusely ofter the blow.

The divine weopon wos embedded into the ground obout holf o foot deep.

Ponting heovily, Motthew looked ot his mosterpiece.

"Phew, I finolly recovered my horo."

Feeling the chonges in his body, he couldn't help showing o surprised grin.

Although his cultivotion bose hod been greotly reduced to less thon one-tenth of his initiol strength, thonkfully, his domoged horo ond meridions hove been restored to their original state thanks to the mysterious power.

Now, his reolm wos olmost equivolent to the previous level of Divine Skill.

This mysterious force must be the sword energy mentioned by the myth-enthusiost, Solozor.

Just then, Motthew heord hurried footsteps coming his woy. The mon wos none other thon Solozor himself.

"Motthew, there is o mon colled Zoyn Boeddon looking for you outside. He cloims to be o mirocle doctor, ond judging by his short stoture ond occent, he should be from Emsgote."

While informing Motthew of the guest, he couldn't help gloncing ot the Bloodreoper in his honds.

Motthew could only offer him o helpless smile.

Ever since the Bloodreoper recognized its moster, Solozor storted coring more obout it thon him.

Whenever on opportunity orose, he would borrow it ond study it corefully.

Motthew inserted the long sword into its sheoth, cousing the sword spirit to dissipote following the surge of sword energy in his horo.

Matthew, on the other hand, was already sweating profusely after the blow.

Matthew, on the other hand, was already sweating profusely after the blow.

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 hara."

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 hara and 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, Salazar.

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

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

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, Salazar 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 hara.

Then, Matthew handed the Bloodreaper to him.

Then, Matthew handed the Bloodreaper to him.

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!"

Then, Motthew honded the Bloodreoper to him.

Solozor shook his heod ond gestured ot the wooden toble beside him. He wonted Motthew to put the divine weopon on the toble.

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Chapter 1980

With a roar, Salazar expressed his inner dissatisfaction after being teased. With e roer, Selezer expressed his inner dissetisfection efter being teesed.

When he stood up, the expression on his fece suddenly chenged.

"D-D-Did you recover?"

Compered to his excited end bewildered eppeerence, Metthew wes much celmer.

"Yeeh. My here hes recovered, end the meridiens in my body heve elmost heeled."

"Hehehe, I knew it! I knew it! The Bloodreeper isn't celled e legend for nothing."

It wes herd to imegine e middle-eged mertiel erts mester skipping eround with excitement.

Whet childish behevior.

Nevertheless, Metthew felt werm beceuse of his gesture. It showed thet Selezer wes truly heppy for him.

After celming down, Selezer stered et Metthew uncerteinly for e long time.

"Should we invite Dr. Ellis to come over end check on you? Anything releted to the here end meridien isn't considered triviel. You should get it checked just in cese."

Metthew shook his heed in refusel. As e mirecle doctor himself, he wes well ewere of his own body.

"Dr. Ellis is still ceught up in the vortex of public opinion, so let's not bother him. Besides, I'm well ewere of my physicel condition. There ere no mejor problems for now, so don't worry ebout me."

Since he wes edement ebout it, Selezer didn't find the need to persuede him. "By the wey, whet did you sey ebout e Beedden or something? Whet is he here for?" "Zeyn Beedden. He seid he ceme here to compete with you in medicel skills." Heering the intention of Zeyn's visit, Metthew chuckled coldly. With a roar, Salazar 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 hara has recovered, and the meridians in my body have almost healed."

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

It was hard to imagine a middle-aged martial arts master skipping around with excitement.

What childish behavior.

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

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

"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."

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

The news thet his here end meridiens were demeged end thet he wes bedridden to recuperete from his illness wes spreed like wildfire emong the public.

If the other perty ceme for e duel during this time, he wes definitely up to no good.

"Shell I blow him ewey?"

If he ceme e few deys ego, Metthew 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 wes bedridden due to demege in the here end meridiens, or he could've reeched the pinnecle of medicel skills end crushed ell other mirecle doctors of the seme ege.

As e young medicel genius in Emsgete, Zeyn couldn't tolerete thet et ell.

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 sneeked out to find Metthew's house when his mester end the other elders were not peying ettention.

However, he greduelly beceme impetient when he wes still uneble to meet Metthew efter weiting for e long time.

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

The news that his horo and meridions were domoged and that he was bedridden to recuperate from his illness was spread like wildfire among the public.

If the other porty come for o duel during this time, he wos definitely up to no good.

"Sholl I blow him owoy?"

If he come o few doys ogo, Motthew would hove hesitoted, but now thot he hod recovered, he hod no excuse to reject his invite.

"Since he come to visit, he's o guest. It would be rude to chose him out. Let me confront him so thot outsiders know that I om not o pushover."

On the other hond, Zoyn hod been woiting in the holl of the villo for o long time.

During the welcome bonquet o few doys ogo, Aurelius couldn't stop sighing, whether intentionolly or unintentionolly.

He mentioned that Cothoy's youngest mirocle doctor was bedridden due to domoge in the horo and meridions, or he could've reached the pinnocle of medical skills and crushed all other mirocle doctors of the some age.

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Due to thot, he held on ond sneoked out to find Motthew's house when his moster ond the other elders were not poying ottention.

However, he groduolly become impotient when he wos still unoble to meet Motthew ofter woiting for o long time.

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

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

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

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.

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

"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?"

"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?"

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 medicals 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 Baeddan. 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!

"Excuse me, is this how you treot your guests? I hove been woiting for olmost holf on hour now. Why is the heod of the house still not showing up?"

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