

## **M Genius 2001**

### **Chapter 2001**

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However, Beltezer rejected their invitetion to trevel together, saying he wanted to stey end deel with the funerel of his disciple.

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On the other hand, after the chaos brought about by the Pill of Life Exchange was dealt with, the day of the Holy Doctor Competition was getting closer and closer. Matthew had packed his bags and prepared to go to the competition to participate in it.

On a chilly but bright morning, dozens of off-road vehicles drove out from his villa with a collective roar. The bodies of the cars were marked with a conspicuous pattern belonging to the King of the South.

When the convoy drove across the border of Stonedale, a figure atop the building behind them was silently observing them.

Behind him, a Black Robe woman hesitated before she asked, "Master Levi, do you want me to follow them?"

Shaking his head, he did not agree.

"Your poisoning skills are all taught to you by me. Have you forgotten? Zayn, rest in peace. "

Then, Baltazar wiped the phone's screen to remove the fingerprints and returned to where he had taken it. Soon, his face fell into its previous melancholy state, and he exited the room.

When he returned to the hall, Aurelius had made it clear to the other national competitors about the reason for his arrival. They learned that the Holy Doctor Competition was about to be held.

However, Baltazar rejected their invitation to travel together, saying he wanted to stay and deal with the funeral of his disciple.

After some words of comfort, Aurelius left in a hurry while the others started preparations for the Holy Doctor Competition in Cathay.

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Hearing the name Hell Wolf, the Black Robe women nodded and said nothing.

However, she didn't know that Master Levi felt slightly worried in his heart, which he did not reveal.

Then, he returned his gaze to the convoy.

"Stop the car! Stop the car!"

The voice was instantly transmitted to the entire convoy through the intercom.

Soon, the car door opened, and Perry impatiently gripped his trousers and belt as he dashed off into the woods by the roadside.

"Damn it, isn't he an insignificant doctor from Eastcliff? Yet, he wants me, Young Master White, to accompany him personally? How annoying."

After jiggling his body, Sem spent at the side and returned to the car with a frustrated expression.

He didn't know that there was a black shadow standing quietly upon a tree branch not far away, and the other party had heard every word he said.

So, when the convoy resumed their journey again, the black shadow in the forest took out a phone. It was as if she was reporting the situation to someone else.

After a long day's journey, the convoy had traveled most of the long and extremely boring journey.

Leaning against the rear window, Perry felt drowsy.

At that moment, four large container trucks slowly caught up with the convoy.

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At that moment, four large container trucks slowly caught up with the convoy.

One of them began to accelerate slowly as it drove behind the convoy.

However, the convoy's speed was not slow, but a large transport vehicle wouldn't choose to overtake the convoy.

Thinking about that, a middle-aged and muscular man driving the first car up front, Serpent Head, snuffed out the cigar in his hand and slowly said, "Everyone, stay alert. It seems that someone has come to intercept us."

When the captain of the convoy's voice sounded through the car intercom, all the accompanying security personnel immediately drew out their weapons.

At that moment, the container truck slowly drove to the middle of the road.

Then, it braked, forcing the entire convoy to stop.

"Cars No. 7 and No. 9 protect Young Master White. Everyone else, get out of the cars with me. Let's go and meet the opponents."

As soon as the order was issued, the concerned personnel began acting immediately.

At the same time, the door of the opponent's container truck's door opened instantly, and many people came out.

In the blink of an eye, the entire convoy was surrounded by hundreds of people.

"May I ask who it is?" Serpent Head asked loudly.

Seeing that the other party did not answer, he spoke again.

"Everyone, you're aware that we belong to Master Levi, the King of the South, right? Are you seeking death? How dare you intercept us! "

It wasn't until now that the other party reacted.

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## **Chapter 2002**

There was a collective movement among the crowd, which gave way to a passage. Under the gaze of all the people, a man wearing a cloak walked to the front slowly. "We have no intention of becoming an enemy of Master Levi. As long as you hand over Matthew, you can safely leave. Otherwise—"

There was a collective movement among the crowd, which gave way to a passage. Under the gaze of all the people, a man wearing a cloak walked to the front slowly. "We have no intention of becoming an enemy of Master Levi. As long as you hand over Matthew, you can safely leave. Otherwise—"

Obviously, that group of people had come for Matthew. Although there were many opponents, Serpent Head appeared intimidating. "Otherwise, what? How can I let you take away someone from the South? My brothers, do you agree to do so?"

As his voice fell, his men surrounding the convoy responded immediately.

"No!"

Their precise and homogenous answers were extraordinarily loud and clear.

"Hehe, how dare smell fry like you ask for one of our people?"

"Come on! Come here if you're not afraid of death; I will let you know how powerful I am."

"What are you yapping about? Come and take him if you think you can."

"Yeah! Ladies, I'm waiting for you."

Hearing the ridicule from everyone on the other side, the men in the cloak shrugged, and then a playful smile appeared. "Since this is the case, I have no choice but to take your lives. Kill everyone except Matthew and Perry!"

With that order, the hundreds of people instantly encircled their opponents and approached even closer. Yet, despite the overwhelming number of enemy opponents, Serpent Head was not fearful.

After a spit, he rushed forward, and soon, the two sides clashed against each other. Then, with a wave of his arms, his knife glinted in the sunlight, and the thug on the opposite side suddenly stopped in his tracks. Shortly after, he clutched his stomach in alarm with a painful expression. However, it was futile because his body had been chopped off in the middle at the waist.

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Approaching the door, one of the thugs hurriedly began pulling on the door. Then, the door opened with a click, and a cold voice came from within.

"Young Master White, stay in the door and don't worry about anything."

Perry, who was sitting beside Sem, immediately nodded. He was a little uncomfortable with the men even though he was his own bodyguard. After all, that man was Hell Wolf, the most ferocious subordinate under Master Levi and extremely vicious.

To be exact, Hell Wolf was sadistic, and every move he took must result in bloodshed. He preferred the kind of scene that was so gruesome anyone would throw up if they saw it. Thus, he was an excellent choice to act with Serpent Head.

Upon receiving Perry's response, Hell Wolf stretched out his right hand and grabbed the thug by the throat. After getting out of the door, Hell Wolf lifted the thug, and no matter how the opponent struggled, his arm was as steady as a rock. Then, with a twist of his fingers and another twist of his wrist, he casually grabbed the opponent's head with his other hand and tore the entire neck off forcefully. Soon, blood gushed out and splashed all over his face. The thug who had been frenetically kicking his legs earlier instantly went limp, and his limbs felt lifeless.

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Picking up the corpse and throwing it aside, Hell Wolf habitually licked his lips, his deep eyes revealing a strong murderous intent. It seemed that to him, what was in front of him were not human enemies but a group of lambs waiting to be slaughtered.

Swallowing hard, the few opponents who witnessed what had happened were frightened by Hell Wolf's cruelty and didn't dare step forward. Although they were all trained fighters, they had never seen such a scene.

After hesitating for a long time, the more courageous one of them shouted, "Damn it! There's only one of him! What are we afraid of when we have more than ten people? This man is trying his best to prevent us from approaching that car, which means that Matthew must be hidden in the car behind him. Guys, attack!"

As soon as Matthew's name was mentioned, everyone immediately became excited. That man was worth 100 million, and whoever caught him would be rewarded.

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### **Chapter 2003**

When the convoy was intercepted, Master Levi received the news. Staring at the teapot in front of him, he had a dark and terrifying expression. "Hmph, great! Great! Even though they know it is my convoy, they still dare to intercept it. Have the supporting troops quickly surround and kill them."

When the convoy was intercepted, Master Levi received the news. Staring at the teapot in front of him, he had a dark and terrifying expression. "Hmph, great! Great! Even though they know it is my convoy, they still dare to intercept it. Have the supporting troops quickly surround and kill them."

"Understood!"

When the order by Master Levi arrived, another group of people who had fallen far behind the convoy immediately picked up the speed. It was a secret plan by him that was formed on the occasion that such a situation happened.

On the other hand, by the time the support personnel arrived at the battle scene, more than half of the troops on both sides had been lost. After all, the opposite side had the advantage of a higher number of people.

After a long fight, under the leadership of the men in the cloak, the interceptors reached the edge of the convoy. Despite giving up a great number of their own people to have all the vehicles inspected, there was no sign of Matthew. Then, they looked at the only off-road vehicle in the middle of the convoy that had not been searched.

The men in the cloak suddenly felt uneasy in his heart. At that moment, since the support troops sent by Master Levi had entered the battlefield, the situation on his side suddenly turned for the worse. Seeing that his men were decreasing, the man gritted his teeth and ordered, "Everyone, take that car down for me."

With one order, hundreds of people responded.

Although the necks of dozens of the opponents' thugs had been broken, Hell Wolf had consumed a lot of physical energy. So, when the other party launched an aggressive attack, he felt he could not block all of them. Without the slightest hesitation, after punching the throat of the closest enemy with one blow, he turned around and brought Perry out of the car. Since they were not the primary target, Hell Wolf easily got Perry away from the battle.

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"F\*ck! It's a trap!"

Immediately, he wanted to pass the information here on to others. But how could the chiefs of Master Levi's subordinates give him that chance?

After Hell Wolf brought Perry to a safe place, he killed the men in the cloak with Serpent Head. Although the cloaked men were on par with Hell Wolf in strength, under the attack of the two, he began to reveal his flaws. With perfect timing, Hell Wolf delivered a punch and hit the men in the cloak squarely on the back. At the same time, Serpent Head chopped off the men's right arm. Then, they split briefly away from the men.

Looking around, the men saw that his subordinates had all been killed, and despair rose in his heart spontaneously. He had lost; he didn't expect that the convoy his opponents risked their lives to protect would be a red herring.

Thinking of that, the men in the cloak revealed a sad smile. "Hehe! The King of the South is indeed as fiendish as the rumors say. I didn't expect Perry to be used as bait to distract us!"

Anyone who investigated Master Levi's background would know that although Perry was the son of Master Levi's sworn brother Petrick Lyndon, he treated Perry like his own son. When the cloaked men realized Perry was in convoy, he immediately assumed Matthew was among them. It never occurred to him that Perry was a red herring used by the King of the South to distract them.

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Looking around, the man saw that his subordinates had all been killed, and despair rose in his heart spontaneously. He had lost; he didn't expect that the convoy his opponents risked their lives to protect would be a red herring.

Thinking of that, the man in the cloak revealed a sad smile. "Hehe! The King of the South is indeed as fiendish as the rumors say. I didn't expect Perry to be used as bait to distract us!"

Anyone who investigated Master Levi's background would know that although Perry was the son of Master Levi's sworn brother Petrick Lyndon, he treated Perry like his own son. When the cloaked man realized Perry was in convoy, he immediately assumed Matthew was among them. It never occurred to him that Perry was a red herring used by the King of the South to distract them.

Then, when the brutal Hell Wolf was no longer an obstacle, everyone rushed to the car instantly.

However, when he opened the car door, the man in the cloak was dumbfounded. There was no sign of Matthew inside either.

"F\*ck! It's a trap!"

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So, Serpent Head said nothing as he stared coldly at the man in the cloak and said, "Tell me the mastermind behind you, and I can spare your life."

According to the news from the Black Robe, there was no such person as the cloaked man among the major forces in Cathay. It meant that the group of people who intercepted them was a force secretly cultivated by the enemy.

Since the investigation didn't yield any results, Serpent Head could only ask in person.

So, with a dispirited smile, the cloaked man revealed white teeth stained with blood from his mouth. "I lost because I'm not as skilled as others. Still, are you that naïve to think I'll tell you?"

With that, the man in the cloak took out his phone, seemingly wanting to report the news to his superior. In a hurry, Serpent Head stepped forward.

Before the other party could dial the phone, he stabbed the man in the cloak through the chest. With a knife twist, the man's whole heart was crushed by it. Without the slightest struggle, the man in the cloak lost all life instantly and fell straight to the ground.

Although he was dead, there was a smug smile on his face. Then, Serpent Head realized something was wrong. Picking up the phone, he saw that there was no call information on the screen at all.

"I was too rash!"

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## Chapter 2004

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It was thus expected that when he went to Beinbridge to participate in the Holy Doctor Competition, he would definitely attract the attention of those various forces. Most people were enticed by the money, and the profits that could be brought by the Reconstruction Pill were amazing. It was the reason why Master Levi arranged for Matthew's trip.

The birthplace of the Reconstruction Pill was within the South that he ruled. Hence, Master Levi had an advantage when it came to this pill. When Matthew asked for help to solve the crisis in Eastshire and Stonedele, he handed over the Reconstruction Pill's full rights to Master Levi. Therefore, the two sides were already in collaboration.

Although to dilute the market impact on the Pill of Life Exchange, they gave up most of the profits and sold the Reconstruction Pill at a low price. However, Eastshire and Stonedele were not the only places in the world as the real market was open to the whole world, and this was the way for the Reconstruction Pill to create astonishing profits.

There was another reason why Master Levi made such a special arrangement—it was due to his affirmation of Matthew's medical skills. Ever since Matthew made a fortune, everything he did was witnessed by Master Levi. The medical technique of turning what was deceiving into miracles also made him speechless. As long as Matthew could participate in the competition at the time, he would stand out as a dark horse. By then, he would easily rise to the top ten in the competition.

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As for Perry, he was entrusted to Mester Levi to take care of. Mester Levi and his wife Leyne Sendel were married but never slept together. Therefore, for so many years, the two had no children. Thus, Mester Levi naturally treated Perry like his own son and gave Perry everything the boy could want.

However, Mester Levi had his own considerations when he arranged for Perry to be involved in such a dangerous situation. Even if the interceptor wanted to kill Matthew, it would be impossible for him to dare to touch Perry; otherwise, it would spiral into an endless problem.

When the news came, Mester Levi immediately asked about Perry's situation. After learning that Perry was safe, he was relieved. Although he had absolute confidence in his men, he couldn't explain it to Petrick if something happened to Perry.

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"Serpent Head would like to inform you that he made a big mistake and requested a punishment."

Master Levi asked in confusion, "A big mistake?"

"Yes—"

After Black Robe explained the whole matter about how Serpent Head rashly killed the man in the cloak without obtaining any useful information first, Master Levi waved his hand indifferently.

"This person pretended to pass the news on so he would not be captured alive and tortured. That's why he wanted to have the impatient Serpent Head quickly kill him. He was kind of smart."

Reaching out and knocking on the table, Master Levi spoke again.

"It's okay. It's hard for this killing machine to catch the other party's ruses. Tell him to send Per back to the South safely. If something bad happens, I'll break his leg!"

On the other side, after the fight was over, Black Robe led a large number of people to clean up the scene. As the support personnel had already blocked the roads at both ends, there was no traffic.

The sun was setting, and when the road was opened to traffic again, everything returned to its usual serenity. At dusk, the green leaves and red flowers began to flutter in the wind.

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## **Chapter 2005**

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The gas station staff quickly came with the fuel tank.

"Come on, I'm starving!"

The crown prince hopped off the driver's seat, and behind him were Selezer and Matthew. That was Levi's other plan. The car Perry was in was a distraction, while Matthew and his team would disguise themselves as truck drivers. They only set off hours after the motorcade did, but they had finished half the journey. Since they had to finish the rest of the journey quickly, the three of them decided to go to a fast-food joint to get something to eat.

Before they could even take their seats, the crown prince got news from the other side of their plan. "Perry and his motorcade got into a battle. Levi lost nearly fifty fighters, but all three hundred enemies were taken down."

Matthew was impressed by Levi's planning. That motorcade had the backing of the King of the South and was accompanied by dozens of off-road vehicles, yet their enemies chose to attack anyway. Those people would do anything to get Reconstruction Pill's recipe. "Did they find out whom those people were working for?"

In the night, a pickup truck slowly drove into a rest station. "Fill the gas tank up, miss."

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The crown prince hopped off the driver's seat, and behind him were Salazar and Matthew. That was Levi's other plan. The car Perry was in was a distraction, while Matthew and his team would disguise themselves as truck drivers. They only set off hours after the motorcade did, but they had finished half the journey. Since they had to finish the rest of the journey quickly, the three of them decided to go to a fast-food joint to get something to eat.

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Nobody would leave any clues behind. It would be great if the plan worked, but if they failed and left any clues behind, they would make an enemy out of the King of the South.

"Let's grab something to eat. We need to keep going on before the enemy knows we're here. We're still at risk until we get to Beinbridge," said Selezer.

Matthew nodded.

Just as their food was served and they were about to eat, they noticed a faint intent of murder hanging in the air. Then, a girl popped up out of nowhere. "It was hard finding you." The girl plopped down on the seat across from Matthew.

Since the girl knew Matthew, Selezer and the crown prince relaxed. The girl was none other than Freya and she wolfed down Matthew's food. The moment Freya showed up, Matthew got worried. If Freya can find us, then the enemy can as well. We aren't as well hidden as we thought. "We can eat on the way to Beinbridge. It's going to be a rocky ride." He made a decision then and there.

The crown prince shook his head. "No. The enemy trained them in secret, and Levi killed the only one who knew. We didn't get anything useful."

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Salazar and the crown prince looked at Freya, and they understood what Matthew was trying to say.

After Matthew got up, Freya placed her food down and followed him. "Hey, don't go. I have something to say."

They revved the truck up, and the gentlemen exchanged a look. In the rear-view mirror, Salazar saw Freya sitting on the makeshift bed with a blade in hand, then he shot Matthew a look.

In all his bravery, the crown prince tugged on Matthew's shirt. "Matty, is this another of your lo—"

The crown prince stopped talking right away.

That was because he could feel Freya's blade on his neck, and she would slice it open if he said another word. He quickly said, "Just kidding. Calm down, miss." The crown prince heaved a sigh of relief when Freya moved her blade away. "She's fierce."

Selezer and the crown prince looked at Freya, and they understood what Matthew was trying to say.

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## **Chapter 2006**

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The crown prince looked in the rear-view mirror and met Freya's gaze. Noticing her intent to murder, the crown prince turned away in fear. "Metty." He tugged on Matthew's shirt and cocked his eyebrow at Freya.

"I know, I know. She's Freya Green—Heath Solis' student and an acquaintance of mine."

Solis' student? Even Selezer was shocked, and he almost lost control of the steering wheel. That explains her attitude.

Matthew was reminded of the problem at hand. "How did you find out where we were?" I need to know, or we might have more trouble on the way.

"Reven told me I would run into you if I just waited at the rest station. I don't know how he found out where you're heading."

Reven? I see. So, Heath has his eyes on me as well. "Why did you come all the way here?" Matthew had to know the answer. Whether we have to face Heath or not depends on this.

"The meds you made worked well, so I went to bring back a bit more for Reven."

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"The meds you made worked well, so I want to bring back a bit more for Raven."

Matthew heaved a sigh of relief. As long as she's not here to fight us. So, Raven and his men aren't coming after us then. They're only going to keep an eye on us. Matthew was sure about that because Freya was an honest woman. She would never lie to anyone, nor was she a scheming person. If anything needed to be settled, it could be settled with a fight. At least that was what she thought. To put it nicely, she was naive to a fault, but if one were to be blunt, she was arrogant.

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"Sorry. We set off in a hurry, so I don't have anything on me. I can gather the ingredients and make a batch once we get to Beinbridge. Then I can deliver them to you."

Matthew offered her the meds in hopes that she would leave and never get involved in this mess. The enemies had found him, and the road ahead would be rocky. Even with Levi's help and his authority, they couldn't stop everyone.

The first part of the journey was smooth enough, but the closer they got to Beinbridge, the higher the chances the enemy would attack. They were all desperate for the Reconstruction Pill's recipe. The most powerful enemies who had only been observing all this while would also start to attack at this juncture. Matthew was reluctant to implicate Freya.

Matthew heaved a sigh of relief. As long as she's not here to fight us. So, Raven and his men aren't coming after us then. They're only going to keep an eye on us. Matthew was sure about that because Freya was an honest woman. She would never lie to anyone, nor was she a scheming person. If anything needed to be settled, it could be settled with a fight. At least that was what she thought. To put it nicely, she was naive to a fault, but if one were to be blunt, she was arrogant.

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However, Freya refused. "It's alright. I have a lot of stuff to do, and I have to settle them right away. Just make the meds ASAP once you get to Bainbridge. I need to go back after I get the meds."

She might sound impatient, but Matthew was touched. She's going to escort us all the way to Bainbridge. Raven must have told her about the dangers we will face, and yet she came anyway. Matthew turned around and nodded at her. "Thank you, Miss Green."

Freya said nothing, but a smile curled her lips.

The truck cruised along the highway. With his great stamina, Salazar could still take the long drive. Matthew and the crown prince, however, were dozing off. Freya was in the backseat, cross-legged and her blade in her lap. She was resting with her eyes closed.

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## Chapter 2007

Dawn had arisen. Bainbridge was half a day's drive away. Salazar didn't feel exhausted, but his eyes were sore after staring at the road for hours. Salazar slowly stopped the truck when he saw the car in front of him stop. He pulled his cap down and rolled the window down.

Dawn had arisen. Beinbridge was half a day's drive away. Selezer didn't feel exhausted, but his eyes were sore after staring at the road for hours. Selezer slowly stopped the truck when he saw the car in front of him stop. He pulled his cap down and rolled the window down.

"What's the matter, mate? Traffic congested?"

The driver in the car beside Selezer answered, "Some kind of car crash ahead. Big time car crash. Highway to Beinbridge is under lockdown."

Sh\*t! Selezer wasn't sure if it was their enemy, but he woke Matthew and the crown prince up.

"What's wrong, Selezer?" The crown prince yawned, still looking groggy.

Selezer briefed them about the situation, and Matthew was alert at once. "If this is a conspiracy, then we can't stay here for long. It'd be pointless. They would come after us anyway." He stared at the road in silence for a while before saying, "Selezer, we're leaving the highway. Take another path."

Selezer nodded and revved the truck up. He followed the traffic and left through the nearest exit. When they reached a 3-lane street, the gang tensed up.

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"Keep your eyes peeled. Something feels off," Matthew said. The traffic was thinning out, but it shouldn't. The Holy Doctor Competition was drawing near, so the contestants and audience should be coming to Bainbridge in droves. The traffic should be congested, and yet there were barely any cars around.

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Selezer slowed down. Half an hour of low-speed drive later, the other shoe finally dropped. In the rear-view mirror, they saw dozens of black off-road vehicles speeding toward them. "They're here, Matthew!" Selezer floored the gas pedal.

Noticing their attempt to escape, the pursuers sped up as well. Even though Selezer had stepped down on the pedal, the truck could only run at 140 miles per hour, unlike the off-road vehicles which could go faster. Less than thirty seconds later, the pursuers were already catching up.

Alright. The gang's all ready. Selezer roared, "Buckle up and hang tight! Time for an emergency brake!"

The truck skidded to a halt, the tires screeching. It left behind black trails on the ground, and then the truck came to a stop.

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That was bad news for the pursuers. They had been driving at more than 200 miles per hour just to catch up to the truck, and now they couldn't stop in time. To avoid crashing into the truck, the pursuers quickly moved to the flank, but that was a disaster for their friends.

The vehicles crashed into one another, and the cars in the vanguard were tossed into the air and flipped around.

"Good job, Salazar!" the crown prince praised and leaped off the truck. He rotated his head and cracked his knuckles, his eyes filled with excitement. "Finally. Some action."

Even though Matthew's company managed to mellow the crown prince out, he was still Mightwater's noble, and he had a lust for battle. No matter what kind of fight it was, he never backed down. Salazar, Matthew, and Freya leaped out of the truck as well, looking murderous as they moved slowly toward their enemies.

The sun was shining brightly over their head, fresh air wafting across the roads.

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## **Chapter 2008**

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Across the historical arch was the abode of Beinbridge's top aristocrats—Historic District. Unlike most of Beinbridge, it was quiet; too quiet. There was barely anyone walking around. Only the hum of expensive cars was heard from time to time. Within a certain courtyard of this district, a man was sipping on his tea. Before him stood his underling, who was drenched in sweat.

"The plan failed, sir. All one hundred and twenty-five of our men are dead. When reinforcements came, our enemies were already gone."

The man put his cup down and played with the parrot in the cage, then he said, "You promised a perfect capture."

He spoke calmly. He sounded as calm as a quiet river, yet the underling immediately went down to his knees in fear, and then he banged his head on the ground. "Sir, please, have mercy. Give me one more chance—" His sentence was never finished. Rivulets of blood trickled from the minuscule hole between his brows, the ghost of his last scream etched to his face.

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"Trash shouldn't talk so much." The man closed his box of needles, still speaking calmly. He turned back to his parrot, and his other underlings took care of the corpse. A moment later, the courtyard was once again filled with the songs of birds, as if the murder that had just happened never took place.

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At the same time, Matthew and his team were walking through a patch of woods, the air filled with the stench of blood.

"How many groups does this make?" Matthew was huffing and puffing.

"Sixth." The crown prince was leaning on a tree, his body covered in blood. "I'm beat. These people are crazy. I think I've had enough kills to last a lifetime."

Salazar and Freya were drenched in sweat as well. Lying before them were dozens of bodies. They were bodies of henchmen sent to capture them. After two attempts on their lives on the road, the truck finally cracked. If they kept using the main street, they would have to face more enemies. In the end, Matthew took them down the trail. Even then, they still had to face dozens of pursuers.

"Let's keep going. Once we pass the Royal Arch Bridge, we'll be in Bainbridge. We'll be safe there." Freya rested her blade on her shoulder and stepped ahead.

"Very well. We're close to the sanctuary." Despite his exhaustion, the crown prince was still optimistic about their chances.

When Matthew approached him, the crown prince whispered, "She's fierce. She probably killed at least a hundred of them today. Tell me the truth. You did sleep with her, didn't you?"

Matthew didn't even have the strength to talk, so he rolled his eyes. Is he stupid? Freya almost slit his throat back on the truck for asking that question. Gah, look at him, all smirking and grinning. He must have tossed that behind him.

He's ignoring me? The crown prince was about to ask more questions, but then he saw Freya glaring at him with murder in her eyes, and he was reminded of that moment in the truck. The crown prince smacked his lips and shut up. Unbeknownst to him, Freya wasn't directing her killing intent at him.

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## **Chapter 2009**

Exhausted by the journey, all the group wanted was a respite. Sanctuary was just up ahead. If they could cross the bridge that was less than 40 yards away, then they could reach it, and yet standing before them was a hurdle high impossible to overcome. An army of one thousand stood before them, blocking the bridge. Even during their peak, not even they were confident they could charge through this army, let alone now when they were all exhausted.

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The bespectacled men in the lead came up to them with a smile. "You must be Mr. Matthew Lerson." He held one hand behind his back and a phone in his other. After he had compared the photo to Matthew, the men nodded. "Pleasure to meet you, Mr. Lerson. I am... Ah, apologies, but a future leader like you does not need to know my name."

Matthew and his gang weren't answering. The man adjusted his glasses and said, "My employer has heard of your name, and he wishes to see you. I am here on his behalf. If you have no other business to attend to, please come with us."

Not even Matthew could fend off this man and his army. Even though he expected a great obstacle between him and Bainbridge, he didn't expect it to be so great that it rendered them helpless. "Who is your employer, and what business does he have with me?"

Exhausted by the journey, all the group wanted was a respite. Sanctuary was just up ahead. If they could cross the bridge that was less than 40 yards away, then they could reach it, and yet standing before them was a hurdle nigh impossible to overcome. An army of one thousand stood before them, blocking the bridge. Even during their peak, not even they were confident they could charge through this army, let alone now when they were all exhausted.

The bespectacled man in the lead came up to them with a smile. "You must be Mr. Matthew Larson." He had one hand behind his back and a phone in his other. After he had compared the photo to Matthew, the man nodded. "Pleasure to meet you, Mr. Larson. I am... Ah, apologies, but a future leader like you does not need to know my name."

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The man just shook his head with a smile. "Our employer likes to lay low and forbids us from telling anyone anything about him. We do not know why he wishes to see you. Oh, and it's getting late. If we get there too late, he might be upset. Do please cooperate with us." The man spoke politely yet imperiously.

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But that got on the crown prince's nerves. "I say we cut the crap and kick this sissy's \*ss! Then we charge through the blockade!"

But before he could do anything, Freya had already placed her blade on the man's throat. "Out of our way or die."

Her intent to murder was clear. If the man said no, Freya would cut his head off. However, even in the face of death, the man was still not fazed. Instead, his lackeys started roaring and approaching Matthew and the gang, but they stopped when the man raised his hand.

"Miss Green, I have shown nothing but courtesy. This is rude on your part." He lashed his right hand out and moved away from the blade as if he was carried by a gust of wind. Because Freya was tired, she moved a lot slower.

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Her intent to murder was clear. If the man said no, Freya would cut his head off. However, even in the face of death, the man was still not fazed. Instead, his lackeys started roaring and approaching Matthew and the gang, but they stopped when the man raised his hand.

"Miss Green, I have shown nothing but courtesy. This is rude on your part." He lashed his right hand out and moved away from the blade as if he was carried by a gust of wind. Because Freya was tired, she moved a lot slower.

The man just shook his head with a smile. "Our employer likes to lay low and forbids us from telling anyone anything about him. We do not know why he wishes to see you. Oh, and it's getting late. If we get there too late, he might be upset. Do please cooperate with us." The man spoke politely yet imperiously.

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When she tried to pull her blade back, the man was already holding the hilt of her blade. "Calm down, young lady. Calm down. Getting angry isn't good, don't you think?" The man turned around.

Matthew knew he was no match for this man, so he turned to Salazar, but to his dismay, Salazar also shook his head. If he was in peak condition, he could still run even if he couldn't win, but after the long journey, Salazar's strength was almost depleted as well. He was the best warrior out of all of them. If even he could not take the bespectacled man down, Matthew and the gang might never cross this bridge.

Matthew took a deep breath and moved ahead, his right hand on the hilt of his blade. Over the course of the journey, not once did he use his sword energy. He had to conceal the secret that his blade was the famous Bloodreaper, but now that they were so close to entering Bainbridge, he decided to use it.

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## Chapter 2010

With the medicine industry's growth, along with it was the appearance of many miracle doctors. And thanks to them, a lot of diseases were slowly getting wiped out. Even so, cancer remained to be one of the toughest demons to deal with. Anyone who could cure even a single type of cancer could save millions or even billions of lives.

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Matthew's Reconstruction Pill could not only cure three kinds of cancer, but it could also strengthen the body of those who took it. Naturally, it was desired by many. Someone did the calculations and realized that if this pill made it to the market, it could easily make billions or even trillions over time. It was why so many people wanted it.

Yet that kind of profit was nothing for Matthew. He knew recipes for even more powerful pills. All he needed were the ingredients for them, and he could make pills ten times stronger than Reconstruction Pill at the very least. However, there were two reasons he didn't do that. One, he lacked the ingredients, and two, he was too weak to protect these items.

The Reconstruction Pill alone put a big target on his head, keeping him locked in the South. If he made pills that were more powerful than that, everyone would be after his head. He needed a chance—a chance to grow at ease, and now he saw that chance: the Holy Doctor Competition. Matthew was confident he could become champion.

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If he could be the top doctor in the nation, he would be one of the most celebrated figures in Cathay's world of medicine. In a sense, Cathay would be his partner and protector. Anyone who wished to bring him harm would have to face the wrath of Cathay. That was not a consequence that they could bear.

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Moreover, nobody knew if they could go their whole lives without falling ill. If they were to run into some complex disease, a talented doctor would be their savior, and Matthew was arguably the most talented doctor of them all. He could save anyone as long as they were not dead.

With his pills and medical skills, his forces would grow quickly as well. This competition was integral to his plan of revenge, and this man—who stood in his way—was stopping his path of vengeance. That made him Matthew's sworn enemy. He had no idea if Bloodreaper could kill the man, but he had to try.

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As he focused his strength on the blade, the bespectacled man noticed the murderous intent around him. He let the blade go and pushed Freya backward, then the man approached Matthew solemnly. "I do not wish to fight you. Do not make this hard for me."

Matthew didn't budge. "Sorry, but this is what I must do." If I can kill him, his lackeys will retreat. Without this man, they are nothing.

Matthew was ready to unleash the sword energy, but just before he swung his blade, another group of people came. "By order of my family head, I shall escort Mr. Matthew Larson into Bainbridge." Everyone looked in the direction of the announcement, and they saw the Cosbys' elder coming up to them.

A frown furrowed the bespectacled man's brows. "You wish to meddle, Cosby?"

"Oh, we're not meddling. We're just going to escort our young friend into the city." The elder sneered and waved at Matthew. "It has been a while, my young friend. You promised to visit us. I hope you haven't forgotten."

Matthew heaved a sigh of relief. With the Cosby elder here, they had a chance of entering the city.

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