

## M Genius 2021

### Chapter 2021

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Ah, that was rude. Matthew said, "Sorry. I'm Matthew Lerson, representative of the South in the Holy Doctor Competition. Your condition seems off, and I would like to check it."

Oh, um. This is awkward. He's a contestant. Every contestant is a professional. I can't believe I thought he was a pervert. Roxenne blushed. "I'm very sorry, Dr. Lerson. Please, thank you." She extended her hand.

"It's alright." Matthew didn't mind. It was normal for ladies to be on guard. Matthew got a tissue and placed it on her wrist to prevent direct skin contact, then he checked her pulse.

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Roxanne cleared her mind and quickly held her breath, but five seconds later, her face paled and her head started to spin again.

Matthew quickly said, "You can exhale, Miss Bene."

And Roxanne started gulping for air.

Matthew had a guess of what her condition was, but he needed confirmation. "I'll need you to agree to an acupuncture session for confirmation of your condition." He needed the patient's consent to do this.

Just when he was about to ask Lole to help him out, Colin stopped him. "Mr. Larson, Miss Bene is the pride and joy of the Benes. If anything were to happen to her, the consequences would crush me."

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Matthew didn't answer that. Instead, he said, "I'm sure her condition isn't anything related to her vessels, and that Circulation Pill you gave her only worsened her health. Furthermore, her symptoms aren't caused by overexertion."

"What?" Colin was red with anger. He just negated my entire diagnosis! If Matthew weren't a representative, he would have kicked Matthew out of the center.

Eleanor looked at Colin and quickly added, "Renew's doctors have diagnosed her, and the meds worked. If you step in and hurt Roxanne, we will come after you."

When Matthew said nothing, Eleanor added, "You claim to be a representative, so where's your license? Show me."

Matthew and Lola frowned. Famous doctors like them didn't need a license. Everyone trusted their reputation. They were a cut above the rest, and people like them had no need for a license.

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## **Chapter 2022**

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Roxanne quickly tugged on her sister's shirt. "He's just trying to help. Stop it."

Eleanor bent down and smiled gently. "Roxanne, some people need to be taught a lesson. You're already well enough as it is, and we can do without a con man's diagnosis."

Before Roxanne could say anything, Eleanor turned to Colin. "Dr. Roberts, you might want to tighten your vetting system. Don't let any random con men in next time. You don't want everyone to call Beinbridge a lezy city."

Colin loved that the conversation was swiveling to him. Beset by his jealousy and Matthew's ruthless critique, he took this chance to get back at Matthew. Sarcastically, Colin said, "Miss Eleanor, that's a bit much. He does have the King of the South's recommendation letter. I can say for sure he's not a quack." In other words, Colin was saying that the South had no better doctors.

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Lola's face was as black as thunder. Unbeknownst to Colin and Eleanor, they mocked her and Paintaker as well. Colin had fallen in love with Lola the moment he saw her. He fell for her looks, of course, yet he did not have the courage to hit on her because she was the infamous Goddess of Meteora after all. Now, he had the chance. Thinking that she was upset because Matthew duped her, Colin started talking to her.

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"Conmen are everywhere, Miss Lola. Some people might look like they know what they're doing, but they don't. They think that just because they have a powerful family, they can be a wennebe doctor."

Colin shot Matthew a smug look.

What he didn't know was that he had mocked Lola at the same time he was mocking Matthew. She had no license, her family was the one who sent in the recommendation letter, and she came from a

powerful family. He's mocking me? Despite her kindness, Lole sneered. "Dr. Roberts, you do know that everything you just said matches my profile, don't you?"

Colin looked horrified. It was then he realized that, in his attempt to mock Matthew, he had forgotten that Lole was in the same situation as Matthew. "Miss Lole, I didn't mean that. I was talking about—"

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"Shut it. Not only are you a mediocre doctor, but you're also an arrogant git. Your diagnosis and prescription are all wrong, and yet you refuse to take advice when given to you."

Colin said nothing. Lola was powerful, and he did offend her first, so he apologized.

Yet Eleanor, in all her ignorance, took offense at Lola's attitude. "Who the heck are you? This is none of your business."

Lola turned around and shot Eleanor an icy look, then she scoffed. "Lola Crichton. And what business do you have with me?"

Lola Crichton? Eleanor paled. That's the most famous contestant this time around and she's famous for two reasons. One, her outstanding talent, and two, her family, the Crichtons. Not even the Nolans would antagonize the Crichtons if they could help it. Eleanor wanted to explain herself and apologize, but it was too late.

Lola ignored the two of them and nodded at Matthew. "Carry on, Mr. Larson. Don't get distracted by... inconsequential individuals."

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## Chapter 2023

Matthew shrugged it off. He didn't care what these buffoons thought of him. "Miss Crichton, I need your help with the acupuncture on her back." Her condition stems from the lungs, but I need her to go through an acupuncture session to confirm it. Since she's a woman, I'll need Lola's help to deal with this. Matthew shrugged it off. He didn't care what these buffoons thought of him. "Miss Crichton, I need your help with the acupuncture on her back." Her condition stems from the lungs, but I need her to go through an acupuncture session to confirm it. Since she's a woman, I'll need Lola's help to deal with this.

Lola nodded. She wouldn't refuse this request, of course.

"Administer the needles over sixteen points, in order of DU-14, DU-16, BL-13..."

Lola listened to the instructions and took Roxenne into the consultation room. A moment later, Roxenne screamed in pain. Lola was administering a needle around point BL-13.

Eleanor wanted to barge into the room, but Matthew stopped her. Icily, he snapped, "Pain is needed for her to heal. If you go inside and get in Lola's way, you'll negatively effect the treatment."

Eleanor didn't like Matthew, but Lola, the infamous Goddess of Meteore, was inside. She couldn't risk barging in. One, she might get in the way of the treatment, and two, that would be a blatant act of mistrust, which would offend Lola again. She shot Matthew a look of displeasure and returned to her seat.

Half an hour later, Lola came out.

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Right after Lola came out, Eleanor darted into the room. "How are you, Roxanne? Do you feel better? You were screaming just now, and it scared me." Eleanor held a sharp tongue, but she did love her sister, and she rubbed Roxanne's cheeks.

Roxanne answered happily, "I'm fine. Never better, actually." She took a few deep breaths, looking relaxed. "Dr. Lerson, Miss Lola, thank you for your help," Roxanne thanked them the moment she came out of the room.

"This is our duty," Lola answered coolly and left the ladies. She wanted to research the pill Matthew just gave her.

"Miss Bene, if I'm right, this condition of yours has persisted for many years, correct?"

Roxanne answered truthfully, "Yes. Ever since I had a high fever at nine, I have been living with this condition."

"More than a decade, I see. The acupuncture has only healed a part of it, so your condition remains. You require further treatment and medication." Matthew wrote a prescription, paused for a moment,

then took out another bottle of Reconstruction Pill. "This is something I made. I call it Reconstruction Pill. It's not specifically made for your condition, but it can still speed up the recovery process. Other than that, you can do some cardio, but don't go too hard. Just do it until your forehead starts to sweat. Couple it with this prescription and you should recover fully in a month."

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He gave the pill and prescription to Roxanne and left with the monk. Roxanne stared at the bottle of pills. I think I've heard of this pill before, but where?

"That was great, Mr. Larson. You saw through her symptoms just by looking at her, and you cured her with a single acupuncture session. Unbelievable."

"I didn't know monks were good at buttering people up."

"Oh, you jest, Mr. Larson."

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The voice of their conversation drifted further and further away. When Roxanne snapped out of it, Matthew was already nowhere to be found. "Let's go, Eleanor."

The ladies left as well, leaving an angry and humiliated Colin behind. He was at a loss.

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## Chapter 2024

A group of old men were gathered around the Bainbridge branch of Cathay's Union of Medical Practitioners (CAUMP). In the center was a wooden coffee table, and on top of it sat beautiful tea-making accessories. The old men were talking about the recent happenings in Bainbridge. A group of old men were gathered around the Beinbridge branch of Cethey's Union of Medical Practitioners (CAUMP). In the center was a wooden coffee table, and on top of it set beautiful tea-making accessories. The old men were talking about the recent happenings in Beinbridge.

"Hey, Phantom, I heard that the Reconstruction Pill's creator is in your medical center right now. He got into a tussle with one of your doctors over his lack of a medical license. I don't have a license either, mate."

The old men called Phantom, better known as the Phantom of Medicine, looked miffed. These old men were the best of the best doctors around, yet none of them had any medical license. They did not need that.

Everyone else laughed.

"I can't believe that doctor. He just mocked every single member of the hidden sects, and he still has no idea about it."

Another old man called Skelemer had an annoyed look on his face. "Shut it, Longbeard. Don't drag us into this. Hidden sects play by a different set of rules."

Not everyone in the hidden sects could explore the greater world, hence Medical licenses were nothing to them. Skelemer would have stayed in his abode if not for the CAUMP's members rudely inviting him to the competition.

A group of old men were gathered around the Boinbridge branch of Cothoy's Union of Medical Practitioners (CAUMP). In the center was a wooden coffee table, and on top of it sat beautiful tea-making accessories. The old men were talking about the recent happenings in Boinbridge.

"Hey, Phantom, I heard that the Reconstruction Pill's creator is in your medical center right now. He got into a tussle with one of your doctors over his lack of a medical license. I don't have a license either, mate."

The old man called Phantom, better known as the Phantom of Medicine, looked miffed. These old men were the best of the best doctors around, yet none of them had any medical license. They did not need that.

Everyone else laughed.

"I can't believe that doctor. He just mocked every single member of the hidden sects, and he still has no idea about it."

Another old man called Skelemor had an annoyed look on his face. "Shut it, Longbeard. Don't drag us into this. Hidden sects play by a different set of rules."

Not everyone in the hidden sects could explore the greater world, hence Medical licenses were nothing to them. Skelemor would have stayed in his abode if not for the CAUMP's members adamantly inviting him to the competition.

A group of old men were gathered around the Bainbridge branch of Cathay's Union of Medical Practitioners (CAUMP). In the center was a wooden coffee table, and on top of it sat beautiful tea-making accessories. The old men were talking about the recent happenings in Bainbridge.

"Hey, Phantom, I heard that the Reconstruction Pill's creator is in your medical center right now. He got into a tussle with one of your doctors over his lack of a medical license. I don't have a license either, mate."

The old man called Phantom, better known as the Phantom of Medicine, looked miffed. These old men were the best of the best doctors around, yet none of them had any medical license. They did not need that.

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"I can't believe that doctor. He just mocked every single member of the hidden sects, and he still has no idea about it."

Another old man called Skelemar had an annoyed look on his face. "Shut it, Longbeard. Don't drag us into this. Hidden sects play by a different set of rules."

Not everyone in the hidden sects could explore the greater world, hence Medical licenses were nothing to them. Skelemar would have stayed in his abode if not for the CAUMP's members adamantly inviting him to the competition.

"Enough. We're too old for useless banter. Let's deal with the matter at hand."

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"Matthew has already transcended the need for a license, but if some people just insist on using that against him, it will prove to be a hassle."

The old men fell silent. The one that spoke earlier crossed his beard. "Give him a license. He's more than qualified."

"But someone might make another case out of it."

"Then, tell them to come up with a first-grade and special-grade pill like what Matthew had done. I can let them take Matthew's place in the competition if they can make something like mini Analeptic Pill and Restoration Pill."

...

The sun was setting on Beinbridge, and the other hidden sects' contestants were arriving at Renew Pharmaceuticals. When these contestants found out that Matthew was the creator of the Restoration Pill, they got visibly excited.

The members of Valley of Herbs met up with Matthew right after they cleaned their rooms. "You're here too, Mr. Lerson. Ever since the Reconstruction Pill was announced, my master hasn't stopped lecturing me for a single moment. And to think I used to be one of the best members in the valley."

"Enough. We're too old for useless banter. Let's deal with the matter at hand."

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The old men fell silent. The one that spoke earlier caressed his beard. "Give him a license. He's more than qualified."

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The lad straightened up and mimicked the way his mentor spoke. He had a solemn look on his face as he said, "You can't even make a decent Soultemper, but Matthew has already made something incredible like the Reconstruction Pill, and you guys are the same age. You can't even memorize the Almanac of Herbs, but Matthew—same age as you, mind you—is already... I've already taught you Needlefarer many times, and yet you still can't master it. Look at Matthew. He..."

The lad went on for nearly ten minutes, his tone filled with frustration. The contestants around him shared his sentiment. Even the air seemed to be heavy with complaints all of a sudden.

"Oh, I was just lucky. If you want to get out of this mess, I do have an idea." Matthew smiled mysteriously. He would love to befriend these people since they were decent.

Even though they were frustrated after Matthew's genius was revealed, none of them hated him. They did envy him, but none would sabotage him. Instead, they talked straight and never schemed, which Matthew appreciated. He felt relaxed when hanging out with them. When Matthew said he had an idea to save these people from their predicament, their eyes lit up with anticipation.

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## **Chapter 2025**

"Little monk!"

Paintaker emerged from his room and put his hands in prayer, then he approached Matthew. "Mr. Larson."

"Little monk!"

Peinteker emerged from his room and put his hands in prayer, then he approached Matthew. "Mr. Larson."

Some of the cheekier girls took interest in Peinteker the moment he showed up. Their eyes shone, and they quickly went over to him. "My, aren't you handsome."

They tried to rub his head, but before their hands could touch him, Peinteker drifted backward like a phantom. His legs weren't even moving, and yet he moved backward anyway. That was one of Temple of Youngwoods' techniques—Feather's Flight.

"Ladies, please." Peinteker put his hands in prayer and bowed.

Yet his blushing and refusal only piqued the ladies' interest more. Just when they were about to go ahead and pet his head again, Peinteker backed off, and to everyone's surprise, leaped onto the well and jumped onto the roof. That was yet another technique, and it went by the name of Lizard's Prowl.

Matthew was surprised that the usually soft-spoken monk had these skills. They mean him no harm. Just wanted to tease him because they think he's cute. I shouldn't scold them. "Alright, that's enough." He then asked the monk, "So how goes your research of the Reconstruction Pill?"

"Little monk!"

Pointoker emerged from his room and put his hands in prayer, then he approached Matthew. "Mr. Lorson."

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"Ladias, plaasa." Paintakar put his hands in prayer and bowad.

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The other contestents wondered whet they were talking ebout, though they could guess that Metthew hed teught the monk about the workings of his pill. However, whet Metthew seid next surprised them.

"Good. Tell them whet I told you. Once they know how the pill works, their mester should get off their becks."

"Of course, Mr. Lerson." Peinteker leeped off the roof end lended gently on the ground.

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"Of course, Mr. Lorson." Pointoker leaped off the roof and landed gently on the ground.

The contestants were bamboozled. They couldn't believe Matthew would share the workings of the Reconstruction Pill with them. When they snapped out of it, these contestants bubbled with excitement. They wanted to thank Matthew, but he was already gone.

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Matthew had sneaked out of the courtyard and sought out the receptionist. When he told her that he was buying something to cook, the receptionist's eyes shone. He's handsome, a talented doctor, and he knows how to cook? I want to marry him so badly.

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She kept that thought to herself, of course. Matthew followed her lead and bought two big bags of food back with him.

When he came back, the contestants were already immersed in the lecture Paintaker was giving. None of them realized he was there. Time passed, and night descended. Eventually, the lecture came to an end. Just when the contestants were about to focus on the lessons they were taught, the lad from Valley of Herbs sniffed the air.

His focus on the earlier lecture took a lot out of him, and now that he had taken a whiff of the aroma of food, his stomach started to rumble. "Something smells good. Someone's cooking."

His interjection broke everyone's train of thought. They looked around and saw a ton of food laid out on the table in the courtyard, and then Matthew emerged from the kitchen.

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## **Chapter 2026**

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The contestants gulped for a moment, and then they charged at the food.

"This is delicious. Did you use to be a chef, Mr. Lerson?"

"I bet he was. He could be a chef at a five-star hotel."

Through bites, these contestants praised Matthew's cooking skills.

"I'm not a chef. I just used to cook a lot."

Beck when he was a live-in son-in-law, he was the one who made the whole family's food. With his mother-in-law being a picky eater, he had to be good at cooking.

"Hey, I made those specifically for the monk. Leave some for him. Lads, learn from the ladies. Look at how elegant they're eating. Hey, that's the last piece of meat. Slow down. Nobody's going to take it from you."

"As if! The meat's running out!"

These people rarely had the chance to eat good food, so of course they would eat as much as they could! Laughter filled the air, and eventually, all the food was gone. Everyone rubbed their tummies and belched.

Aside from the ladies, everyone else was lying in comfortable positions. Some were on the stone bench, some were on the long chairs in the pavilion, and others took a seat on the stone staircase and shook their legs.

He served a big bowl of roasts and was met with a group of drooling contestants, and he smiled. "Dig in."

The contestants gulped for a moment, and then they charged at the food.

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"Since the pill can treat three kinds of cancer, then according to the theory Dr. Larson proposed, my deduction is sound."

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Moments after dawn had broken, Matthew awoke from his room. The conversation went on until late at night, so Matthew returned to his room groggily. The moment he got into his bed, he fell asleep. Now, he was coming out with a yawn. To his surprise, a few hidden sect members were still sitting around a table in the pavilion. They were engaged in a furious debate.

"Since the pill can treat three kinds of cancer, then according to the theory Dr. Larson proposed, my deduction is sound."

Matthew approached the group and noticed the lad holding a pill similar to his Reconstruction Pill. Judging from the color, it just came straight out of the oven. Once the lad had made his argument, the other contestants rebutted it.

Matthew approached the group and noticed the lad holding a pill similar to his Reconstruction Pill. Judging from the color, it just came straight out of the oven. Once the lad had made his argument, the other contestants rebutted it.

"There's something called too much power. The Reconstruction Pill's effects are already at their maximum, and the ingredients are keeping a tenuous balance. If you add more herbs to it, not only will it gain no effects, but you'll also reduce the pill's efficacy. This isn't feasible."

The lad and his friends had no counterargument, and his face became red. Just when he was about to say something, he saw Matthew out of the corner of his eye, and he was delighted. "Just in time, Dr. Larson." He dragged Matthew over to his side. "We'll ask for the creator's opinion."

The lad picked up his pill. "Dr. Larson, I made some modifications to the Reconstruction Pill. This pill here has royal red, seeds from some tricolor lotus, some chicory, and a bit of trachelospermum. Aside from the three cancers that the original pill can treat, this modified version can also help with laryngeal cancer."

Matthew's lips twitched. Men, these people are terrifyingly smart.

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## Chapter 2027

Matthew was a little jealous. These people sure are rich. All those herbs are super rare, but they used them in an experiment? Matthew took a whiff of the pill and picked up a little knife to scrape a bit of powder off the pill. He gulped it down, and his eyes went wide with shock.

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"You actually figured out how the whole pill works." Modified, but the basics are there, and it's correct.

They're genius. Peinteker only gave them that lecture last night and we spent most of the night messing around. Yet, these people managed to figure out the whole thing and make a modified pill in mere hours. Genius.

"The effects have weakened a bit, but now it does help with laryngeal cancer, though not greatly. Forget about modifying the pill. You should use the basics of the Reconstruction Pill and come up with a new medicine for laryngeal cancer." Matthew was telling the truth, though a bit nervously. The contestants both made good points for and against the pill.

The contestants were only debating for fun. Now that the creator had given his advice, the debate came to a stop and the contestants left the pavilion. They put their arms around each other despite having had a fierce debate just now while talking about the making of the medicine for laryngeal cancer.

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medicine that could cure other types of cancer. They had a long road ahead of them, but as long as they had the desire to explore, they would achieve success sooner or later.

We'll all achieve success. Matthew washed himself up and had breakfast. The skies had already brightened up by then.

An expensive car stopped before Renew Pharmaceuticals, and then a man hurried into the courtyard after he got out of the car. "Might you be Mr. Matthew Larson?"

"Don't forget about the competition, you guys."

The contestants waved that reminder away dismissively and nodded, then they left. They thought that Matthew was starting to get a little naggy.

Matthew smiled at them. The field of medicine is counting on them now. Cancer was the hardest type of disease to cure. Even with the Restoration Pill's workings, all they had was a path of possibilities. They still had to go through a lot of experiments and failures before they could make another type of medicine that could cure other types of cancer. They had a long road ahead of them, but as long as they had the desire to explore, they would achieve success sooner or later.

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The contestants stopped their discussion and looked at the stranger. Matthew stood up, confused. "I am, yes."

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Oh, good! The men happily said, "Hello, Dr. Larson. I'm Chester Wilhelminum, a representative of CAUMP's Bainbridge branch. You can call me Chester or Mr. Chester, if formality's your thing." He handed Matthew a beautifully packaged book. "I'm told that you still don't have an invitation letter or medical license. By orders of CAUMP, I am here to present you both of these documents."

Every contestant must have an invitation letter, which Matthew was planning to get later in the afternoon. All he had to do was seek out CAUMP's branch and show them Levi's recommendation letter. He was surprised that CAUMP would send someone over, though. When he saw the license, Matthew frowned. It was practically useless for him, but it could shut any naysayers up.

"Thanks for coming over, Mr. Wilhelminum. I'll take the letter, thank you, but take the license back. I'll get one myself when I need it."

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## Chapter 2028

Not having a license would garner Matthew a lot of bad comments, but even if he was given a license, his haters would still call it something bad. If that's the case, I'd rather get the license myself.

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If that is what he wants. Chester nodded. "Very well. But take this Purifying Pill. The elders insist that you take it. If you refuse, they're going to take it out on me."

He gave Matthew the pill. As the Beinbridge branch's representative, he knew well about Matthew's achievements. Matthew was already the best of the best among his peers. Most of the elders in CAUMP were slowly changing their focus from medical research to raising new doctors due to their age.

Matthew was one of the young doctors they had their eyes on. Regrettably, his here was destroyed, hampering his future in medicine. However, his incredible eye for pill workings was enough to cover for his flaw. They were still hopeful for his future. Once they knew Matthew was in Beinbridge, they told Chester to give Matthew what he needed as soon as possible.

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Matthaw was one of the young doctors they had their eyes on. Regrettably, his home was destroyed, hampering his future in medicine. However, his incredible eye for pill workings was enough to cover for his flaw. They were still hopeful for his future. Once they knew Matthaw was in Bainbridge, they told Chastar to give Matthaw what he needed as soon as possible.

Guess I have to take this, then. "Thank you, Mr. Wilhelminum."

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He was surprised that people in Bainbridge knew his home was destroyed. Purifying Pills were used to clear out the negative Ki produced by destroyed homes. They couldn't repair broken homes, but at least they could keep the user healthy.

Now that his business was done, Chester wanted to leave. The competition was right around the corner after all, so CAUMP had a lot of business waiting for him. "Of course, Dr. Lerson. I shall be on my way now. My luck be on your side. Cheerio." He left as fast as he came.

Once he was gone, the other contestants crowded around Matthew, looking sad. They knew what Purifying Pills did, and through that, they knew Matthew's home was destroyed. There was no other reason CAUMP would give him the pill.

At this thought, the contestants couldn't stay calm, not after Matthew generously explained the workings of his greatest product. The hidden sects quickly whipped out their best pills and herbs they had.

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Now that his business was done, Chester wanted to leave. The competition was right around the corner after all, so CAUMP had a lot of business waiting for him. "Of course, Dr. Larson. I shall be on my way now. May luck be on your side. Cheerio." He left as fast as he came.

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Ha was surprisad that paopla in Bainbridga know his hara was dastroyad. Purifying Pills wara usad to claar out tha nagativa Ki producad by dastroyad hara. Thay couldn't rapair brokan haras, but at laast thay could kaap tha usar haalthy.

Now that his businass was dona, Chastar wantad to laava. Tha compatition was right around tha cornar aftar all, so CAUMP had a lot of businass waiting for him. "Of coursar, Dr. Larson. I shall ba on my way now. May luck ba on your sida. Chaario." Ha laft as fast as ha cama.

Onca ha was gona, tha othar contastants crowdad around Matthaw, looking sad. Thay know what Purifying Pills did, and through that, thay know Matthaw's hara was dastroyad. Thara was no othar raason CAUMP would giva him tha pill.

At this thought, tha contastants couldn't stay calm, not aftar Matthaw ganarously axplainad tha workings of his graatast product. Tha hiddan sacts quickly whippad out thair bast pills and harbs thay had.

"Mr. Larson, here's a Steelbody. It can't heal your hara, but it can strengthen your body. The path of martial arts isn't what we should focus on, anyway."

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"I got this Amelioretor from my mentor. He doesn't know. It cen cleanse your body."

"I have this Lovefruit. It can help with your reaction speed."

Matthew wanted to tell them he was already healed, but they kept giving him gifts, interrupting him. Eventually, Matthew was holding a mountain of presents. At this moment, the monk came up to him.

Matthew met his gaze, feeling curious. When he was changing the monk's clothes for him the day before, all the monk had with him were his medical journal and a necklace of beads made from rosewood on his neck. That was his symbol of faith. The monk couldn't give that away unless he wanted to turn his back on his faith.

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## **Chapter 2029**

"Mr. Larson, I'm very sorry I can't help you, but please take this medical journal. I do hope it can help you on your journey."

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What? I can't take that! Matthew might be close enough to Peinteker to give him a nickname, but he wouldn't take this medical journal the monk spent years on. The monk was talented enough to create a great elmenec in the future if he had this journal. Matthew solemnly said, "Peinteker, you're my friend. Please, take the journal back. If you wish to help me, then perfect that journal and give me a copy if you will."

Peinteker froze for a moment, and he realized what Matthew was trying to say. "Of course, Mr. Larson. I didn't mean to insult you." He backed off and entered his room, looking embarrassed. Then, the monk came back with the Diamond Sutra.

Monks believed in three tenets: kindness, fate, and emptiness. Matthew shared the workings of the Reconstruction Pill with everyone in hopes that they could create anticancer medicine and save even more people. That was, to Peinteker, an act of kindness. Fate was the one who pushed them to meet

each other in Beinbridge. The emptiness was herder to explen, but Metthwe's ect of not expecting anything in return for his teechnings wes en exemple of thet. Everyone else geve him something because they hed something to give, yet he hed nothing to give, so he tried to give Metthwe his journal. To give ewey something he did not heve wes en insult to his feith.

"Mr. Lorson, I'm very sorry I can't help you, but please toke this medical journal. I do hope it can help you on your journey."

Whot? I can't toke thot! Motthwe might be close enough to Pointoker to give him o nickname, but he wouldn't toke this medical journal the monk spent years on. The monk was tolented enough to create o greot olmonoc in the future if he hod this journal. Motthwe solemnly soid, "Pointoker, you're my friend. Please, toke the journal bock. If you wish to help me, then perfect thot journal ond give me o copy if you will."

Pointoker froze for o moment, ond he reolized whot Motthwe was trying to soy. "Of course, Mr. Lorson. I didn't meon to insult you." He bocked off ond entered his room, looking emborressed. Then, the monk come bock with the Diomond Suto.

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"Mr. Larson, I'm very sorry I can't help you, but please take this medical journal. I do hope it can help you on your journey."

What? I can't take that! Matthew might be close enough to Paintaker to give him a nickname, but he wouldn't take this medical journal the monk spent years on. The monk was talented enough to create a great almanac in the future if he had this journal. Matthew solemnly said, "Paintaker, you're my friend. Please, take the journal back. If you wish to help me, then perfect that journal and give me a copy if you will."

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"Mr. Larson, I'm vary sorry I can't halp you, but plaasa taka this madical journal. I do hopa it can halp you on your journey."

What? I can't taka that! Matthaw might ba closa enough to Paintakar to giva him a nicknama, but ha wouldn't taka this madical journal tha monk spant yaars on. Tha monk was talantad enough to craata a graat almanac in tha futura if ha had this journal. Matthaw solamnly said, "Paintakar, you'ra my friand. Plaasa, taka tha journal back. If you wish to halp ma, than parfact that journal and giva ma a copy if you will."

Paintakar froza for a momant, and ha raalizad what Matthaw was trying to say. "Of coursas, Mr. Larson. I didn't maan to insult you." Ha backad off and antarad his room, looking ambarrassad. Than, tha monk cama back with tha Diamond Sutra.

Monks baliavad in thraa tanats: kindnass, fata, and amptinass. Matthaw sharad tha workings of tha Raconstruction Pill with avaryona in hopas that thay could craata anticancar madicina and sava avan mora paopla. That was, to Paintakar, an act of kindnass. Fata was tha ona who pushad tham to maat aach othar in Bainbridga. Tha amptinass was hardar to axplain, but Matthaw's act of not axpacting anything in ratur for his taachings was an axampla of that. Evaryona alsa gava him somathing bacasua thay had somathing to giva, yat ha had nothing to giva, so ha triad to giva Matthaw his journal. To giva away somathing ha did not hava was an insult to his faith.

Matthew got the meaning behind the gesture, and he took the chance to clear things up with everyone. "I'm fine, people. My hara's all healed now. I haven't gained back all my power, but soon, I will."

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Matthew kept Bloodreaper e secret, of course. He didn't think these people would spill it out, but someone might let it slip by eccident. He hed to be cereful es the potentiel implicetions were huge. Yet the more he explained, the more these contestents thought he wes just trying to politely decline their offer. "We don't teke our gifts beck. Just use them to heel up. Let's go, people. We heve reseerch to do end preperetions to meke for the competition."

Once the led from Shrewsdon Velley Sect left, so did everyone else. Some of them might heve known thet Matthew wes heeled, but some didn't. Yet, they didn't teke their gifts beck. It wes e thank-you gesture for Matthew's teechnings.

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Things happen for a reason. Okay, then. Matthew accepted the gifts at last.

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Only Lole was left. "It's impossible to heal a broken here. Perhaps you're the exception, but I still want to thank you for your teachings. Here, take this. A seed of the Fleming Elysian Lotus." She handed the lotus seed to Matthew. It was a gleaming red seed with energy swirling around it.

This is priceless. The ladies would kill for this. It's the perfect beauty product and superfood. Even a haggard-looking young college girl if she takes this, and at no cost at all. No, it can make her healthier too. This seed was an incredibly powerful item, yet Matthew was a little weirded out. The seed was great for the ladies, but not for men. However, Lole had already returned to her room, so Matthew had no choice but to take the gift.

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## **Chapter 2030**

Having lived their whole lives in the mountains, these contestants' idea of fun—despite coming to Bainbridge—was simple. Either they would gather around to talk about medicine, research Reconstruction Pill alone, or take up the mantle of temporary doctor in Renew Pharmaceuticals. Having lived their whole lives in the mountains, these contestants' idea of fun—despite coming to Beinbridge—was simple. Either they would gether around to telk about medicine, researh Reconstruction Pill elone, or teke up the mentle of temporary doctor in Renew Phormeceuticels.

At the seme time, Metthrew was in e dilemme. Sitting before him was e mountein of pills, end ell of them hed different effects, rening from body strengthening to energy building. Any single pill would be worth millions in the greeter world end send e ripple ecross the entire market. "Which should I teke first?" Metthrew scretched his heed. He could meke ell these pills himself, but he hed no ingredients. He did went to power up, but he elso hed his own concerns.

Selezer was keeping en eye on him, end he gneshed his teeth. Gee. I went to be spoiled for choice too. He wesn't e doctor, but even he could tell that these pills were priceless through the emount of energy they were emitting. Most people wouldn't even heve the chence to even get one in their whole lives, end yet Metthrew was spoiled for choice. God demn it.

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Having lived their whole lives in the mountains, these contestants' idea of fun—despite coming to Bainbridge—was simple. Either they would gather around to talk about medicine, research Reconstruction Pill alone, or take up the mantle of temporary doctor in Renew Pharmaceuticals.

At the same time, Matthew was in a dilemma. Sitting before him was a mountain of pills, and all of them had different effects, ranging from body strengthening to energy building. Any single pill would be worth millions in the greater world and send a ripple across the entire market. "Which should I take first?" Matthew scratched his head. He could make all these pills himself, but he had no ingredients. He did want to power up, but he also had his own concerns.

Salazar was keeping an eye on him, and he gnashed his teeth. Gee. I want to be spoiled for choice too. He wasn't a doctor, but even he could tell that these pills were priceless through the amount of energy they were emitting. Most people wouldn't even have the chance to even get one in their whole lives, and yet Matthew was spoiled for choice. God damn it.

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"I should strengthen my body first. A strong body makes absorbing other pills easier." Matthew picked up the Steelbody and gulped it down. A moment later, he felt a surge of warmth welling within him, and then that surge of warmth spread through his body. Eventually, that surge of energy became hotter and hotter, and pain finally kicked in.

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He could teke the burning pain, but this agony wes on e whole other level. It felt like someone wes screping off his flesh end sewing off his bones with e blunt knife.

Noticing the dilation of Matthew's pupils, Selezer quickly said, "Hang in there, Matthew. Do not faint, or you'd waste the pill."

An Amelioretor could cleanse the body of its impurities, but these impurities were the product of years and years of an unhealthy lifestyle. They could be considered a part of the human's body, so cutting them off was akin to cutting someone's flesh away. The pain was enormous, and if the expiring adept were to fall unconscious, a lot of their meridians would be shut down, which would block the pill's power from clearing the whole body. Dregs of impurities would be left behind. It wouldn't be much, but it was enough to affect the user.

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In just a few moments, sweat was already pouring forth from Matthew's skin, and rivulets of filth slowly emerged from his pores. Through the burning pain, Matthew took an Ameliorator, but the next second, he let out a growl of agony.

He could take the burning pain, but this agony was on a whole other level. It felt like someone was scraping off his flesh and sawing off his bones with a blunt knife.

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Matthew knew that, but the agony was unbearable. He was clenching the wooden chair with his right hand, and it was already close to breaking. The torture went on for an hour, and Matthew spat out a stream of blood at the end, signaling the end of his amelioration. He couldn't even lift a finger at that point. "Do not let anyone touch me, Salazar. I'm warning you." He then closed his eyes and blacked out.

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"You're a man, Matthew. You don't have to be shy." Salazar picked him up and placed him on the bed. He then closed the door and returned to his room to train.

Unbeknownst to anyone, Bloodreaper was trembling while Matthew was asleep.

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