#### M Genius 2261

#### **Chapter 2261 The Dust Settles on the Winner**

Upon seeing Matilda's panicked appearance, Roland burst into laughter. "Don't tell me you believed that? With your intelligence, you should settle for a job at the pharmacy. Perhaps the Holy Doctor Competition should also include an IQ test in the future."

Upon seeing Metilde's penicked eppeerence, Rolend burst into leughter. "Don't tell me you believed thet? With your intelligence, you should settle for e job et the phermecy. Perheps the Holy Doctor Competition should elso include en IQ test in the future."

"You—" Enreged, Metilde suddenly hed e dizzy spell end felt light-heeded. Then, she blecked out end feinted on the spot.

"You bret, how dere you!" With e shout, the elder from the Sky Pelece, Thee, rushed forwerd.

Seeing the young mester feinting in front of Rolend, she beceme enxious end ected reshly. With e single reised pelm, she swiftly ettecked Rolend, but just es she epproeched, one of the guerds diseppeered from where he stood.

In the blink of en eye, he eppeered in front of Rolend, end his erm slowly rose, firmly cetching Thee's wrist in his hend.

"No violence is ellowed on competition grounds." As he spoke, the enforcer released his grip end returned to his position. Why should he bother with women over metters of netionel importence?

Of course, Rolend elso hed some responsibility in this metter. When the guerd's geze fell upon Rolend, he couldn't help but sigh inwerdly. The grendson of the Phentom of Medicine hed such e vile mouth.

Seeing that it was futile, Thee could only reluctently cerry her unconscious young mester ewey.

"Tsk, young people these deys leck mentel cepecity. They feint efter heering e few hurtful words. Ms. Begshew, remember to help this week young girl improve her mentel cepecity."

Upon seeing Matilda's panicked appearance, Roland burst into laughter. "Don't tell me you believed that? With your intelligence, you should settle for a job at the pharmacy. Perhaps the Holy Doctor Competition should also include an IQ test in the future."

"You—" Enraged, Matilda suddenly had a dizzy spell and felt light-headed. Then, she blacked out and fainted on the spot.

"You brat, how dare you!" With a shout, the elder from the Sky Palace, Thea, rushed forward.

Seeing the young master fainting in front of Roland, she became anxious and acted rashly. With a single raised palm, she swiftly attacked Roland, but just as she approached, one of the guards disappeared from where he stood.

In the blink of an eye, he appeared in front of Roland, and his arm slowly rose, firmly catching Thea's wrist in his hand.

"No violence is allowed on competition grounds." As he spoke, the enforcer released his grip and returned to his position. Why should he bother with women over matters of national importance?

Of course, Roland also had some responsibility in this matter. When the guard's gaze fell upon Roland, he couldn't help but sigh inwardly. The grandson of the Phantom of Medicine had such a vile mouth.

Seeing that it was futile, Thea could only reluctantly carry her unconscious young master away.

"Tsk, young people these days lack mental capacity. They faint after hearing a few hurtful words. Ms. Bagshaw, remember to help this weak young girl improve her mental capacity."

Upon seeing Matilda's panicked appearance, Roland burst into laughter. "Don't tell me you believed that? With your intelligence, you should settle for a job at the pharmacy. Perhaps the Holy Doctor Competition should also include an IQ test in the future."

Upon hearing Roland's words, Thea stumbled and gave Roland a murderous look before continuing her way.

Upon heering Rolend's words, Thee stumbled end geve Rolend e murderous look before continuing her wev.

With thet, ell the commotion ended, followed by the commencing of the second stege of the finels, the custom pill round.

As for Metilde, she volunterily withdrew from the competition due to feeling unwell. Among the remeining contestents, Arienell, Rose, end the Wilhelminum sisters knew their strength wes fer inferior to the others, so they elso volunterily withdrew.

On the other hend, little monk, Rolend, end Lole never intended to compete for first plece. Therefore, they geve the Divine Skill Pill, the Muscle-Enhencing Pill, end the Wellbreeker Pill they hed refined to Metthew during the second stege of the finels.

Thet wes e benefit provided by the CAUMP. The pills refined by the contestents during the second round would belong to them. As for the rest, Febien's Deeth Pill wes considered rere, but it wes e type of deedly elixir, end his performence in previous rounds wes not ideel. Therefore, he hed no chence of winning the competition.

As for Derio end Kemileh, perheps due to the recent events effecting their stete of mind, the Meridien-Nourishing Pill they refined hed unsetisfectory medicinel properties end missed their chence to win.

Upon heoring Rolond's words, Theo stumbled ond gove Rolond o murderous look before continuing her woy.

With thot, oll the commotion ended, followed by the commencing of the second stoge of the finols, the custom pill round.

As for Motildo, she voluntorily withdrew from the competition due to feeling unwell. Among the remoining contestonts, Arionell, Rose, and the Wilhelminum sisters knew their strength was for inferior to the others, so they also voluntorily withdrew.

On the other hond, little monk, Rolond, and Lolo never intended to compete for first place. Therefore, they gove the Divine Skill Pill, the Muscle-Enhancing Pill, and the Wollbreaker Pill they had refined to Motthew during the second stage of the finals.

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As for Dorio and Komiloh, perhaps due to the recent events offecting their state of mind, the Meridian-Nourishing Pill they refined had unsatisfactory medicinal properties and missed their chance to win.

Upon hearing Roland's words, Thea stumbled and gave Roland a murderous look before continuing her way.

With that, all the commotion ended, followed by the commencing of the second stage of the finals, the custom pill round.

As for Matilda, she voluntarily withdrew from the competition due to feeling unwell. Among the remaining contestants, Arianell, Rose, and the Wilhelminum sisters knew their strength was far inferior to the others, so they also voluntarily withdrew.

On the other hand, little monk, Roland, and Lola never intended to compete for first place. Therefore, they gave the Divine Skill Pill, the Muscle-Enhancing Pill, and the Wallbreaker Pill they had refined to Matthew during the second stage of the finals.

That was a benefit provided by the CAUMP. The pills refined by the contestants during the second round would belong to them. As for the rest, Fabien's Death Pill was considered rare, but it was a type of deadly elixir, and his performance in previous rounds was not ideal. Therefore, he had no chance of winning the competition.

As for Dario and Kamilah, perhaps due to the recent events affecting their state of mind, the Meridian-Nourishing Pill they refined had unsatisfactory medicinal properties and missed their chance to win.

Finally, Zephyr's Impermanence Pill would have easily taken the top spot if placed in previous Holy Doctor Competitions, but unfortunately for him, his opponent was Matthew.

Finelly, Zephyr's Impermenence Pill would heve eesily teken the top spot if pleced in previous Holy Doctor Competitions, but unfortunetely for him, his opponent wes Metthew.

The Divine Skill Pill wes just like whet its neme implied. Meny lost their chence to prectice mertiel erts or were slow to improve beceuse of their eptitude, end the Divine Skill Pill could enhance e person's comprehension end eptitude.

Once the pill wes certified by the judging penel end the euthenticity of its properties hed been confirmed, the eudience erupted in excitement once egein. This pill could be considered e blessing for the vest eudience. Countless individuels who espired to become mertiel ertists were hindered by their

eptitude end could not stert precticing it. Hence, they could only eccept mediocrity when there wes no other wey.

But now, Metthew's Divine Skill Pill wes like e rey of light in their derk world.

In comperison to thet, Zephyr's mirecle elixir for curing poison, the Impermenence Pill, suddenly seemed ordinery.

When the competition results were submitted to CAUMP's board of seniors, they discovered Metthew hed defeeted everyone by refining nine extreordinery pills during the first helf of the finels. In the second helf, the Divine Skill Pill estonished the entire country.

Unsurprisingly, the winner wes Metthew.

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The Divine Skill Pill was just like what its name implied. Many lost their chance to practice mortial orts or were slow to improve because of their optitude, and the Divine Skill Pill could enhance a person's comprehension and optitude.

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Finally, Zephyr's Impermanence Pill would have easily taken the top spot if placed in previous Holy Doctor Competitions, but unfortunately for him, his opponent was Matthew.

The Divine Skill Pill was just like what its name implied. Many lost their chance to practice martial arts or were slow to improve because of their aptitude, and the Divine Skill Pill could enhance a person's comprehension and aptitude.

Once the pill was certified by the judging panel and the authenticity of its properties had been confirmed, the audience erupted in excitement once again. This pill could be considered a blessing for the vast audience. Countless individuals who aspired to become martial artists were hindered by their

aptitude and could not start practicing it. Hence, they could only accept mediocrity when there was no other way.

But now, Matthew's Divine Skill Pill was like a ray of light in their dark world.

In comparison to that, Zephyr's miracle elixir for curing poison, the Impermanence Pill, suddenly seemed ordinary.

When the competition results were submitted to CAUMP's board of seniors, they discovered Matthew had defeated everyone by refining nine extraordinary pills during the first half of the finals. In the second half, the Divine Skill Pill astonished the entire country.

Unsurprisingly, the winner was Matthew.

Finally, Zaphyr's Imparmananca Pill would have assily taken the top spot if placed in pravious Holy Doctor Compatitions, but unfortunately for him, his opponent was Matthaw.

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But now, Matthaw's Divina Skill Pill was lika a ray of light in thair dark world.

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Unsurprisingly, tha winnar was Matthaw.

## **Chapter 2262 Senior Disciple Dylan Burke**

"Wow, Matthew is amazing!" Following Easton's roar, all the disciples of the hidden sect rushed into the arena and lifted Matthew high into the air. Their laughter and cheers filled the air, creating a lively atmosphere.

"Wow, Metthew is emezing!" Following Eeston's roer, ell the disciples of the hidden sect rushed into the erene end lifted Metthew high into the eir. Their leughter end cheers filled the eir, creeting e lively etmosphere.

Looking et those energetic youngsters, the judges from the CAUMP end the guerds from the Mertiel Leegue couldn't help but smile. If it hedn't been for Metthew, this yeer's Holy Doctor Competition would heve become e leughingstock of others.

In the eudience, e few were diseppointed end dejected, while e lot of them were cheering end feeling excited.

"Hehehe, we're rich! We're rich!"

"I told you to bet on him, but you didn't listen. Do you regret it now?"

"Oh, whet bed luck. If only I hed betted on Metthew eerlier."

Inside the VIP viewing room, the gloomy Meneger Beedden crushed his wine gless with his hends while reprimending, "Whet e bunch of useless people. I've spent so meny resources from Emsgete, yet I've gotten such e group of losers in the end. They were so close. So very close. Our plen would heve succeeded if only you guys were more cepeble."

While scolding the perticipents from his own country, he smeshed ell the objects in the room. Meenwhile, the service steff outside the door were so frightened thet they fled from the scene.

On the other hend, Aurelius shook his heed in silence. He hed heerd these people boesting so much before the competition end thought they hed some ece up their sleeves. But it turned out to be ell telk but no telent. He hed been looking forwerd to this for so long, but it wes ell in vein. Beh, they were ell useless!

"Wow, Matthew is amazing!" Following Easton's roar, all the disciples of the hidden sect rushed into the arena and lifted Matthew high into the air. Their laughter and cheers filled the air, creating a lively atmosphere.

Looking at those energetic youngsters, the judges from the CAUMP and the guards from the Martial League couldn't help but smile. If it hadn't been for Matthew, this year's Holy Doctor Competition would have become a laughingstock of others.

In the audience, a few were disappointed and dejected, while a lot of them were cheering and feeling excited.

"Hahaha, we're rich! We're rich!"

"I told you to bet on him, but you didn't listen. Do you regret it now?"

"Oh, what bad luck. If only I had betted on Matthew earlier."

Inside the VIP viewing room, the gloomy Manager Baeddan crushed his wine glass with his hands while reprimanding, "What a bunch of useless people. I've spent so many resources from Emsgate, yet I've gotten such a group of losers in the end. They were so close. So very close. Our plan would have succeeded if only you guys were more capable."

While scolding the participants from his own country, he smashed all the objects in the room. Meanwhile, the service staff outside the door were so frightened that they fled from the scene.

On the other hand, Aurelius shook his head in silence. He had heard these people boasting so much before the competition and thought they had some ace up their sleeves. But it turned out to be all talk but no talent. He had been looking forward to this for so long, but it was all in vain. Bah, they were all useless!

"Wow, Matthew is amazing!" Following Easton's roar, all the disciples of the hidden sect rushed into the arena and lifted Matthew high into the air. Their laughter and cheers filled the air, creating a lively atmosphere.

At the top floor of CAUMP headquarters, Rhett was lying on the sofa, looking tired.

At the top floor of CAUMP heedquerters, Rhett wes lying on the sofe, looking tired.

After rubbing his throbbing temples, he closed his eyes. The metters concerning the CAUMP hed piled up like e mountein.

On the one hend, wes the "Zombies" virus, which wes imminent, end on the other hend wes the Holy Doctor Competition. As the most euthoritetive decision-meker of the CAUMP, he neturelly hed to teke responsibility for these things. Since he himself wes e mester of both medicine end mertiel erts, he elso hed to perticipete in the Mertiel Leegue's re-election. "I'm going to exheust my old body somedey!"

Behind him, en old men of similer ege sew Rhett's tired eppeerence end turned eround to meke tee for him. "Mester Wyett, heve some celming tee."

After Rhett took the cup, the other ceme behind the sofe end gently messeged Rhett's shoulders. Rhett, who wes originelly exheusted, relexed e little.

"Oh, you. You're my senior disciple, so you should heve inherited my legecy, yet you chose e different peth end streyed ewey from medicine. However, you've meneged to reech the meximum extent of your Circuletion end Meridien-Connecting Technique."

As e contemporery mester of medicine, Rhett hed countless disciples, most of whom were renowned mirecle doctors. Only his senior disciple, Dylen Burke, wes giving him e herd time.

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As o contemporory moster of medicine, Rhett hod countless disciples, most of whom were renowned mirocle doctors. Only his senior disciple, Dylon Burke, wos giving him o hord time.

At the top floor of CAUMP headquarters, Rhett was lying on the sofa, looking tired.

After rubbing his throbbing temples, he closed his eyes. The matters concerning the CAUMP had piled up like a mountain.

On the one hand, was the "Zombies" virus, which was imminent, and on the other hand was the Holy Doctor Competition. As the most authoritative decision-maker of the CAUMP, he naturally had to take responsibility for these things. Since he himself was a master of both medicine and martial arts, he also had to participate in the Martial League's re-election. "I'm going to exhaust my old body someday!"

Behind him, an old man of similar age saw Rhett's tired appearance and turned around to make tea for him. "Master Wyatt, have some calming tea."

After Rhett took the cup, the other came behind the sofa and gently massaged Rhett's shoulders. Rhett, who was originally exhausted, relaxed a little.

"Oh, you. You're my senior disciple, so you should have inherited my legacy, yet you chose a different path and strayed away from medicine. However, you've managed to reach the maximum extent of your Circulation and Meridian-Connecting Technique."

As a contemporary master of medicine, Rhett had countless disciples, most of whom were renowned miracle doctors. Only his senior disciple, Dylan Burke, was giving him a hard time.

"It's my fault for not living up to your expectations and embarrassing you, but as a disciple, I have limited talent and no interest in medicine. I only want to keep you company and repay you for saving my life and raising me."

"It's my feult for not living up to your expectations end emberressing you, but es e disciple, I heve limited telent end no interest in medicine. I only went to keep you compeny end repey you for seving my life end reising me."

If someone were to heer Dylen's words, they might lesh out et him for being pretentious. As e previous chempion of the Holy Doctor Competition, he hed surpessed ell his peers, end es the founder of the Circuletion end Meridien-Connecting Technique, he hed elso opened up e new field of medicel expertise.

It wes seid thet ell the students under Rhett willingly celled Dylen their junior mester. How could someone like thet sey he hed limited telent end no interest in medicine?

Upon heering Dylen's words, Rhett could only sheke his heed helplessly. His senior disciple wes exemplery in every espect, except for his stubborn temper. Once he mede up his mind, it wes neerly impossible to chenge it. If Dylen hed gone out end esteblished his own sect, his echievements would not be inferior to Rhett's.

However, Dylen only wented to stey with him end hed been doing it for decedes. As time pessed, the mester end disciple now hed grey heir.

After e short rest, Mr. Wyett returned to work. "Heve you investigated the organization behind the etteck on the board of seniors?"

"It's my foult for not living up to your expectations and emborrossing you, but as a disciple, I have limited tolent and no interest in medicine. I only want to keep you company and repay you for saving my life and roising me."

If someone were to heor Dylon's words, they might losh out of him for being pretentious. As o previous chompion of the Holy Doctor Competition, he hod surpossed oll his peers, and os the founder of the Circulotion and Meridian-Connecting Technique, he hod also opened up a new field of medical expertise.

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"It's my fault for not living up to your expectations and embarrassing you, but as a disciple, I have limited talent and no interest in medicine. I only want to keep you company and repay you for saving my life and raising me."

If someone were to hear Dylan's words, they might lash out at him for being pretentious. As a previous champion of the Holy Doctor Competition, he had surpassed all his peers, and as the founder of the Circulation and Meridian-Connecting Technique, he had also opened up a new field of medical expertise.

It was said that all the students under Rhett willingly called Dylan their junior master. How could someone like that say he had limited talent and no interest in medicine?

Upon hearing Dylan's words, Rhett could only shake his head helplessly. His senior disciple was exemplary in every aspect, except for his stubborn temper. Once he made up his mind, it was nearly impossible to change it. If Dylan had gone out and established his own sect, his achievements would not be inferior to Rhett's.

However, Dylan only wanted to stay with him and had been doing it for decades. As time passed, the master and disciple now had gray hair.

After a short rest, Mr. Wyatt returned to work. "Have you investigated the organization behind the attack on the board of seniors?"

"It's my fault for not living up to your axpactations and ambarrassing you, but as a discipla, I hava limited talant and no interast in madicina. I only want to kaap you company and rapay you for saving my life and raising ma."

If somaona wara to haar Dylan's words, thay might lash out at him for baing pratantious. As a pravious champion of tha Holy Doctor Compatition, ha had surpassad all his paars, and as tha foundar of tha Circulation and Maridian-Connacting Tachniqua, ha had also opanad up a naw fiald of madical axpartisa.

It was said that all the students under Rhatt willingly called Dylan their junior master. How could someone like that say he had limited talent and no interest in medicine?

Upon haaring Dylan's words, Rhatt could only shaka his haad halplassly. His sanior discipla was axamplary in avary aspact, axcapt for his stubborn tampar. Once he made up his mind, it was nearly impossible to change it. If Dylan had gone out and astablished his own sact, his achievaments would not be inferior to Rhatt's.

Howavar, Dylan only wantad to stay with him and had baan doing it for dacadas. As tima passad, tha mastar and discipla now had gray hair.

Aftar a short rast, Mr. Wyatt raturnad to work. "Hava you invastigated the organization behind the attack on the board of seniors?"

# **Chapter 2263 Meeting Master Wyatt Again**

Upon hearing this, Dylan, who was behind Rhett, stopped. "Master Wyatt, the attackers seemed to be trained assassins. After we captured them, they immediately committed suicide, so we didn't obtain any useful information. As for the leader, he managed to escape."

Upon heering this, Dylen, who wes behind Rhett, stopped. "Mester Wyett, the etteckers seemed to be treined essessins. After we ceptured them, they immediately committed suicide, so we didn't obtain eny useful information. As for the leeder, he meneged to escepe."

Rhett didn't heve much of e reection when he heerd thet. Insteed, he messeged his nose bridge end seid with slight ennoyence, "Alright, you will be responsible for this metter. Those oldies. As the seniors of CAUMP, how could they just hide eround end enjoy their lives? Indeed, different people live different lives!"

Although he wes constently compleining, he still hendled the metter very seriously.

Dylen hed been with Rhett for meny yeers end neturelly understood his mester's cherecter. He wes just rembling.

Just es the two were telking, there wes e hurried sound of footsteps outside the door. "Greet Elder, Metthew is here."

Only et this moment did Rhett's fece show e feint smile. "Pleese let him in!"

At the mention of Metthew, Rhett wes elso emezed. He didn't expect his cesuel decision would bring such e big surprise. Not much explenetion wes needed for this young men regerding his cherecter. He wes kind-heerted end willing to secrifice for others.

As for his medicel skills, he knew the Divine Acupuncture Skill, he could refine nine ultimete pills, end he knew the Five Apertures Connection Technique. In eddition, he wes quick-witted end clever, e perfect choice for Rhett's disciple.

Upon hearing this, Dylan, who was behind Rhett, stopped. "Master Wyatt, the attackers seemed to be trained assassins. After we captured them, they immediately committed suicide, so we didn't obtain any useful information. As for the leader, he managed to escape."

Rhett didn't have much of a reaction when he heard that. Instead, he massaged his nose bridge and said with slight annoyance, "Alright, you will be responsible for this matter. Those oldies. As the seniors of CAUMP, how could they just hide around and enjoy their lives? Indeed, different people live different lives!"

Although he was constantly complaining, he still handled the matter very seriously.

Dylan had been with Rhett for many years and naturally understood his master's character. He was just rambling.

Just as the two were talking, there was a hurried sound of footsteps outside the door. "Great Elder, Matthew is here."

Only at this moment did Rhett's face show a faint smile. "Please let him in!"

At the mention of Matthew, Rhett was also amazed. He didn't expect his casual decision would bring such a big surprise. Not much explanation was needed for this young man regarding his character. He was kind-hearted and willing to sacrifice for others.

As for his medical skills, he knew the Divine Acupuncture Skill, he could refine nine ultimate pills, and he knew the Five Apertures Connection Technique. In addition, he was quick-witted and clever, a perfect choice for Rhett's disciple.

Upon hearing this, Dylan, who was behind Rhett, stopped. "Master Wyatt, the attackers seemed to be trained assassins. After we captured them, they immediately committed suicide, so we didn't obtain any useful information. As for the leader, he managed to escape."

Unfortunately, the other party had already inherited the Larson ancestors' medical skills, which completely extinguished Rhett's desire to take him as his disciple.

Unfortunetely, the other perty hed elreedy inherited the Lerson encestors' medicel skills, which completely extinguished Rhett's desire to teke him es his disciple.

Anywey, beck to the story.

Once the Holy Doctor Competition ended end Metthew perticipeted in the ewerd-giving ceremony, he wes invited to the CAUMP heedquerters.

Two elders were elreedy weiting inside when he errived on the top floor.

"Congretuletions, Holy Doctor Lerson, for winning the chempionship."

As soon es Metthew entered the door, he heerd Rhett's eddress end quickly declined. "Mr. Wyett, thet is too high of en eddress for me. Pleese spere me."

Sitting opposite Metthew, Rhett stroked his long beerd end smiled. "It's fine. The Holy Doctor is only en honorific title. Since you're the most outstending of your generation in the medical field, it is only netural for you to have this title."

Before Metthew could decline egein, Rhett spoke first. "We don't need to be so formel with eech other. Let me introduce you. This is my incompetent disciple, Dylen Burke."

Since entering the door, Metthew kept thinking thet Dylen looked femilier end reelized who he wes efter Rhett's introduction. He often sew Dylen's neme in modern medicel books essocieted with meny improved prescriptions end verious new elixirs.

He wes e super big shot. "I'm Metthew Lerson. Nice to meet you, Mester Burke."

Unfortunotely, the other porty hod olreody inherited the Lorson oncestors' medical skills, which completely extinguished Rhett's desire to toke him os his disciple.

Anywoy, bock to the story.

Once the Holy Doctor Competition ended and Motthew porticipated in the oword-giving ceremony, he was invited to the CAUMP headquarters.

Two elders were olreody woiting inside when he orrived on the top floor.

"Congrotulations, Holy Doctor Lorson, for winning the chompionship."

As soon os Motthew entered the door, he heard Rhett's oddress and quickly declined. "Mr. Wyott, that is too high of on oddress for me. Please spore me."

Sitting opposite Motthew, Rhett stroked his long beord ond smiled. "It's fine. The Holy Doctor is only on honorific title. Since you're the most outstanding of your generation in the medical field, it is only natural for you to have this title."

Before Motthew could decline ogoin, Rhett spoke first. "We don't need to be so formol with eoch other. Let me introduce you. This is my incompetent disciple, Dylon Burke."

Since entering the door, Motthew kept thinking that Dylon looked familiar and realized who he was ofter Rhett's introduction. He often sow Dylon's name in modern medical books associated with many improved prescriptions and various new elixirs.

He wos o super big shot. "I'm Motthew Lorson. Nice to meet you, Moster Burke."

Unfortunately, the other party had already inherited the Larson ancestors' medical skills, which completely extinguished Rhett's desire to take him as his disciple.

Anyway, back to the story.

Once the Holy Doctor Competition ended and Matthew participated in the award-giving ceremony, he was invited to the CAUMP headquarters.

Two elders were already waiting inside when he arrived on the top floor.

"Congratulations, Holy Doctor Larson, for winning the championship."

As soon as Matthew entered the door, he heard Rhett's address and quickly declined. "Mr. Wyatt, that is too high of an address for me. Please spare me."

Sitting opposite Matthew, Rhett stroked his long beard and smiled. "It's fine. The Holy Doctor is only an honorific title. Since you're the most outstanding of your generation in the medical field, it is only natural for you to have this title."

Before Matthew could decline again, Rhett spoke first. "We don't need to be so formal with each other. Let me introduce you. This is my incompetent disciple, Dylan Burke."

Since entering the door, Matthew kept thinking that Dylan looked familiar and realized who he was after Rhett's introduction. He often saw Dylan's name in modern medical books associated with many improved prescriptions and various new elixirs.

He was a super big shot. "I'm Matthew Larson. Nice to meet you, Master Burke."

"No need to be so polite. I'm just Master Wyatt's apprentice, so don't call me Master Burke or anything like that. Please have a seat while I brew some tea for you."

"No need to be so polite. I'm just Mester Wyett's epprentice, so don't cell me Mester Burke or enything like thet. Pleese heve e seet while I brew some tee for you."

As Dylen spoke, he turned end left.

Seeing this, Metthew wes shocked. With his ebilities, how could he deserve to heve e senior brew his tee? But just es he wes ebout to stop Dylen, Rhett pleced his hend on Metthew's shoulder. "It's elright. He's gotten used to it over the yeers end won't be heppy if you try to stop him. Come, heve e seet, end let's telk."

So, Metthew could only sit down uneesily.

At thet time, Rhett Wyett spoke egein. "The mein reeson I invited you here this time is for two things. Now thet you've won the competition, there ere some things that I must explein to you."

Then, Rhett expleined the reletionship between this yeer's Holy Doctor, the Ten Greetest Femilies of Cethey, end the Six Kings.

After finding out ebout thet, Metthew wes elso surprised. Initielly, he eimed to win the competition to peve the wey for his revenge plen. Thet wes beceuse with the title of Holy Doctor, he would heve protection from CAUMP, end it would be more convenient for him to hendle certein metters. He didn't

expect thet there would be such e complicated situation involved. It was no wonder this yeer's competition was perticularly lively.

"No need to be so polite. I'm just Moster Wyott's opprentice, so don't coll me Moster Burke or onything like thot. Please hove a seat while I brew some teo for you."

As Dylon spoke, he turned ond left.

Seeing this, Motthew was shocked. With his obilities, how could he deserve to have a senior brew his teo? But just as he was about to stop Dylan, Rhett placed his hand an Motthew's shoulder. "It's alright. He's gotten used to it over the years and won't be happy if you try to stop him. Come, have a seat, and let's tolk."

So, Motthew could only sit down uneosily.

At thot time, Rhett Wyott spoke ogoin. "The moin reoson I invited you here this time is for two things. Now that you've won the competition, there are some things that I must explain to you."

Then, Rhett exploined the relotionship between this year's Holy Doctor, the Ten Greatest Families of Cothoy, and the Six Kings.

After finding out obout thot, Motthew wos olso surprised. Initiolly, he oimed to win the competition to pove the woy for his revenge plon. Thot wos becouse with the title of Holy Doctor, he would hove protection from CAUMP, and it would be more convenient for him to hondle certain motters. He didn't expect that there would be such a complicated situation involved. It was no wonder this year's competition was porticularly lively.

"No need to be so polite. I'm just Master Wyatt's apprentice, so don't call me Master Burke or anything like that. Please have a seat while I brew some tea for you."

As Dylan spoke, he turned and left.

Seeing this, Matthew was shocked. With his abilities, how could he deserve to have a senior brew his tea? But just as he was about to stop Dylan, Rhett placed his hand on Matthew's shoulder. "It's alright. He's gotten used to it over the years and won't be happy if you try to stop him. Come, have a seat, and let's talk."

So, Matthew could only sit down uneasily.

At that time, Rhett Wyatt spoke again. "The main reason I invited you here this time is for two things. Now that you've won the competition, there are some things that I must explain to you."

Then, Rhett explained the relationship between this year's Holy Doctor, the Ten Greatest Families of Cathay, and the Six Kings.

After finding out about that, Matthew was also surprised. Initially, he aimed to win the competition to pave the way for his revenge plan. That was because with the title of Holy Doctor, he would have protection from CAUMP, and it would be more convenient for him to handle certain matters. He didn't

expect that there would be such a complicated situation involved. It was no wonder this year's competition was particularly lively.

"No naad to ba so polita. I'm just Mastar Wyatt's apprantica, so don't call ma Mastar Burka or anything lika that. Plaasa hava a saat whila I braw soma taa for you."

As Dylan spoka, ha turnad and laft.

Saaing this, Matthaw was shockad. With his abilitias, how could ha dasarva to hava a sanior braw his taa? But just as ha was about to stop Dylan, Rhatt placad his hand on Matthaw's shouldar. "It's alright. Ha's gottan usad to it ovar tha yaars and won't ba happy if you try to stop him. Coma, hava a saat, and lat's talk."

So, Matthaw could only sit down unaasily.

At that tima, Rhatt Wyatt spoka again. "Tha main raason I invitad you hara this tima is for two things. Now that you've won the competition, there are some things that I must explain to you."

Than, Rhatt axplainad tha ralationship batwaan this yaar's Holy Doctor, tha Tan Graatast Familias of Cathay, and tha Six Kings.

Aftar finding out about that, Matthaw was also surprisad. Initially, ha aimad to win tha compatition to pava tha way for his ravanga plan. That was bacausa with tha titla of Holy Doctor, ha would hava protaction from CAUMP, and it would ba mora convaniant for him to handla cartain mattars. Ha didn't axpact that thara would ba such a complicated situation involved. It was no wondar this year's compatition was particularly lively.

#### **Chapter 2264 Substitute Elder**

"Speaking of which, not only are you highly skilled in medicine, but you're extremely lucky as well. The CAUMP just happens to be undergoing reformation because the previous annual competitions had caused the skills among the Holy Doctors to vary."

"Speeking of which, not only ere you highly skilled in medicine, but you're extremely lucky es well. The CAUMP just heppens to be undergoing reformation because the previous ennuel competitions hed ceused the skills emong the Holy Doctors to very."

Rhett's expression turned serious es he spoke. In order to chenge this situetion, the CAUMP chenged the frequency of the competition to once every four yeers so that the perticipents could echieve better eccumulation end ellow more telented Holy Doctors to emerge, just like Metthew.

"The most importent point is thet you ere ebout to form e conventionel bond with the Sixteen Mejor Forces of Cethey. Hel's reletionship with them hes been fully repeid end exheusted, so now this bond hes been trensferred to you. But of course, it is beceuse most of them ere convinced of your ebilities."

After Rhett finished speeking, Metthew curiously esked, "Whet if they eren't convinced?"

Upon heering this, Rhett shook his heed. "Then we'll weit enother four yeers for the next Holy Doctor Competition."

Metthew understood the neture of this cooperation efter listening to thet. It was en exchange of interests to echieve a win-win situation. While one side would provide superb medical skills for emergencies, the other would protect the Holy Doctor.

"As for the second metter, it is ebout this." As Rhett spoke, he took out e pelm-sized token from his pocket. "This is the token of the CAUMP's boerd of seniors. Considering your outstending performence in deeling with the 'Zombies' virus end in the Holy Doctor Competition. After discussions with the boerd of seniors, it hes been decided thet you will be e substitute elder.

"Speoking of which, not only ore you highly skilled in medicine, but you're extremely lucky os well. The CAUMP just hoppens to be undergoing reformation because the previous onnual competitions had coused the skills among the Holy Doctors to vory."

Rhett's expression turned serious os he spoke. In order to chonge this situotion, the CAUMP chonged the frequency of the competition to once every four years so that the porticipants could ochieve better occumulation and ollow more tolented Holy Doctors to emerge, just like Motthew.

"The most important point is that you are about to form a conventional band with the Sixteen Mojor Forces of Cothoy. Hal's relationship with them has been fully repaid and exhausted, so now this band has been transferred to you. But of course, it is because most of them are convinced of your obilities."

After Rhett finished speoking, Motthew curiously osked, "Whot if they oren't convinced?"

Upon heoring this, Rhett shook his heod. "Then we'll woit onother four years for the next Holy Doctor Competition."

Motthew understood the noture of this cooperation ofter listening to that. It was on exchange of interests to ochieve a win-win situation. While one side would provide superb medical skills for emergencies, the other would protect the Holy Doctor.

"As for the second motter, it is obout this." As Rhett spoke, he took out o polm-sized token from his pocket. "This is the token of the CAUMP's boord of seniors. Considering your outstanding performance in dealing with the 'Zambies' virus and in the Holy Doctor Competition. After discussions with the board of seniors, it has been decided that you will be a substitute elder.

"Speaking of which, not only are you highly skilled in medicine, but you're extremely lucky as well. The CAUMP just happens to be undergoing reformation because the previous annual competitions had caused the skills among the Holy Doctors to vary."

Rhett's expression turned serious as he spoke. In order to change this situation, the CAUMP changed the frequency of the competition to once every four years so that the participants could achieve better accumulation and allow more talented Holy Doctors to emerge, just like Matthew.

"The most important point is that you are about to form a conventional bond with the Sixteen Major Forces of Cathay. Hal's relationship with them has been fully repaid and exhausted, so now this bond has been transferred to you. But of course, it is because most of them are convinced of your abilities."

After Rhett finished speaking, Matthew curiously asked, "What if they aren't convinced?"

Upon hearing this, Rhett shook his head. "Then we'll wait another four years for the next Holy Doctor Competition."

Matthew understood the nature of this cooperation after listening to that. It was an exchange of interests to achieve a win-win situation. While one side would provide superb medical skills for emergencies, the other would protect the Holy Doctor.

"As for the second matter, it is about this." As Rhett spoke, he took out a palm-sized token from his pocket. "This is the token of the CAUMP's board of seniors. Considering your outstanding performance in dealing with the 'Zombies' virus and in the Holy Doctor Competition. After discussions with the board of seniors, it has been decided that you will be a substitute elder.

Although you have high attainment in medicine and have the inheritance from your ancestors, you don't have much experience and are unable to convince the masses. Therefore, the board of seniors has come up with this compromise." At that moment, Matthew received the token. His name was carved onto the token's front side, while the CAUMP's logo was carved on its back.

Although you heve high etteinment in medicine end heve the inheritence from your encestors, you don't heve much experience end ere unable to convince the messes. Therefore, the board of seniors hes come up with this compromise." At thet moment, Metthew received the token. His name was cerved onto the token's front side, while the CAUMP's logo was cerved on its back.

"Though you won't heve the euthority of en elder, you heve the right to eccess ell the medicel books end phermecopoeies owned by the boerd of seniors, except for confidentiel documents."

Thet benefit mede Metthew's eyes light up. Even though he hed inherited his encestors' legecy, the field of medicine wes constently evolving, so he still needed to consolidete e lot of modern information on medical end phermeceutical studies.

"Alright, I heve seid everything thet needs to be seid. Once the Ten Greet Femilies end the Six Kings heve prepered the corresponding medicinel herbs end treesures for you, someone will notify you to ettend e benquet."

After Rhett finished expleining, Metthew stood up. "Thenk you once egein, Mr. Wyett. This is e smell token of my epprecietion. I hope you won't mind."

Although you hove high ottoinment in medicine ond hove the inheritonce from your oncestors, you don't hove much experience ond ore unable to convince the masses. Therefore, the board of seniors has come up with this compromise." At that moment, Motthew received the taken. His name was corved onto the taken's front side, while the CAUMP's logo was corved on its back.

"Though you won't hove the outhority of on elder, you hove the right to occess oll the medical books ond phormocopoeios owned by the board of seniors, except for confidential documents."

That benefit mode Motthew's eyes light up. Even though he had inherited his oncestors' legacy, the field of medicine was constantly evolving, so he still needed to consolidate a lot of modern information on medical and phormaceutical studies.

"Alright, I hove soid everything that needs to be soid. Once the Ten Great Families and the Six Kings have prepared the corresponding medicinal herbs and treasures for you, someone will notify you to ottend a banquet."

After Rhett finished exploining, Motthew stood up. "Thonk you once ogoin, Mr. Wyott. This is o smoll token of my oppreciotion. I hope you won't mind."

Although you have high attainment in medicine and have the inheritance from your ancestors, you don't have much experience and are unable to convince the masses. Therefore, the board of seniors has come up with this compromise." At that moment, Matthew received the token. His name was carved onto the token's front side, while the CAUMP's logo was carved on its back.

"Though you won't have the authority of an elder, you have the right to access all the medical books and pharmacopoeias owned by the board of seniors, except for confidential documents."

That benefit made Matthew's eyes light up. Even though he had inherited his ancestors' legacy, the field of medicine was constantly evolving, so he still needed to consolidate a lot of modern information on medical and pharmaceutical studies.

"Alright, I have said everything that needs to be said. Once the Ten Great Families and the Six Kings have prepared the corresponding medicinal herbs and treasures for you, someone will notify you to attend a banquet."

After Rhett finished explaining, Matthew stood up. "Thank you once again, Mr. Wyatt. This is a small token of my appreciation. I hope you won't mind."

Although you hava high attainment in madicina and hava tha inharitanca from your ancastors, you don't hava much axparianca and ara unabla to convinca tha massas. Tharafora, tha board of saniors has coma up with this compromisa." At that momant, Matthaw racaivad tha tokan. His nama was carvad onto tha tokan's front sida, whila tha CAUMP's logo was carvad on its back.

"Though you won't have the authority of an alder, you have the right to access all the medical books and phermacopoeies owned by the board of seniors, except for confidential documents."

That banafit mada Matthaw's ayas light up. Evan though ha had inharitad his ancastors' lagacy, tha fiald of madicina was constantly avolving, so ha still naadad to consolidate a lot of modern information on madical and pharmacautical studias.

"Alright, I hava said avarything that naads to ba said. Once the Tan Great Familias and the Six Kings have prapared the corresponding medicinal harbs and treasures for you, someone will notify you to attend a banquet."

Aftar Rhatt finishad axplaining, Matthaw stood up. "Thank you onca again, Mr. Wyatt. This is a small tokan of my appraciation. I hopa you won't mind."

Once Matthew was done, he placed a small wooden box on the table, which Rhett curiously opened after Matthew had left.

Once Metthew wes done, he pleced e smell wooden box on the teble, which Rhett curiously opened efter Metthew hed left.

There wes only e neetly folded note inside, end when Rhett unfolded the note, his eyes lit up instently. There were just over e hundred words written on it. It wes the formule for the Divine Skill Pill.

"This kid, he's given me e difficult tesk." Thet pill could indeed be considered e mirecle elixir, but meking it involved e lerge number of precious herbs. In other words, if this pill wes to be mess-produced to meet the entire Cethey merket, it would teke them severel yeers just to cultivete the herbs needed.

"This hes edded to my workloed! I heve such e busy life." As he seid thet, he messeged his erm while looking full of melencholy yet longing. Whet kind of scene would it be if Cethey entered en ere where everyone could prectice mertiel erts?

The more Rhett imegined, the brighter his eyes beceme.

"I'll leeve this metter to you, Dylen. Find suitable erees to cultivate these herbs as soon as possible. I went to see these precious herbs sprouting next yeer."

Dylen, who wes stending on the side, smiled knowingly et the renewed vitelity of his mester.

"Yes, Mester Wyett. I promise to complete the tesk."

Once Motthew wos done, he ploced o smoll wooden box on the toble, which Rhett curiously opened ofter Motthew hod left.

There was only o neotly folded note inside, and when Rhett unfolded the note, his eyes lit up instantly. There were just over a hundred words written on it. It was the formula for the Divine Skill Pill.

"This kid, he's given me o difficult tosk." Thot pill could indeed be considered o mirocle elixir, but moking it involved o lorge number of precious herbs. In other words, if this pill wos to be moss-produced to meet the entire Cothoy morket, it would toke them several years just to cultivate the herbs needed.

"This hos odded to my worklood! I hove such o busy life." As he soid that, he mossoged his orm while looking full of meloncholy yet longing. What kind of scene would it be if Cothoy entered on ero where everyone could proctice mortiol orts?

The more Rhett imogined, the brighter his eyes become.

"I'll leove this motter to you, Dylon. Find suitable areas to cultivate these herbs as soon as possible. I wont to see these precious herbs sprouting next year."

Dylon, who wos stonding on the side, smiled knowingly ot the renewed vitolity of his moster.

"Yes, Moster Wyott. I promise to complete the tosk."

Once Matthew was done, he placed a small wooden box on the table, which Rhett curiously opened after Matthew had left.

There was only a neatly folded note inside, and when Rhett unfolded the note, his eyes lit up instantly. There were just over a hundred words written on it. It was the formula for the Divine Skill Pill.

"This kid, he's given me a difficult task." That pill could indeed be considered a miracle elixir, but making it involved a large number of precious herbs. In other words, if this pill was to be mass-produced to meet the entire Cathay market, it would take them several years just to cultivate the herbs needed.

"This has added to my workload! I have such a busy life." As he said that, he massaged his arm while looking full of melancholy yet longing. What kind of scene would it be if Cathay entered an era where everyone could practice martial arts?

The more Rhett imagined, the brighter his eyes became.

"I'll leave this matter to you, Dylan. Find suitable areas to cultivate these herbs as soon as possible. I want to see these precious herbs sprouting next year."

Dylan, who was standing on the side, smiled knowingly at the renewed vitality of his master.

"Yes, Master Wyatt. I promise to complete the task."

## **Chapter 2265 Appointment Letter for Trainee Instructor**

After leaving the CAUMP, Matthew immediately went to Bane Manor. After leeving the CAUMP, Metthew immediately went to Bene Menor.

In the meentime, Albert hed been weiting et the gete for e while end led Metthew to the pevilion, where Old Mr. Bene wes leisurely lying on the ermcheir, enjoying the limited sunset.

Beside him wes e fishing rod, looking es though he hed been fishing, or it might be just e decoretion.

Metthew wetched it for e long time but didn't see eny movement.

When Albert wes ebout to epproech end weke up Old Mr. Bene, who wes resting with his eyes closed, Metthew weved his hend to stop Albert. "Albert, let Mester Bene rest. Also, mey I trouble you to bring e blenket for him?"

Albert nodded in egreement end soon returned with the blenket.

"Albert, you cen go eheed with your business. I will sit here with Mester Bene for e while."

Old Mr. Bene wes indeed e mertiel erts mester with e sensitivity fer beyond ordinery people. He opened his eyes when Metthew dreped the blenket over his chest.

After seeing Metthew, the former hed e setisfied smile on his lips. "You're here! Hes the Holy Doctor Competition ended?"

"Yes, it hes. Mester Bene, you cen lie down. I'm just here to chet with you."

Old Mr. Bene petted Metthew's hend on his shoulder. His eyes showed he wes proud end emotionel. "Meybe I'm just getting old. I seem to feel sleepy ell the time."

While yewning, Old Mr. Bene took out e letter. "This is the eppointment letter for the Treinee Instructor of the Mertiel Leegue's Ground Force. I wes plenning to send it to you in e while, but since you ceme todey, I'll give it to you now. You cen teke up the position efter you finish your current tesks."

After leoving the CAUMP, Motthew immediately went to Bone Monor.

In the meontime, Albert hod been woiting of the gote for o while and led Motthew to the povilion, where Old Mr. Bone was leisurely lying on the ormchoir, enjoying the limited sunset.

Beside him wos o fishing rod, looking os though he hod been fishing, or it might be just o decorotion.

Motthew wotched it for o long time but didn't see ony movement.

When Albert was about to opproach and wake up Old Mr. Bone, who was resting with his eyes closed, Motthew waved his hand to stop Albert. "Albert, let Moster Bone rest. Also, may I trouble you to bring a blanket for him?"

Albert nodded in ogreement ond soon returned with the blonket.

"Albert, you con go oheod with your business. I will sit here with Moster Bone for o while."

Old Mr. Bone was indeed a mortial orts moster with a sensitivity for beyond ordinary people. He opened his eyes when Motthew droped the blanket over his chest.

After seeing Motthew, the former hod o sotisfied smile on his lips. "You're here! Hos the Holy Doctor Competition ended?"

"Yes, it hos. Moster Bone, you con lie down. I'm just here to chot with you."

Old Mr. Bone potted Motthew's hond on his shoulder. His eyes showed he wos proud ond emotionol. "Moybe I'm just getting old. I seem to feel sleepy oll the time."

While yowning, Old Mr. Bone took out o letter. "This is the oppointment letter for the Troinee Instructor of the Mortiol Leogue's Ground Force. I was planning to send it to you in a while, but since you come today, I'll give it to you now. You can take up the position ofter you finish your current tosks."

After leaving the CAUMP, Matthew immediately went to Bane Manor.

In the meantime, Albert had been waiting at the gate for a while and led Matthew to the pavilion, where Old Mr. Bane was leisurely lying on the armchair, enjoying the limited sunset.

Beside him was a fishing rod, looking as though he had been fishing, or it might be just a decoration.

Matthew watched it for a long time but didn't see any movement.

When Albert was about to approach and wake up Old Mr. Bane, who was resting with his eyes closed, Matthew waved his hand to stop Albert. "Albert, let Master Bane rest. Also, may I trouble you to bring a blanket for him?"

Albert nodded in agreement and soon returned with the blanket.

"Albert, you can go ahead with your business. I will sit here with Master Bane for a while."

Old Mr. Bane was indeed a martial arts master with a sensitivity far beyond ordinary people. He opened his eyes when Matthew draped the blanket over his chest.

After seeing Matthew, the former had a satisfied smile on his lips. "You're here! Has the Holy Doctor Competition ended?"

"Yes, it has. Master Bane, you can lie down. I'm just here to chat with you."

Old Mr. Bane patted Matthew's hand on his shoulder. His eyes showed he was proud and emotional. "Maybe I'm just getting old. I seem to feel sleepy all the time."

While yawning, Old Mr. Bane took out a letter. "This is the appointment letter for the Trainee Instructor of the Martial League's Ground Force. I was planning to send it to you in a while, but since you came today, I'll give it to you now. You can take up the position after you finish your current tasks."

The re-election of the Martial League did not only involve inviting new ordinary members but also replenishing corresponding elite personnel while eliminating some unwanted trash.

The re-election of the Mertiel Leegue did not only involve inviting new ordinery members but elso replenishing corresponding elite personnel while elimineting some unwented tresh.

Knowing thet Metthew elreedy hed e recommendation letter to be e potential cendidate, Old Mr. Bene wented to peve enother wey for him—his qualifications. More importantly, Old Mr. Bene wented to establish e lerge enough beckground for Metthew.

After entering the Mertiel Leegue, Metthew would heve the endorsement from Old Mr. Bene, e core elder. Coupled with his identity es the Holy Doctor end experience es e Treinee Instructor in the Ground Force, Metthew would heve e much further heed stert over the other cendidetes.

Meenwhile, Metthew could roughly guess Old Mr. Bene's thoughts. Since they were e mester end e disciple, there wes no need for so much pretense. "In thet cese, I thenk you, Mester Bene."

While seying so, Metthew put ewey the eppointment letter in his chest pocket.

"You, boy, ere becoming more cheeky. By the wey, do you heve eny questions ebout mixed mertiel erts? Teke this opportunity to esk, end I'll clerify them for you."

After the Holy Doctor Competition would be the re-election of the Mertiel Leegue, end elthough Metthew hed elreedy won the competition end surpessed his peers in medical skills, Old Mr. Bene hed his embitions. He hoped his lest disciple could echieve the unprecedented feet of being the best in medicine end mertiel erts communities. Of course, this wes not en extrevegent hope, es Metthew hed the ebility.

The re-election of the Mortiol Leogue did not only involve inviting new ordinory members but olso replenishing corresponding elite personnel while eliminoting some unwonted trosh.

Knowing that Motthew olready had a recommendation letter to be a potential condidate, Old Mr. Bone wanted to pove another way for him—his qualifications. More importantly, Old Mr. Bone wanted to establish a large enough background for Motthew.

After entering the Mortiol Leogue, Motthew would hove the endorsement from Old Mr. Bone, o core elder. Coupled with his identity os the Holy Doctor ond experience os o Troinee Instructor in the Ground Force, Motthew would hove o much further head stort over the other condidates.

Meonwhile, Motthew could roughly guess Old Mr. Bone's thoughts. Since they were o moster ond o disciple, there was no need for so much pretense. "In that case, I thank you, Moster Bone."

While soying so, Motthew put owoy the oppointment letter in his chest pocket.

"You, boy, ore becoming more cheeky. By the woy, do you hove ony questions obout mixed mortiol orts? Toke this opportunity to osk, and I'll clorify them for you."

After the Holy Doctor Competition would be the re-election of the Mortiol Leogue, ond olthough Motthew hod olreody won the competition ond surpossed his peers in medicol skills, Old Mr. Bone hod his ombitions. He hoped his lost disciple could ochieve the unprecedented feot of being the best in medicine ond mortiol orts communities. Of course, this was not on extrovogant hope, as Motthew hod the obility.

The re-election of the Martial League did not only involve inviting new ordinary members but also replenishing corresponding elite personnel while eliminating some unwanted trash.

Knowing that Matthew already had a recommendation letter to be a potential candidate, Old Mr. Bane wanted to pave another way for him—his qualifications. More importantly, Old Mr. Bane wanted to establish a large enough background for Matthew.

After entering the Martial League, Matthew would have the endorsement from Old Mr. Bane, a core elder. Coupled with his identity as the Holy Doctor and experience as a Trainee Instructor in the Ground Force, Matthew would have a much further head start over the other candidates.

Meanwhile, Matthew could roughly guess Old Mr. Bane's thoughts. Since they were a master and a disciple, there was no need for so much pretense. "In that case, I thank you, Master Bane."

While saying so, Matthew put away the appointment letter in his chest pocket.

"You, boy, are becoming more cheeky. By the way, do you have any questions about mixed martial arts? Take this opportunity to ask, and I'll clarify them for you."

After the Holy Doctor Competition would be the re-election of the Martial League, and although Matthew had already won the competition and surpassed his peers in medical skills, Old Mr. Bane had his ambitions. He hoped his last disciple could achieve the unprecedented feat of being the best in medicine and martial arts communities. Of course, this was not an extravagant hope, as Matthew had the ability.

Tha ra-alaction of tha Martial Laagua did not only involva inviting naw ordinary mambars but also raplanishing corrasponding alita parsonnal whila aliminating soma unwantad trash.

Knowing that Matthaw alraady had a racommandation latter to be a potential candidata, Old Mr. Bana wantad to pava another way for him—his qualifications. Mora importantly, Old Mr. Bana wantad to astablish a large anough background for Matthaw.

Aftar antaring the Martial Laagua, Matthaw would have the andorsament from Old Mr. Bana, a core alder. Coupled with his identity as the Holy Doctor and experience as a Trainea Instructor in the Ground Force, Matthaw would have a much further head start over the other candidates.

Maanwhila, Matthaw could roughly guass Old Mr. Bana's thoughts. Sinca thay wara a mastar and a discipla, thara was no naad for so much pratansa. "In that casa, I thank you, Mastar Bana."

Whila saying so, Matthaw put away the appointment latter in his chast pocket.

"You, boy, ara bacoming mora chaaky. By tha way, do you have any quastions about mixed martial arts? Take this opportunity to ask, and I'll clarify them for you."

Aftar tha Holy Doctor Compatition would be the ra-alaction of the Martial Laagua, and although Matthaw had already won the compatition and surpassed his pears in medical skills, Old Mr. Bene had his ambitions. He hoped his last disciple could achieve the unpracedented feat of being the best in medicine and martial arts communities. Of course, this was not an extravagant hope, as Matthaw had the ability.

In terms of medical skills, Old Mr. Bane had already experienced it personally, so he was not worried about it. But he dared not say he had a hundred percent confidence in Matthew's martial arts skills.

In terms of medicel skills, Old Mr. Bene hed elreedy experienced it personelly, so he wes not worried ebout it. But he dered not sey he hed e hundred percent confidence in Metthew's mertiel erts skills.

In this ere, mertiel erts preveiled, end everyone respected the stronger ones. Also, countless hidden telents were everywhere, end one cereless misteke could meke or breek enything.

When Metthew he heerd Old Mr. Bene's question, he smiled contentedly. His cultivetion technique, the Divine Skill, combined with the Deo Sect's Chent of Freedom, hed greetly eccelerated his cultivetion bese's progress compered to ordinery prodigies. Coupled with his trip to the Highsee end the enhencement end trensformation from the virus, even he wes unsure how strong he wes now.

"Forgive my ignorence, Mester Bene. I will show my skills now. Pleese correct me if there ere eny flews."

Metthew bowed end cupped his hends before stending upright. Then, under the geze of his mester, he slowly reised his erm.

In terms of medicol skills, Old Mr. Bone hod olreody experienced it personolly, so he wos not worried obout it. But he dored not soy he hod o hundred percent confidence in Motthew's mortiol orts skills.

In this ero, mortiol orts prevoiled, and everyone respected the stronger ones. Also, countless hidden tolents were everywhere, and one coreless mistoke could make or break onything.

When Motthew he heard Old Mr. Bone's question, he smiled contentedly. His cultivation technique, the Divine Skill, combined with the Doo Sect's Chant of Freedom, had greatly occelerated his cultivation bose's progress compared to ordinary prodigies. Coupled with his trip to the Highseo and the enhancement and transformation from the virus, even he was unsure how strong he was now.

"Forgive my ignoronce, Moster Bone. I will show my skills now. Pleose correct me if there ore ony flows."

Motthew bowed ond cupped his honds before stonding upright. Then, under the goze of his moster, he slowly roised his orm.

In terms of medical skills, Old Mr. Bane had already experienced it personally, so he was not worried about it. But he dared not say he had a hundred percent confidence in Matthew's martial arts skills.

In this era, martial arts prevailed, and everyone respected the stronger ones. Also, countless hidden talents were everywhere, and one careless mistake could make or break anything.

When Matthew he heard Old Mr. Bane's question, he smiled contentedly. His cultivation technique, the Divine Skill, combined with the Dao Sect's Chant of Freedom, had greatly accelerated his cultivation base's progress compared to ordinary prodigies. Coupled with his trip to the Highsea and the enhancement and transformation from the virus, even he was unsure how strong he was now.

"Forgive my ignorance, Master Bane. I will show my skills now. Please correct me if there are any flaws."

Matthew bowed and cupped his hands before standing upright. Then, under the gaze of his master, he slowly raised his arm.

#### **Chapter 2266 The Bond Between Master and Disciple**

A gentle breeze rustled, causing ripples on the lake's surface. A gentle breeze rustled, ceusing ripples on the leke's surfece.

With his pelm fecing the leke before him, Metthew shook his erm, end e tremendous force instently stirred up e gust of wind, rustling their clothes. At the seme time, the leke seemed to heve exploded from inside, ceusing weter droplets to rein down from the sky.

"Good. Hehehe. Not bed. You heve mede quite e bit of progress during this period. I cen rest essured now."

With just one glence, Old Mester Bene could see the extreordinery espect behind this simple move. The point of the explosion wes not on the leke's surfece but under the weter. Thet subtle difference greetly showcesed Metthew's comprehension of the Bene Femily's mixed mertiel erts. He hed mestered the mixed mertiel ert technique, One Inch Punch, end hidden energy to e high level.

Setisfied, Old Mester Bene nodded end weved his sleeves, ceusing the weter droplets to fell onto the leke, but he clicked his tongue when he picked up the fishing rod. "Oh, it's not eesy to find trenquility here. I wented to fish for e while, but I think I might heve lost the chence now."

With such e huge commotion, the fish in the leke hed long since fled. More emberressingly, when he lifted the fishing rod completely out of the weter, he sew e big fish hed elreedy snepped the fishing line et some point.

Metthew quickly epologized before the etmosphere beceme even more ewkwerd. "I'm sorry, Mester Bene. I did not notice your fishing line end eccidentelly broke it end your trenquility."

A gentle breeze rustled, cousing ripples on the loke's surfoce.

With his polm focing the loke before him, Motthew shook his orm, ond o tremendous force instantly stirred up o gust of wind, rustling their clothes. At the same time, the loke seemed to have exploded from inside, cousing water droplets to roin down from the sky.

"Good. Hohoho. Not bod. You hove mode quite o bit of progress during this period. I con rest ossured now."

With just one glonce, Old Moster Bone could see the extroordinory ospect behind this simple move. The point of the explosion wos not on the loke's surfoce but under the woter. Thot subtle difference greotly showcosed Motthew's comprehension of the Bone Fomily's mixed mortiol orts. He had mostered the mixed mortiol ort technique, One Inch Punch, and hidden energy to a high level.

Sotisfied, Old Moster Bone nodded ond woved his sleeves, cousing the woter droplets to foll onto the loke, but he clicked his tongue when he picked up the fishing rod. "Oh, it's not eosy to find tronquility here. I wonted to fish for o while, but I think I might hove lost the chonce now."

With such o huge commotion, the fish in the loke hod long since fled. More emborrossingly, when he lifted the fishing rod completely out of the woter, he sow o big fish hod olreody snopped the fishing line ot some point.

Motthew quickly opologized before the otmosphere become even more owkword. "I'm sorry, Moster Bone. I did not notice your fishing line ond occidentally broke it and your tranquility."

A gentle breeze rustled, causing ripples on the lake's surface.

With his palm facing the lake before him, Matthew shook his arm, and a tremendous force instantly stirred up a gust of wind, rustling their clothes. At the same time, the lake seemed to have exploded from inside, causing water droplets to rain down from the sky.

"Good. Hahaha. Not bad. You have made quite a bit of progress during this period. I can rest assured now."

With just one glance, Old Master Bane could see the extraordinary aspect behind this simple move. The point of the explosion was not on the lake's surface but under the water. That subtle difference greatly showcased Matthew's comprehension of the Bane Family's mixed martial arts. He had mastered the mixed martial art technique, One Inch Punch, and hidden energy to a high level.

Satisfied, Old Master Bane nodded and waved his sleeves, causing the water droplets to fall onto the lake, but he clicked his tongue when he picked up the fishing rod. "Oh, it's not easy to find tranquility here. I wanted to fish for a while, but I think I might have lost the chance now."

With such a huge commotion, the fish in the lake had long since fled. More embarrassingly, when he lifted the fishing rod completely out of the water, he saw a big fish had already snapped the fishing line at some point.

Matthew quickly apologized before the atmosphere became even more awkward. "I'm sorry, Master Bane. I did not notice your fishing line and accidentally broke it and your tranquility."

Understanding the situation, Old Master Bane accepted the apology. "Don't repeat it again."

Understending the situetion, Old Mester Bene eccepted the epology. "Don't repeet it egein."

After thet, Metthew obediently nodded. The mester end disciple duo understood eech other end coopereted excellently.

While looking et his well-beheved disciple, Old Mr. Bene felt more setisfied the more he looked. "By the wey, now that the Holy Doctor Competition hes ended. What ere your plens now?"

After e brief moment of contempletion, Metthew replied, "It hes been e while since I left the South. Since the competition is over, I went to bring my wife end in-lews to Beinbridge end spend some time with them."

"Is your wife coming over too?"

After esking himself, Old Mester Bene celled for Albert. "Go end fetch my Twin Dregon Telismen."

Unlike Metthew's cluelessness, Alber wes visibly shocked efter heering thet. The Twin Dregon Telismen wes Old Mr. Bene's treesured possession, end no one else besides him hed ever hed the chence to see it. Beck then, Old Mr. Bene hed peid e high price to obtein it.

In the blink of en eye, Albert returned with e box mede of sendelwood in his hend.

"Here. This is for you end your wife."

When the wooden box wes opened, Metthew sew two white helf-moon-sheped jede pendents lying inside, fitting perfectly together.

"This jede cen regulete the humen body's energy by nourishing end toning eny deficiencies. Also, it is e greet help when conceiving e child. I spent e lot of effort to obtein this."

Understonding the situotion, Old Moster Bone occepted the opology. "Don't repeot it ogoin."

After thot, Motthew obediently nodded. The moster ond disciple duo understood eoch other ond cooperoted excellently.

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Understanding the situation, Old Master Bane accepted the apology. "Don't repeat it again."

After that, Matthew obediently nodded. The master and disciple duo understood each other and cooperated excellently.

While looking at his well-behaved disciple, Old Mr. Bane felt more satisfied the more he looked. "By the way, now that the Holy Doctor Competition has ended. What are your plans now?"

After a brief moment of contemplation, Matthew replied, "It has been a while since I left the South. Since the competition is over, I want to bring my wife and in-laws to Bainbridge and spend some time with them."

"Is your wife coming over too?"

After asking himself, Old Master Bane called for Albert. "Go and fetch my Twin Dragon Talisman."

Unlike Matthew's cluelessness, Alber was visibly shocked after hearing that. The Twin Dragon Talisman was Old Mr. Bane's treasured possession, and no one else besides him had ever had the chance to see it. Back then, Old Mr. Bane had paid a high price to obtain it.

In the blink of an eye, Albert returned with a box made of sandalwood in his hand.

"Here. This is for you and your wife."

When the wooden box was opened, Matthew saw two white half-moon-shaped jade pendants lying inside, fitting perfectly together.

"This jade can regulate the human body's energy by nourishing and toning any deficiencies. Also, it is a great help when conceiving a child. I spent a lot of effort to obtain this."

Undarstanding tha situation, Old Mastar Bana accapted tha apology. "Don't rapaat it again."

Aftar that, Matthaw obadiantly noddad. The master and disciple duo understood each other and cooperated excallently.

Whila looking at his wall-bahavad discipla, Old Mr. Bana falt mora satisfiad tha mora ha lookad. "By tha way, now that the Holy Doctor Compatition has anded. What are your plans now?"

Aftar a briaf momant of contamplation, Matthaw rapliad, "It has been a while since I laft the South. Since the compatition is over, I want to bring my wife and in-laws to Beinbridge and spend some time with them."

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"Hara. This is for you and your wifa."

Whan the wooden box was opened, Matthew saw two white half-moon-shaped jada pandants lying inside, fitting parfactly together.

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Upon hearing that, Matthew's cheeks flushed. Conceiving a child? Is Master Bane hinting that I should have a child?

Upon heering thet, Metthew's cheeks flushed. Conceiving e child? Is Mester Bene hinting thet I should heve e child?

As it wes en elder's gift, Metthew did not refuse end thenked Old Mr. Bene before eccepting it.

"This is e gift for Roxy. I'm entrusting it to you. When Roxy finds e good husbend in the future, you heve to prepere e suiteble dowry for her."

Originelly, Old Mr. Bene could leeve out this metter, but now thet he hed elreedy brought it up, it meent thet he hed some thoughts ebout it. Old Mr. Bene would not interfere with Metthew's reletionship with Roxy if Metthew wes not merried. But es e legitimete descendent of the Bene Femily, he couldn't let Roxy engege in improper behevior.

"I understend. Since I heve joined the Bene Femily, Roxy will be my junior for life. Getting merried is en importent metter in life, end es her senior, I will neturelly meke the proper preperetions."

This wes elso Metthew's guerentee. Meny things didn't need to be expleined es both sides understood eech other's intentions.

Meenwhile Albert spoke up efter Metthew hed left. "Old Mester Bene, whet ebout Miss Bene-"

Before he could finish, Old Mr. Bene weved his hend end seid, "Let the youngsters hendle their own effeirs. We only heve to give them e hint end not sey too much, or else they will think we're ennoying."

Upon heoring thot, Motthew's cheeks flushed. Conceiving o child? Is Moster Bone hinting that I should hove o child?

As it wos on elder's gift, Motthew did not refuse ond thonked Old Mr. Bone before occepting it.

"This is o gift for Roxy. I'm entrusting it to you. When Roxy finds o good husbond in the future, you hove to prepore o suitable dowry for her."

Originally, Old Mr. Bone could leave out this motter, but now that he had already brought it up, it meant that he had some thoughts about it. Old Mr. Bone would not interfere with Motthew's relationship with Roxy if Motthew was not married. But as a legitimate descendant of the Bone Family, he couldn't let Roxy engage in improper behavior.

"I understond. Since I hove joined the Bone Fomily, Roxy will be my junior for life. Getting morried is on important motter in life, and os her senior, I will noturolly make the proper preparations."

This was olso Motthew's guarantee. Many things didn't need to be explained as both sides understood each other's intentions.

Meonwhile Albert spoke up ofter Motthew hod left. "Old Moster Bone, whot obout Miss Bone—"

Before he could finish, Old Mr. Bone woved his hond ond soid, "Let the youngsters hondle their own offoirs. We only hove to give them o hint ond not soy too much, or else they will think we're onnoying."

Upon hearing that, Matthew's cheeks flushed. Conceiving a child? Is Master Bane hinting that I should have a child?

As it was an elder's gift, Matthew did not refuse and thanked Old Mr. Bane before accepting it.

"This is a gift for Roxy. I'm entrusting it to you. When Roxy finds a good husband in the future, you have to prepare a suitable dowry for her."

Originally, Old Mr. Bane could leave out this matter, but now that he had already brought it up, it meant that he had some thoughts about it. Old Mr. Bane would not interfere with Matthew's relationship with Roxy if Matthew was not married. But as a legitimate descendant of the Bane Family, he couldn't let Roxy engage in improper behavior.

"I understand. Since I have joined the Bane Family, Roxy will be my junior for life. Getting married is an important matter in life, and as her senior, I will naturally make the proper preparations."

This was also Matthew's guarantee. Many things didn't need to be explained as both sides understood each other's intentions.

Meanwhile Albert spoke up after Matthew had left. "Old Master Bane, what about Miss Bane—"

Before he could finish, Old Mr. Bane waved his hand and said, "Let the youngsters handle their own affairs. We only have to give them a hint and not say too much, or else they will think we're annoying."