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"To be honest, that old friend of mine is extremely similar to you, from his looks to his personality. However, his only flaw is that he's too soft-hearted. But you must never be like him. You must nip the problem in the bud, or it'll come back to bite you one day."

After Matthew left the room, Martin's words rang in his mind, filling his thoughts.

From those few words, he could determine that Martin knew his identity, or he wouldn't have reminded him in the end. However, what puzzled him was why Martin would tell him such things.

The only plausible explanation was that he not only saw the immense profit that came with the Reconstructive Pill in his possession but also recognized Matthew's future potential, and it was only by thriving that he would be able to bring greater profits to Martin.

Moreover, Matthew noticed from their brief conversation earlier that Martin didn't have a strong desire for bloodshed compared to Levi, and he wasn't as controlling either.

To put it simply, Martin was like a charismatic hero, while Levi resembled a cunning villain more. Martin was domineering and ambitious, yet intelligent and decisive as well as broad-minded. Meanwhile, Levi was cunning and meticulous, holding control over everything while still being cautious and secretive. As for their difference in strength, it was still difficult for him to be the judge of it.

As he walked, Matthew muttered under his breath, "It looks like Martin didn't take part in the Larson Family's extermination, and there might be someone else who was behind it..."

If Martin had been involved in the battle against the Larson Family and was aware that Matthew was the sole survivor, he would not spare his life, just like his final words to him, he must nip the problem in the bud before it backfired.

Perhaps he had been conveying a message to him by telling him this. Moreover, Lord Voodoo was now clearly one of the accomplices in the extermination of the Larson Family. If Martin had also taken part back then, Lord Voodoo couldn't be so indifferent.

With all these clues, it was clear that the two had no contact before this, and Matthew could even be certain that the person who took the Larson Family out as well as plotted against him was completely unrelated to Martin.

Even so, they must be connected to the forces under Martin's command, and from the fact that they were able to mobilize the forces in Riveria, there was no doubt that this mastermind was an important subordinate of Martin's.

At that thought, a sense of caution swelled in Matthew's mind. After all, a vicious snake lurking in the shadows was always more terrifying than a ferocious tiger parading in plain sight.

After combing through all of Martin's right-hand men in his mind, Matthew still couldn't think of any suspects. Other than the Marine Corps Emissaries, Martin only kept a few men around to serve him.

Marine Corps Emissaries mostly resided abroad all year round and had no connection or conflicts with him whatsoever, so they could be completely ruled out. As for Martin, based on their capabilities, even if there were any animosity between them, they could not operate on such a large scale.

When his speculations bore no results, Matthew shook his head and gave up on brooding over this matter any longer.

Forget it, I'll focus on taking care of Lord Voodoo for now.

Once I capture this man, the truth behind that day will naturally come to light...

Besides, from the implication in Martin's words, it seemed that he was tacitly hinting for him to tackle Lord Voodoo as soon as possible. After all, it was because Shane had spared his life out of sympathy back then that allowed him to exterminate the Larson Family.

At that thought, Matthew turned around and looked behind him.

What exactly did Martin mean, and what exactly were his motives?

At first, he only planned to stick with Levi to look into Martin in secret, but he hadn't expected that after they had an actual conversation with one another, it would give him a clear answer while also confusing him even more.

That wasn't important for now, since Martin showed no signs of animosity toward him and was of great benefit to him, Matthew decided not to dig deeper for now.

Right now, capturing Lord Voodoo was his top priority.

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Meanwhile, as soon as Levi returned to his cruise ship, he went to visit Lord Voodoo.

"How's it going? Have you cleared all of the poison from your body?"

Currently, Lord Voodoo was lying on the hospital bed, looking much more lively compared to when he had been barely clinging on by a thread.

Upon hearing Levi's question, Lord Voodoo shook his head dejectedly. "No, it won't work... There are too many toxins, so I can only use the Restorative Curse in my body to suppress the poison to my lower limbs..."

"This is a desperate move to protect myself. Fabien's Five-Colored Poison is truly terrifying, and what's even more frightening about it is its strong binding and spreading properties. There's simply no way to expel it from my body."

At that, Lord Voodoo pinched his blackened and numb legs, adding, "If I can't find a way to undo the poison in a month, I'm afraid that I can only choose to amputate my legs..."

As soon as he finished speaking, a look of dejection filled his face once more, and the light dimmed from his eyes. However, Levi didn't hold the slightest trace of compassion even when faced with Lord Voodoo's injuries. On the contrary, his brows slowly furrowed.

There were three types of people who wouldn't be able to keep their lives under his command, idlers, useless people, and those who posed a danger to his dominance.

Back when Matthew took over Eastshire and conquered Stonedale, Levi had already harbored murderous intentions toward him after he had failed to make Matthew surrender to him, the King of the South, through a series of schemes.

If Matthew hadn't offered the Restoration Pill and made an oath to him, he would've acted against him long ago.

Now that Lord Voodoo was already partially useless to him, Levi had already begun to think about his end.

Of course, Lord Voodoo was not a fool.

Knowing Levi's personality, he said after explaining his condition, "Master Levi, although the Rainbow Devil Serpent is already dead, I will be able to refine it into a Cursed Serpent as long as its corpse still exists."

Levi's expression eased at his words, the murderous aura that faintly filled the room gradually dissipating into nothing.

"Tell me how this Curse Refinement works."

At that, Lord Voodoo finally let out a sigh of relief from his position on the bed.

After composing himself, he began to explain, "Although the serpent is dead, its essence is still intact. By combining my heart's blood with a small amount of my blood essence, I can resurrect it as a Cursed Serpent. It may lose its sentience, but its venomous nature will remain undiminished..."

"Besides, not only can the Rainbow Devil Serpent be refined into an Immortal Charm and be equipped with stronger attacks, but once this serpent makes its move, even the most skilled experts can only sit and wait for their death without any room to fight back at all."

After listening to his explanation, Levi furrowed his brows once more. "Why do you need your heart's blood and blood essence?"

Without giving it any thought, Levi was able to point out the key problem of this method of Curse Refinement, causing Lord Voodoo's face to immediately turn frantic.

Although he quickly suppressed his expressions, Levi was still able to catch sight of his Instantaneous yet abnormal reaction.

"Lord Voodoo, I advise you not to have any ulterior motives. Although I can save your life, I can end it just as well."

As he spoke, he channeled his power with his mind.

In an instant, Lord Voodoo felt a slight tremor in the Immortal Cicada nestled within the back of his neck, followed by waves of excruciating pain that surged through his body, drilling through his senses and taking over his mind.

After several breaths, Lord Voodoo, who was already severely poisoned, was tormented to the brink of collapse. His complexion turned even paler, and large beads of sweat streamed down his forehead profusely. When the Immortal Cicada finally calmed down, all of his pain finally vanished into thin air.

With a feeble expression, Lord Voodoo pleaded, "Master Levi, I know I was wrong. I won't dare to have any ulterior motives anymore, so please let me off this time."

At his words, Levi finally smiled and said, "To err is human, but I'm glad you realized your mistakes. You can rest for now, and I'll send my heart's blood and blood essence over later. I assume you know what to do."

At that, he patted both of Lord Voodoo's legs kindly. After seeing him nod expressionlessly in reply, Levi rose to his feet and took his leave.

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With the size of the cruise ship, it was naturally not an overly difficult task to find someone within it.

After confirming the location of Lord Voodoo's room, Matthew waited until night fell before he quietly slipped out of his room. Suppressing his presence, he quietly snuck toward the direction where Lord Voodoo was residing.

Knock, knock!

When he knocked on the door and was faced with no response, a sense of dread immediately filled Matthew. Then, he reached out and skillfully opened the door, only to see that the room was completely empty.

Sidestepping over to the bed and touching the cold bed sheets, Matthew furrowed his brow. It was clear that a long time had passed since Lord Voodoo's departure.

He really is a sly fox...

Currently, he was practically certain that Lord Voodoo had escaped. If Levi wanted him alive, he would only need to issue an order, and Matthew wouldn't be able to act recklessly, so Lord Voodoo did not have to go through all this effort at all.

After a brief word of complaint, Matthew proceeded to hastily remove any evidence of him entering the room before he closed the door and hurried away. On the other hand, Levi couldn't help but feel a trace of unease as he sat in meditation on the couch.

He had already delivered his heart's blood and blood essence to Lord Voodoo as per their previous promise, and Lord Voodoo should be sending someone to report on the results of the Curse Refinement by now. However, he had yet to receive a response, and the more he thought about it, the stranger things seemed.

At that, he immediately rose to his feet and dashed to Lord Voodoo's room, but he was unable to detect any presence of a living person in the room.

The audacity!

Enraged, he reached out and struck the door, smashing it into smithereens.

As expected, Lord Voodoo was nowhere to be found. Involuntarily, doubt arose in his mind.

In order to prevent Lord Voodoo from tricking him, he kept a cautious approach and used his powers to sever both of his feet even when Lord Voodoo claimed that his legs were already crippled. However, he never thought that Lord Voodoo still managed to escape. Either he had been kidnapped, or Lord Voodoo had played Levi like a fool.

He then closed his eyes and searched for the Immortal Cicada's presence, but there was no feedback whatsoever, perhaps because they were too far, or it had already been assimilated by Lord Voodoo. After all, he had given his heart's blood and blood essence to him, so it was highly likely that he had been tricked, turning him from a hunter into prey instead.

At that thought, a wave of fury surged in search Levi's heart, and he smashed everything in the room into pieces with a wave of his hands.

After a quiet night, Martin's gathering event officially ended at dawn.

As executives of the Martial League, the two Kings were naturally required to show up at both the Holy Doctor Competition and the re-election of the Martial League, but they were being held up at Bainbridge at the moment.

As the fleet started again, its passengers embarked on the journey back to Bainbridge. At the same time, the people of Emsgate had already arrived at Bainbridge after setting out earlier than planned.

Once they arrived, the first thing they did was to go to the executives of the Martial League to demand an answer.

And yet, after they recounted what happened to Baltazar, Zayn, as well as the Golden Swordsman, the Martial League only made a single reply, they had to provide strong evidence for the death of the first two, and if they were able to prove that Matthew was the perpetrator, the Martial League would not sit by idly either.

As for the Golden Swordsman's death, they would still have to wait for Matthew's return to Bainbridge to interrogate him in person.

If Matthew had taken his life without any reason, the Martial League would naturally punish him accordingly, but all of this could only be done after the Holy Doctor Competition and the re-election of the Martial League ended.

During this period, both sides were strictly prohibited from starting any more conflicts, and any violators would be immediately sent to the Martial League's prison and be taken to trial according to the severity of the situation.

Naturally, the people of Emsgate were unsatisfied with this outcome, but when they attempted to start an argument by using their large numbers and the support of Emsgate as leverage, the Martial League sent several dozen advanced grandmasters to the scene.

At that, the people of Emsgate declared that they would send someone to duel with Matthew after the tournament to end their blood feud once and for all, and it was only then that they left unhappily.

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At the headquarters of the Martial League, a middle-aged man stood by the window and watched as the people of Emsgate left with furious expressions and dissatisfied hearts.

He asked curiously, "Mr. Wyatt, if you settle things in this way, aren't you afraid that they'd cause trouble in the future out of anger?"

Hearing that, Rhett Wyatt, who was sitting by a table, shook his head uncaringly.

"If they dare to mess around, we will have no choice but to resort to physical means. Recently, the internal power struggles within the Martial League have hindered its progress, and that's why the people from Emsgate have the audacity to act so arrogantly."

"Besides, hasn't the Martial League's prison had quite a few empty cells recently? The lack of people there makes it seem lonely. By the way, have you found the person who assassinated the Golden Swordsman?"

As soon as he finished speaking, the middle-aged man by the window shook his head with a frown.

"We haven't gotten a result yet, but we can confirm that the murderer isn't Matthew."

“All right, just let them make a fuss all they want. If they go overboard, you need not ask for permission and can just subdue them. Also, the Holy Doctor Competition is extremely important, and if anyone dares to get in the way, kill them!”

His words filled the room with a thick air of animosity.

Meanwhile, after the middle-aged man gravely expressed that he understood the instructions, he turned around to prepare for the Holy Doctor Competition.

Of course, there was another reason why the Martial League paid so much attention to the Holy Doctor Competition.

The one who emerged as the champion in the competition would represent the highest level of medical expertise in Cathay, and such individuals were regarded as national treasures. Moreover, once the champion was determined, the Six Kings of Cathay and the Ten Great Families would all seek to find a unique and exceptional treasure for them or offer their assistance in accomplishing a task as long as it did not involve the other kings or families.

The purpose of this arrangement was to establish a cause-and-effect relationship between the two parties, as well as to fulfill a favor. The Holy

Doctor wouldn't simply owe such a favor without reason, and the existence of such a precious and skilled miracle doctor was almost like having an extra chance at life, so both sides would be bound together by mutual obligations.

Moreover, the faction that held power would also ensure the personal safety of the Holy Doctor as it was a mutually beneficial situation for both parties.

The previous champion, Hal Salvatore, had almost completely repaid his favor with the Six Kings and the Ten Greatest Families. Besides, he had been wandering around for years in pursuit of medical advancement and to provide relief to people all over the world, and was basically untraceable.

Therefore, the country was also looking forward to the emergence of a new skilled doctor to form a bond with, and this was precisely what Emsgate was eyeing.

If they were able to win this competition, they would have more opportunities to expand their influence in Cathay, thus enabling them to take a big step forward in their plans for invasion.

To that end, they even established a medical school on Cathay's borders that exclusively admitted students from their own nation.

By doing so, they would not only benefit from Cathay's profound medical background but also obstruct the chances for local medical apprentices to pursue their studies, just like a blood-sucking fly perched upon a majestic lion using the pretext of improving relations between the two nations while continuously draining the lifeblood from the lion's body.

Furthermore, their actions also led to the establishment of the temporary organization known as Murder Crew. Even if they were unable to claim the trophy in the upcoming competition, their primary objective was to crush the aspirations of Cathay's youngsters in both the medicine and martial arts fields.

To them, as long as they continued executing these plans, the pool of talented Cathay individuals in both medicine and martial arts would gradually lessen, and their nation would eventually turn the tables by using this continuous decline.

By then, they would unleash their voracious appetite and relentlessly swallow the magnificent lion that was Cathay. Hence, their visit to Bainbridge this time was naturally to participate in the Holy Doctor Competition.

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With the accompaniment of the two Kings, the journey back to Bainbridge was naturally much faster without any stops on the way.

After disembarking, Martin stretched his body and commented in an awed voice, "I haven't been back in years, but Bainbridge has really changed."

While he was speaking, a group of officials sporting the insignia of the Martial League walked toward them.

The man leading them was the chief of the External Affairs team whom Matthew met at Renew in the past, Barry Morse. However, as soon as he approached the crowd, his nerves took hold of him.

“Greetings, King of Rivenia. Greetings, King of the South...”

As soon as his words fell, the group of officials behind him simultaneously lifted their fists in greeting. As the two Kings were both executives of the Martial League, they naturally could not skip the necessary courtesies.

Originally, Barry’s goal was to confirm the details of the Golden Swordsman’s death with Matthew, but he never expected to bump into the King of the South and the King of Rivenia during his visit.

Just as he was still dumbfounded with shock, Levi spoke up. “All right, drop the courtesies. What’s with the rush? Did the people of Emsgate show up to complain?”

Hearing that, Barry immediately nodded in reply.

Next to Levi, Martin reached up to Green Phoenix, who was perched on his shoulders, and slightly caressed its feathers as he pressed impatiently, “Just speak up if there are any problems. We’re in a hurry!”

Although his words were simple, they immediately made his standpoint clear, it couldn’t be any more obvious that he was giving Matthew his support, or he could’ve walked away without a care in the world.

With the example set by Martin, Levi was forced to follow suit as well, or he would seem cowardly instead.

On the contrary, this fact put Barry in a difficult spot, but as he was saddled with a mission from the Martial League, he had no choice but to explain hesitantly, “Matthew, I was waiting for your arrival in order to understand the details of the Golden Swordsman’s death in Highsea a few days ago.”

Although his death happened in Highsea, the Martial League was unable to turn a blind eye as it was an issue that involved diplomacy between two nations, so it was still necessary for them to go through the required procedures.

Meanwhile, after finding out their motives, Matthew spelled out the entire process without hiding anything.

“It was self-defense, and I had no choice but to act decisively.”

At the end of the day, he was in the right. After all, those two people had ambushed him in an attempt to assassinate him, and even if Matthew had exterminated both of them, it would still be within reason.

Once Matthew finished speaking, the record keeper next to Barry had already noted all of his words down, and Martin as well as Levi stepped forward to put their signatures down to vouch for Matthew. With that, the matter was considered settled.

“We understand the situation now. When the investigation is complete, we will give you a satisfactory answer, Mr. Larson.”

“King of Rivenia, King of the South, we will be taking our leave now.’

At that, the Martial League’s officials turned around and left. However, as Barry turned and looked back, his eyes were subconsciously filled with fear as he looked at Matthew. After all, the existing evidence proved that this seemingly ordinary young man was hiding a huge amount of potential.

Meanwhile, the three who remained in place were left to deal with their own matters.

“I would like to express my gratitude for testifying for me. Since the Holy Doctor Competition is about to begin, I’ll be taking my leave now. When I’ve settled everything, I’ll invite you to a meal to formally thank you for your help.”

Although both parties were bound by their interests, it was precisely for this reason that their relationship remained secure. As long as Matthew was able to provide them with substantial benefits, the two Kings would ensure his safety.

For instance, when faced with Barry’s questioning, Matthew wouldn’t have been able to avoid a trip to the Martial League’s interrogation room if it weren’t for Martin and search Levi’s signatures as his testimony.

Behind him, Levi watched his retreating back and muttered, “Did you place your bet so early because you think that Matthew will be the next Holy Doctor?”

“That’s a given, am I supposed to rely on you otherwise? The Reconstruction Pill’s appearance has conquered a problem that has challenged the medical field all over the world. This is a feat akin to a grandmaster’s breakthrough, so it’s only natural that I have high hopes for him.”