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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 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.

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.

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"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 had 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 are all useless!

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.”

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?”

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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. 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."

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.

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“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.

“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.”

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...”

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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.

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.

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.

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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.”

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, Albert 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...”

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.”

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After leaving the Bane Manor, Matthew went to the Compassion Pavilion to personally thank Hildegard. After all, he had been in life-threatening situations multiple times and survived, thanks to her help. Unfortunately, when he arrived at his destination, he learned from Birgitta that Hildegard had already left without informing her where she had gone.

Knowing that Hildegard enjoyed traveling, Matthew could only leave a few words of thanks and a token of appreciation before returning empty-handed.

On the other hand, the aroma of tea filled the air in the spacious conference room of the Martial League headquarters.

Several Martial League core elders were lazily leaning back in their chairs, resting with their eyes closed.

The room was quiet and peaceful until the sound of footsteps disrupted the tranquility.

As Martin entered the hall, he immediately spoke up. “Hey, old folks, it’s been years since I last saw you all, but you seem quite healthy. I thought I would miss some memorial services while I was busy overseas! After all these years of working together, please notify me if any of you were to pass away!”

As soon as he finished speaking, one of the elders in the room slowly opened his eyes and chastised, "How audacious of you!"

He then suddenly appeared in front of Martin and swung his arm like a sharp sword toward Martin's neck. However, Martin was not one to be underestimated.

With a flick of his right shoulder, his pet soared into the sky, and then he raised his hands to protect his chest.

The next moment, the two forces clashed while Fabien, who was standing behind Martin, felt amazed by the terrifying speed and strength of the elder.

Suddenly, a terrifying aura came rushing toward him. It was only the repercussion of the clash, yet it pushed Fabien back nearly ten steps.

He's strong!

Besides that, since I entered the room, that man, Elder Davidson, has been looking at me with hostility...

Just as the elder was about to make another move, a voice came from behind them. "Elder Davidson, you're already up there in age. Why bother arguing with these youngsters?"

Hearing the voice, Fabien looked up and saw two elderly men with gray hair walking in through the back door.

In the meantime, Elder Davidson snorted coldly. He waved his hands and patted his robe before returning to his seat.

When the others saw the newcomers, everyone in the room bowed respectfully. "Greetings, Great Elder, Second Elder..."

However, the man with a square face in the corner of the room was the only one who remained motionless. "Hahaha... With how many years we've worked together, there's no need for so many formalities. Let's all sit down!"

After everyone took their seats, Fabien was the only one feeling uneasy while standing behind Martin and Master Levi.

He didn't have the qualifications to participate in such a meeting. On the other hand, he still felt guilty for his past crimes. Therefore, he felt out of place when joining the Martial League.

"Martin, you initiated this meeting. Now that everyone is here, why don't you tell us why we're here?" The Great Elder, Blake Carr, said calmly from his seat.

After Blake finished speaking, Martin stood up and first bowed to Blake.

He was not polite to the other elders because they didn't treat him well. Also, he didn't dare to underestimate Elder Carr, who was also the Martial League's Great Elder.

"There are two purposes for this meeting," Martin began. "First, I recommend the Lord of All Serpents, Fabien Blanc, to join the Martial League."

As soon as he said that, Elder Davidson stood up and objected, "I disagree with this. That man is untrustworthy. He had previously participated in battles between the South and North. Martin, what is your intention for recommending such a person to join the Martial League?"

Being the Elder of Discipline, Elder Hendrix Davidson recognized Fabien at first glance, but he wasn't deliberately finding fault in Martin either.

Those who participated in the battles between the South and North were either crippled or killed. Only a few people managed to keep their lives at the huge expense of others. But sparing their lives didn't mean their sins had disappeared.

Such a person could never join the Martial League just because the King of Rivenia recommended him.

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At that moment, Fabien finally understood why Hendrix had such animosity toward him.

It turned out to be because of the battle that happened years ago. As the scene unfolded, and after Hendrix's reprimand, the other elders present also shook their heads.

"Everyone, let's not rush to conclusions. Fabien has extraordinary talent. Given the time, his martial arts attainments will definitely not be inferior to any of you here."

Just as Martin was getting into his speech, Master Levi suddenly stood up and quickly tugged at Martin's sleeve.

Martin was displeased after being interrupted, but when he furrowed his brows and looked back to see Master Levi secretly shaking his head at him before glancing toward the corner.

Martin followed Master Levi's glance. When he saw the person in the corner, he instantly held his breath as beads of cold sweat formed on his forehead.

I didn't account for this!

Why would such a powerful person appear here out of the blue?

I wouldn't have dared to boast so exaggeratedly if I had known he would be here.

"My apologies. I misspoke just now..."

The several core elders were obviously delighted to see Martin feeling embarrassed. Rather than saying that they didn't like Martin, it was more accurate to say they didn't like all the Six Kings.

Unlike the Ten Great Families, the Six Kings' forces were away from Bainbridge, out of sight and out of mind. Due to the Martial League's weak restraints on the Six Kings, some of them became overly ambitious.

During recent years, with the decline in the Martial League's combat power, their restraining power over the Six Kings had also decreased, which led to the rapid growth of the Six Kings' forces.

Even some of the Six Kings, who were the Martial League's higher-ups, had already passed the Martial League's bottom line. That was also one of the main reasons why the re-election of the Martial League was pushed forward.

While replenishing themselves with new people, they had to clean up some of the corrupted members of the management level.

Following Martin's sudden apology, everyone at the scene also awkwardly quieted down.

Noticing this anomaly, the person in the corner slowly put down the teacup in his hand. "Don't mind me. Just pretend I don't exist."

Once he finished, he smiled and nodded at everyone.

At this moment, the change of events had aroused Fabien's curiosity.

Who is this person that even Martin fears?

With that question in mind, he looked at the man with a square face. But after locking eyes with that man for a moment, he suddenly felt like his soul was being sucked away, and his breath involuntarily stopped. It felt like a big hand had firmly grasped his heart.

During that moment, he felt like he had stepped halfway into the gates of hell.

His face showed a strong sense of fear as he wondered how such a powerful person could exist in the world.

After a long period of oxygen deprivation, Fabien felt his consciousness gradually blurring as the invisible hand gripping his heart tightened suddenly. He immediately tasted blood in his mouth and spat out a mouthful of blood.

When he collapsed to the ground, he began heaving for breath.

"This is just a small punishment. I hope you will remember it!.."

The meaning behind the man's words was clear. If Fabien repeated his crimes, he would lose his life.

After speaking, the square-faced man smiled again. "I'm sorry that I disturbed you all. Please continue..."

While speaking, he sat down again and picked up the teacup. He then blew on the tea leaves floating on the water's surface. His calm and composed appearance made it seem like the previous incident had nothing to do with him.

Following that man's actions, Blake glanced at the pale Fabien. Since that powerful man only gave Fabien a slight punishment and did not mention anything about his talents, it meant that Martin was not lying.

Moreover, there would be a period of talent shortage after the re-election of the Martial League. Therefore, Fabien could be used but not relied upon. After all, Martin had ambitious desires and had been eyeing his position as Great Elder for quite some time.

If they were to rely heavily on Fabien, wouldn't they be cultivating forces for Martin?

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After pondering for a while, Blake spoke. "If that's the case, I agree to let Fabien Blanc join the Martial League. From now on, the Isle of Snakes will be jointly managed by the Martial League and Fabien. All his past crimes will be forgiven, and as for the position Fabien will be holding, it will be decided after the re-election of the Martial League."

With the declaration of the two leaders, no one else had any objections, and Hendrix quickly noted down this decision.

Once the decision for Fabien to join the Martial League was approved, Martin explained the "Endless Sea" incident in detail, including the news that Emsgate had a secret medicinal sanctuary.

For a moment, the crowd was in an uproar. The Endless Sea was the forbidden land of the human race, and they never expected that the King of Rivenia would successfully find a way out.

Amidst the intense discussion, the man in the corner asked again. "Is the Martial League as expendable as those Emsgate people?"

Upon hearing that, Martin immediately explained, "Sir, you have misunderstood me. I would never dare! Although the Endless Sea is extremely dangerous, it is also filled with treasures. If Cathay can develop that place, we can definitely grow even stronger. I have the utmost sincerity in this matter."

As he spoke, he showed a serious expression and bowed, but the man opposite him did not reply but complained, “Blake, your tea is terrible. I won’t return if you continue serving such bad tea.”

With that said, he stretched out his hands and patted his robe, clearly planning to leave.

Therefore, Blake could only helplessly smile and shake his head at the man’s dissatisfaction. “You know very well that the Martial League is poor. How can we compare to the paradise you stay in?”

“That’s true. This place is indeed lacking. When you visit my place, I’ll treat you to good tea. Goodbye, I’m leaving...”

As soon as he finished speaking, he stepped forward and disappeared from the hall.

“He always does things half-heartedly. Perhaps experts like him prefer to act alone.”

While watching the man leave, Blake could only helplessly comment, then turned his head to ask Rhett beside him, “By the way, Mr. Wyatt, what do you think of the matter regarding the Endless Sea?”

Upon hearing this question, Rhett frowned and pondered for a long time before answering, “In my opinion, the foundation of Cathay’s Union of Medical Practitioners and Martial League isn’t bad, but the younger generation’s talents are gradually diminishing. Don’t you think they have it too easy?”

After hearing this, Blake also nodded in agreement.

On the other end of the story.

When Matthew returned to Renew Pharmaceuticals’ courtyard, he saw many disciples of the hidden sects packing their bags.

Now that the Holy Doctor Competition had already ended, the next step, apart from those preparing to participate in the re-election of the Martial League like Roland and Easton, was to return to their sects.

They were all elites in medicine and of similar ages, so they naturally had many topics to discuss when they were together. It wasn't obvious when they were gathered together, but when it was time for farewell, there was a hint of sadness in the air. The once lively courtyard now became much quieter.

As the monk, Paintaker, opened the door and walked out, he bumped into Matthew.

Matthew looked at the plain bag Paintaker was carrying and froze. "Little monk, are you leaving already?"

"Hello, Master Larson. How are you? I have been delayed in Bainbridge for a long time. Now that the competition is over, it's time for me to leave."

The sudden farewell rendered Matthew at a loss for a while.

"How about staying for one more night? We'll send you off tomorrow."

The conversation between the two eventually caught the attention of the other members of the hidden sects. When everyone walked out of the room and saw the little monk's appearance, they immediately understood what was happening.

With a sob, the atmosphere became even more sorrowful.

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The cold wind blew through the night, chilling everyone's hearts. Although everyone had tried their best to persuade the little monk, they failed. Even the gifts they prepared weren't accepted by Paintaker.

"I didn't bring anything when I came, so I shouldn't take anything with me when I leave. There are sufferings in the world waiting for me to save, so I will be leaving now. Take care, everyone."

With his hands clasped together, his prayer was completed.

As soon as he finished speaking, he turned and left.

“Wait, little monk!” Before Paintaker had gone far, Matthew quickly called out to him.

When Matthew left the room and approached the little monk again, he had a thick package in his hand. “Little monk, the weather is getting colder. You must accept this.”

Without waiting for the other party to refuse, Matthew stuffed it into the little monk’s hands and said, “If you don’t accept it, it means you look down on me...”

Paintaker hesitated for a moment before opening the package. He would definitely refuse it if it was something precious, but it was revealed to be a plain coat. It was a simple gift but full of consideration.

“Thank you, Master Larson...” Holding the coat, Paintaker slightly bowed.

“We are friends. There’s no need to be so polite.” After the reply, Matthew habitually reached out to touch Paintaker’s bald head but then seemed to remember something and silently withdrew his hand.

Then, Matthew also clasped his hands together. “May you have a safe journey, Paintaker...”

Once he finished, he smiled, but his eyes were slightly red.

Living a nomad’s life, Paintaker would travel far and wide to provide medical care. That was the path of the little monk and his belief.

“Take care, Master Larson!” After saying that, Paintaker turned and left.

“Little monk, if you pass by Shrewsdon Valley Sect in the future, remember to visit me!”

“When you pass through Mountain Breeze Sect too!”

“And Purple Cloud Sect!”

“And Seaside Pavilion!”

Under the shouts of the disciples of the hidden sects, the little monk left without looking back, leaving everyone watching his lonely figure and determined steps.

When his figure disappeared into the night and away from the lights, the little monk suddenly stopped.

After wiping away the tears from the corners of his eyes, he murmured, “I cried... If Master Cooke sees me like this, he will probably scold me again.”

Saying so, he glanced to the south and continued walking.

Behind him, some of them couldn't hold back their tears anymore after the little monk left. They were filled with sadness as their tears flowed uncontrollably.

They must bid farewell to many others tomorrow as well. If nothing unexpected happened, they might never see each other again in this lifetime. Youths were always so sentimental.

“Hey, hey, hey, why are you all crying? You're grownups. Why are you crying like toddlers? Aren't you ashamed?”

But when Roland finished speaking, he suddenly felt a hostile gaze. When he turned around and met Lola's gaze, he smiled awkwardly.

“What's wrong with crying?”

Roland quickly shrugged and hurriedly replied, “Nothing. Nothing's wrong!”

Seeing Roland's cowardly and guilty appearance, everyone burst out laughing, and the sadness in the air faded a little.

“Actually, we can set a date to gather together. That way, we can have a gathering once a year. Wouldn't that be great?”

When Matthew gave his suggestion, everyone's eyes lit up.

Yes, that is a feasible method. We can gather every year! Thinking of that, Roland clapped his hands. “Hahaha, that's a great idea. Let's set a date. Let's gather in Bainbridge during fall every year!”

Once that was proposed, everyone agreed one after another, and the sadness of parting was instantly dissipated.