

Chapter 2396 The Suffering Saint Monk

After the grand opening ceremony, Matthew had been staying at Cloudy Stream Villa to focus on cultivation.

The closer the competition, the higher the chance he could improve. He sat cross-legged on a tree branch in the backyard, palms together, eyes closed.

Under the assistance of the Dao Sect's Divine Skill, the Mortal Skill was vitalizing every part of his body with abundant nimbus.

After a small circulation, Matthew's momentum became more solid.

Until he heard faint footsteps in the distance, he slowly opened his eyes. Seeing his wife approaching, Matthew stopped his practice and leaped from the tree branch over ten yards high, landing steadily on the ground.

"Honey, there are two monks outside who said they want to see you."

"Monks?"

Matthew quickly recalled that the only monk he had ever met was Paintaker. Feeling confused, Matthew walked out of the backyard.

When he arrived in the front yard, he saw two disheveled figures standing quietly in the pavilion.

When he approached them, the old monk in the frontline emitted a pure Buddhist aura. "Greetings, Master Larson! I am the abbot of Southcloud Temple, Kurt. This is my disciple, Doe."

With hands clasped together, Kurt performed a Buddhist ritual. A faint golden light suddenly appeared all over his body. Eventually, it condensed into a one-foot-tall Buddha statue that slightly bowed forward.

Matthew's eyes widened as he quickly dodged. This was a high-level monk who had achieved enlightenment!

He quickly returned the gesture. "Master Kurt, nice to meet you!" He was about to prepare tea, but Kurt stopped him.

"Master Larson, no need for the trouble. I came here just to thank you in person for taking care of my stubborn disciple, Paintaker."

Huh?

It was no wonder Matthew felt familiar when he heard Southcloud Temple. He didn't expect that the high-level monk in front of him was actually the master of Paintaker.

"It's not a big deal. Paintaker and I are also good friends. There's no need to be a stranger between us. And his unwavering passion for Dao is something we should look up to."

Kurt let out a faint smile. "My stubborn disciple has always been a single-minded person. There's no need to praise him like that."

He took out a scripture from his pocket and handed it to Matthew. "A small token of appreciation. I hope you'll like it."

Right when Matthew was going to refuse, the golden light behind Kurt suddenly rushed toward the ancient scripture before converging into the word "Sangfroid."

In the blink of an eye, it flashed and then disappeared between Matthew's brow. The next moment, he clearly felt that his mind became exceptionally calm.

Although he didn't know what that word meant, he was aware that the other party meant no harm. Similarly, he couldn't refuse it.

"Master Larson, we won't take up more of your time anymore. Bye." Kurt left right away thereafter.

Standing behind him all along was Doe. He politely gave Matthew a nod as an acknowledgment before leaving alongside Kurt.

"Master, why didn't you tell Master Larson?"

Kurt stopped in his track at that question. "Tell him what? About his misfortune? Master Larson is a blessed individual. This is his destiny and his tribulation. He must overcome this calamity on his own. Giving him the word 'Sangfroid' is also leaving a good connection for Paintaker."

"Oh, I understand now!"