

Chapter 2522 Matthew's Plan

When Matthew witnessed Vivian suddenly groveling, he quickly stepped aside. He then reached out and helped her up with one hand. Her eyes were filled with pleading and tears.

"Benefactor, please save my mother," she pleaded.

She was convinced that he must be extraordinary in medicine after she witnessed his skill in treating Alberta. Although she had only thought of groveling and asking him for help treating her mother-in-law, she now saw an opportunity.

At this moment, he also suppressed his anger. If it weren't for fear of scaring the mother and daughter of the Slob Family, he would have killed the leader, Festus. But now, he heard Vivian's plea.

He smiled slightly and reassured her, "No need to worry. I will save Mrs. Slob." He noticed the dark bruises on both sides of her face, and his eyebrows furrowed slightly.

"This is the Auric balm I developed, which has a good repairing effect on external injuries. If you don't mind, you can apply it to your face first," he said and took out a palm-sized bottle from his pocket and handed it to her.

Without waiting for her to recover, he turned around and approached the edge of the bed. After examining her pulse and observing her complexion, he confirmed the cause of Mrs. Slob's illness: pulmonary tuberculosis. It was mainly caused by long-term labor coupled with mild bronchitis, which gradually developed into a serious condition.

Of course, this disease was just a piece of cake for him. After completing his examination, Vivian, who anxiously held the bottle, quickly asked, "Benefactor, how is it? Is my mother's condition serious?"

He smiled calmly and replied, "Don't worry, there's nothing wrong. Mrs. Slob just has a chronic illness caused by overworking. After I clear her blood vessels and she takes some herbal medicine, she will be fine after a period of rest."

As soon as he finished speaking, she couldn't help but smile with excitement. However, her tear-stained face, swollen cheeks, and the sorrowful look in her smile made people feel sorry for her.

"Thank you, benefactor, for saving her life," she expressed with deep emotion and pretended to grovel again.

He naturally stopped her when he saw this. "Ms. Vivian, there's no need for that. Larry and I are friends, and helping each other is what friends do. You don't need to do that again."

He couldn't stand it when she wanted to grovel to thank him. She wiped away the tears from the corners of her eyes and expressed her gratitude with deep emotion. "Look at me. I don't even know the name of my benefactor."

"Matthew Larson!"

"Matthew, I'm Vivian, Larry's wife. Please have a seat, Matthew, and I'll go make some tea."

Without waiting for him to refuse, she turned and left the house and headed to the kitchen. He finally looked up and observed the room's surroundings when he was sitting on a worn-out stool,

All the windows in the house were covered with plastic, and perhaps it was to protect Alberta from the cold. Although this kept the house warm, it was something that people with lung diseases should avoid, as the stagnant air would worsen Alberta's condition.

It seems like they need a new environment.

Before he came here, he hadn't thought about this much as he thought that after delivering Larry's urn and completing the compensation measures from the Martial League, the matter would be resolved. However, things were not that simple.

Not to mention the living conditions and standard of living for Alberta and her daughter-in-law, but just looking at Festus Loomis and his group causing trouble, Matthew could predict that if he were to leave like this, the situation for Alberta and her daughter-in-law would be grim.

If he hadn't encountered this, it would have been fine. But now, in this situation, Matthew couldn't just ignore it.

Larry had died for the Martial League, and his glory was among the forty islands.

"Larry, rest in peace. I will take care of things for you."

After murmuring these words, he made up his mind to handle the situation at hand before heading to Southaven and Skargness.