

Chapter 2596 Restless

Although Mortimer suffered from a severe illness, his skills as a grandmaster remained intact.

Thus, a faint sense of danger crept over him as he regarded the flickering silver light.

"What an incredible power! This talisman is definitely special!"

Matthew nodded and responded with a smile, "I was gifted this by a noble person in the past. Once it's fully activated, it can easily harm grandmasters."

Ophelia, who stood beside them, looked at Matthew with a puzzled expression.

"Mr. Larson, can such a powerful method also be used for healing?"

"Of course, the Life Severing Technique is categorized under dark arts, whereas this thunder talisman is one of the strongest light arts there is. They will balance each other out!"

Once he had said his piece, he placed the silver and radiant thunder talisman directly on Mortimer's leg.

Instantly, wisps of black, demonic energy surged from his legs, dissipating into thin air.

This treatment method amazed the Zedler Family yet again.

After waiting for about ten minutes, the revolting energy finally vanished completely.

"Alright, Miss Zedler, prepare for the blood exchange procedure."

Ophelia extended her snow-white arm in front of Matthew with a firm nod.

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Two flowers bloomed, each displaying its own beauty.

Bennett still hadn't received any news from Old Mr. Zedler after pacing back and forth for a long time.

Eventually, his impatience won out as the anxiety in his heart refused to go away.

"Great Witch Doctor, are you sure the addictive will work? Why is there still no news?"

Rafael leisurely savored the tea in front of him. "Mr. Bennett, there's no need to worry. The drug I added to the Soul Soothing Soup is colorless and tasteless, making it difficult for even a skilled doctor to detect. Plus, we've all witnessed Old Mr. Zedler consuming it."

Although he seemed confident, the Zedler brothers harbored some doubts since they still had never seen the effects of this particular concoction.

Moreover, Erwin was concerned about the fact that Old Mr. Zedler had specifically invited Matthew to treat his illness.

"Great Witch Doctor, do you think Matthew could actually cure Old Mr. Zedler's illness? Or... Is there a chance that he could purge the drug out of Old Mr. Zedler's system?"

Rafael's face instantly turned pitch black upon hearing Erwin's questions.

He couldn't help but feel offended at their lack of faith in his skills.

"That's impossible! That brat wouldn't be able to cure Old Mr. Zedler's ailment even if he started studying medicine straight out of his mother's womb."

"But we know our father best. It's still a fact that he personally invited that boy to treat him. So, Old Mr. Zedler wouldn't have gone to such lengths if he weren't exceptionally skilled."

The moment Erwin voiced his thoughts, the atmosphere instantly became tense.

After all, what he said was not without reason.

Plus, they were hinging everything for this plan to work.

If they failed, there was no doubt that their lives would be forfeit.

Fabian considered this issue before tentatively proposing, "There's no point in us worrying our heads off like this. So, why don't we go and take a look together? Just in case."

Even though he had made the suggestion, he didn't truly believe that the brat had the ability to pull Old Mr. Zedler out of death's door.

Yet, he couldn't deny that Erwin's words made him uneasy.

The others eventually came to an agreement after hearing Fabian out.

Unfortunately, their path was blocked the moment they stepped foot in the main courtyard.

"Mr. Erwin, Mr. Bennett, Old Mr. Zedler has ordered that no one is allowed to enter the courtyard."

Erwin's ominous premonition grew stronger upon hearing those words.

"Miles, we are also concerned about our father's health. After all, Matthew is just an outsider. What if something terrible happens to him without our supervision? We'll regret it once that happens!"

Alas, it didn't matter what excuse he gave, as Miles would repeat the exact words over and over again.

"Old Mr. Zedler has given his orders! No one is allowed to enter!"

Bennett had always been hot-tempered. Coupled with his anxiety, it only made his bad temper even worse.

Plus, he had never liked Miles. Hence, his temper flared after being repeatedly barred from entry by the person he despised.

"Miles, it seems that you truly don't know your place in this family," he snarled as he unsheathed his blade.