

Chapter 2997 Nimbus-Averse Constitution

After a brief tour of the Whitedew Plains, Matthew and his group followed Feather to a grass hut set up for them.

Matthew said, "Get some rest while I go talk to Mr. Lucius. Stay safe. Give us a signal if anything goes wrong." He embraced Sasha reassuringly, knowing what she was worried about. "Don't worry," he added, patting her on the back before heading toward the peak.

However, as he stepped onto the main peak, many stopped what they were doing.

"Well, well, if it isn't Mr. Larson! It's been a while."

"Hi, Mr. Larson!"

"Mr. Larson, come stop by for a cup of tea before you go!"

Everyone kept mum about the canceled wedding between Matthew and Ivy. In their eyes, however, Matthew was already Ivy's husband.

Amidst the teasing from the crowd, even Matthew couldn't help but feel a blush creeping up his face.

"Hey, look who's blushing!"

Amid the laughter, Matthew hastened his steps toward the main peak.

After he passed through the bamboo forest, the scenery ahead remained unchanged—the thatched hut and the stone table and chairs. The only difference was the presence of Ivy. Sporting short hair, she was sitting by the small lake and cultivating quietly with her hands clasped in a circle.

Hearing his footsteps, she suddenly opened her eyes, causing ripples to dance across the grass at her feet. "It's been a while, Matthew!" Her initially stern face instantly melted into a smile, and her expressive eyes lit up.

The sight of this sparked jealousy in Lucius, who felt a tightness in his chest. This precious daughter of mine is cold toward me, yet she brightens up at the sight of Matthew. How infuriating!

"Since you're here, have a seat," he murmured, holding a cup of tea. He was visibly gloomy.

Matthew sat down and took the cup of tea without hesitation, downing it in one gulp.

"Well, aren't you afraid that I might've spiked the tea?"

Lucius' mischief was just an attempt to gross out Matthew and vent some of his frustration. However, he underestimated Matthew's medical skills.

A sniff had told Matthew if there was anything off with the tea. Besides, with Ivy here, he felt pretty secure. "You're joking, Mr. Lucius. Someone like you wouldn't stoop to such low tricks."

Grossing out people? Who wouldn't know how to do that?

And sure enough, Lucius' face froze momentarily when he heard this, but he quickly put on a smile. "Well said, Matt! There are some auspicious days coming up. Why don't we..." He stressed the word "Matt," but before he could finish his sentence, he was interrupted by a sudden drop in the temperature around them.

He turned his head, only to see Ivy's calm gaze fixed on him, a hint of menace lurking within. "Father, let's focus on the matter at hand, shall we?"

Ivy had no intention of joining in his father and Matthew's exchange of jibes as long as it didn't involve the subject of the previous wedding—a territory she deemed off-limits.

After exchanging a brief look with her, Lucius immediately changed the subject. "Yes, yes, of course. Let's talk about the matter at hand! Matthew, can your wife not practice martial arts or cultivate?"

"That's right. Sasha can't practice martial arts," replied Matthew.

He had considered having his wife join him in practicing martial arts, but her physical condition did not allow it. She had a common nimbus-averse constitution; perhaps she could learn some moves, but she couldn't store nimbus in her body. No matter how many moves she learned, it would be just for show.

So, despite him mastering the Divine Skill and the Mortal Skill—both of which were top-level techniques—he couldn't do anything about her constitution. He was exceptionally skilled in medicine, but the herbs capable of altering one's constitution were as rare as hen's teeth. This was also his biggest challenge.

Ivy blinked her eyes and suggested, "How about sending Sasha to Mr. Stewart for a try?"