

Chapter 3000 Mr Stewart

The herb garden was not vast, just about ten acres or so in size, with the placement of the herbs being neither uniform nor following any particular order. Yet, amid this randomness, there was a strange harmony, as if each herb knew its place.

After Matthew waited for a while, Mr. Stewart paused what he was doing. "I've heard tales of your remarkable medical skills. Finally, we get to meet face to face." He straightened up with a smile as he finished what he was doing.

Despite his silver hair, he lacked the elegance of a white-bearded elder. Instead, his face had the timeless charm of youth, his eyes bright and full of life, his posture erect.

Matthew stepped forward and greeted him, bowing in respect. "I'm Matthew Larson. I'm honored to meet you, Mr. Stewart. When it comes to medical skills, I'm no match for you."

After he finished speaking, Mr. Stewart suddenly interjected, "In the practice of medicine, kindness comes first, while medical skills come second."

Matthew instinctively blurted out, "In serving humanity, one must put people first and keep principles in mind."

These lines are the opening words of the ancient medical text "Golden Diagnosis," which had a long history. In essence, they reminded future generations of medical practitioners to prioritize kindness in their practice and not forget their original intentions.

Moreover, "Golden Diagnosis" had not been widely circulated in society for over a decade, known only to the elder physicians.

Under Feather and Sasha's puzzled gazes, Mr. Stewart suddenly burst into laughter. "It's unexpected that the long-lost 'Golden Diagnosis' has resurfaced. Young friend, I wonder who your master is."

Faced with the question, Matthew hastily made up an excuse, his eyes darting around. "Apologies, Mr. Stewart. My master enjoys his seclusion in the mountains and prefers that I do not mention his name outside."

Mr. Stewart did not press further. Many expert physicians preferred anonymity to avoid the incessant clamor of seekers of longevity, choosing to work through disciples while keeping their identities concealed. "Very well, let's leave it at that. As for your wife's situation, Mr. Lucius has told me about it. Come, have a seat. Let's talk."

With a polite "Thank you," Matthew and Sasha sat down on the stone stools. Feather, sensing the situation, discreetly left the herb garden.

"I've examined your Reconstruction Pill, and it's truly remarkable. It even carries some traces of Dr. Larson, the great physician. Pardon my curiosity, but might you be a descendant of Dr. Larson?" Mr. Stewart ventured the question after serving tea.

Matthew was taken aback by Mr. Stewart's discerning eye. He hadn't expected that Mr. Stewart could recognize even a hint of Dr. Larson's legacy solely from the pills he invented. "I have no family tree at home, so I also have no idea if I'm his descendant." He shook his head with a wry smile. Of course, he was speaking the truth.

Mr. Stewart's eyes flashed with a tinge of regret when he heard this. "That's a pity. A medical pioneer like him failed to leave behind his legacy. What a shame," he said with a long sigh.

Matthew did not respond further. Although his medical skills were passed down from Christopher, it was best not to reveal this if possible. Otherwise, if this were to become known to outsiders, even grandmasters would target him.

After a brief silence, Mr. Stewart spoke again. "Let's not talk about this. From what Mr. Lucius told me, your wife's constitution isn't suitable for practicing martial arts, right?"

Matthew nodded. "That's right. She has a nimbus-averse constitution."

Mr. Stewart was visibly startled by his reply, and his expression changed for a moment. "This is quite a challenge for me. It's like going against the natural order! All I can say is that I'll do my best, but whether it works out or not is up to fate."