

## **Unspeakable 1861**

### **The Medical Genius's Unspeakable Marriage Chapter 1861**

Being the shrewd man he was, Aurelius quickly saw through Matthew.

As such, he hissed, "Larson, the cause of my brother's death hasn't been investigated. I won't make the announcement!"

"Do as you please, then," Matthew stated coldly. "We are going down together if you choose not to make the announcement."

Then, he added, "By the way, here is a question for you, you might not be able to bring me out of the Six Southern States if all of your people die here. Are you going to gamble off so many lives in exchange for an uncertain future?"

Aurelius' eyebrows were tightly pulled together as his hateful eyes glinted coldly. Still, he managed to hold back the rage boiling inside.

"I have to discuss this with my family," he finally conceded as he uttered in a low voice.

Matthew chuckled lightly as he responded, "No problem. You can do that."

Aurelius suppressed his tone and said again, "I am bringing these people back with me."

Victor was the one who spoke immediately after hearing that. "In your dreams! Don't you know what a hostage is?"

Aurelius proceeded to ignore Victor as he kept staring at Matthew, who still had a small smile on his face.

"Master Damron, are you trying to get them the antidote?" Matthew asked. "Sure. We will do it your way. You can take them back with you. However, remember that you only have three days."

Victor started to panic when he heard that. "Dr. Larson?" he called out in uncertainty.

"Don't worry, Mr. Victor," Matthew gestured with his hand as he announced, "I have faith."

Seeing how confident Matthew was, Victor didn't say anything more.

Aurelius, on the other hand, was gritting his teeth at Matthew's reaction. The more confident Matthew was, the more panic he felt. He whipped out his phone and called the people at the foot of the mountain to come pick them up.

Matthew then took out a porcelain bottle and handed it to Aurelius. "Here, Master Damron. Take this bottle of medicine with you."

Aurelius' face fell again as he demanded, "What tricks are you up to again, Larson?"

However, Matthew merely chuckled lightly, "Master Damron, what tricks can I be up to at a time like this? This is just insurance. I know that you are going to find someone to cure them. But, like I said, you can easily kill them if you make a mistake. Tell you what, give them a pill the moment they don't look too well. This isn't the antidote, but it will keep them alive."

Then, he added, "Master Damron, I have no intention to harm anyone from your family. I just don't want to be made an enemy of the Damrons. I am afraid there will be no end to this if someone from your family ends up dying from my poison this time. Unless it is the last resort, I don't want any of you to die because of me, right?"

Aurelius' face was burning with cold fury when he gazed at the bottle. Finally, he took it from Matthew. It wasn't like he had any other choice.

Not long after, people from the Damron Family hurried up and took away all the high-ranking executives and Elites of the Damron Family.

Aurelius, who had grown ashen, eventually retreated with the group.

Victor and the rest of them were watching the Damrons' retreating figures when they suddenly heaved a breath of relief.

Tyson gave Matthew a thumbs up and cheered excitedly, "Dr. Larson, your plan worked! It seems like this whole ordeal with the Damrons will smoothly come to an end!"

Everyone had a joyful look on their faces.

Because of their gratitude for Matthew, they had come to help him this time being fully prepared to lose their lives. However, even a lowly cricket and ant clung to life, let alone a human being. They would rather not die if they had the choice!

It was great news for everyone that Matthew managed to resolve this without drawing blood.

Not only did they get rid of the Damron Family's threat, they even gained Matthew's support and benefited tremendously from this!

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Seeing everyone's expressions, Matthew let out a small smile of his own. "I was merely giving it a try. It is thanks to everyone's support that it worked out this time."

The crowd started laughing and cheering happily.

It felt like the boulder that had burdened everyone was now removed.

However, Aidan was still worried as he asked softly, "Dr. Larson, is it really impossible for them to find the antidote? As far as I know, Cathay's best miracle doctor, Hal Salvatore, is in Bainbridge. His medical skills are superb. I even heard that he brought a dead person back to life!"

Several other people were also worried about that. After all, the title of Cathay's best miracle doctor had been passed down for decades, and everyone knew about it.

Matthew only lightly smiled as he reassured, "Don't worry. It is not hard to nullify my poison, but it is a complicated process to make the antidote. Even though I know the components, I have to take at least five days to make the antidote. Plus, I have only given them three days. What do you reckon will happen?"

Everyone breathed a sigh of relief, but Victor was still uneasy. "Five days to make the medicine?! How are we going to give them the antidote if the Damrons agree to making the announcement?"

"Mr. Victor, I have already made some prior to this long ago," Matthew commented with a chuckle, prompting Victor to roar with laughter when he was hit by realization.

"Geez, I even thought that they would die for sure. Haha!"

The place was filled with laughter again. They finally felt at ease after listening to Matthew's words.

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In the suburbs of Eastcliff, after Aurelius left with these people, he immediately contacted Mark to tell the old man about it.

Mark was taken aback when he heard the whole story. He had thought that Matthew was an easy person to deal with, which was why he didn't expect such an accident to happen.

After pondering for a moment, he asked Aurelius to immediately send a few members of the Damron Family back to Bainbridge while Mark personally went to pay Hal Salvatore a visit for the antidote.

Aurelius didn't dare to waste time, so he chartered a plane that directly sent several poisoned members to Bainbridge.

It took less than five hours for them to be sent to Bainbridge. And before another two hours had passed, Mark called Aurelius again.

Aurelius had been waiting anxiously when he received Mark's call.

When he saw the call, he immediately answered the phone, his emotions out of control. "Dad! How did it go? Can Hal Salvatore cure them?"

Mark sighed at that. "He said that there is no cure..."

His words instantly froze Aurelius in place.

"What?" he choked out. "No cure? H-How is that possible? Hal Salvatore is the best miracle doctor in Cathay, and he can't even nullify this stupid poison?!"

Mark let out another helpless sigh as he explained, "Dr. Salvatore said that the poison can be nullified. The problem is that it is too cumbersome to make the antidote. It will take at least five days to complete it, but looking at their condition, the poison will definitely act up within three days. He can make the medicine, but it won't be in time to save them!"

Aurelius' legs swiftly gave out and he collapsed onto the couch when he heard that.

Hal Salvatore was their last hope. Now that even the doctor had said those words, they had no other way.

"Dad, w-what are we going to do, then? Are we really going to do as Matthew wants and make the announcement? As soon as it goes public, we can't do anything to him anymore!"

"Otherwise, everyone will ridicule us for going back on our word! It will be impossible for us to enter the Ten Greatest Families of Cathay then!" Aurelius lamented.

To his surprise, Mark let out a sneer. "What are you so worried about? This is not the end of it!"

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Hearing this, Aurelius regained his energy instantly and he asked excitedly, "Dad, is there another way?"

Mark calmly stated, "It is easy to dodge a spear in the open, but hard to guard against an arrow shot from hiding. Larson is a cunning man. It will be difficult to fight him head-on, but our priority is to bring him back to Bainbridge..."

"We don't have to go for his neck in the open. Instead, we can get someone to sneak an attack on him and catch her!"

"Sneak an attack?" Aurelius repeated, stupefied. "It... Won't be easy, will it, Dad?"

At that, Mark countered, "What is so hard about it? I have sent someone to contact Falconn. He is a tad stronger than you. I am sure Matthew will have no way out if you and Falconn joined hands."

Aurelius' eyes immediately had an excited glint when he heard those words. "Dad, is Uncle Falconn out of prison? This is great! Uncle Falconn was almost a grandmaster before he was imprisoned. He is no weaker than any one of the Masters from the Ten Greatest Families of Cathay..."

"It will be easy to catch Matthew with Uncle Falconn's help! Alright. I will wait for Uncle Falconn here, and we will bring Matthew back with us."

Mark then commented, "No need to rush. Just proceed as Larson wanted. Make that announcement. Even if we have a backup plan, we have to get him to give our people the antidote. After we put an end to this matter, you and everyone will return to Bainbridge and pretend to stay there for some time. After that, find a chance to sneak over and bring Matthew back here. Isn't it easy?"

Aurelius came back to his senses and nodded immediately.

"Yes, yes. The detoxification comes first. Ha! Larson, that f\*ck. I bet he wouldn't even expect we would have a Plan B! Let's see if he is still as cocky as he is by the time we force him to Bainbridge."

"Alright," said Mark. "Contact Matthew and say you will do as he wants. Let him cure our people first before you and the rest head back to Bainbridge. We can talk about the rest when the time comes."

Aurelius' head bobbed up and down in response. He then did as Mark said and contacted Matthew.

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Meanwhile, Matthew was waiting to hear from the Damrons at Eastcliff.

Everyone here breathed a sigh of relief the moment Aurelius' call came through.

As soon as the Damrons made the announcement, the issue would come to an end, and no one would have to live in fear anymore.

Victor smiled as he sat beside Matthew. “Wonderful idea, Dr. Larson. The Damrons still ended up conceding in the end. Haha! How are they candidates to be one of the Ten Greatest Families of Cathay? They are nothing special! They can’t compare to you, Dr. Larson!”

Several other people also nodded one after another. Everyone was in a particularly happy mood.

Even though Matthew smiled and chatted with everyone, his eyes still held a hint of worry in them.

He actually knew that the Damrons would concede. However, he didn’t think they would do it this soon.

Given the Damrons’ arrogance and how they coveted the Restoration Pill, it stood to reason that they would definitely try their best to deal with this matter.

They would only concede because they had no other choice in this matter.

According to Matthew’s calculations, the Damron Family was supposed to be torn over this for the next two days. Not only that, the Damron Family might get someone to take one of Matthew’s people to threaten him.

With that in mind, Matthew had even arranged for his men to keep an eye on the Damrons.

How unexpected of them to give in so quickly he pondered to himself.

‘Why would they admit defeat before a day had even passed? Something is definitely off!’

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Matthew had zero faith in the Damrons.

Melvin had told him before that Mark, especially, was a notorious old fox. Mark’s history stood out among the many big families.

For those other families, the main person who could control everything in the family had to be the head of the family. However, Mark had never been the head of the household.

He wasn’t even from the direct lineage of the family. Instead, he was only a member from a branch.

Mark’s full name was Mark Damron. His parents didn’t have any status or contribution in the family, and they were just ordinary members of the family.

Logically speaking, someone in his situation would already be considered lucky if he could rely on the Damron Family’s blessings to earn some money and live a good life. There was no way he would be part of the family’s power struggle. Yet, Mark had insisted on going against the rule.

He had been as inconspicuous as a drop of water in the sea, or even an invisible man among the family before he hit fifty-years old.

He didn’t have any hobbies, and would always travel around, play chess or be with his pet bird, he lived life like a rich playboy.

It all changed when a disaster struck the Damron Family.

When he was fifty-one years old, the Damrons had gotten on the bad side of a more powerful family in Bainbridge. The conflict that ensued resulted in a casualty of more than a dozen people.

The fight only ended when the Nolans intervened. Still, the family wanted to have the issue resolved through a martial arts contest.

The Nolans had nothing to do with the Damrons at the time. In order to avoid sacrificing any lives, the Nolan Family had agreed to the contest. However, the Old Master Damron and the head of the Damron Family then had both been injured by members of the other family.

It was only then that they realized they couldn't be compared to the Nolans. Let alone winning the martial arts contest, the Damron Family couldn't even find a representative to take part in the contest.

Just when the Damrons were on the verge of making a fool out of themselves, Mark had volunteered to fight for the Damron Family.

Everyone in the Damron Family had no expectations for him, as they thought that he was just messing around.

To their surprise, Mark had insisted on participating in the contest.

Not only that, he had won against his opponent at the most crucial time and regained the Damrons' reputation.

This incident made Mark so famous that everyone in the family admired him. With everyone in the family praising him, he finally became one of the top executives of the family. There were even members in the family clamoring for him to be the head of the Damron Family.

That being said, the Old Master Damron and head of the Damron Family at the time naturally were unwilling to let a branch member take charge of the family.

That was why they had tried making things difficult for Mark as much as they could. However, all the problems they gave him were easily resolved by him.

Not only that, Mark had even made a show of his broad and wide connections. He might have seemed like a playboy during his younger years, when he had in fact used all that time to get to know important figures from other families.

It was his connections that supported him in the end.

Coupled with Mark's own management, he finally drove the then head of the family out of the throne before he pushed his son Aurelius to be the new head of the Damron Family. As for the previous Old Master Damron, his reputation had been ruined and he was kicked out of his position because of some family property issues.

With that, Mark had smoothly become the Old Master who had control over the entire family.

For more than 20 years since then, the Damron Family only flourished under Mark's leadership.

Step by step, the family went from a nobody to one of the first-class families in Bainbridge, and even had the opportunity to enter the Ten Greatest Families of Cathay. This was proof of how good Mark was at doing what he did.

Matthew knew he had to keep his guard up against Mark because of Mark's schemes and ability. After what happened with Aurelius, he knew very well that Aurelius was not his opponent.

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Matthew was convinced that Aurelius' willingness to comply with his request had been instigated by the head of the Damron Family, Mark Damron.

Mark was a man brimming with ambition and schemes, so he would not give up on that matter without a fight. Therefore, he undoubtedly had other plans up his sleeve, which caused Matthew a severe headache.

Matthew could devise a defense if the Damrons showed up with real weapons. However, if they decided to do it unethically, Matthew would be unaware of the consequences. Moreover, he could not inform Victor or the others about the situation because they were incapable of handling such a circumstance, and he did not want them to be worried.

As soon as Aurelius spoke with Matthew, he made a public statement in the name of the Damron Family, claiming that a full investigation had concluded that Matthew was innocent of involvement in Jasper's death!

After the announcement, everyone was baffled, especially those who had previously used the opportunity to insult Matthew and were now on the verge of crying.

What on earth was happening?

If the Damrons were so aggressive in their attempt to bring Matthew down, why did they suddenly claim that the issue had nothing to do with him?

What were they doing?

Was it a joke?

Furthermore, the people of the Ten Greatest Families of Stonedale and Eastshire had collapsed onto their knees upon hearing that.

Even though Victor, Tyson, and the others came to assist Matthew, most families were hesitant to lend a hand. They reasoned that helping Matthew would result in them falling out of favor with the Damrons and actively working toward their demise.

Hence, not only were they unwilling to help, but they also made an effort to thwart Victor and the others from assisting Matthew. Moreover, when Victor showed up, the feuds between the various families over who would inherit what escalated rapidly.

As soon as these people received the news that Matthew was no longer at fault, they almost burst into tears!

Since he was utterly blameless, everyone else would have to pay the price for it, and none of them would be spared when he began his counterattack.

As a result, many people rushed to congratulate Matthew after hearing the news. Despite their superficial congratulations, they were pleading for him to be merciful.

Matthew was not interested in entertaining these people; instead, he handed them over to Tiger, Victor, and the others to be dealt with.

It was natural for him to ignore these opportunists, and the necessary punishment had to be carried out, regardless.

Those involved who had not crossed the line would be spared, but they would pay a high price. In contrast, his backstabbing aggressors would lose their limbs as punishment for treason. Meanwhile, Matthew intended to balance the forces in these two states by taking advantage of the situation.

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Later that night, Aurelius brought the Damron Family to Lakeside Garden.

Since the Damrons had made the announcement, Matthew was obligated to fulfill his promise and provide the antidote.

As Aurelius watched, Matthew administered the antidote and cured Aurelius' entire family of the poison. Then, he fixed his gaze on Matthew.

"Dr. Larson, I've underestimated you. As expected, you are so resourceful that we cannot launch an effective attack! However, you'd better know we're not quite done yet!" he remarked coldly.

Matthew smiled. "Master Damron, you are welcome to visit Eastcliff any time!"

With a sneer on his face, Aurelius and the rest of the Damron Family walked away without uttering a word.

As he watched them leave, Matthew knitted his brows tightly.

The audacity with which Aurelius threatened him led him to conclude that they had already planned their strategy and were confident in its efficacy. So, they probably thought they'd finally be able to capture him, and given the circumstances, he was in a precarious position.

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After resolving the Damron Family's matters, Victor and the others departed separately to clean up their family's messes. However, since the Damron Family withdrew from the Six Southern States, those who belonged to their family did not dare to put up a fight.

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Later that evening, Matthew contemplated how the Damron Family would deal with him as he sat alone in his lakeside villa.



Due to their threats, he did not feel safe inviting Sasha and the others to return. Nevertheless, it was perfectly safe for them to remain in Mightwater, but their safety might be compromised if they returned.

He was frowning and lost in his thoughts when the door suddenly opened, and he looked up to see Melvin enter the room with a grin.

“Melvin? Where have you been these days?” Matthew was taken aback by his unexpected appearance.

‘It seems Melvin has disappeared in the last two days...’ leaving Matthew to wonder what happened to him.

Melvin laughed. “I left to do something very important!”

Matthew was surprised and urged, “What is it?”

Melvin smiled and placed a mysterious box on the table in front of Matthew. “You’ll find out pretty soon!”

Matthew appeared perplexed. ‘What is Melvin up to, acting so mysteriously?’

“What is inside the box?” He expressed his curiosity aloud.

Without saying a word, Melvin waved dismissively and looked toward the door as if he were waiting for someone.

“What are you looking at?” Matthew asked again.

“I’m waiting for someone!” Melvin answered.

“Waiting for someone? Who?” Matthew questioned.

“Be patient. He will be here soon...” Melvin continued to gesticulate with his hands.

Meanwhile, Matthew looked out at the door dubiously.

Melvin was an old, wretched man who was reliable in his job. If he came to see Matthew while waiting for someone, it would indicate that the person coming over had a distinct identity.

Ten minutes later, a man dressed in sportswear entered the yard. With his hands stuffed into his pockets, he strode directly toward the mansion, paying no attention to his opulent surroundings.

After glancing in Matthew’s direction, the man shifted his attention to Melvin and frowned. “Is he the one you told me about?”

“Yes!” answered Melvin.

Then, the man stated coldly, “Old liar, I’m giving you another chance! Tell me the truth now if you have deceived me, and I will spare your life. Otherwise, if the box is opened and I discover that you have lied to me, you will die a horrible death!”

In response, Matthew furrowed his brows. ‘Isn’t this man too aggressive?’

Melvin chuckled. "Okay, I'm aware of the consequences! If I open this box and discover that I've made a mistake, I'll be mortified! Just trust me. Come on and take a seat. It's time to watch a miracle unfold!"

The man fixed his gaze on Melvin, walked over, and sat down with his hand balled into a fist.

As soon as the man sat down, Matthew felt a crushing weight pressing down on him. Suddenly, he felt goosebumps all over his skin, which showed vigilance!

He couldn't help but cast another look at the man, this time, he was terrified.

'Who is this man? Why does he make me feel such an overwhelming sense of oppression?'

Matthew raised a questioning eyebrow at Melvin, who was about to respond when the man interrupted, "Stop talking nonsense! Let's get started!"

"Sure!" Melvin shrugged helplessly.

"Matty, start your magic..."

"Start what?" Matthew was utterly puzzled.

Melvin indicated with a pouty lip and stated, "That wooden box. You'll know what to do once you open it."

Doubt painted across Matthew's face. "What is inside?"

Without a word, Melvin shoved the wooden box in front of him.

Matthew felt compelled to open it, and he discovered a decomposing skull!

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Matthew contemplated countless possibilities but never imagined that this wooden box would contain a skull!

'The skull has a decayed appearance and a putrid odor, suggesting that it has been buried for quite some time. Most likely the piles of bone fragments beneath the skull are those of the deceased...'

Matthew gasped, "Melvin, w-what is this?"

Melvin stayed silent.

At that moment, the man across from Matthew began clenching his fist tightly as his eyes turned red and his body shook slightly as if he were about to strike.

Matthew was even more mystified than before.

'What kind of riddle are these two attempting to solve? Is there a problem with the skull?'

He couldn't help but take another glance at it, and as anticipated, he was able to identify the problem.

Instantaneously, he tightened his grip and turned to look at Melvin. "Melvin, where did you get this skull?"

Melvin did not respond, but the man sitting across from him questioned, "What is wrong with the skull?"

The man's voice quivered as he spoke with tightly clenched fists and appeared highly agitated.

Matthew took out the skull and studied it intently, then furrowed his brows. "This person should have died a long time ago!"

If anyone heard these words, they would undoubtedly burst out laughing.

Given the condition of the bones, shouldn't it have been apparent that the person had died a long time ago?

On the other hand, the man didn't laugh, instead, a glimmer of light flashed in both eyes.

He cast a sidelong glance at Melvin, who shrugged. "I didn't say anything to him about it. Although I have lied to you several times, do you think I would lie to you about this?"

Without giving Melvin a response, the man turned his attention to Matthew and urged, "Go on."

Afterward, Matthew picked up the other bone fragments inside the box, examined them again, and said in a low voice, "The poison has penetrated deep into this person's bones. He should have died a long time ago with such a lethal poison. However, someone sealed the poison into his bones to prevent it from seeping into his blood, ultimately saving his life. Who on earth could have such miraculous medical abilities?"

As the man turned to face Melvin, the glimmer of light in his eyes intensified.

Melvin shrugged again. "Stop glaring at me, and if you have any doubts, just let him finish what he's saying. Can you tell us something even more shocking, Matty? Look at how skeptical he is!"

"Something even more shocking? Like what?" A bewildered Matthew rubbed his temples.

"Things that people aren't able to see in general, but only you will be able to see," Melvin responded.

After giving it some thought, Matthew stated, "This bone indicates that he should have passed away seven years ago, but he was poisoned roughly 23 years ago. So, he should have died 23 years ago, but someone artificially extended his life by 16 years! Isn't it shocking?"

Melvin responded with a hearty chuckle, "That's it! This is absolutely shocking!"

Then, he added, "Hey, Whitford! Now, do you believe me? Nobody knows how he died or how he was poisoned. Think about it, have you mentioned it to anyone else? Anyway, I genuinely know nothing about it."

The man's demeanor became solemn as he fixed his gaze intently on Matthew as though he were engaged in internal deliberation. However, it was clear from the look in his eyes that his attitude had changed, and he no longer held any contempt or hostility toward Matthew.

The man eventually spoke in a deep voice, "Do you believe you could treat this patient if you met him?"

After some consideration, Matthew nodded. "I have a method, but the medicine used to treat him is so rare that there's a chance it won't work..."

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The man's voice wavered as he looked at Matthew in shock after hearing the reply. "W-What kind of medicine is that?"

"Purple spider lily," Matthew calmly answered.

Suddenly, the man's eyes widened in disbelief. "What is a purple spider lily?"

Matthew replied, "It is an extremely uncommon species of spider lily, also known as lycoris, and its color is typically red. Purple spider lily is a heterogeneous species of spider lily that is highly poisonous, but it can be used as an antidote..."

"However, it is impossible to locate this plant because it can only thrive in environments with extremely polluted air. It has been sought after for many years, but no one has ever found it outside of Orleans. This plant is so relatively rare that it is even more unusual to find ten stalks of Thousand-Year Ginseng growing in the same location."

After hearing the explanation, the man's clenched fists finally relaxed, and his eyes turned red.

He inhaled deeply and quickly glanced at Melvin before sitting next to him. "Alright. Find me a place to stay!"

As soon as Melvin heard that, he leaped out of his seat excitedly. "Look! I didn't lie to you, did I? Haha! Can you ensure this kid's safety?" he exclaimed.

The man spoke slowly and deliberately, his expression unruffled. "I will protect him with my life!"

In response, Melvin laughed even more heartily.

However, Matthew was still unable to make head or tail of the situation. "Melvin, what's going on?"

Afterward, Melvin jogged his memory and mentioned with a grin, "That's right, I forgot to formally introduce the both of you. This is Salazar Whitford, the successor to the Whitford Wing Chun boxing. Thirty years ago, his father reigned as King of Wing Chun and ruled with his iron fists. From now on, he will serve as your bodyguard."

As soon as Matthew heard this, his eyes widened in shock.

Although Salazar's identity remained a mystery to him, he had the impression that whoever Salazar was, he was no pushover. He could feel the aura emanating from Salazar's exertions and was on the verge of suffocating.

'Is this intimidating man going to be my bodyguard?'

"Uh, a-are you sure? Mr. Whitford, I..." Matthew sounded awkward.

Salazar interrupted him, "Dr. Larson, you don't have to say anything else. I'm not interested in your secrets, and the information you gave me is adequate!"

“All you need to know is that the skull in the box belongs to my father. At that time, someone used the method you shared with us to seal the poison in his bones and save his life. I’m here to repay the favor!”

After hearing Salazar’s startling statement, Matthew had a flash of insight.

‘Is he referring to my father, Shane Larson? Is it possible that my dad sealed the poison in his father’s bones to save his life?’

As he gave it some serious thought, he concluded that it was possible. After all, this type of treatment is beyond the scope of any ordinary doctor.

‘Since my dad and I are the inheritors of the jade pendant, we are the only ones with knowledge of this treatment. Therefore, my dad must have been responsible for saving Salazar’s father. So, he has come to protect me in return for my dad’s kindness!’

With that in mind, Matthew realized what was happening and was no longer wary of Salazar, and he cast a glance in Melvin’s direction.

‘Melvin knows my identity which is why he is helping me...’

‘Following today’s events, my assumptions about Melvin’s awareness of who I am are accurate. Moreover, he must also know quite a bit about my dad, otherwise, how would he have convinced Salazar to come?’

‘The only catch is that I need to find out how powerful Salazar is...’

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Presently, Matthew arranged for Salazar to live in a villa next to him.

Following Billy’s departure, he transferred all of Lakeside Garden’s assets to Matthew. Henceforth, all Lakeside Garden properties were managed by Matthew’s men.

Since Billy left him the properties, he technically owned all the unsold houses but had no intention of selling them either.

How could he sell them at will?

Therefore, approximately a dozen empty villas in Lakeside Garden were allotted to his subordinates so they could reside there.

Matthew led Salazar to the villa next door and inquired about his dissatisfaction. Nevertheless, Salazar wasn’t picky about accommodations and appeared unaware of the lavish furnishings inside the villa.

Although Matthew offered him the villa, Salazar decided to settle for a gym and bedroom on the ground floor instead. In addition, after he moved in, he tidied up the gym and brought in a lengthy item wrapped in cotton cloth.

“What is this?” Melvin inquired out of curiosity.

Salazar did not respond and instead flicked the cotton cloth used to wrap the item. This resulted in a layer of dust particles bouncing off the surface, which prompted Melvin to immediately turn away from him and wave his hands in front of his nose to clear the air of the dust.

He added, "How long has it been since you last unwrapped this item?"

Dismissing him, Salazar removed the sheet to reveal a wooden dummy.

Several sticks protruded from it, and the way those sticks were inserted into the holes made it look like a human figure with arms outstretched. The holes were interconnected, allowing the wooden sticks to pass from one side to the other.

When Melvin realized what it was, his eyes grew wide. "Wow! Why would you bring this thing over here? It's just a wooden dummy, so why don't you buy a new one? Isn't it tiresome to move such a large object?"

Salazar gave him a cursory glance but said nothing.

On the other hand, Matthew gasped in surprise, "You can't buy this anywhere..."

"Why not?" Melvin retorted. "There aren't many people who use wooden dummies for training anymore, but they're always available online."

Matthew shook his head and explained, "The wooden dummy you're referring to is not identical to this one."

Melvin was taken aback when he heard that. "What is the difference? This dummy only has more sticks to it! Why? Is it because it was made of rosewood? Even if it's made of rosewood, just look at its condition! Do you still believe it can last a lifetime?"

Salazar glared at him and hissed, "Can you please stop babbling nonsense?"

A dissatisfied Melvin remarked, "Hey, why are you acting so ungrateful? Why shouldn't I say what's on my mind after I've brought you here?"

Salazar was at a loss for words, and Matthew was similarly helpless. However, there were times when Melvin genuinely deserved to be beaten.

"Melvin, if you don't appreciate its value, stop acting as you do. This wooden dummy is not like any other one because it is unique compared to others on the market, and there is no

way for you to purchase it. It is known as the nine-pole wooden dummy..."

After hearing Matthew's explanation, Salazar stared at him in disbelief.

On the contrary, Melvin was still perplexed. "What exactly is a nine-pole wooden dummy? Did you just say that this wooden dummy stands for nine people?"

Matthew proceeded with his explanation. "Take a look at these wooden sticks and holes. They are not like the standard design of wooden dummies in any way, shape, or form, and once they are in a particular position, they can move up and down..."

“The unpredictability of each rise and fall makes it impossible to anticipate the next step, thereby increasing the difficulty of the training. This is why ordinary people will never use the nine-pole wooden dummy.”

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Salazar's gaze on Matthew was even more startling because few people knew the mysteries surrounding the nine-pole wooden dummy.

Melvin was still adamantly opposed to the lengthy explanation. “So, what? Isn't that just a nine-pole wooden dummy? Is it possible to train and then successfully knock out nine people at once?”

Matthew smiled and stated, “A nine-pole wooden dummy does not represent nine people, but many. Since nine is the greatest number in modern and ancient languages, it is frequently used to denote a large quantity...”

“By mastering the nine-pole wooden dummy, one can reach the pinnacle of Wing Chun boxing and be prepared to face off against thousands of troops.”

Melvin's eyes widened in disbelief. “No way! This wooden dummy enables you to attain the highest level of Wing Chun boxing?”

Matthew gesticulated and explained, “Every training facility has its own boxing practice method. The wooden dummies widely available elsewhere are simplified versions that can be used to train body strength, but it is difficult to train to one's full potential with these dummies...”

“Previously, martial arts were seen as illegal because they involved practicing a skill associated with killing, so how can regular citizens practice it? Therefore, these authentic martial arts techniques can only be passed down through families with physical and mental prowess. This nine-pole wooden dummy is uncommon, so how could you purchase it?”

Melvin rubbed his temples, still refusing to concede defeat.

“Even if we can't buy it, I'm confident we can have it made to order. Doesn't it just require a few pieces of wood with holes drilled in them?”

Matthew shook his head again. “Don't even think about it. Each Wing Chun student must have their own wooden dummy. This nine-pole wooden mannequin was custom-made for its owner, right down to his height and the length of his arms and legs...”

“Those of a different height or with arms or legs of a different length will not be able to use it effectively for training. It's difficult to get your hands on a nine-pole wooden dummy like this.”

Melvin was astounded when he heard that. “Seriously? Is it that difficult to acquire this wooden dummy?”

At that moment, Salazar could no longer contain his curiosity as he stared at Matthew.

He queried in astonishment, “Dr. Larson, do you know anything about Wing Chun boxing?”

Matthew nodded and smiled. “I'm familiar with a few techniques.”

Following his inheritance of the jade pendant, he reached a master's level in Wing Chun boxing. In terms of Wing Chun boxing's techniques and moves, he could be considered an expert, given that it was passed on by his ancestors.

His primary problem was his lack of internal energy, therefore, it was acceptable for him to engage in conflict with a marginally powerful opponent. Even if there wasn't much difference in inner energy between them, he could still turn the tide of the fight in his favor.

On the other hand, things could get problematic if he encountered somebody whose inner energy was significantly more potent than his own.

There was a saying that it takes ten men of average skill to take on one man of extraordinary strength and that even extensive martial arts training is no match for a mighty blow.

In a nutshell, the battle between Matthew and Jasper is an excellent example. He unquestionably blocked Jasper's punch, but the intensity of Jasper's inner energy suddenly breached his defense, pushed his arm away, and still delivered the punch. That was due to a difference in the inner energy between the two.

Salazar shook his head in awe. "If you thoroughly understand the nine-pole wooden dummy and its history, you have more than a basic comprehension. You must have previously learned Wing Chun methodically, Dr. Larson!"

"Perhaps, you can put it that way," Matthew replied.

Salazar's enthusiasm grew as he grinned. "Shall we have a spar?"

Matthew hesitated for a moment. "Mr. Whitford, you are the heir to the King of Wing Chun. I don't think I should embarrass myself in front of you."

Salazar responded with a smile. "Throughout my life, I haven't had much passion for anything besides boxing. I'm always ready to take on a true expert. Don't worry, I will go easy on you. Let's just have a light sparring session."

After giving it some consideration, Matthew agreed and nodded. Moreover, he was also intrigued by Salazar's strength!

'One who trains with a nine-pole wooden dummy will most likely be a challenging opponent...'

Soon after, Matthew took off his jacket, and the two walked to the open area for light sparring.