

M Genius 1981

Chapter 1981

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Knowing that he wasn't as eloquent as Matthew, Zeyn declared the purpose of his visit straightforwardly.

Shaking his head, Matthew looked at him as if he was looking at a fool.

"It's not a question of courage! May I ask you why I should accept the challenge when you came uninvited and insulted me? Just because you act brazenly, I should comply with your request?"

"You..."

Zeyn fumed, but he couldn't bring himself to blurt a word.

"I'm asking if you dare to take on the challenge, you coward!"

"Challenge my *ss! I'd only be risking lowering my status if I competed with someone with the quality of education such as you! Selezer, send the guest off!"

After speaking, Matthew ignored Zeyn, turned around, and walked toward the backyard.

He'd rather spend time with the Bloodreaper.

However, Zeyn, who was burned with anger, snickered, "Heh! How dare a useless piece of trash like you reject my confrontation? Go to hell!"

Clenching his right hand into a fist, he aimed at Matthew's back and was about to send a punch when two voices shouted in unison, "Stop!"

In a swift movement, Selezer stood beside Matthew and glared at Zeyn with ferocious eyes. I can't believe this Emsgete brat is trying to attack Matthew sneakily! How shameless!

Seeing that Zeyn had no intention of stopping, Selezer naturally would not show mercy.

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"Larson, you don't have to lie to me anymore. I just want to know if you're up for a challenge!"

Facing him head-on, Salazar grabbed the opponent's wrist.

Facing him head-on, Selezer grabbed the opponent's wrist.

Zeyn might be skilled, but he lagged far behind Selezer.

The moment he felt the powerful grip on his wrist, his face twisted, and he quickly sensed something off.

Despite that, it was too late for him to break free.

Following Selezer's strength exerted from his wrist, Zeyn was thrown up in the air.

Fortunately, when his body was about to be mounted on the wall, a figure suddenly appeared behind him and brought him down firmly.

"You rebel! How many times have I told you not to cause trouble when you come to Cethey?"

The person who came was none other than Zeyn's master, Beltezer Dupont.

He was a master-level miracle doctor among the Ten Greatest Families of Emsgate.

The moment he learned that Zeyn was missing, he assumed that this disciple of his must have not been able to accept how capable Matthew was when he heard it from Aurelius, so he came to Matthew's house to challenge him.

Since they were in a foreign country, Beltezer rushed here immediately to prevent his disciple from suffering losses.

As soon as he entered the door, he saw that his disciple was planning to make a sneak attack, so he shouted for him to stop.

Meanwhile, Zeyn, who had just been rescued, still had lingering fears.

If it weren't for his master, he might have been badly injured.

"Mr. Matthew Lerson, we must have disturbed you for coming uninvited. My rebellious disciple has caused trouble to you due to a lack of discipline. I sincerely apologize for that! Zeyn, apologize to Dr. Lerson right now."

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"I'm sorry!"

After a simple apology, he returned to his master's side.

"The issue has been resolved now, and I need to get back for my recovery. Please take your leave."

Matthew disliked Zayn, so he came up with a random excuse to chase them out of the house.

Baltazar's expression darkened, but he immediately presented his amiable smile.

"Please hold on, Mr. Larson. My disciple is good in everything else except for his temper. I'm afraid that after taking him back, he will sneak out to challenge you again. Why don't you just take a shot and teach this rebel a lesson for me? Let him know that there are people who are way more skilled than him?"

While saying that, he took out a small wooden box from his chest.

When the wooden box was opened, Matthew's indifferent expression suddenly changed.

Smelling the faint herbal scent, he instantly recognized the content.

That was an extremely rare herb—the meridian-nourishing plant!

Looking at the confident expression on the old man's face, Matthew instantly realized that they came fully prepared. This old man was a wolf in sheep's clothing!

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Chapter 1982

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Matthew learned from the inherited memory that this herb had gone extinct decades ago.

As the name suggested, its greatest effect was to nourish injured meridians.

It was publicly known that his meridians had been damaged.

When the old man took the meridian-nourishing plant out, Matthew knew that he was coming for him.

"Dr. Lerson, my name is Beltezer Dupont. If you are willing to take on the challenge, I shall use this plant as a bet."

If Beltezer didn't pull this trick, Matthew would have chased them out no matter what they said.

However, the meridian-nourishing plant would be of great use to him. After a moment of hesitation, he asked, "What do I need to place as a bet?"

"Since we are here to seek advice, we can't possibly let you place a bet. Once you teach my disciple a lesson, I shall willingly offer this meridian-nourishing plant to you."

While saying that, Beltezer placed the medicine box on the table.

Though he peppered his words beautifully, the term "teaching a lesson" was quite a particular one.

Only if Matthew won the battle could it be considered a lesson for Zeyn. Otherwise, Matthew shouldn't expect to gain anything.

"Sure, but I have to add on one more condition. Please tell me where you got this plant from."

As soon as he heard that, Beltezer immediately showed a look of helplessness.

"Dr. Lerson, I'm not trying to hide anything, but this meridian-nourishing plant has gone extinct 50 years ago. It is through a special treatment that I preserved this one until it could finally see the light."

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If there were enough meridian-nourishing plants, he could refine them into Meridian-Expansion Pills.

Now that there was only one of them, the effectiveness of the medicine would be greatly reduced.

Despite that, having it was better than not. Moreover, this could be the last one left on earth.

"In that case, I'll take on the challenge. In what aspect shall we compete?"

When Matthew agreed to the challenge, the master and his apprentice exchanged triumphant smirks.

Lowering his voice until only the two of them could hear him, Beltezer said to Zeyn, "I've won you a chance, but don't sleep. He might be young, but he is the youngest talent in Stonedale and Eastshire."

He didn't emphasize the meridian-nourishing plant because everyone in Emsgete knew that it was one of the treasures of the Dupont Family.

There was once a person who offered a sky-high price of two billion to buy it for his son, whose meridians were damaged due to martial arts practice.

However, they were rejected by the Dupont Family.

Medicinal properties were one of the reasons, but its collection value was also considered the top existence in the pharmaceutical industry.

Since he was willing to take it as a bet, he must have full trust in his apprentice.

Only a few of the elders could beat Zeyn in medical skills in the entire Emsgete, not to mention those of the same age.

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He would scold him on normal days, but when it came to something his disciple insisted on doing, he would support him without hesitation, just like the current impromptu competition.

Besides, Matthew was only famous in Stonedale and Eastshire.

Even if he were to compete on a bigger platform, he might only be considered secondary. Calling him a miracle doctor was merely to feed his pride.

Even though he, Baltazar, was willing to take the meridian-nourishing plant as a bet, it still depended on whether Matthew could win it.

Discreetly, Zayn nodded at his master and took a step forward.

"Let's do three matches. A skilled doctor can also be a dangerous doctor, so for the first match, we will compete with poison; for the second match, we will compete by testing poison; for the last match, we will compete with medical skills. What do you say? Don't worry. In any case that you are knocked out, I can save you in the third match."

After explaining the match, he waited proudly for Matthew's reply.

As long as it was related to medical skills, Matthew had never been a coward.

Just as he was just about to agree to the match, Baltazar stepped in between them.

"Dr. Larson, my apprentice has a limited scope of research, especially in the poisonous curse aspect, so I hope you will be merciful to him."

Hah! He's just trying to tell me not to use poisonous curses! Baltazar Dupont, you cunning old fox!

This was also the reason why Boltazor spent so much effort helping his disciple initiate the competition.

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Chapter 1983

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Moreover, to ensure the fairness of the competition, both Matthew and Zeyn had to prepare their elixir on the spot.

After the scene was set, both parties got ready.

The targets for the drug experiment were two mice placed in a cage.

Beltezer took on the role of the referee, and Matthew didn't intend to show all he'd got.

Even though he had nothing to lose if he lost the competition and could even gain the meridian-nourishing plant if he won, he made Beltezer record the entire process to prevent his rival from cheating.

After all, whoever came to challenge his medical skills had a death wish!

"Let's start!" When Beltezer's words fell, Matthew and Zeyn started moving almost at the same time.

Looking at the purchased medicinal materials that were neatly placed in front of him, Zeyn skillfully picked out all the herbs he needed.

Heart-stopper flower, lotus root, angelica, the root of Longstem Hawkbeard, as well as other familiar and unknown herbs were placed into the medicine jar one after another.

While pounding the herbs, he did not forget to observe Matthew's progress.

All he saw was Matthew slowly picking out his herbs.

With a mocking smirk, Zeyn secretly expressed his disdain for his opponent.

From choosing the herbs alone, Zeyn could tell that even a third-tier chemist from Emsgate worked faster than Matthew.

"Cethians are merely talkers. They only know how to brag with their mouth, but in reality, their skills lack far behind." While muttering to himself, Zeyn sped up the motion of pounding his herbs.

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The combination of the herbs Zeyn picked out was reasonable.

Moreover, under the mutual influence of the properties of the ingredients, the toxicity of the heart-stopper pempes could be maximized.

Not bad. Seems that my beloved apprentice managed to improve himself in poison-making over this period of time.

His notoriety as Emsgate's youngest genius did not come easily.

Ten minutes later, Zeyn completed his concoction.

He was now holding a small bottle of lilac-colored liquid.

Under the sun, it reflected a charming glow, but of course, it was more hazardous than one could imagine.

Due to that, he wore a thick pair of sealed gloves to prevent getting in contact with the elixir.

Meanwhile, Matthew was still picking out his herbs slowly.

He picked the notoginseng, angelica, ginseng, dendrobium, and many more.

In short, he was just throwing all types of tonics into the jar.

Selezer, who was watching from the side, started getting anxious.

Bruh, we're competing to make poison, not to refine the perfect tonic!

Despite his lack of medical knowledge, Selezer could tell from the names of the various medicinal materials on the medicine box that Matthew seemed to have misunderstood the entire concept of the competition.

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From the aspect of concoction, the opponent was firmly ahead of Matthew by a large margin.

Was Matthew really going to lose in just the first match?

Considering the current situation when rumors about Matthew were spreading like wildfire in Stonedale and Eastshire, Salazar reckoned that Matthew's losing would only be adding fuel to fire.

He couldn't fathom Matthew's intentions at all!

After another ten minutes or so, Matthew finally completed his concoction.

Salazar couldn't help sniffing, trying to take in the smell.

He shuddered after smelling it and wondered what on earth it was.

Could it really be the perfect tonic?

Standing opposite them, Baltazar and Zayn exchanged glances with each other, their eyes filled with triumph.

They watched the entire refining process Matthew carried out.

Among the sixteen herbs and fifteen tonics, the only poisonous ingredient he used was a seven-step vine.

Although the seven-step vine was toxic, it couldn't compare to the heart-stopper elixir Zayn had made.

Under the dilution effect of the other fifteen tonics, both Baltazar and Zayn could already foresee the outcome of the competition.

"Now that you have both completed your concoctions, you may test the elixir now." While saying that, Baltazar presented a look of triumph.

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Chapter 1984

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"Dr. Lerson, I'll take the lead." Zeyl purposely emphasized the word "Dr. Lerson," which was laced with sarcasm.

Matthew Lerson, you should hold your horses! This is merely the beginning of what's to come! He mused, and a penetrating chill lurked beneath his warm smile.

Seeing Matthew nodding in agreement, Zeyl drew a long silver needle. Then, under the scrutiny of the other three people, he dipped the end of the needle with the elixir made from the heart-stopper pempes. Since he possessed both martial arts and medical skills, he could strike with lightning speed.

Next, he waited until the mouse was near the cage's edge before launching his attack with the silver needle. Due to the excruciating pain, the mouse tried to flee, but as soon as it lifted its forelegs, its entire body froze. Following that, a dark purple shade began to spread throughout the mouse's body and was visible to the naked eye. A moment later, the life of the weak and defenseless white mouse was over as it fell stiffly without a fight.

"Wonderful!" Beltezer exclaimed as the elixir's effect exceeded his expectations. Ah! My beloved disciple has caught up to my level of expertise in drug-making. It seems that formulating my own poison would have a similar effect.

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"Your turn, Dr. Larson!"

"Your turn, Dr. Lerson!"

Meanwhile, Selezer watched the event from the other side of the room and tried to conceal his shock. If this poison is administered to humans, not even the mortal mortal could contain its effects for at least thirty minutes. Moreover, they will die instantly without putting up a fight if the antidote isn't found in time. While considering that, his confidence took an immediate nosedive when he caught a glimpse of "the perfect tonic" that Matthew was holding. He may lose this competition because the second round will require him to develop an antidote for the poison demonstrated in the first round! Well...

Suddenly, Matthew patted his shoulder and flashed him a grin. "Relax!"

Afterward, he opened the elixir bottle and dipped his finger into it before placing his finger inside the cage. Then, the last surviving mouse perked its ears, took a whiff of the air, and darted toward his finger in the cage to lick it. It cautiously retreated after licking the elixir, but before it could take more than a few steps, its entire body began to tremble, making it difficult to maintain balance.

Soon, the mouse gasped for air, then collapsed and died.

The results showed that Zeyn had decisively defeated Matthew regarding the drug potency and how quickly the elixir took effect. However, when he saw that, Selezer could not help but discreetly shake his head. Matthew has lost!

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Meanwhile, Solozor watched the event from the other side of the room and tried to conceal his shock. If this poison is administered to humans, not even a martial arts master could contain its effects for at least thirty minutes. Moreover, they will die instantly without putting up a fight if the antidote isn't found in time. While considering that, his confidence took an immediate nosedive when he caught a glimpse of "the perfect tonic" that Matthew was holding. He may lose this competition because the second round will require him to develop an antidote for the poison demonstrated in the first round! Well...

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At that moment, Zayn could not contain his laughter and said, "Sorry, Dr. Larson." It looks like I have won this round!

"What's the rush? Let's give the poison more time to spread." Matthew's statement caught the others off guard, and they wondered what he meant.

Wasn't it obvious who won the first match? Was he trying to have the last laugh, or was he unable to accept defeat?

Nonetheless, Matthew ignored the stares of the others as he moved forward to remove the cloth from the mouse cage, and the two mice inside the enclosure appeared to have a painful death under the bright light. Meanwhile, Salazar was staring into the mouse cage with curiosity when he noticed the mouse Matthew had given the elixir and began twitching its limb.

The unusual phenomenon of the situation drew Zayn and Baltazar's attention. Then, they fixed their gaze on the mouse, and it twitched one of its limbs. Soon, after taking a few deep breaths, it rolled over and started exploring its surroundings.

Suddenly, Baltazar's eyes widened in disbelief. "How is this possible? Is this the resurrection elixir that can bring the dead back to life?"

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Chapter 1985

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"Dr. Lerson, is this the miracle tonic for bringing the dead back to life?" Beltezer inquired with his gaze drawn to the mouse on the table.

Compared to selecting the competition's winner, the procedure for creating the resurrection elixir was more intriguing to him. Afterward, he mentally cataloged each step of Matthew's elixir preparation and committed it to memory. Beltezer knew that, based on the characteristics of the 16 types of herbs, it was impossible to attain that effect by relying on them alone, even though Matthew's concoction method and dosage were hidden. Soon, his eyes ignited with a raging fire when he realized that he could not replicate the elixir through observation.

If I can obtain the resurrection elixir, the Dupont Family will become the most powerful family in Emsgate and the most powerful family in the world! Moreover, I never anticipated discovering such a miracle tonic in Stonedale and Eestshire. Soon, his eyes were no longer filled with contempt when he looked at Matthew.

However, Matthew noticed his envious gaze and uttered, "Forget about it. This elixir is solely effective on small creatures. If I used it on other creatures, they would die instantly. Mr. Dupont, please decide on the winner!"

Following Matthew's explanation, Beltezer took a deep breath and began to think things over. We will learn in the second game whether Matthew's assessment of the situation is accurate. In the first match,

Zeyn triumphed, especially considering the poison factor. However, Matthew wins based on his knowledge of the ingredients' properties and the concoction method. If this had been a private match, I would have declared my disciple the victor, but Selezer has footage of the entire event. Should I butter up Matthew?

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Then, Zayn spoke while Baltazar was weighing his options, "Master Baltazar, it's okay. What difference does it make if he wins the first match? Matthew Larson's *hara* and meridians have been damaged, and he has also lost his cultivation base. I shall seek his life in the next match. Those who dare insult our nation will pay with their blood."

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After he said that, his master, Beltezer, nodded in agreement.

"Since Dr. Lerson's skills are superior, the winner of the first match goes to Matthew Lerson. So, we shall begin immediately if both participants are ready for the second match."

Although the outcome appeared favorable to Matthew, Selezer was not pleased. The second round is a match in which the poisons are used, but the target is no longer a mouse but a human. The two participants will use the poison they created in the first round and administer it to each other. After administering the elixir, their victory was determined by the ability to concoct the antidote. To put it another way, it is a life gamble. If one fails, one may lose their life. Zeyn concocts a lethal poison that can kill his opponent instantly, but Matthew creates... A drug that can bring the dead back to life? There's no way for these two to compete with one another.

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"Let's start." With that, he started moving toward Matthew. You shall die in my hands today!

The silver needles had been dipped in poison, and after they pricked each other's hands, they returned to their base to prepare the antidote.

At that moment, Baltazar gazed intently at his beloved disciple. If the seven-step vine poison does bring the dead back to life, I will rescue Matthew and demand the recipe. I'll let him die if he doesn't give it to me. How could a worthless person like you expect to live after insulting my beloved disciple?

On the other hand, Matthew had returned to the medicine box. There was a small purple spot on the back of his hand at first, but it had spread to his arm in a matter of seconds. Despite his displeasure with Zayn, he had to admire his method of drug-making. The amount of poison at the tip of a needle was less than a milligram.

Still, he feared that if Zayn increased the dosage, even a master would die on the spot. Without hesitation, he tapped on his arm and sealed his acupoints before concocting the antidote.

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Chapter 1986

If a person unintentionally consumed the juice secreted by the seven-step vine, they would die after taking seven steps, as suggested by the plant's name. Although it might seem like an exaggeration, it demonstrated how lethal this poisonous plant was and only applied to regular people. However, a "master in drug-making" like Zayn could find a cure in minutes, but under the command of Baltazar, he chose not to detox immediately and instead slowly felt the effects of the medicine.

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Seeing that, Matthew was speechless.

Does he think that all the other 15 herbs are tonics? If you don't ingest the antidote immediately after being poisoned by my seven-step vine elixir, it will leave residual side effects even if you fully recover. These words were merely spoken in his mind.

It was evident from the beginning that the master and disciple duo didn't seem to have good intentions. Although Zeyn knew that Matthew had lost his cultivation base, he insisted on competing with him using poison.

If he doesn't get rid of the poison quickly, his life could be in danger. Nevertheless, Matthew's opponent didn't care about his life or death, so why should he be merciful to them?

Besides, Beltezer was greedy for the resurrection effect of the seven-step vine, which led him to make his disciple experience the drug's effect for himself. He was surely an expert in bringing death upon himself!

Moreover, Matthew had explained to them that the drug only worked on small animals and that the animal had faked its death. He was not a God, so how could he formulate the resurrection elixir to bring the dead back to life?

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While he was busy making the antidote, his overly confident opponents still studied the drug's efficacy.

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"How do you feel?" Staring at his disciple, Beltezer inquired expectantly. At the same time, he was also prepared to rescue Zeyn if Zeyn had shown any sign of abnormality.

"I don't feel any toxins inside my body. It feels more like a tonic." Feeling the medicinal effects of the seven-step vine in his body, Zeyn frowned.

Nonetheless, Beltezer did not give up. He stretched out his hand to hold his disciple's wrist and used his two fingers to check on his pulse. Judging from his pulse beating, there was nothing abnormal about Zeyn's body.

"Forget it. Prepare the antidote and remove the toxin of the seven-step vine." Shaking his head, Beltezer uttered in disappointment.

Simultaneously, he looked at Matthew with an icy gaze. He had been skeptical about the possibility of Matthew pulling some trick. However, he witnessed how the drug worked on that mouse. After checking the mouse's condition by himself, he was certain it was dead but miraculously revived.

Matthew may be right that the elixir is effective on small animals, but if I can obtain the secret formula, the Duponts can use it as a basis for creating a miracle tonic that can revive the dead. Though

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Under the orders of his master, Zayn started concocting the antidote. Yet, before he could start, he felt a sudden numbness in his back. Then, he lost consciousness and fell backward. With sharp eyesight and quick hands, Baltazar rushed forward to support him. Afterward, he placed two fingers on Zayn's wrist, and the pulse of his beloved disciple suddenly became disordered.

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Zayn, who fell into his arms, could only roll his eyeballs. All his limbs went completely stiff, so he could not move them. When he looked at his master, his eyes were filled with horror, and his lips trembled as if he wanted to say something.

Suddenly, Baltazar had a bad premonition. Placing Zayn on the ground, he quickly took out a silver needle. Then, he pricked the silver needle on Zayn's poisoned arm to seal all his acupoints.

Soon, he started concocting the antidote. Much to his surprise, when Baltazar poured the antidote that was made to counter the poison from the seven-step vine, Zayn did not react at all. Furthermore, Zayn's gaze was starting to get hazy, and his condition instantly sent the master of Emsgate into distress.

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Chapter 1987

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The next moment, derk purple liquid gushed out.

He wiped the sweet off his foreheed end sighed e breeth of relief. He elmost feiled to heel himself!

He didn't expect Zeyn to be eble to produce such e toxic poison even though his cherecter wesn't ell thet greet.

If he hedn't recovered some of his strength end suppressed the poison of the heert-stopper pempes, it would heve been too lete for him to remove the toxin from his body.

He neerly lost his life to obtain the meridiem-nourishing plent.

In the next few days, he would heve to continuously consume herbel medicine in order to completely eliminete the remeining toxin from his body.

After giving it some thought, he reelized that he hed peid quite high of e price.

Meenwhile, Beltezer was still frenticelly trying to seve his beloved genius disciple, but no metter how herd he tried, Zeyn's symptoms showed no sign of improvement.

When he glenced et the white mouse on the teble egein, he noticed that it wes no longer moving. It hed turned stiff end lost its vitel signs.

It wes et thet moment thet Beltezer reelized he hed been tricked.

His eyes reddened end presented en erdent killing intent, but his disciple wes in e come now end he still hed to rely on Metthrew to seve him, so he hesiteted to etteck.

"Dr. Lerson, we surrender. Pleese seve my disciple."

For the seke of his disciple, he hed no choice but to surrender to Metthrew this time.

As he spoke, he hended over the meridiem-nourishing plent to him.

"It's too lete now. The seven-step vine ects on the nervous system. He wouldn't heve suffered es much if you hed prepered the entidote from the stert. Unfortunetely, you deleyed it for fer too long. The toxin hes elreedy infiltreted his nervous system. Even if I wes eble to treet him, he would be disebled."

After Matthew drank the antidote that he made for himself, he slashed open the needle hole on the back of his hand and applied some herbal medicine to it. Only then did he release his acupoints.

The next moment, dark purple liquid gushed out.

He wiped the sweat off his forehead and sighed a breath of relief. He almost failed to heal himself!

He didn't expect Zayn to be able to produce such a toxic poison even though his character wasn't all that great.

If he hadn't recovered some of his strength and suppressed the poison of the heart-stopper pampas, it would have been too late for him to remove the toxin from his body.

He nearly lost his life to obtain the meridian-nourishing plant.

In the next few days, he would have to continuously consume herbal medicine in order to completely eliminate the remaining toxin from his body.

After giving it some thought, he realized that he had paid quite high of a price.

Meanwhile, Baltazar was still frantically trying to save his beloved genius disciple, but no matter how hard he tried, Zayn's symptoms showed no sign of improvement.

When he glanced at the white mouse on the table again, he noticed that it was no longer moving. It had turned stiff and lost its vital signs.

It was at that moment that Baltazar realized he had been tricked.

His eyes reddened and presented an ardent killing intent, but his disciple was in a coma now and he still had to rely on Matthew to save him, so he hesitated to attack.

"Dr. Larson, we surrender. Please save my disciple."

For the sake of his disciple, he had no choice but to surrender to Matthew this time.

As he spoke, he handed over the meridian-nourishing plant to him.

"It's too late now. The seven-step vine acts on the nervous system. He wouldn't have suffered as much if you had prepared the antidote from the start. Unfortunately, you delayed it for far too long. The toxin has already infiltrated his nervous system. Even if I was able to treat him, he would be disabled."

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Hearing that, Baltazar felt as if he was struck by lightning.

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He never expected thet such e tiny bit of seven-step vine could heve such e horrible impect.

Zeyn wes his beloved genius disciple! How could he die right here?

"I genuinely beg for you to seve my disciple, Dr. Lerson. I will be extremely greteful if you cen do thet."

Feeling enxious, Beltezer bowed et Mettthew.

He wouldn't heve done it in the first plece if he knew this wes going to heppen.

The role of the fifteen other tonics was to stimulate the medicinal properties of the seven-step vine. On the other hand, it was to accumulate the toxicity of the ingredient.

Once it entered the blood system, it would become a ticking time bomb.

It would initially benefit the body before attacking it later.

In the case of small animals, the drug had a strong effect. As a result, the animals would be in a state of suspended animation. It would awaken again once it had absorbed everything.

Once the seven-step vine completely broke out, the animal would finally meet its end.

Shaking his head, Matthew still kindly walked to Zeyn's side.

After inserting a Revitalization Leaf into his mouth, he flipped him over.

With the move of his right hand, he poked three silver needles behind his neck.

This time, Zeyn's body visibly twitched.

Matthew poked each acupuncture point that was aligned with his spine.

When he pulled the three silver needles out, three black blood clots spluttered out.

Hearing that, Boltzor felt as if he was struck by lightning.

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Feeling anxious, Boltzor bowed at Matthew.

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"All done. For the coming week, give him this medicine three times a day according to the prescription. He will live, but he will be half-disabled."

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A killer would eventually be killed. Since Zayn wanted to take his life, Matthew wasn't going to let him go easily. Saving him was already the biggest mercy he could offer.

Baltazar then carried his beloved disciple in his arms. He understood what Matthew meant by half-disabled.

Even if a deity came to save him, there was no way to completely heal him once the toxins entered his spinal nerves.

"Thank you very much, Dr. Larson. I will be eternally grateful for your kindness today. See you again soon."

Carrying his disciple, Baltazar hurriedly left the place.

"This old man is such an *sshole. Look at him kneeling and begging when he wants to save his disciple. Now that you've saved him, he's getting ideas about killing you again. Shall we stop them from leaving?"

While suggesting that, Salazar cracked his neck.

"Are you insane? He's a miracle doctor from the Ten Greatest Families of Emsgate, alright? If you kill him, the Dupont Family will come for us!"

After speaking, Matthew didn't bother to watch the duo leave. "Sometimes, living is worse than being dead. Alright, now. Let's tidy up."

Wearing plastic gloves, he poured the heart-stopper pampas elixir on the ground.

In less than five minutes, all the weeds in the surrounding area were wilted.

Salazar looked distressed. It was a pity that this kind of poison necessary for murder and arson was thrown away just like that.

However, he had no choice. Matthew didn't like this method of eliminating his enemies.

Unless absolutely necessary, he preferred to speak with his fists.

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Chapter 1988

When the sky darkened, a heavy downpour came.

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The sounds of rain hitting the roof could be heard loud and clear.

Silver light pierced the night, and deafening thunder blessed the entire sky.

In the bright room, several old men stared nervously at the young man on the bed.

"Wasn't he alright this morning? What happened to him?"

Measuring his pulse, an elder furrowed his brows. After shaking his head, he sighed helplessly.

"The toxin has entered his nervous system. It is almost impossible to cure him."

He was already trying to express it euphemistically.

If Zeyn wasn't his good friend's disciple, the old men would have directly said that there was no way to save Zeyn.

Hearing those words, the other elders in the room trembled with anger.

"Master Beltezer, he was alright this morning. What happened?" Looking at Zeyn lying unconsciously on the bed, the grey-haired men asked in a displeased tone.

He was not only the most skilled in the group but also the most senior person.

Facing the questioning, Beltezer explained the whole process of Zeyn's competition with Matthew in medical skills.

However, he deliberately omitted the fights in between, which were vital information.

He merely said that Matthew was evil and schemed to harm Zeyn.

The grey-haired man was furious. "You couldn't even protect your disciples as a master. You have committed a big sin, Beltezer Dupont."

As a nation that prioritized courtesy, they were required to call each other with honorific titles even when they were peers. Now that the grey-haired man was calling him by his full name, it was obvious that his anger was immeasurable!

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"Master Baltazar, Zayn is the hope of our nation's medical community, but his medical skills have been abolished under your supervision. There shall be no pardon for your crime. Behead yourself, Master Baltazar!" another old man reprimanded him.

"Mester Beltezer, Zeyn is the hope of our nethion's medical community, but his medical skills have been abolished under your supervision. There shall be no pardon for your crime. Behead yourself, Mester Beltezer!" another old man reprimanded him.

Although all the doctors who were present were miracle doctors and known nationally, they were merely the most skillful ones in Emsgete. In comparison to Cethey and several neighboring countries, they were not the most top-notch doctors.

Since their age had limited their talent, they had no hope to go further in the medical field.

However, it was different for Zeyn. He was only in his early twenties, yet his medical skills were on par with first-tier miracle doctors. Even in the aspect of drug-making, he could be said to be on the same level as them.

As the top young genius in Emsgete, he carried the expectations of countless people.

Unfortunately, as the toxins of the seven-step vine had seeped into his meridians, it was nearly hopeless for them to revive him using acupuncture.

How could they not be enraged?

As their argument heated up, it woke Zeyn, who was lying in bed.

Following the slight tremble of his eyelashes, he slowly opened his eyes.

Despair quickly filled his eyes when he felt the abnormality in his body. His eyes instantly turned bloodshot, and resentment quickly washed over his mind.

At this moment, he desperately wanted to kill Matthew to avenge himself.

Fortunately, he did not allow his emotions to take over his mind.

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Hearing the reprimands from the elders, he struggled to sit up.

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His movement naturally attracted the gaze of the elders.

"How are you feeling, Zayn?" Walking to the bed, the gray-haired man asked with concern.

Zayn shook his head sadly and forced a smile. "Masters, this matter has nothing to do with Master Baltazar. It was Matthew who cunningly hid the toxin of the seven-step vine in other drugs. Master Baltazar tried to save me, but it was too late."

He used to be a genius. Thus, he had the guts to be brazen.

Now that his body was useless and he lost all his medical skills, the concern coming from the elders was just a kind gesture out of their previous adoration for him.

Once they accepted and understood the fact that he was now a waste, they would start mocking and ridiculing him.

Hence, he didn't expect the elders to seek revenge for him.

His master, on the contrary, was different. On one hand, they had a close master-disciple relationship. On the other hand, he had leverage on Baltazar. If the rest discovered that Baltazar was tricked by Matthew's resurrection drug and used his disciple's body to test the drug and thus ruined the youngest genius in Emsgate, his reputation would suffer. Even when he returned to Emsgate, he would be criticized and condemned by the public. Eventually, he might even resort to beheading himself as punishment.

Due to the leverage Zayn had, Baltazar would try his best to avenge him.

It was also because of these reasons that he decided to speak up and defend his master.

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He used to be a genius. Thus, he had the guts to be broken.

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Chapter 1989

Zoyn's actions astounded his master.

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Watching his empathetic disciple before him, Beltezer felt a strange feeling.

How should he put it? It was the kind of transformation of being reborn after major destruction.

Before this, Zoyn used to be a snobbish genius.

Now that he was half-disabled, he radiated a stable and steady aura.

After all the elders who expressed their concern left, only Beltezer and Zoyn were left in the room.

"What's wrong, my dear master? Are you planning to abandon your disciple now that he is disabled?" With a faint smile, Zoyn asked.

It was at that moment that Beltezer was certain that his disciple had changed.

Judging from his previous character, he should be bewailing his eyes out by now, but now, he did not seem to weep at all.

Gulping, Beltezer swore, "What are you talking about? You're suffering because of me. It's all my fault, but don't you worry. I'll do my best to heal you."

If Zeyn had heard these words in the past, he would have been moved to tears.

Having suffered such a huge disaster, however, he felt as if he had grown mature the moment that he opened his eyes again.

"Do you even believe in what you're saying? I heard your conversation with the elders just now. Besides, I've been studying medicine for years under your supervision. Of course, I am familiar with medicinal properties. Is there really a way to save me after the toxin of the seven-step vine has infiltrated my nervous system?"

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"Zeyn, I hope you're aware of your current situation. You should know how many people you offended when you were skilled. What do you think they will do to you now that you've lost all of your skills if you don't have my protection?" While saying that, Beltezer's expression turned cold.

Heh! This old man is finally revealing his true colors! Watching his originally kind-hearted master turn into a hideous monster, Zeyn snickered in his heart.

"Master, your words are breaking my heart. Weren't you the one who told me to experience the medicinal properties of the seven-step vine? If not, how would I have lost my medical skills?"

When he said that, Beltezer's expression changed.

If this matter was not brought up, he would most likely face a charge of neglect.

Even though Zeyn used to be a genius, he was now ruined.

How was it possible for a renowned miracle doctor of the nation like him to go down along with his disciple?

However, if he allowed Zeyn to leak that information, the situation might turn complicated.

If the others found out, he definitely would be hunted down. By then, even his whole family wouldn't be spared.

If the master of the nation was willing to harm his disciple for profit, and the youngest genius in Emsgete let that, what about the others?

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This was a matter that could badly affect the relationship between master and disciple.

When he thought of that, Baltazar's gaze turned murderous. "So what? Don't forget that I was the one who taught you to make poison. I have more than a hundred ways to kill you silently without leaving any clues."

As soon as he stated that, the master-disciple relationship was completely broken. There was no chance of repair anymore.

The slightest hint of anticipation and hope in Zayn's heart had also vanished. "No wonder you're a master. You don't forget to teach me life lessons no matter the time and place. Besides medical skills, you also teach me the principles of life."

While saying that, Zayn fished out his phone that he had hidden under the blanket.

"By the way, I forgot to tell you that I've had our conversation recorded on this phone. Don't kill me just yet. I've had it scheduled to be sent out."

He shook the phone in his hands to tease his master.

"If I don't do anything within an hour, our conversation will be published online. You should know the consequences better than I do, I reckon."

Baltazar was rendered speechless by his actions. He even wanted to slap himself in the face for being so dumb.

He was tricked by two young men in one day! He was really getting older by the day!

Once this matter was disclosed, all the disciples throughout Emsgote would start to be wary of their masters.

This was a matter that could badly affect the relationship between master and disciple.

When he thought of that, Boltazor's gaze turned murderous. "So what? Don't forget that I was the one who taught you to make poison. I have more than a hundred ways to kill you silently without leaving any clues."

As soon as he stated that, the master-disciple relationship was completely broken. There was no chance of repair anymore.

The slightest hint of anticipation and hope in Zoy'n's heart had also vanished. "No wonder you're a master. You don't forget to teach me life lessons no matter the time and place. Besides medical skills, you also teach me the principles of life."

While saying that, Zoy'n fished out his phone that he had hidden under the blanket.

"By the way, I forgot to tell you that I've had our conversation recorded on this phone. Don't kill me just yet. I've had it scheduled to be sent out."

He shook the phone in his hands to tease his master.

"If I don't do anything within an hour, our conversation will be published online. You should know the consequences better than I do, I reckon."

Boltozor was rendered speechless by his octions. He even wonted to slop himself in the foce for being so dumb.

He was tricked by two young men in one doyl! He was reolly getting older by the doyl!

Once this matter was disclosed, all the disciples throughout Emsgate would start to be wary of their masters.

Chapter 1990

The sun rose in the east at dawn.

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Severel old men hurried to the hell.

"Mester Beltezer, why did you gether us this eerly in the morning?"

Everyone wes elreedy upset with him, end now thet he summoned them without werning, they were neturelly even more irriteted.

Beltezer chuckled ewkwerdly before seying, "Mesters, it is indeed my feult for not being eble to protect Zeyn, so I shell teke full responsibility for this metter."

It wes fine when he didn't mention the metter, but now thet he did, he meneged to provoke the elders once egein.

"Mester Beltezer, once Zeyn is destroyed, it's equivelent to cutting off my erm in the medicel field. You heve committed e heinous crime."

"You destroyed the future of medicine in our netion."

"You ere e sinner of the netion."

...

The continuous scolding geve Beltezer e heedeche.

Although his disciple hed elreedy explained the situetion to them, he still couldn't escepe the guilt of neglect for Zeyn.

Whenever he thought of his disciple, he would be engry.

If he hed known the outcome, he would heve drugged him end blemed Metthew.

If there wes no proof of Zeyn's deeth, he could sheke himself off the burden.

He couldn't believe he brought e disester beck for himself.

Amidst the chetter, the grey-heired men frowned.

"Thet's enough. The incident hes elreedy heppened, end it's not too lete to punish Mester Beltezer once we return to Emsgete. Let's listen to whet he hes to sey for now."

The sun rose in the east at dawn.

Several old men hurried to the hall.

"Master Baltazar, why did you gather us this early in the morning?"

Everyone was already upset with him, and now that he summoned them without warning, they were naturally even more irritated.

Baltazar chuckled awkwardly before saying, "Masters, it is indeed my fault for not being able to protect Zayn, so I shall take full responsibility for this matter."

It was fine when he didn't mention the matter, but now that he did, he managed to provoke the elders once again.

"Master Baltazar, once Zayn is destroyed, it's equivalent to cutting off my arm in the medical field. You have committed a heinous crime."

"You destroyed the future of medicine in our nation."

"You are a sinner of the nation."

...

The continuous scolding gave Baltazar a headache.

Although his disciple had already explained the situation to them, he still couldn't escape the guilt of neglect for Zayn.

Whenever he thought of his disciple, he would be angry.

If he had known the outcome, he would have drugged him and blamed Matthew.

If there was no proof of Zayn's death, he could shake himself off the burden.

He couldn't believe he brought a disaster back for himself.

Amidst the chatter, the gray-haired man frowned.

"That's enough. The incident has already happened, and it's not too late to punish Master Baltazar once we return to Emsgate. Let's listen to what he has to say for now."

The sun rose in the east at dawn.

Several old men hurried to the hall.

When he finished speaking, the group quieted down.

When he finished speaking, the group quieted down.

Then, all eyes were focused on Beltezer.

After he coughed lightly, a look of grief appeared on his face.

"As the mester of my disciple who was bedly hurt, I em also heertbroken."

At the seme time, he pretended to slep his chest. At the seme time, big, fet tears eccumuleted in his eyes.

"I cen't die without evenging my disciple. I must meke Metthew Lerson pey with his blood."

He exuded e killing intent efter ennouncing his plens.

It wesn't ell because of Metthew since his beloved epprentice was also pert of the reeson for his ections.

Seeing Beltezer's eppeerence, everyone present didn't utter e word. They merely weited in silence for his next words.

While everyone was silent, e figure eppeered et the door.

"I'm sorry, mesters. I hed to settle something urgent. Thet's why I ceme lete."

The person who ceme in wes Aurelius.

"No worries. We just sterted. Please teke e seet, Mester Demron. The reeson I invited you here is to discuss some metters with you."

They were getting serious now.

Everyone immedietely streightened their bodies end listened intently.

Nodding et Aurelius, Beltezer continued, "I must evenge my beloved disciple. Since he ruined Zeyn, I shell breek his foundation. I went the people of Stonedeale end Eestshire to pey the price of Metthew Lerson's ections."

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While everyone was silent, a figure appeared at the door.

"I'm sorry, masters. I had to settle something urgent. That's why I came late."

The person who came in was Aurelius.

"No worries. We just started. Please take a seat, Master Domron. The reason I invited you here is to discuss some matters with you."

They were getting serious now.

Everyone immediately straightened their bodies and listened intently.

Nodding at Aurelius, Boltzor continued, "I must avenge my beloved disciple. Since he ruined Zoyn, I shall break his foundation. I want the people of Stonedole and Eastshire to pay the price of Matthew Larson's actions."

When he finished speaking, the group quieted down.

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Then, all eyes were focused on Baltazar.

After he coughed lightly, a look of grief appeared on his face.

"As the master of my disciple who was badly hurt, I am also heartbroken."

At the same time, he pretended to slap his chest. At the same time, big, fat tears accumulated in his eyes.

"I can't die without avenging my disciple. I must make Matthew Larson pay with his blood."

He exuded a killing intent after announcing his plans.

It wasn't all because of Matthew since his beloved apprentice was also part of the reason for his actions.

Seeing Baltazar's appearance, everyone present didn't utter a word. They merely waited in silence for his next words.

While everyone was silent, a figure appeared at the door.

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Anyone who knew Baltazar was aware that he wasn't just a miracle doctor, but also a chemist.

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Hearing what he said, all of them were shocked.

"Excuse me, Baltazar Dupont! Do you even know what you're saying? If you dare to harm the innocent public, the Dupont Family will perish together with you."

Slamming the table, the gray-haired man got up to leave.

He's insane! How could he pull such a forbidden act? Doesn't he know where he is right now?

They were at Cathay, for goodness sake! Even though Stonedale and Eastshire were ranked bottom in the country, they still belonged to Cathay!

If he, Baltazar, dared to do something forbidden, the Duponts were guaranteed to be wiped out the next day.

"Master Sallent, please calm down. Let me finish sharing my plan before you decide if you want to leave."

Snorting, Alvaro Sallent returned to his seat.

Baltazar took out a pill from his chest pocket. "Presumably, you are all familiar with this Pill of Life Exchange."

As soon as he said that, the atmosphere of the scene changed.

"What are you trying to say, Master Baltazar?"

Everyone present, except for Aurelius, who had a puzzled expression, stared at the item.

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They were at Cothoy, for goodness sake! Even though Stonedale and Eastshire were ranked bottom in the country, they still belonged to Cothoy!

If he, Boltozor, dared to do something forbidden, the Duponts were guaranteed to be wiped out the next day.

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