

Chapter 3

After closing the door, Joseph looked at Matthew respectfully and said, “I’m Joseph Harrison. May I ask for your name, sir?”

“I’m Matthew Larson.”

“So you’re Mr. Larson!” Taking a deep breath, Joseph glanced at Natalie who was lying on the bed and he asked softly, “Do you still need any help, Mr. Larson?”

Matthew was silent for a while before he suddenly grabbed a pen and paper and scribbled some details on it. “Please get me some herbs!” Matthew handed the prescription to him and started digging into his pockets, but could only come up with a few tens in notes.

Feeling awkward, Matthew knew that there were many valuable and expensive herbs written on the prescription. If he could get everything on the list, it would cost more than two thousand. With this little money that he had, it was barely enough to cover the cost of anything.

Seeing his situation, Joseph quickly took the written direction from him and said in a shaky voice, “Mr. Larson, my words still carry some weight in this pharmacy, so you don’t have to pay for these herbs!”

Matthew gazed at him and nodded slowly as he expressed his gratitude to Joseph. “Thank you, Mr. Harrison, but I don’t want to be indebted to people. Please get ten portions of each herb for me and I’ll let you keep this prescription for your own use!”

If it was any other regular person saying this to him, Joseph would have thought that he was being disrespectful, but since it was from Matthew, he took it as if they were the words of a divine being. Apart from Matthew, no one else could have possessed the Divine Acupuncture Skill, and a casual prescription from him was simply a priceless treasure!

“Thank you, Mr. Larson!” Joseph thanked him and left hurriedly, holding on to the paper like a precious gift. Soon after, he returned with packages of different sizes in his hands. “Mr. Larson, these are the herbs which you requested. Please take a look,” he said.

At a glance, Matthew could tell that Joseph was meticulous in his task; every herb was packed properly. From the scent and color of it, Matthew could tell that they were all top-grade herbs.

Besides inheriting his ancestor’s lifetime knowledge from the jade pendant, Matthew also gained all of his medical experience from it. Although Matthew had never seen these herbs before, he could tell the quality with just one look.

“Thank you, Mr. Harrison!” he exclaimed and took them from him, as he carefully separated one portion out.

Joseph had also brought in a machine to boil the herbs, and he held his breath as he stood next to Matthew and watched. The prescribed remedy was indeed important, but what was more crucial was the way the herbs were boiled. Many exclusive herbal mixtures required special preparation methods, or it would lose its medicinal properties. Since Matthew had agreed to pass him the prescription, he would have to teach Joseph everything about it, which he did without holding back.

Instead of throwing all the herbs together into the pot, Matthew added them in a specific sequence while explaining it to Joseph. “The timing, temperature, sequence and the nature of the herbs are all important elements. You’ll have to remember every step, or else the medicinal effects would be reduced if there’s any mistake in the process!”

Like a primary school student, Joseph made notes with a pen and paper reverently while trying to remember everything to heart.

An hour later, the concoction was ready. When the lid was opened, a refreshing aroma floated in the air without any trace of an unpleasant smell. Just breathing in the fragrance, Joseph could already feel a sense of vigor and couldn't help but exclaim, “Mr. Larson, what is this medicine? H-How... could the aroma be so refreshing?”

Composedly, Matthew replied, “These are mini Rejuvenating Pills and have miraculous effects for injuries. Anyone who takes this can promote their longevity and strengthen their bodies!”

“Pill?” Joseph was puzzled. Wasn’t he making a liquid medicine? Peering over the pot, he saw that there were a few dozen of black-colored pills laying at the bottom of the boiler. “T-This is a pill-cultivating technique?!” Joseph’s eyes widened, for he had only heard of this method but had never seen it before.

Matthew took out a pill and mixed it with water before gently coaxing it down Natalie’s throat. With wide, unblinking eyes, Joseph saw that the injuries on Natalie were actually healing slowly right before his eyes.

“T-This is miraculous!” he cried out in surprise, having never seen such a thing happening before.

Shifting his gaze to the pills, Joseph had no doubt that just any one of these could be sold for an unimaginable price! Seeing that Natalie’s injuries were healing, Matthew let out a sigh; her life was secure for now. He took out three pills and gave it to Joseph. “These are my gifts to you.”

“Thank you, Mr. Larson!” Joseph reached out both his hands and took them without any hesitation. He was never a person to covet small advantages, but not even money could buy a man these pellets!

After carefully placing them into his pocket, Joseph looked at Matthew, full of admiration on his face. He couldn’t imagine how a young man could have such miraculous medical skills, and he was sure that Matthew’s achievements in the future was not something which could be contained in Eastcliff!

Even though Natalie had been saved, her breathing was still unstable, so Matthew stayed by her side to watch over her. As his only kin left in this world, Matthew wouldn’t let anything happen to her no matter what!

Meanwhile, Joseph would also come in to check on them a few times and also sent some food for him. However, Matthew was not in the mood to eat at all. It wasn’t until a little past ten at night when Natalie’s breathing began to return to normal that Matthew could finally breathe a sigh of relief. This time, Natalie’s life had been completely saved from the gates of hell!

Subsequently, Matthew felt a pang of hunger and started digging into the cold dishes next to him, finishing everything. Taking out his cellphone, he thought for a long while before finally deciding to give Sasha another call.

Although she did not have much feelings for him, they were still married for three years and it was heartbreaking to see how heartless she was toward him! After a few rings, the call got through and his heart almost skipped out from his throat as he said, “Sasha—”

Just as he started speaking, a male voice came from the other end of the line, “I’m not Sasha!”

Matthew’s face fell. It was almost eleven at night, so why was a man answering his wife’s phone? “Who are you?” he asked in a deep voice. “Where’s Sasha?”

“Sasha? She’s taking a shower now after her exercise earlier!” the man said smugly. “As for who I am, would you like to take a guess?” He chuckled.

“Why do you have Sasha’s phone? W-Where is she taking a shower?” he asked, worried.

The man burst into laughter and answered, “We’re in the same room, so it’s only natural that I have her phone while she’s gone for a shower. And of course she’s taking a shower in the bathroom. Do you think it will be the kitchen instead?”

“Why are the both of you in the same room?”

“In the late evening, it’s common for a man and a woman to be in the same bedroom.” Chuckling, he continued, “Hey, don’t you feel that you’re spoiling other people’s evening by calling right now?”

“Y-You!” Matthew was so mad that he could hardly speak straight. “Just who are you?”

“You don’t have to bother who I am, but I know who you are.” The man snorted as he said, “You’re Sasha’s useless husband, Matthew, aren’t you? I heard that you couldn’t even manage to get her into bed with you after three years of marriage.” He paused and laughed at him. “You have no idea how smooth the skin is on your wife’s body, do you?”

The man continued laughing before hanging up on him straight away, leaving Matthew hopping in rage. He made another call right after that, but no one picked up.

Despite several attempts, his calls to Sasha remained unanswered. Finally, he lost count of the number of times he had called that he only stopped when his cell phone was out of battery. Like a zombie, he stood rooted to the ground blankly.

He felt as though his heart had been pierced as he never thought that his wife would actually cheat on him after three years of marriage! It was not a wonder now why she ignored his calls and why the Cunninghams were treating him so badly. So this was what they had decided to do since the beginning!

Staying absent-minded and silent for a long time, Matthew’s chest suddenly burned with anger and he sprang up from his seat. With gritted teeth, he vowed, “I won’t let go of this matter, Cunninghams! I want to be stronger and make every one of you regret this!”

