

M Genius 2221

Chapter 2221 Varsel's Intentions

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One of them asked, "Who is this little baldie? Can he treat the patient or not?"

Someone replied, "I don't know, but I suppose he's got something. He's on the same team with Matthew Larson and Lola Crichton, after all."

"So, don't tell me Matthew and Lola are gonna be knocked out in the first round?"

"Let's keep watching. Since they're the favorites, they must have something exceptional about them."

That being said, everyone felt uncertain nonetheless.

In the meantime, Matthew and his teammates had begun discussing the treatment options.

As for other places, some contestants from Emsgate who had the benefit of hindsight deliberately chose to get randomly assigned to a team to expand their country's sphere of influence. On the one hand, by doing so, they could display their skills to their teammates from Cethey. On the other hand, the more teams they had, the heavier the blow they dealt would be.

Naturally, however, while they were scheming against others, the contestants from Cethey were plotting against them, too.

At this moment, two contestants from Emsgate finished examining their patient before nodding to each other. The patient was suffering from kidney atrophy, which wasn't difficult for them despite being a hassle to treat.

The patient wasn't the only person affected by the little monk's words; the hearts of the audience watching the live stream sank, too. After all, many of them were betting a lot of money on Matthew and Lola.

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At this moment, two contestants from Emsgate finished examining their patient before nodding to each other. The patient was suffering from kidney atrophy, which wasn't difficult for them despite being a hassle to treat.

One of them suggested, "Varsel, why don't you check on the patient as well before we discuss the treatment options?" Of course, their purpose wasn't really to discuss the treatment options; they just wanted to see the capabilities of the teammate assigned to them. If he failed to diagnose what was wrong with the patient, they would be able to humiliate him big time.

However, when they asked the question, Varsel Cloward had his hands on the back of his head and replied with an adorably blank expression, "Huh? What did you say?" After the person repeated the question, he finally nodded in comprehension. "Sure, no problem. Let's check on him together."

He then got closer to the sickbed and stared at the patient, only to end up getting into a staring contest with the latter. It wasn't until his teammates from Emsgate gave a short cough in puzzlement a long time later that he finally came to his senses and asked stupidly, "Where does it hurt?"

After the patient pointed to his waist, Varsel bluntly stuck out his finger and poked him in the waist, causing him to cry out in pain.

At this moment, Varsel straightened up, and his expression changed. Seeing him like this, his teammates from Emsgate thought he had found something, so they asked, "How is it, Varsel? Did you manage to diagnose what's wrong with him?"

After pondering for a moment, Varsel shook his head ignorantly. "No, I didn't."

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The eyes of the two teammates from Emsgate sparkled at his reply. Isn't this exactly the outcome we wanted? They immediately taunted, "Haha! Varsel, can't you even diagnose such a simple cause of illness? That makes us wonder how in the world you qualified for this competition. Is this the best that contestants from Cathay like you can do?"

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Faced with the pair's taunts, Varsel replied with a straight face, "You don't have to doubt it. It was indeed by luck that I qualified for the competition." There was even a hint of pride in his voice.

What he said was true—indeed, it was by sheer luck that he qualified for the competition. At first, he merely won fifth place in the provincial selection, but the winner, the runner-up, and the third-place winner of the selection prize ended up drinking themselves into the hospital at the celebration party. That was right; they got hospitalized for alcohol poisoning. As a result, he, the fifth-place winner, qualified as one of his province's two representatives.

After arriving in Bainbridge and interacting with others, he realized that although his medical skills were considered first-class at Grusford, he would basically come bottom at a place like Bainbridge.

Consequently, he simply gave up on himself. Well, it's a good thing to take two contestants from Emsgate down with me. When I go back to my village, I can brag to Tedric and Mouse that I've defeated two skilled contestants from Emsgate.

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Chapter 2222 Roland's Frustration

As he made up his mind to play dead, he instantly immunized himself against the taunts of his teammates from Emsgate. At the same time, he thought to himself, Just keep on hugging yourselves. When it's time for the Pills Refining contest, I'll let you guys experience what it's like to get tortured by society.

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Oblivious to his plans, the two teammates were standing in front of him at this moment, treating the patient's kidney atrophy with undivided attention.

On the other hand, Fabien's team was relatively lucky, for they got a patient with hematological mucormycosis. This was a type of mucormycosis caused by the invasion of pathogenic fungi in one's blood vessels, which thus brought about pathological changes in other organs.

If it were other contestants, they would have to make a certain amount of effort to deal with this disease, but for Fabien, treating the disease was absolutely a piece of cake. He used poison to treat the disease; in less than two hours, the patient was completely cured and would fully recover after some recuperation.

As for the unlucky Roland and his team, they came across a patient who was difficult to get along with. This was because their patient was suffering from intermittent explosive disorder, which made her totally uncommunicative. Furthermore, she would pounce on people at the drop of a hat.

Seeing the fierce look in the women's bloodshot eyes, Roland said with feigned generosity, "I'll let you two diagnose her first. Don't say that I never gave you the opportunity."

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Rose and Arianell rolled their eyes. "What a coward!" they muttered before coming to the patient's side.

The woman's neck and limbs were tied, but it was obvious from her grimace that she was difficult to deal with. At the sight of strangers, she suddenly began struggling violently.

As a result, Rose and Arianell were frightened as soon as they stretched out their hands. And besides, with the patient being so uncooperative, there was no way for them to examine her hands-on.

Just when they were at their wits' end, Roland was unable to stand the sight of this anymore. After shaking his head, he slowly stepped forward. "If you go on like this, you won't be able to make a diagnosis even tomorrow," he said, striking the patient's neck with his hand in a flash before sticking out two fingers to feel her breath.

The patient passed out in front of them before she could respond.

Roland clicked his tongue. After shaking his head in speechlessness, he stepped aside, saying, "You two may go ahead now." Inwardly, however, he ridiculed the two ladies. How dare they come and take part in the Holy Doctor Competition with such skills in medicine?

Unknown to him, however, medicine was just a sideline for Rose and Arianell. All they had learned in their lives was how to kill people with poison, and they rarely got to put their medical skills into practice. So, it was only natural that they were somewhat at a loss when confronted with such a situation.

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Tha woman's nack and limbs wara tiad, but it was obvious from har grimaca that sha was difficult to daal with. At tha sight of strangars, sha suddanly bagan struggling violently.

As a rasult, Rosa and Arianall wara frightanad as soon as thay stretchad out thair hands. And basidas, with tha patiant baing so uncooperativa, thara was no way for tham to axamina har hands-on.

Just whan thay wara at thair wits' and, Roland was unabla to stand tha sight of this anymora. Aftar shaking his haad, ha slowly stappad forward. "If you go on lika this, you won't ba abla to maka a diagnosis avan tomorrow," ha said, striking tha patiant's nack with his hand in a flash bafora sticking out two fingars to faal har braath.

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Roland clickad his tongua. Aftar shaking his haad in spaachlassnass, ha stappad asida, saying, "You two may go ahaad now." Inwardly, howavar, ha ridiculad tha two ladias. How dara thay coma and taka part in tha Holy Doctor Compatition with such skills in madicina?

Unbaknown to him, howavar, madicina was just a sidalina for Rosa and Arianall. All thay had laarnad in thair livas was how to kill paopla with poison, and thay raraly got to put thair madical skills into practica. So, it was only natural that thay wara somawhat at a loss whan confrontad with such a situation.

Still, seeing how smug Roland looked at this moment, Rose and Arianell were both annoyed. If it weren't for their fear of getting punished by Fabien, they would've called it quits long ago. Suppressing their inner displeasure, they began examining the patient carefully.

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"The next treatment will cause severe pain, so please put up with it for a while," Matthew said while handing a folded wet towel to the patient, signaling him to hold it in his mouth lest he bites off his tongue. This was largely because the patient's symptoms involved his spinal nerves and blood vessels in the first place. It wasn't that Matthew was unwilling to use anesthetics or turn off the patient's nociceptive nerves, but that doing so would only worsen the patient's condition.

At hearing this, the old man looked very anxious, but his eyes were full of hope. Then, he asked in a trembling voice, "Can my legs still be cured?" He was the breadwinner of the family. After he collapsed,

not only did his family lose a major source of income, but they even had to sell off everything they had because of his illness.

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Chapter 2223 The Sudden Appearance of Divine Acupuncture Skill

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After hearing this, the old man hesitated for a moment. Then, he finally put the wet towel in his mouth with slightly trembling hands.

At this moment, Matthew and the two others nodded to each other.

Lolo first had the old man drink the herbal concoction and take some pills that would protect blood vessels. After he began sweating slightly, Matthew turned him over.

Standing across from Matthew, the little monk rubbed some medicinal wine on his palms. Then, he massaged the old man's waist until it also began to sweat rapidly. After that, however, his face grew grave. After years of spine displacement, the nerves and blood vessels in the area were already very fragile. Any error in the bone-setting might result in nerve damage and the rupture of blood vessels, at which time the patient's condition would be beyond cure.

After taking a deep breath, the little monk whispered silently, "God bless me." Then, he slowly stretched out his hands toward the old man's waist.

At this moment, the audience in front of the display screen couldn't help but hold their breaths in suspense. For one thing, they were worried about the patient's safety; and for another thing, they feared that the little monk would make mistakes and cause them to lose all the money that they wagered on Matthew and Lola.

Hearing the old man's words, Matthew said reassuringly with a smile, "Don't worry, everything's gonna be fine." Then, he patted the old man on the shoulder.

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Even Matthew was ready to rescue the situation in case something went wrong.

As for the assistant judge and the supervising judge in the room, they dared not even let out an audible breath. Ordinary spine setting was easy for them, of course, but even they dared not easily have a try at the condition of the patient before them.

It was in such a tense atmosphere that the little monk felt the old man's bones. Soon after that, his eyes shone with determination, and a loud and clear Crack! could be heard in the quiet room.

All of a sudden, the old man's eyes widened; the excruciating pain caused his eyes to redden at once. Just when he wanted to struggle, Lola and the little monk swiftly held him down. Since they were both martial arts experts, the old man couldn't move at all. At this moment, he could only cry out in pain in a muffled voice as beads of sweat broke out on his forehead.

His pain was so severe that even the sight of it made one's heart ache.

At this moment, it was Matthew's turn to get started. He opened his needle bag, and all one could see was a flash of light. In the blink of an eye, the old man's waist was covered in silver needles!

The audience was truly amazed by the dazzling speed at which he did so. One of them exclaimed, "What's that?"

"What an astonishing speed! He's so fast that it's impossible to see him do it!"

"This alone is enough to make him surpass other contestants."

Even Matthew was ready to rescue the situation in case something went wrong.

As for the assistant judge and the supervising judge in the room, they dared not even let out an audible breath. Ordinary spine setting was easy for them, of course, but even they dared not easily have a try at the condition of the patient before them.

It was in such a tense atmosphere that the little monk felt the old man's bones. Soon after that, his eyes shone with determination, and a loud and clear Crack! could be heard in the quiet room.

All of a sudden, the old man's eyes widened; the excruciating pain caused his eyes to redden at once. Just when he wanted to struggle, Lola and the little monk swiftly held him down. Since they were both

martial arts experts, the old man couldn't move at all. At this moment, he could only cry out in pain in a muffled voice as beads of sweat broke out on his forehead.

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A few big names in Cathay's Union of Medical Practitioners were still discussing the treatment of zombies on the uninhabited island. However, when Rhett saw Matthew's acupuncture technique on-screen, he instantly sat up in surprise. "Why does this young man's technique look so much like the long-lost Divine Acupuncture Skill?"

As a great medical expert, Rhett had a deep knowledge of some lost techniques of acupuncture, of course. At this moment, just by taking a glance at Matthew's hand movements, he was able to tell which technique he was using. After mumbling to himself, he stood up immediately, intending to go to Matthew and ask him in detail about it.

However, just when he picked up his feet, Davon, also known as Skelemer, immediately took hold of him. "All hell's gonna break loose if you go there right now, Longbeard. And besides, you'll absolutely ruin this Matthew brat by going to him directly."

At Davon's reminder, Rhett finally calmed down. After all, the difference in status between him and Matthew was simply too huge. Matthew was a contestant in the competition, while he was the Chief Judge. If they were to meet right now, others wouldn't dare to say anything out of concern for his status, but Matthew would be in hot water.

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Chapter 2224 Making Two Medicines Simultaneously

If I go meet him right now, those green-eyed monsters will surely spread rumors about Matthew pulling the strings to win the competition, which will only land him in big trouble. And besides, if I'm there in person, it'll cause a big commotion. At the thought of this, Rhett let out a sigh of regret and sat back down in his seat.

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Kenneth suggested next to him, "Since you can't go there, why don't you let Davon go in your stead? He can meet with that Matthew guy on the pretext of supervising him!"

Rhett's eyes lit up at his suggestion.

On the other hand, after the little monk's bone-setting and Matthew's acupuncture treatment, the treatment of the old man's lumbar spine was completed. After fixing his lumbar spine in place with splints, they would have to deal with the lateral dislocation of the bones in the old man's feet.

Since the old man was bedridden for years due to his long-term illness, they first began by examining the nerves and blood vessels in his feet. After realizing that they weren't completely necrotic, the trio couldn't help but heave a sigh of relief.

However, the Practical Clinical Treatment of Stubborn Ailments contest would only last for three hours, most of which they had spent on the preliminary examination, diagnosis, and treatment of the patient's lumbar spine. And now, there was only less than an hour left before the end of the contest.

Of course, in this situation, the audience was actually even more nervous than Matthew and others. Now that the trio had spent more than two hours treating the old man's lumbar spine, would they still have time to treat his feet? Was there any hope of recovering the money they had wagered on them?

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According to the rules of the competition, the contestants didn't necessarily have to completely cure the patients of their intractable illnesses. At the end of the contest, the judges would score the contestants according to the outcome of their treatment. Only contesting teams with scores that were up to standard could move on to the next round.

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To ensure that they smoothly qualify for the next round, Matthew wouldn't stop at this point, of course. "Lola, do you have all the herbs we need?" he asked. After seeing her nod, he turned his gaze toward the little monk, saying, "Little monk, we're running out of time. You set the patient's bones first while I help Lola refine the medicine!"

Obviously, it wouldn't be enough to rely on the hospital's readily available drugs alone to deal with the patient's persistent trouble. Therefore, they decided to select the herbs before refining the medicine on-site.

However, just when he stood up, Lola, the Goddess of Meteora, immediately stopped him. "You don't have to. I can do it alone." There isn't enough time left for us to cure the patient in a limited period of time, she thought. With that, she took out a small cauldron. After she lifted her arms, two packets of medicinal herbs on the table fell quickly into the cauldron. Then, she closed the pot and pressed her palms against it, and an orange flame suddenly soared underneath the cooking device.

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Everyone was amazed by the sight of this, especially those who also pursued a career in medicine, who were even more surprised. Both the refining of pills and the making of medicine required the doctor's undivided attention; if the doctor got disturbed or distracted in the process, it would quickly fail. Lola's technique of making two medicines at the same time was very rare. Even though they had heard of it, this was the first time they saw it done by one of their peers.

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"As expected from the Goddess of Meteora! Her technique of making two medicines at the same time is simply amazing!"

"This lady has far surpassed her fellows in medicine when it comes to making medicines."

After some sighs of awe and admiration from the audience, the little monk finished setting the patient's bones. The next step was for Matthew to do acupuncture on the old man again. When the silver needles were all inserted into the old man's body, streams of black blood slowly oozed out down the needle.

This process required careful handling because the slightest carelessness might result in a risk of excessive blood loss.

However, just when he was observing the changes in the color of the patient's blood with rapt attention, the judge suddenly shouted, "There's half an hour left before the end of the contest!"

Such an incredible voice sounded especially jarring in the quiet environment. As a result, Lola, who was refining the medicines with undivided attention, got distracted, too.

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Chapter 2225 The End of Clinical Practice

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The orange flame, which had been burning steadily before, now flickered as well. It was such a subtle difference, but a faint burnt odor could be detected in the medicine cauldron.

When Matthew noticed this shift, he turned his head and looked at the judge who was secretly causing trouble.

"Hey, little monk, you keep an eye on it. Immediately stop the needle if the blood turns red."

He gave the command and went straight to Lola's side.

As a judge in the competition, it was necessary to remind the participants half an hour before the competition ended. The main goal was to stop the participants from becoming overly focused and losing track of time.

However, the reminders were usually delivered in a soft voice.

The judge in Matthew's ward was completely different, shouting with ulterior motives. But Matthew didn't have time to argue with this person as the time allotted for the competition was about to end.

Boyd Jacobs, the judge of this match, was pleased to see Lola make an error when his "masterpiece" interrupted her rhythm of refining medicine.

He wasn't a member of the CAUMP. He was merely a licensed doctor who had been brought to Bainbridge by the CAUMP to act as a temporary judge.

However, the Watkins Family approached him as soon as he arrived in Bainbridge. He was presented with a large box of money and without hesitation he said yes to their request.

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If he could eliminate Matthew in the first round, he would receive ten times the cash reward.

He hadn't expected his luck to be so good, and he couldn't pass up such an excellent opportunity to make a fortune.

That was why he made such a loud announcement, which affected Lola's medicine refining.

In the room, Lola was adjusting the stability of the flame anxiously.

"I'll do it," Matthew uttered softly before slowly extending his hands.

When the nimbus flowed from his fingertips, the flickering flame stabilized again, and the burnt smell in the air gradually dissipated.

After about ten minutes, the medicine cauldron began to tremble slightly, and the medicinal scent had completely masked the burnt smell in the air.

"Master Larson, the blood has turned red."

Hearing the reminder from the little monk, Matthew struck the table with his palm, and the two medicine cauldrons' lids immediately flew off.

One cauldron contained liquid medicine, and the other had the pill.

He held the small cauldron containing the liquid medicine with a clamp and brought it before the old man.

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Then, using these silver needles, he started to prick the elderly man once more.

The difference was that Matthew had to inject the liquid medicine into the patient's acupoints, allowing it to spread naturally. As a result, the injury was progressing much more slowly than usual.

Matthew eventually came to a complete stop after more than twenty silver needles were inserted one after another.

The old man, who had been in pain and had a pale face, now had a look of relief on his face.

Boyd was clearly upset when he saw the outcome of the treatment because he assumed his plan had worked. But who knew these young people were so powerful!

At that moment, he reluctantly turned to look at the timer he was holding. He had no other option at this point but to hope for the best. And right now, it seemed like the clock was ticking forever.

"Ten, nine, . . . two, one, the competition time is up. All participants, stop all treatment work and let the assistant judge take over."

But Matthew quickly retrieved all the silver needles after he had finished counting the numbers.

Then, with serious expressions on their faces, the three of them turned to face Boyd.

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Chapter 2226 Matthew Larson Eliminated

Under the serious gazes of the three individuals, Boyd explained deliberately, perhaps out of guilt. Under the serious gazes of the three individuals, Boyd explained deliberately, perhaps out of guilt.

"Why are you all staring at me like that? I was simply reminding you of the competition's time."

Matthew shrugged in response.

"Whether it was intentional or not, as a judge, you know exactly what you were doing."

Boyd's expression changed a little when he was confronted in this manner.

"What? Are you suspecting me, the judge, of intentionally disturbing you?"

But the three of them ignored him and gave him a dismissive smile. Following that, Matthew and Lola, as well as the little monk, left.

The clinical practice competition had come to an end, and it was now up to the judges to score the entries.

Boyd was particularly dissatisfied as he watched their silhouettes as they walked away. At this point, he was extremely embarrassed because his little trick had been exposed.

"This kid is already looking down on others with his limited skills. Just wait until he experiences hardships!" With this in mind, he gave a cold grin.

There was a minor hiccup during the refining process for Matthew; there wasn't much time and the medicine didn't completely penetrate the acupoints, which affected the treatment effect but not significantly.

Once the judges had finished calculating the scores, he could treat the patient once more.

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The next step was to await the judges' verdicts.

The participants' resting area was in the hospital's backyard, which was packed.

In comparison to the competitors, the audience watching the live broadcast was undoubtedly the most interested in the competition's outcome.

After much anticipation, the competition's results were finally made public.

When the participants saw their scores on the big monitor in front of them, some people cheered with joy, while others looked defeated.

Matthew walked up to the crowd, looked intently at the list of teams that had advanced, and his face grew gloomy. He looked for a while, but he couldn't find the name of his team among those who had advanced.

Several Emsgate players who were standing close by couldn't help but smile when they saw his expression.

After all, before the competition, their elders had issued strict instructions to all of the players from their nation that they were required to defeat Matthew.

Unfortunately, it seemed that they would no longer have the opportunity because Matthew's name was on the list of those who had been eliminated.

"Are you looking for your name, Matthew? Is it here?"

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In comparison to the competitors, the audience watching the live broadcast was undoubtedly the most interested in the competition's outcome.

After much anticipation, the competition's results were finally made public.

When the participants saw their scores on the big monitor in front of them, some people cheered with joy, while others looked defeated.

Matthew walked up to the crowd, looked intently at the list of teams that had advanced, and his face grew gloomy. He looked for a while, but he couldn't find the name of his team among those who had advanced.

Several Emsgote players who were standing close by couldn't help but smile when they saw his expression.

After all, before the competition, their elders had issued strict instructions to all of the players from their notion that they were required to defeat Matthew.

Unfortunately, it seemed that they would no longer have the opportunity because Matthew's name was on the list of those who had been eliminated.

"Are you looking for your name, Matthew? Is it here?"

It wasn't perfect, but the patient wouldn't be significantly affected.

With a mocking expression on his face, one of the Emsgate players pointed at Matthew's name.

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"You should be happy that you were eliminated so quickly; otherwise, we would teach you what real despair is."

Upon hearing this, Matthew furrowed his brows. His elimination was impossible based on the results of his treatment.

Could it be that someone was playing tricks?

At this point, he couldn't stop thinking about the judge who purposefully disrupted the competition.

Matthew was deep in thought when Boyd walked in with disdain.

"Matthew Larson, I thought your needle technique was impressive. It turns out to be all empty talk! The treatment results showed no improvement, and the patient's symptoms remained the same."

He then approached Matthew and began to whisper into his ear.

"Unless you kneel and beg me, you won't be able to advance today with me here. If I'm feeling kind, I can convince the judges to reconsider by praising you in front of them."

Matthew immediately realized what was going on: this person was the troublemaker!

However, from what he could recall, they weren't at odds before the contest. The issue only arose when Boyd purposefully caused trouble during the competition.

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Chapter 2227 Skelemer Appears

When the participants heard Boyd say that, they all had puzzled looks.

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After all, only the best young doctors from various provinces were eligible to compete in such a competition.

Those who had completed the competition earlier had naturally watched Matthew's acupuncture live stream.

There was no issue with the acupoint accuracy or the depth of the needle insertion. It was not possible, as the judges claimed, for the patient to not improve with such skill.

"Your evaluation was poorly done! Matthew's medical expertise, along with that of Lola Crichton and the little monk, makes it impossible for them to be eliminated," said Roland.

He understood very well that Matthew, the creator of the Reconstruction Pill, couldn't possibly be eliminated.

Matthew, the Goddess of Meteora, and the little monk were all exceptional in both medicine and martial arts. With such a combination, how could they be eliminated?

With Roland leading the way, several disciples from the hidden sect also came forward to show their support.

And when the audience realized what was happening, they erupted in anger.

"Trash judges! Give us our hard-earned money back."

"They should just go home if they can't make sound judgments."

"Are they judging with their feet?"

Matthew's needling technique astounded even those who had no medical background, so they never imagined that the judging panel would immediately disqualify him.

Meanwhile, Boyd was unaware of the situation outside.

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The criticism Roland and the others had directed at him didn't bother him.

After all, there were no cameras here, and the chief judge was also absent.

The supervising judge, in collaboration with the scoring judges, had completely blocked Matthew's way out.

As for the people from Emsgate, one of them sneered as he shook his head.

"Look at them, they're getting anxious. In the words of Cathay, aren't they just getting angry out of embarrassment?"

"Hahaha! They have a lot of rages but very little skill."

"If you lack the necessary skills, don't participate in the Holy Doctor Competition and humiliate yourself."

These people jumped at every opportunity just to mock Matthew.

They were well aware that no matter how excellent Matthew's medical abilities were, as long as they could completely subdue him, they would be happy.

When Boyd saw someone standing up for him, he was even happier. The situation was developing exactly how he wanted it to!

However, just then, a voice from among the crowd rang out.

"There's a discrepancy in the scoring results. The patient treated by Matthew Larson's team needs to be re-examined."

Boyd heard this and his face instantly turned black.

"Who was that idiot? How dare they question our judging panel's decision."

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Everyone in the room was drawn to the voice, and they soon realized that Skelemar, the deputy head judge, was speaking.

"That idiot is me."

The entire hall fell silent with just one sentence, and there was nothing but solemnity in the air.

At this moment, Boyd felt as if his soul had left his body.

How is this possible?

According to his understanding, several head judges had rushed back to Bainbridge from out of town because they had an urgent matter that needed their attention more than the Holy Doctor Competition.

Boyd dared to act so recklessly because they only planned to show up briefly at the Holy Doctor Competition. However, he was now in a panic.

With Skelemar appearing here, his plan and arrangement would definitely be exposed.

He had made a deal with the Watkins Family to eliminate Matthew from the competition, and only then could he obtain a large sum of money.

If he was exposed now, he would not only lose the money, but he would also lose all of his honors and status.

"Why are you still standing there? Are you waiting for me to take action myself?"

With Skelemar's command, the other supervising judges behind him had already approached the scoring judges.

Not long after, the elderly man treated by Matthew slowly entered the room in a wheelchair, aided by a staff member.

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Chapter 2228 It's Over Skelemar Leaves

"The osteopathy is perfect. There's no deviation!"

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"No damage to the meridians and the restoration effect was obvious."

"All the stagnant blood has been cleared."

"Based on the final comprehensive evaluation, both the treatment process and the results are almost perfect."

Moreover, this patient's condition was severe, and the difficulty of treatment should be among the most difficult cases in this batch of intractable diseases. If we were to rank them, it would be in the top three."

Throughout the entire report from the evaluation group's leader, Skeleamar's expression remained unchanged.

The atmosphere, however, was becoming more solemn, as felt by everyone present.

"I didn't expect to find such scum among the judges."

"I told you! It'd be impossible for Matthew to be eliminated with his exceptional acupuncture skills."

"So it appears that there was internal sabotage. They have some guts to do this in the Holy Doctor Competition. Tsk tsk!"

With Skeleamar's support, the people who were originally doubtful began to talk openly. Perhaps they saw this as an opportunity to bully someone who had lost authority or power, but that was beside the point.

Meanwhile, Boyd, who was at the center of the incident, was sweating profusely. It seemed that he had already seen his fate.

"Will you confess on your own, or should the Martial League interrogators help you confess?"

When Skeleamar spoke again, Boyd felt his legs go weak.

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Boyd chose to be honest and confess on his own rather than face the terrifying Martial League interrogation room.

However, the issues at hand were inappropriate for public discussion.

When he finished speaking, the Martial League enforcers summoned by Skelemar stepped forward. They formed groups of two and escorted Boyd and several other accomplices away.

"The competition will continue, and the results of Matthew Larson's group will be announced again."

After saying that, Skelemar turned and walked away without further ado.

Initially, he came to inquire about Matthew's acupuncture technique on behalf of Rhett Wyatt, hoping to determine whether it was the long-lost Divine Acupuncture Skill.

But what he didn't expect was to see such a mockery when he arrived.

These Medical Alliance judges broke the law by secretly targeting contestants with their evil and unscrupulous intentions.

They had disgraced the Medical Alliance as a whole.

Skelemar was no longer interested in asking Matthew any questions after this incident.

He led the panel of judges out the door after giving Lola, his proud disciple, a subtle nod.

The judges were prompt and decisive, so when the recalculated competition results appeared on the big screen, the restless and anxious audience erupted in cheers again.

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He had originally thought that his plan had succeeded.

But for some unknown reason, Matthew, who should have been eliminated in the elimination round, had now advanced to the next round.

The explanation given by the Medical Alliance was that there was a glitch in the backend data.

And when he wanted to inquire about Boyd and the other judges about this matter, he noticed that he couldn't contact them.

Moreover, the resting area for the contestants did not provide live broadcasts, so outsiders had no idea what was happening inside.

"What a bunch of morons! I spent so much money, and they can't even handle such a small matter?"

"Master Damron, there's no need to get angry. Even if Matthew Larson advances, what can he do? We have prepared a big surprise for him in the Land of Divinity."

"We'll just wait and see."

Alvaro Sallent then slowly raised his wine glass in a toast to Aurelius Damron.

His expression conveyed both assurance and expectation.

The young Emsgate medical elites, led by Manager Baeddan, had already set up a massive scheme and were waiting for Matthew to fall into it.

No, it'd be more accurate to say that they were waiting for all of Cathay's top medical talent of this generation to fall into it.

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Chapter 2229 Goodbye, Incapacitating Technique

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He couldn't swallow the rage over the failure of the plan against Matthew.

But it was better to leave it to the professionals when it came to professional matters.

In the competition of medical skills, compared to the Watkins Family, these young talents from Emsgate were the main force.

Aurelius could just use his little tricks to target them.

After the results of the competition were corrected, the clinical practice in the morning came to an end.

In this round, very few people were eliminated. There weren't more than ten groups altogether.

Furthermore, most of these people made mistakes because they were nervous and scared when they faced the competition.

When everyone dispersed and began preparing for the pills refining competition in the afternoon, the Emsgate representatives continued to mock.

"Congratulations on advancing, Matthew. But the next competition will be your journey to hell. Are you ready?" they said while pouting.

Roland's displeasure grew as he observed the Emsgate representatives' attitude.

"What a bunch of big talkers! You Emsgate monkeys have a lot of guts to compete in our Cathay's Holy Doctor Competition. You're not even worthy of taking on Matthew because I can easily defeat all of you with one hand."

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"What are you looking at? I'm talking about you. Keep your eyes open! Do you think you're beautiful? You're...an... ug-ugly—"

Roland suddenly experienced brief dizziness before he could finish. His eyes became dull, and his speech started to stumble.

This was precisely the same situation that Matthew had encountered on the Highsea a few days ago.

It was the Incapacitating Technique!

When Matthew saw Roland in this state, he immediately shouted, "Wake up!"

Matthew's sudden shout startled Roland.

"Monster!"

Roland blinked in confusion as he looked at everyone after saying "ugly monster" out loud.

"I think I just saw a fairy!"

As soon as he finished speaking, the girl pursed her lips.

"Matthew Larson, it seems that your friend seems a bit confused. Why don't you treat him while the competition is on break?"

Roland was probably unable to control his emotions due to the brief period of confusion, so when he heard them mock him, he instinctively clenched his fists and wanted to fight them.

Fortunately, Matthew intervened quickly and stopped him, then proceeded to whisper in Roland's ear.

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"You can't fight during the competition, or your qualification to participate will be revoked instantly. Let us doctors use our medical expertise to resolve the conflict."

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After finishing his sentence, Matthew shifted his gaze, feigning a smile, toward the woman who had used the incapacitating technique.

"Thank you for the reminder. Cathay has recently been plagued by a pest infestation problem, which has been annoying. That's probably why my friend hasn't been sleeping well. He certainly needs to be treated."

The reference to pests was obviously referring to these Emsgate representatives!

Hearing this, the faces of everyone in the Emsgate group darkened.

One of them, however, maintained his composure while his energy surged like a raging undercurrent, ready to erupt.

"I hope your medical abilities in the upcoming competition are as impressive as your wit."

Roland knew that because he couldn't fight, he could only rely on his words.

"All right, then, make sure you pay attention to us at the competition."

The man glanced at Roland, who had abruptly interrupted, and grinned a little.

"I like you!"

Then, he turned around and casually announced, "Let's go!"

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Chapter 2230 Dario Collazo

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It was clear from this that this individual held absolute respect and power among the Emsgate participants.

"Who is this individual? Acting like he's all that!"

Roland asked inquisitively while glancing at his vanishing figure.

"If I'm not mistaken, this person should be Dario Collazo, the head of Hedera School of Medicine," Matthew replied flatly.

Roland asked further, "Is this person competent?"

Matthew replied, "Yes, very competent, both in medicine and martial arts. According to the information from various sources, he is expected to win this competition."

Upon hearing this, Roland was taken aback. "Does he compare to you?"

Matthew laughed playfully when he heard the question.

"I am unbeatable when it comes to my medical skills. You do with that what you will."

Roland's eyes lit up after he heard that. "Really?"

Matthew suppressed a smile and raised an eyebrow.

"Of course, haven't you heard the saying? The devil has a death note but Matthew Larson has the immortality elixir. That's me."

He then gave Roland, who was still speechless, a pat on the shoulder.

If it weren't for Lola who was laughing behind him, Roland would still be absorbed in Matthew's words.

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Roland had no idea he'd been tricked until Matthew said this.

And Matthew had already taken off running at this point.

The disciples of the hidden sect thought that Matthew just wanted to lighten everyone's mood and make them laugh. Little did they know that everything he said before leaving was accurate.

Shortly after, a notice from CAUMP was quietly released.

"Boyd Jacobs and others from the Joppettam Province have violated medical ethics. Therefore, CAUMP has decided to completely revoke their status as doctors and their medical qualifications. In addition, these individuals will be permanently blacklisted in the medical community."

This also meant that these people would never have the opportunity to practice medicine again.

When this outcome was announced, many people were immediately reminded of Matthew's altered results, and various speculations started to circulate.

Kenneth Schmidt, who was at a lounge area at CAUMP's conference, was taken aback by how these people were treated. He immediately expressed his concerns.

"This punishment seems excessive. The participants were present at the competition, so the truth will eventually be revealed to the public. This will ultimately result in CAUMP's humiliation."

Rhett Wyatt stroked his long beard and calmly said, "It doesn't matter. The rest of your body will suffer if you are unable to endure the agony of cutting off a foot sore that has become infected. Plus, this move serves as a warning to others."

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After the halftime break, it was time for the pills refining competition.

The clinical practice session was simply a way for the participants to practice, but it also allowed them to treat the accumulated patients in Bainbridge under the guise of competition.

The competition rules stated that the finals would take place after the team pills refining competition. As a result, many participants would be eliminated at this stage.

At this point, the venue had already been divided into hundreds of equal-sized sections, with identical pill-refining cauldrons placed between each.

After the host gave an introduction, everyone at once realized that the biggest feature of this stage was that there was no division between the sections.

Participants in adjacent sections could have a significant influence on each other.

And only the five teams that completed the task the fastest within two hours would be allowed to advance, while the others would be eliminated.

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