

## Read The Medical Genius's Unspeakable Marriage Novel Chapter 2211

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Upon hearing Martin's words of praise, Levi sent him an exasperated look as he said, "I think you're just into his medicine-producing abilities and want to benefit more from him."

"You're so dull, Levi. You don't have to say it out loud. Besides, aren't you the same?"

Saying that, Martin crossed his arms before his chest and prepared to make his leave.

"Aren't you afraid the Martial League won't entertain you if you rush over like this? You act as if they'd entertain you. Goodbye, speaking to you is a waste of my time..."

With those words, Martin led his emissaries toward the direction of the Martial League with Levi and his elite Flaming Guardians in tow.

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After Matthew returned from his short trip, the courtyard that had once been full of life was now a lot calmer.

With three days until the Holy Doctor Competition, each of the representatives for the various hidden sects had already begun their final preparation.

The only people who seemed to be idle were Salazar and the crown prince, both of whom were seated by a stone table and concentrating on a game of chess.

As the two nodded to themselves with all their focus on the chessboard, they did not even notice Matthew even when he reached their side.

After a long while, the crown prince spoke up. "Who's turn is it?"

Facing him, Salazar jolted in surprise.

"Uh, I don't know. The weather's so good, so let's just sleep."

“Okay!” After responding simply, the two continued to nod off to sleep.

Seeing this, Matthew rolled his eyes, feeling somewhat amazed by their behavior.

After taking a look around his surroundings and noticing that everyone had returned to their rooms to busy themselves with their respective matters, Matthew decided to leave Renew to visit Old Mr. Bane instead. After all, he had promised him during Marissa’s birthday banquet.

In the vast and empty courtyard of Bane Manor stood a figure with white hair who was holding up a palm while his other hand formed a fist.

With his movements, a gentle breeze gradually began to blow, but as he lifted his right leg, a powerful gust of wind followed.

Immediately after, he displayed a dizzying array of moves, from elbow strikes to punches and kicks, leaving behind trails of afterimages with each strike. At the same time, the leaves around him rustled along with the force of his movements.

*Is this Old Master Bane’s true powers?*

Just as Matthew was taken aback, Old Mr. Bane, who was still practicing martial arts in the courtyard, suddenly turned around and lightly shot out a palm strike toward him across the air.

Caught off guard, Matthew could only cross his arms in front of his body. As a tremendous force struck him, he was forced to back a few meters away.

He flung his numb arms, knowing that Old Mr. Bane had gone easy on him. It wasn’t until Old Mr. Bane retracted his hands and withdrew his moves did he move forward to greet him.

“Greetings, Master Bane...”

Facing him, Old Mr. Bane nodded in relief.

*From the way he was able to defend himself so easily, it seemed that Matthew’s powers had advanced...*

“Drop the formalities. By the way, your abilities have improved a lot in the few days I haven’t seen you.”

At his words, Matthew straightened his posture and chuckled. "I'm just a fool, it's all thanks to your teachings, Master Bane."

Hearing that, Old Mr. Bane let out an exasperated laugh. "Out of all the things you could pick up, it had to be that smarmy tongue of yours."

"By the way, how did it go?"

Upon saying that, Old Mr. Bane pointed to the table nearby, indicating for Matthew to take a seat.

"It's all going smoothly. Have some tea, Master Bane..." As he spoke, Matthew prepared a cup of tea for him.

After taking a small sip, Old Mr. Bane fell silent for a long pause before he said, "That's good to know!"

With the people of Emsgate traveling all the way to Bainbridge to kick up a fuss about the Highsea incident, it was impossible for Old Mr. Bane to be unaware of it. However, as Matthew hadn't brought it up, he couldn't point it out either. Perhaps this disciple of his was just afraid of causing trouble for him.

At that thought, Old Mr. Bane shook his head.

"Even though the initiation ceremony has already taken place at Old Madam Bane's banquet, I haven't taught you all that you should know yet. Since you're already here, I'll use this opportunity to pass on the complete set of mixed martial arts to you."

With that, he rose to his feet and swished his long sleeves before he headed to the empty space in the courtyard.

## **Read The Medical Genius's Unspeakable Marriage Novel Chapter 2212**

The Medical Genius's Unspeakable Marriage Novel Chapter 2212-As Old Mr. Bane began to personally demonstrate the Bane Family's mixed martial arts, Matthew immediately directed his full concentration onto the scene before him.

Old Mr. Bane strode up to a granite tower that was almost two meters high and pressed both palms against it. “In the Bane Family’s mixed martial arts, each movement is infused with energy. Combining the One-Inch Punch with hidden energy to defeat your enemy is the key.”

As soon as he finished speaking, Old Mr. Bane struck the boulder with both of his hands. Whenever his palms made contact with the boulder, a terrifying wave of internal energy followed.

The sound of the boulder breaking reverberated with each strike, and the stone’s surface soon began to reveal intricate, web-like cracks.

“Although the techniques are lifeless, they’re filled with energy. All thirty-six techniques of the Bane Family’s mixed martial arts emphasize versatility, and you must apply force with every move, just like this.”

Old Mr. Bane then picked up his speed and started to unleash his skills more swiftly. Even with his full attention, Matthew found it difficult to keep up as Old Mr. Bane’s movements were too rapid. In the air, only numerous afterimages could be seen.

“Ha!”

With a loud bellow, Old Mr. Bane raised his leg and executed a sidekick, causing the massive boulder to shatter into numerous tiny fragments with a tremendous thud. Then, they shot out into the air simultaneously, like a rain of flying daggers and swords.

In the blink of an eye, the vast bamboo grove that decorated the courtyard was completely destroyed, leaving not a single stalk unscathed. However, the terrifying fact was that the boulder was only shattered on the surface, but its insides had completely turned into dust that formed a small mound on the ground.

After watching the entire process, Matthew had only one thought.

*How powerful!*

With both the explosive power of each punch and the internal energy combined, they were unstoppable, easily demolishing each enemy in their path. Moreover, there was the speed of the attacks that made one despair at the sight.

Could this be the complete version of the Bane Family's mixed martial arts?

Just as Matthew was still attempting to wrap his mind around what he had witnessed, Old Mr. Bane spoke again. "You have mastered the first twelve techniques, and while they are enough to deal with ordinary opponents, they still fall short when facing a true master!"

"Here, these are the following twenty-four techniques and internal energy cultivation techniques as well as my manuscripts. I've already noted down all of the important points and side effects."

At that, he tossed a weathered book to Matthew.

"Train well so that you don't ruin the Bane Family's reputation."

"Yes, I understand!"

These techniques were extremely effective, as Matthew was well aware of them. After all, he had utilized them to fend off the Golden Swordsman during his trip through Highsea, repeatedly forcing him to retreat, and it was only much later that he managed to find the opportunity to flee. Even then, those were merely the first twelve techniques.

With that in mind, Matthew was filled with excitement.

If he was able to perfect the mixed martial arts to Old Mr. Bane's level, he would be able to destroy his opponents with a flick of his fingers.

Meanwhile, after Old Mr. Bane took a few more sips of tea and had some small talk, his expression turned grave.

"If you encounter any troubles, feel free to come to me, and the Bane Family will ensure your safety. Since you and I are master and disciple, you don't have to hold back. Besides, though I may be old, I'm still very much capable of taking people's lives."

As soon as his words fell, Matthew instantly understood that Old Mr. Bane was referring to the malicious intentions of the forces from Emsgate.

Although there was still a chill faintly permeating the air, Matthew only felt a burst of warmth filling his heart, and his nose turned sour.

With slightly reddened eyes, he swore, “I understand. They’re nothing but a bunch of insignificant people, so I can handle them.”

This was a feeling of concern and cherish that Matthew had not received in a long time. And yet, Old Mr. Bane only waved his hand impatiently.

“Enough of that, what are you acting all mushy for? Since the Holy Doctor Competition is around the corner, you should return earlier and get ready. By the way, the situation might take a huge turn during this time, so you have to watch out. Now, go on!”

After rising to his feet, Matthew nodded. “I’ll be taking my leave, Master Bane!”

With that said, he turned around and walked away. At the same time, Old Mr. Bane remained in place and looked at his private disciple’s retreating, shaking his head exasperatedly as he let out an inward sigh.

“The two of you really do have the same stubbornness...”

## **Read The Medical Genius’s Unspeakable Marriage Novel Chapter 2213**

The Medical Genius’s Unspeakable Marriage Novel Chapter 2213-As soon as Fabien returned to his base in Bainbridge, he immediately called all of his subordinates to his side.

“Master Fabien, the reputation of Virtuoso Pharmaceuticals is slowly improving with our joint efforts, and it’s now on par with Renew Pharmaceuticals. Surpassing them is only a matter of time now.”

After finishing his report, Glenn then retreated to the side while feigning an accidental glance at Fabien.

Since their previous encounter, he noticed a tremendous change, the presence of the Rainbow Devil Serpent had vanished, but Fabien’s aura had grown even more powerful. Moreover, his complexion, once pale and sickly, was now flushed with virility. However, while Glenn harbored his fair share of doubts regarding this matter, his many years of following Fabien had taught him not to stick his nose where it didn’t belong.

Though Fabien gave a satisfactory nod upon listening to his report.

Unlike their fruitful results, Rose and Arianell were up against a brick wall. Their original mission was to make contact with Matthew and gather valuable information with the culminating aim being to obtain the recipe for the Reconstruction Pill.

Alas, it was one thing for Matthew to be completely unaffected by the two sisters, but he was constantly nowhere to be found, leaving them with no room to make their move at all.

“Our apologies, Master Fabien, but we were unable to complete our mission. Please punish us!”

However, what the five of them didn’t expect was that instead of losing his temper, Fabien merely waved his hand dismissively.

“I’m already aware of Matthew’s situation. From now on, I want all of you to drop everything you’re doing and join the Holy Doctor Competition with me once it begins...”

“I’ve already concluded negotiations with the Damron Family. When the competition starts, he will send one of his men to leak some information to Matthew. As for the five of you, just make use of the situation and act accordingly. I’ll give you the instructions when the time comes.”

Upon saying that, he retrieved five invitations and handed them to each of his subordinates. At the same time, after Matthew returned from Bane Manor, he went to see Leanna.

Once Leanna learned that Levi’s forces would be joining in, she knew the development of Creative Cloud Spray would practically be smooth sailing. This greatly eased Matthew’s worries.

After bidding farewell to Leanna, Matthew was planning to check on Brittany, but he gave up on that idea upon recalling that she was still displeased with him, deciding to leave the conversation until after she had taken some time to calm down.

Once all of his miscellaneous errands had been settled, Matthew headed straight home, where he began to practice the Bane Family’s complete mixed martial arts while preparing for the Holy Doctor Competition.

On the other hand, on a deserted island in Highsea, Longbeard, Phantom, and Skelemar from the Cathay's Union of Medical Practitioners had not made any progress in their research of 'Zombies' despite their long-term research. Moreover, they were required to preside over the upcoming Holy Doctor Competition.

Therefore, the three of them hurriedly returned to Bainbridge after recording the necessary research data and finishing the required isolation and sterilization processes. Just like that, time silently trickled past.

Three days later, at dawn, the representatives of each hidden sect were ready to go.

"Hurry up, Matthew."

"We're all waiting for you. CAUMP's bus is here already."

Under the crowd's impatient urging, Matthew and the rest embarked on the journey to the competition.

CAUMP and the Martial League were two interconnected organizations with several renowned figures in both medicine and martial arts occupying prominent positions within each organization. The main difference that separated the two was in the duties that each of them carried out.

While the primary goals of the Martial League were to protect the nation and uphold the laws of society, CAUMP, on the other hand, was dedicated to treating diseases and alleviating the impact of natural disasters, acting as a ray of hope for those who were in need. Hence, the two organizations complemented each other perfectly.

As for the venue for the Holy Doctor Competition, it was set at Hall 2 of the National Sports Center, whereas Hall 1 was set to be used for the re-election of the Martial League.

Of course, the scale of both halls was nearly identical. Although there were still two hours left until the opening ceremony, the venue was already teeming with people, and even if there were twenty-four pathways leading into the venue, endless lines of spectators had formed.

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Moreover, seventy thousand martial arts practitioners from the Martial League were also dispatched to lend a hand to uphold security at the center.

In addition, the Armored Corps had strategically withdrawn the majority of their units ten miles away to guarantee a smooth running of both events. They were also prepared to take swift action to quash any disturbances during the matches in the instance of any unforeseen incidents.

In the distance, convoys of cars could be seen traveling through the designated routes as they approached the venue. These convoys were prepared particularly for taking participants from different organizations to the events.

When the crowd exited the car, a receptionist wearing a staff badge greeted them. "Good morning, we're the staff in charge of the competition. Please come with us to the lounge."

After making an inviting gesture, the staff member began to walk forward. Even though this passage was intended solely for the participating representatives, it was packed.

People had begun crossing the corridor one after the other, which was thirty feet wide and nearly seventy feet high, and officers from the Martial League's security team were positioned around every twenty feet along the sides of the passage.

The competitors could be divided roughly into three groups. Representatives from powerful families or factions made up the first group, those from hidden sects formed the second, and people from the private sector created the third.

The majority of those who were taking part were from the private sector, followed by those from powerful families. There weren't many representatives from the hidden sects-including Matthew, there were barely twenty of them present.

Of course, this was mostly caused by the fact that many disciples of hidden sects specialized in martial arts, therefore lacking in medical knowledge. Additionally, certain hidden sects either loathed or possessed no desire to take part in such events, which also contributed to their current predicament.

Besides, the three factions were not particularly cordial with one another. To be eligible for the Holy Doctor Competition, representatives from the private sector must successfully navigate through a selection procedure that began with local competitions before advancing to regionals and then the national selections.

However, some slots were set aside for recommendations by influential organizations and hidden sects, making them able to participate without having to undergo any form of the selection process as long as they had submitted a letter of recommendation, resulting in disputes and conflicts.

The competitors from the private sector regarded the representatives with power and influence as unfit candidates who were dependent on underhanded methods, while the representatives from important families viewed the others as outsiders seeking to make their mark amongst themselves.

At the same time, both sides harbored resentment for the hidden sects. After all, how were those country bumpkins supposed to compete with them?

It was only for the occasion that these disputes were put aside temporarily.

The disciples from the hidden sect, including Matthew, acted like people from the countryside or even the mountains on their first trip to the city. With most of them peering about in amazement while pointing in a particular direction, the other participants were inevitably drawn to the commotion.

In addition, there were several stunning and elegant people in their midst who garnered attention from spectators, such as Lola, whose every step exuded grace. Either way, many competitors gave Matthew and the others unpleasant looks as they passed, presumably out of jealousy or even genuine contempt.

However, as the Martial League's security team was vigilantly monitoring everything inside the passage, any malicious troublemakers would be removed from the event and disqualified, and each person kept themselves from being excessively outrageous due to this.

All of the representatives had already arrived with just one hour until the commencement of the Holy Doctor Competition. However, a fourth group of competitors showed up just as the representatives were enthusiastically getting ready for the competition.

Under the watchful gaze of the spectators, a flag sporting the shape of a cherry blossom fluttered in the wind. Behind it, a group of arrogant competitors from Emsgate followed.

At the jarring sight, the competitors from the private sector grumbled disdainfully amongst themselves.

“Where did these fools get the nerve to join our country’s Holy Doctor Competition?”

“No idea. Do they think they stand a chance?”

“Look at how arrogant they are even though they’re here to lose. They really don’t know their place.”

After hearing the conversation, the representatives with influence added, “Since they want to be at the bottom, why should we stop them?”

“Just think of it as humoring the fools. We’ll drill some sense into them later.”

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The person who was the most affected by this scene was none other than Roland. At the sight of the jarring flag, he immediately bailed his hand into a fist.

“Don’t waste your time on nonsense and just make them lose completely during the competition. It’s a pity this isn’t a competition by the Martial League, or I’d use my fists to teach them a lesson until they’re crying for their mommy.”

As soon as he finished speaking, the competitors from various sectors bobbed their heads in agreement. Even the representatives from the three sectors that did not get along in the beginning became cordial with one another after the appearance of the competitors from Emsgate.

Meanwhile, unlike their indignance and ridicule, Matthew couldn’t help but furrow his brows upon seeing the people from Emsgate.

Logically speaking, Cathay's Holy Doctor Competition involved a tremendous number of stakeholders, and whoever won the trophy and became the new Holy Doctor would form an unbreakable connection with the sixteen major forces of Cathay.

*If those from Emsgate take the trophy...*

*No, it's impossible. As long as I'm here, they have zero chance of starting any trouble at the Holy Doctor Competition!*

At that thought, Matthew clenched his fists tightly.

Meanwhile, as the Emsgate representatives entered their designated lounge, those of the Herbalist Association and some other elite students who had come to join the competition grumbled to themselves grumpily.

"I feel like they're looking down on us competitors from the Land of Divinity."

"Don't mind them. They're just a bunch of bottom dwellers."

"Just let them laugh. We'll use our abilities to show them what true medical skills actually are."

Upon hearing the competitors' comments, the Manager of the Baeddan Family reminded them, "The glory of the Land of Divinity depends on you now. This time, not only do you have to put in all your effort to become the champion, you have to crush their motivation to continue pursuing medicine. Understand?"

Upon seeing the crowd nod to his words confidently, the manager nodded in relief, as if he could already see the nervous breakdowns of Cathay's younger generation.

Currently, the crowd's murmurs had yet to cease, and their attention was only shifted away when the emcee stepped onto the stage in the center of the arena, and their voices soon turned into deafening cheers.

The person on stage was none other than Jeremiah Clarke, the current talk of Cathay. Not only was he breathtakingly good-looking, but his humorous style of hosting and exceptionally high emotional intelligence had captivated a substantial audience of fans.

Before he even opened his mouth to speak, the crowd was already bustling with excitement.

“Look, it’s my darling!”

“I can’t believe he looks even better than on television.”

“I really want to join the competition to get close to him too.”

As soon as these words fell, the surrounding crowd turned to the speaker with speechless expressions. Her words were as if a hideous toad was dreaming of becoming a handsome prince, unaware of its own ugliness. Of course, the girl in question remained oblivious to this fact and only stared at the stunning heartthrob on the large screen with lovestruck eyes.

Meanwhile, Jeremiah smiled calmly on the stage, gazing at the surrounding crowd.

A moment later, he eventually raised his hand to signal for them to be silent.

“Hello, everyone. I’m the emcee for the Holy Doctor Competition this time, Jeremiah Clarke.”

At that, he retrieved a card from his patch pocket.

“Thank you all for coming today. It’s a huge honor for me to be invited by the organizers to take part in such an important competition.”

Under the applause, he continued with a small smile, “First of all, please let me introduce the judging panel of this competition. First, we have the Great Elder of CAUMP as well as the Elder Emeritus of the Martial League, Rhett Wyatt!”

“Next up, we have the Valley Master of Shrewsdon Valley Sect, also known as Phantom-Kenneth Schmidt!”

“And finally, we have the Saint of Meteora, Davon Crichton, better known as Skelemar!”

Following Jeremiah’s introduction, the members of the judging panel each stood up in greeting amidst the applause.

After this segment ended, Jeremiah began to briefly introduce the competitors.

In this year's Holy Doctor Competition, the number of contestants from simply within Cathay alone had reached an astounding number of over five hundred people, nearly twice as many as in the previous competition, and within this group, half of it was made up of representatives from the private sector.

Many figured the private sector was a pool of hidden talents, and it turned out to be true. Young talents in the medical field were emerging rapidly after a gap of three years, much like plants that blossomed after a spring shower.

At last, it was time to announce the rules of the competition.

"In this competition, the first stage will be a team competition, which consists of two parts, Practical Clinical Treatment and the Pills Refining contest."