

Read The Medical Genius's Unspeakable Marriage Novel Chapter 2216

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With the emcee's introduction, everyone now understood the rules of the competition.

The first stage of the competition was a team single-elimination event where contestants had to compete in teams of three of their own choosing.

Of course, those with no partners or those unable to form teams would have no choice but to be randomly assigned to teams by lot. It was an event that would depend entirely on luck.

The Practical Clinical Treatment of Stubborn Ailments contest was okay, for instance, one person could lead the entire team to finish its task in the contest as long as they were competent on their own. On the other hand, in the Pills Refining contest, the failure of one single team member would cause the whole team to be knocked out.

Yet, it was this rule that caught the eye of the contestants from Cathay.

The next instant, several contestants from the private sector who considered themselves inferior suddenly began eyeing those from Emsgate with malevolence.

After the rules were explained, it was time for the opening speech.

"And now, let's put our hands together and welcome the Great Elder of Cathay's Union of Medical Practitioners and the Elder Emeritus of the Martial League, Master Rhett Wyatt up on stage to make a speech for this competition!"

Instantly, these words sent the entire hall bursting into thunderous applause, in the midst of which an elderly man slowly walked up on stage.

The old man's most striking feature was his gray beard, which was almost long enough to trail on the floor. Standing at the center of the stage, he waited for the sound of applause to die down before clearing his throat with a few short coughs.

“Hi, I’m Rhett Wyatt, an old buffer. Of course, some people also call me Longbeard Monster or the Great Mop Elder,” he said while stroking his long beard.

His humorous self-introduction made everyone laugh and frown at the same time.

One of the audience members said, “What a funny little old geezer.”

Someone replied, “Funny, my *ss! He’s a bigwig known as the pioneer of medicine. You know what? Most of today’s leading medical authorities were his students!”

“Holy cow! Why have I never heard of such an awesome old man before?”

“That’s of course! He’s never shown up in public for over 20 years, so there’s no way you brat would’ve heard of him. You think it’s polite to call him a little old geezer?”

After the whispering slowly came to a stop, Rhett continued, ‘It’s my pleasure to welcome you all to come and watch the Holy Doctor Competition’s opening ceremony in person. While we have grown old, you all are still young, and there’ll be more difficulties and frustrations awaiting you on the endless road of medicine. Diseases are not palpable, but the heart of a doctor is. I hope you all can stay true to your heart and not forget the reason why you’re here...’

As he spoke, he turned his gaze toward the contestants’ waiting area. However, when his eyes swept over Matthew, he suddenly paused for a while before nodding almost imperceptibly.

From their exchange of glances, Matthew noticed there seemed to be a peculiar look in Rhett’s eyes.

Just then, Rhett spoke again. “The future belongs to younger generations like you all. I believe you’ve been told by many to carry on the medical skills of your forefathers, but I’d like to tell you all to surpass and outshine them. Their legacies aren’t meant only to be learned by you all, they’re also meant to allow you to surpass your forefathers by standing on the shoulders of giants...”

“The way of alternative medicine has its origin in our great country of Cathay, so please keep going higher and further along the way.”

These words were instantly met with another round of thunderous applause.

Such was the mind and perspective of a great pioneer of his time!

When the hall fell silent again, Rhett went on, “Whether you’re one of the contestants or one of those who can’t make it, my only hope is that when the baton is passed on to you all, you’re already capable enough of shouldering the great responsibility of leading our generation to greater glory.”

At this moment, the contestants in the waiting area were looking at the gray-haired figure on stage with longing eyes. This was not only the advice given to them by a great pioneer of his time but also the hope that he placed on younger generations.

Despite an age gap of several decades between them, the old man’s benevolent spirit as a doctor resonated deeply with everyone’s soul.

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Finally, Rhett concluded, “I’m getting garrulous in my old age. Alright then, I won’t keep you all any longer. Good luck, young people! May all of you put on a good show in this competition. I now officially declare the commencement of this year’s Holy Doctor Competition!”

His words were immediately followed by countless fireworks that shot up into the sky outside the event arena.

The applause continued for a long time until Rhett’s figure disappeared from view. At the same time, the arena erupted with the popping sounds of party poppers as confetti floated down through the air.

At this point, the judges of the competition also walked toward their respective seats.

From the gigantic four-sided display screen at the center of the arena, everyone saw Kenneth Schmidt, the Valley Master of the Shrewsdon Valley Sect, heading the group of judges with a solemn and gloomy face. Unlike Rhett, this man had the face of a judge and walked with a stern expression.

Naturally, the sight of this provoked a great deal of whispering among the hidden sect's disciples.

"This Deputy Chief Judge seems quite reluctant to be here," Easton commented puzzledly while staring at the display screen.

Right after he said that, Roland replied next to him as if it were a matter of course, "That's of course. My grandpa enjoys solitude in the first place, so he's definitely reluctant to make such a public appearance at such a major event."

"Oh, I see... Wait a minute, isn't your grandpa the Valley Master of the Shrewsdon Valley Sect? How did he become the Deputy Chief Judge of the competition?" Needless to say, Easton's question was shared by many.

Seeing the puzzled look on everyone's faces, Roland replied helplessly with a shrug, "My grandpa has always been an Elder Emeritus of Cathay's Union of Medical Practitioners. It's just that he doesn't go public about it."

"Wow, Roland, you're really something! With such strong backing, the first place in this competition is surely gonna be yours!"

Upon hearing this, Roland shook his head at once. "Why would you think that? If I dared to ask my grandpa to help me win such a major competition, I'd be out of my mind!"

Recalling his grandfather's severe countenance, he couldn't help but shudder all over.

While the two were chatting, everyone around them began forming teams of their own. Consequently, by the time they realized what was happening, everyone else had finished grouping themselves into teams of three.

Roland was speechless.

Would a human being do this?

Are you guys even human?

Well, luckily, I still have Easton to keep me company...

At the thought of this, he raised his eyebrows.

“Little Easton, let’s make a team together and get another pair of hands to join us. I promise I’ll lead us to win the single-elimination event!” he suggested before putting his arm around Easton’s shoulders.

However, just when he was feeling pleased with himself, Easton stepped aside away from him. “Roland, you’d better take part in the draw instead. I’ve formed a team of my own.”

Roland looked astonished. “Huh? When did you do that?”

Easton replied with a shrug, “When the emcee finished announcing the rules of the competition just now.”

Roland was lost for words. Easton’s reply came as a shock to him; only now did he realize he had made a buffoon of himself.

I got so focused on chatting that I forgot the business at hand. Talk about being careless!

He looked around, those from the hidden sect had gathered together in groups of three.

As might be expected, Matthew, the most competent contestant, teamed up with Lola and the little monk as they headed to the registration area.

Roland had no choice but to leave the waiting area to take part in the draw. After all, he had only an hour to form a team. If he got eliminated right away for failing to form a team in time, he would have only himself to blame for it.

Shortly after that, he arrived at the designated area, his number card in hand.

Two young ladies were already waiting.

Seeing their sylphlike figures from behind, Roland instantly got a little excited. However, his eyes stared in astonishment when they turned around as he approached them.

“Hey, weren’t the two of you always following Matthew around like a pair of ass-kissers? Why’d you two take part in the Holy Doctor Competition as well? You two are interns? Oh, I got it. You two were trying to learn Matthew’s medical skills in secret, huh? My grandpa’s right indeed—that women are the most deceitful kind of people out here!”

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On their master's orders, Rose and Arianell took part in the competition together with a recommendation letter from the Damron Family.

At first, they were supposed to split up into two teams with the others. Fabien, Glenn, and Felix would make a team, while they and Gregg would make another. However, somebody had to call the shots at Virtuoso Pharmaceuticals.

Naturally, Gregg was left behind as a result, leaving the two of them to team up with someone assigned by lot. However, they never expected to have Roland, of all people, as their teammate. Moreover, they had been angered by Matthew earlier. Now that Roland mocked them like that, their tempers rose even higher.

"Who are you calling ass-kissers, you monkey from some rural mountain?!"

The two ladies were both stunners, for sure, but Roland hated being called a monkey the most, so he was instantly offended by their provocation.

Feeling a surge of anger, he stuck out his chest and threatened with a smug expression, "Yeah, I'm calling you two ass-kissers, so what? Call me a monkey again if you dare, and believe it or not, the Shrewsdon Valley Sect will cut off the supply of medicinal herbs to your place!"

The two ladies answered back, "Who cares? Come on, go ahead and try it!"

They weren't the slightest bit intimidated by Roland's threats.

For one thing, he knew full well which forces they belonged to; and for another thing, the Isle of Snakes itself was abundant in medicinal herbs. Furthermore, the isle was on international waters and thus could directly import whatever and however much medicinal herb they wanted from other countries, which was why they weren't scared of the Shrewsdon Valley Sect at all.

Roland's face screwed up with annoyance at their reply.

My tried-and-true trump card has actually failed?

No, I can't lose face in front of them!

At the thought of this, he immediately retorted shamelessly, "Fine, I'm gonna leave you alone. The lots have been drawn, anyway, so our team is set in stone. You two may compete however you want, but I'm gonna skip the Pills Refining contest."

In the Pills Refining Contest, the failure of a single team member to qualify would cause the entire team to be eliminated.

Rose and Arianell were also pigheaded, though. Even in the face of such threats, they continued squabbling with him. "As if we cared! Go ahead and skip it if you want to."

Huh?

Roland didn't think they would be so stubborn.

Am I shooting myself in the foot?

In reality, the primary purpose of him and other disciples of the hidden sect participating in the Holy Doctor Competition was to learn from and interact with other medical geniuses of the same age in order to improve their medical skills while broadening their experience at the same time. Hence, winning first place in the competition didn't really matter to them.

That being said, it didn't mean that he didn't mind getting knocked out of the competition in the first round.

If his grandfather were to learn about this, he would probably break his legs, and he would also get laughed at by his fellows at the sect when he returned.

The same thing went for Rose and Arianell.

They did get momentary pleasure from shooting their mouths off, but how were they going to explain themselves to their master if they really were to get eliminated in the first round of the competition?

Recalling those disturbing punishments, they couldn't help but start trembling all over.

Just when they were regretting it in silence, the assistant judge, who had been looking on the whole time, cleared his throat. "Are the three of you gonna take

part or not? The competition will officially begin very soon. Just hurry and sign up for registration if you want to, if not, then I'll put it on record and report on this."

Urged by the assistant judge, the three of them panicked at once.

"Yes, of course!" they replied in chorus, only to look at each other in dismay.

Then, Roland looked away in disdain, saying, "Humph! I'm not gonna argue with women like you."

Rose and Arianell retorted defiantly, "Tsk, we're not gonna talk to a monkey."

After easing slightly at first, the atmosphere was full of gunpowder again. Still, despite their reluctance, they had to take part in the competition nonetheless.

At the assistant judge's urging, they had no choice but to come to the registration area.

After putting down their team's information, they had to draw lots to determine their turn in the Practical Clinical Treatment of Stubborn Ailments contest. However, the three of them got into an argument again over who would take part in the draw.

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As one of the top hospitals in the entire country of Cathay, Bainbridge Hospital was not only large in scale but also equipped with the creme de la creme of doctors. Even so, it appeared somewhat helpless in the face of the country's terrifyingly high population of more than two billion.

Some patients with intractable diseases could only be treated slowly over many years. However, they often came down with new illnesses as soon as their previous maladies went away, so the number of these patients remained the same as at the beginning. Therefore, taking advantage of this year's Holy Doctor Competition, these patients became the subjects for practical clinical treatment by the contestants.

Of course, their illnesses were intractable, not incurable.

“I’ll do it. I’m lucky when it comes to drawing lots,” Roland said while rolling up his sleeve, ready to step forward to draw their corresponding number.

The patients were housed in Bainbridge Hospital’s main building and four wings, respectively. The patients housed in the main building were the hardest to treat, followed by the patients in the four wings, who were equally difficult to treat.

However, just when Roland raised his hand, Rose and Arianell stopped him, saying, “Let us do it instead. Ugly men are always unlucky.”

Upon hearing this, Roland bristled with anger once again.

He was the most handsome disciple of the Shrewsdon Valley Sect, and so many ladies in the valley were secretly in love with him.

Now that someone actually called him ugly, how could he possibly put up with it?

“You two are the ugly ones here! You two look just like the corpse flower; not only are you unattractive, but you stink to high heaven! Your ugliness alone drags down the average beauty of all women!”

The registration area was densely crowded in the first place, and Roland spoke in a loud voice.

As a result, those around them instantly turned to look in their direction. However, when they saw Rose and Arianell’s stunning looks and lithe figures, they couldn’t help eyeing them a little longer.

Needless to say, they took offense at what Roland said.

Bro, are you blind?

At the same time, of course, they were secretly impressed with him.

With such a sharp tongue and such a blunt personality, this guy’s gonna be single for life.

Naturally, the two ladies felt their tempers rise again at such humiliation.

How dare you call us ugly?!

In an instant, several venomous snakes quickly curled around their arms underneath their long sleeves.

Just when they were about to lunge forward and tear Roland's mouth to pieces, a Martial League member in charge of maintaining order warned impassively, "Anyone who disrupts order in the competition will get thrown out, while those who hurt others will be killed without mercy."

As soon as he said that, Rose and Arianell were targeted by a few murderous intents, which didn't disappear until they retracted their snakes.

At this moment, their heads were already covered in sweat, and they dared not act rashly anymore.

"Wow! You were trying to attack me? Did you ever think about what place this is..." mocked Roland.

Just when he was about to continue mocking the two ladies, he suddenly noticed the few Martial League members turning to look at him unkindly.

After scratching the back of his head, he had no choice but to bite back his words in embarrassment.

Obviously, after such a turn of events, the two ladies were no longer in the mood for a fight, so they let Roland take part in the draw.

Roland eagerly drew a number from the box, but his face darkened the instant he opened it to take a look.

It read, 'Patient 303, the main building'.

There's a one-in-five chance, yet I've selected a patient from the main building, who is among the hardest to treat?

Rose and Arianell had no choice but to roll their eyes in resignation at this outcome.

Just as expected, ugly men are always unlucky...

On the other hand, the other contestants were gloating in secret over such an outcome. After all, the more patients from the main building got selected by their rivals, the lower the chances of them selecting one of these patients would be.

As for Matthew, he didn't have Lady Luck on his side either.

At first, he and Lola thought the little monk was a pious follower who had walked all over the world practicing medicine and saving lives over the years. It went without saying that such a person's luck must be off the charts, so they unanimously decided to let the little monk take part in the draw. However, when they saw the words 'Patient 512, the main building', they suddenly realized that the occult might not be so reliable sometimes.

The drawing of lots was still going on in perfect order. While some contestants were happy, some were wearing long faces.

The moment the bell rang for the competition, the team single-elimination event officially began.

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Escorted by the Martial League's members, the contestants arrived at their respective destinations.

At this moment, the audience watching the live stream of the competition either remotely or on the huge screen slowly grew nervous, too. This was largely because many of them had placed huge bets on these contestants.

All the major bookies had made early preparations for this competition; moreover, to attract bets, the organizations behind some of these bookies even went so far as to gather information about the contestants.

The favorites to win the competition were all listed.

They were Lola Crichton, the Goddess of Meteora, Roland Moore, the grandson of the head of the Shrewsdon Valley Sect, Zephyr Wilhelminum, the genius miracle doctor of the Wilhelminum Family, Fabien Blanc, the ruler of the Isle of Snakes, Dario Collazo from Emsgate's Herbalist Association, Kamilah Lugo, the top student of the Emsgate College, Matthew Larson, the South's representative, and a bunch of dark horses from the private sector.

These people were the favorite bets, so it was only natural that more people were paying attention to them.

After arriving at their destination on camera, Matthew, Lola, and the little monk pushed the door open and entered the ward.

Inside the ward was Dr. Guzman, the attending physician in charge of receiving them.

Upon seeing the trio, he rushed to greet them enthusiastically, saying, “Nice to meet you, holy doctors! I’m Dr. Guzman, a chief physician at the Neurology Department.”

After briefly shaking hands with the trio, he continued, “This patient has been paralyzed in both feet for...”

However, before he could finish his sentence, the judge following the trio gave a short cough, signaling him to keep his mouth shut. The next instant, a look of realization dawned on Dr. Guzman’s face.

“Sorry, I forgot the rules of the competition. Forgive me for talking too much. You guys may go ahead now... I have other patients to attend to,” he said before leaving in a hurry.

He appeared to be a kind-hearted doctor, but when he walked out of the room and into the empty hallway, a strange smile suddenly spread across his face.

He had been a pure chief physician who practiced medicine and saved lives, but the Damrons paid him more than enough to go against his conscience. Therefore, after the results of the drawing of numbers came out, he swapped Patient 512 of the main building for a terminally ill patient at Bainbridge Hospital who was most difficult to cure.

“Sorry, guys. Just blame the Damrons for being generous if you want to,” he muttered under his breath.

After adjusting his glasses, he quickly left the place. On the other hand, Matthew couldn’t help but knit his brows the moment he saw the patient.

He didn’t even need to feel the patient’s pulse; just a glance at the multiple patches of blackened skin on the patient’s foot was all it took to know that this man had been paralyzed in his feet for years.

It’ll be a big problem if the nerves in his feet are dead...

Of course, it's not helpful to think more about it. The key is still to examine the patient hands-on...

Having been reassured by the hospital's doctors in advance, the patient was very cooperative when Matthew and the two others examined him hands-on at this moment.

After the examination, Lola was the first to elaborate on her diagnosis. "His lumbar spine's displaced, and so are the bones in his feet. They press on his nerves and blood vessels, causing insufficient blood flow to his lower limbs, which gradually become necrotic. The patient might've failed to receive treatment in time after suffering a violent impact before. This, coupled with prolonged physical exertion, leads to such results."

As soon as she said that, the little monk beside her nodded in agreement.

Then, his face took on a grave expression. "This is difficult to treat!"

At first, the patient was inwardly delighted at Lola's diagnosis.

Just as she said, he had been hit by a cart about seven years ago. At the time, he felt physically fine, and the cart's owner paid him over 700 dollars as compensation. Therefore, as a countryman who could barely make ends meet, he decided to simply take the money and forget it. However, by the end of the year, he started to feel swelling and pain in his lower back.

He thought this was merely because he had done too much physical work, but such pain spread to his legs the following year. Even so, he gritted his teeth and insisted on laboring for six months.

By the time he got hospitalized for the pain, he had already lost the use of his legs and was confined to a wheelchair for the rest of his life.

So, how could he not be delighted when Lola instantly pointed out what was ailing him?