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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.

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 Cathay. 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 Cathay 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.

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."

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?"

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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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.

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 woman'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."

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?

Unbeknown 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.

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.

On the other hand, Matthew's team was arguably the team that lagged behind the most among all contestants.

When everyone else was almost finished, they had just settled on a treatment plan. The little monk would be in charge of the bone-setting, Matthew would be in charge of doing acupuncture on the patient, while Lola would be responsible for the prescription.

"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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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.

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.

Lola 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. 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."

However, while the laymen were looking on, the professionals were observing the contestants' medical skills with a judging eye.

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 Skelemar, 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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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.

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 waged on them?

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.

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.

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.

"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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As a result of the judge's loud voice, Lola paused whatever she was doing.

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.

His task was simple. He only needed to create obstacles for Matthew when he encountered Matthew during the supervision of the competition. 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 himbus 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.

The little monk removed all of the silver needles, and Matthew selected a few of them to dip in the liquid medicine. 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.