

Read The Medical Genius's Unspeakable Marriage Novel Chapter 2226

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

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

"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.

Read The Medical Genius's Unspeakable Marriage Novel Chapter 2227

The Medical Genius's Unspeakable Marriage Novel Chapter 2227

When the participants heard Boyd say that, they all had puzzled looks. 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. As long as he was united with the other bribed judges, he believed he could completely subdue Matthew and keep him from causing any trouble.

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!”

However, as soon as he was done, he deeply regretted what he had said.

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.

Read The Medical Genius’s Unspeakable Marriage Novel Chapter 2228

The Medical Genius’s Unspeakable Marriage Novel Chapter 2228

“The osteopathy is perfect. There’s no deviation!”

“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, Skelemar’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 Skelemar’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 Skelemar spoke again, Boyd felt his legs go weak.

That was it!

With a dejected expression, he hesitated a few times before saying, “We’ll confess on our own!”

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.

As for the mastermind behind this, Aurelius Damron, he didn’t look pleased at the moment.

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 Salient 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.

Read The Medical Genius’s Unspeakable Marriage Novel Chapter 2229

The Medical Genius’s Unspeakable Marriage Novel Chapter 2229

Aurelius, who was completely unaware of Emsgate’s Murder Crew operation, also raised his glass in cooperation. 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.”

While he was fiercely retorting, a young and beautiful woman among the Emsgate group slowly narrowed her eyes.

“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.

"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..."

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!" He shouted, then, he turned around and casually announced, "Let's go!"

Read The Medical Genius's Unspeakable Marriage Novel Chapter 2230

The Medical Genius's Unspeakable Marriage Novel Chapter 2230

As soon as the words were spoken, the Emsgate participants, despite their unpleasant expressions, followed the person and left. 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.

How strong must one be to be able to compete with the devil for life and death?

“Tsk! You’re a bore! I was just getting started with our Young Master from the Shrewsdon Valley Sect.”

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...”

“Alright, alright, these are unimportant. Let’s resume our discussion about the finals now.”

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.

This was no longer just about refining pills, this was a genuine competition!

Read The Medical Genius's Unspeakable Marriage Novel Chapter 2231

The Medical Genius's Unspeakable Marriage Novel Chapter 2231

In two hours, each person needed to refine twenty Purifying Pills, which in itself was extremely difficult.

Not to mention the need to prevent interference from other participants. And those who had ill intentions would even try to hinder other participants. The atmosphere was tense even before the competition began.

When the rapidly scrolling numbers on the screen came to a halt, the positions of the contestants were also assigned at random.

"Everyone takes turns refining the pills!" Matthew said quietly, reminding the disciples of the hidden sect next to him.

Then, he clenched his fist, thinking that this was the kind of medical skills competition he had always wanted. It was only fair that medical skills be used to resolve medical issues.

The first thing he noticed when he entered the designated area was the table filled with various herbs.

It seemed that the organizers had increased the difficulty of the competition. There were hundreds of different kinds of herbs, but only sixteen of them could be used. Furthermore, several herbs were similar in appearance and functioned solely to disrupt the participants.

The Emsgate participants' strategy of spreading their members across multiple teams appeared to be working, as they were all on all sides of Matthew's team.

Seeing this scene, the members of the Emsgate team looked pleased. Under the four-sided siege, they wondered how long Matthew could hold on.

When the bell for the competition rang, everyone acted quickly.

After selecting all the medicinal materials, Matthew examined the twenty-one sets of materials in front of Lola and the little monk. In other words, each person had only one chance to make a mistake when refining pills this time.

The organizers put a lot of thought into making this competition difficult.

At first glance, there were twenty-two different sets of medicinal materials to choose from.

To increase the margin of error for their group, the participants would undoubtedly want to collect all twenty-two sets. But if they did that, they would fall into the trap that the organizers had set. Because the twenty-second set was missing an ingredient, and the similar-looking herbs could easily mislead them.

Sure enough, Matthew noticed numerous people furrowing their brows and looking everywhere as he raised his eyes to survey his surroundings.

The only aspect of the Purifying Pill that set it apart from other medicines was how difficult it was to refine-this was done to aggravate the pill refiners!

The medicinal properties of the sixteen herbs clashed with each other, but they were also compatible.

The pill refiners had to neutralize all of the medicinal properties of these herbs before refining them into pills. Although the process appeared simple, if a minor detail went wrong, the entire pill refining process would fail. But now, time was of the essence.

The participants jumped right into picking herbs because they didn't have time to stop and consider their options.

When Matthew noticed that his team had finished picking herbs, he made some plans.

"You two can start refining pills while I prepare something."

In terms of what he was preparing, it included medications other than the Purifying Pill.

While doing that, he noticed the shady looks of several Emsgate participants who were undoubtedly up to no good. Knowing them, Matthew had to keep a trick up his sleeve. If they dared to make a move, then he would show them know how harsh society could be.

On the other hand, Varsel Cloward, who had been frustrated for a long time, finally had a chance to put his plan into action.

“Varsel, you start refining pills, and we’ll guard for you!”

Varsel nodded vigorously in agreement when he heard their words.

Just when he was worried about not having a plan, a lucky break came. The two Emsgate participants grinned at one another before turning to face the other teams’ members and giving each other a nod.

On Matthew’s side, three people were refining pills while one person stood to watch.

Matthew was the one keeping an eye out for any unforeseen circumstances. To surprise those with bad intentions, he also needed to refine some pills that could harm people.