

## **Read The Medical Genius's Unspeakable Marriage Novel Chapter 2251**

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Skelemar questioned, "Do we need to inform the Martial League?"

Sitting opposite Skelemar, Rhett nodded. "Inform them about our current progress and speculations. As for what to do next, they will make the call."

Skelemar then prepared the relevant documents.

Looking at the two other CAUMP members in front of him, Rhett instructed, "Yahir, Phantom, you two will be in charge of developing the antidote for this virus."

Although the duo always had a fight, they kept it personal from business.

After they left, Rhett stayed and glanced at Matthew with admiration. A satisfactory smile adorned his lips as he walked away.

About an hour later, there was a large-scale mobilization of an army at the border defense. The number of troops guarding the East Sea almost tripled.

Such changes naturally caught the attention of Cathay's neighboring countries. They also adjusted the distribution of their border defenses for some reasons.

Everyone stayed vigilant under as apprehension inflated in the air, sensing the looming storm ahead.

Matthew and the others had no knowledge of all this.

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The little monk woke up.

Matthew, who had recovered, paid him a visit first thing. "How are you feeling, little monk?"

"Namaste, thanks to Master Larson, everything is fine," Paintaker said as he clasped his hands together and bowed.

Matthew noticed the change in the bowing little monk. If one observed carefully, one would notice that faint golden flame mark on the little monk's forehead.

Matthew was certain that little monk's forehead had always been clean. In other words, it appeared after they took the risk together. Matthew shifted his attention after sparing it a brief glance.

"By the way, little monk, what exactly is this zombie fungus?"

Although he had inherited the knowledge, he knew absolutely nothing about the fungus.

As one of the ancestors of the medical profession, one knew almost all the herbs existed in the world thanks to Christopher's broad pharmacology knowledge. Still, Matthew did not have any information regarding the zombie fungus. That was why he failed to distinguish it. The plant was a stranger to him.

"This zombie fungus is a herb that I discovered by chance while collecting medicinal materials after crossing the East Sea," the little monk explained.

After a moment he added, "I'm not knowledgeable enough to identify other herbs, but this one is extremely aggressive. It possessed karmic characteristics, like a flame in the darkness. And this herb has only appeared in recent years."

Only then did Matthew have a basic understanding of the plant. It was no wonder that they say that the medical path knew no end and there were endless illnesses to discover.

Relying solely on Christopher's inheritance without the will to explore more obviously had its limitations.

After this incident, Matthew stayed at Dragon In Slumber all the time. He was isolated and became the subject for further observation because of the Zombie Virus in him. The researchers wish to ascertain whether the mutated virus was still contagious. On the other hand, Matthew cooperated in developing serum antibodies.

Unfortunately, the results were not satisfactory. Ten days passed, and there was no progress to speak of.

He would also spend his leisure time flipping through those rare medical books in CAUMP alongside Lola and the others. He gained more medical knowledge, and time fled in the meantime.

## **Read The Medical Genius's Unspeakable Marriage Novel Chapter 2252**

The Medical Genius's Unspeakable Marriage Novel Chapter 2252

It was a hazy night with thick clouds engulfing the moonlight.

Hundreds of silhouettes quietly appeared out of nowhere.

The leader was high up the tree. A mask was covering his nervous look as he scanned the brightly lit buildings in the distance.

That was CAUMP, one of the forbidden areas in Cathay.

Had it not for his master's orders, Ricky Alphonse would never want to carry out such a mission in his lifetime. There were cases of successful infiltrations into CAUMP to obtain confidential information, but they joined the organization in the end.

That was the history.

In the past hundred years, there had been rumors that certain organizations or experts were preparing to infiltrate this forbidden place at night. The stories did not stretch any further from there.

No one knew what happened next. The party that revealed their plans of invasion just vanished in thin air.

Ricky would never want to walk into the lion's den on his own. However, not everything in the world would go according to one's wish.

He picked up the silver whistle hanging around his neck. When a faint, distinctive insect chirping resounded from the forest, hundreds of figures stealthily infiltrated the building from various directions. However, a few seconds later, the forest became quiet again, leaving only the scent of blood lingering in the air.

Ricky blew the silver whistle again to know how many survivors managed to report back, his eyes widened.

The gray clouds dispersed to reveal a silhouette standing atop a pine tree on one leg under the cascading moonlight. They were about ten yards apart.

That unbidden guest zeroed in on Ricky, who shuddered under the dense killing intent as if being watched by a formidable beast.

Without a moment of hesitation, he wheeled around and quickly fled back. The moment he left his spot, a chilling murderous intent approached him rapidly from behind.

Instinctively, Ricky crushed Jade of Savior in his hand. A weight throbbed every inch of his body, and the sound of glass shattering echoed in the darkness.

Following then, he crashed onto the ground like a cannonball. The tremendous impact created a deep pit in the ground.

He rolled over ten yards before his body crashed into a huge tree. The tree collapsed, and he coughed up blood.

Despite having Jade of Savior, his internal organs felt like they were shattering in agony. Still, it was not the time to treat his injuries.

He quickly hid in a corner. On the other hand, the fallen tree had turned into pieces at the drop of a hat.

*Such powerful sword energy!*

There was no time for exclamation either.

Realizing that he was surrounded, Ricky immediately took out a stack of explosive talismans from his pocket. Next, deafening explosions thundered in the woods as dust and particles filled the air.

Taking advantage of the diversion, he hurried to a river and dived into the water.

Water Escape Technique!

A robust figure fell from the sky and landed on the ground with a thud. Two footprints deepened on the soil, and its vicinity cracked.

Right when he was about to dive into the water to chase after Ricky.

A voice behind him stopped him. "Don't chase after a desperate enemy. We mustn't leave our ground."

The burly man stared at the flowing water with a dissatisfied snort. "What a cunning rat..."

With a strong push, he channeled energy to the water's surface.

After the thunderous explosion, the flowing water within a meter was sucked away, forming a vacuum area.

## **Read The Medical Genius's Unspeakable Marriage Novel Chapter 2253**

The Medical Genius's Unspeakable Marriage Novel Chapter 2253

Waterdrops pattered onto the ground, whereas the man behind the burly figure kept silent. Carrying a green sword with a green blade, he turned and retreated to the forest.

Meanwhile, Ricky was hiding in a tree hole located miles away. He was enduring internal injuries suffered from the sudden pursuit.

Blood oozed out of the wounds formed by the dense sword energy. He didn't dare to put his guard down until the two formidable auras disappeared.

He coughed violently, spitting blood again. He was getting weaker, so he took out the pill from his pocket to suppress his injuries. Then he applied hemostatic medicine to his wounds before covering his chest and quickly making himself scarce.

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The next day, the final match of the Holy Doctor Competition was held as scheduled first thing at dawn.

The No. 2 hall venue revived its bustling atmosphere.

On the other hand, the manager of Baeddan's Family looked at the severely injured Ricky in the VIP observation room.

Zayn's brows furrowed. "You failed?"

He had foreseen the high chance of failure, but it was painful to witness the outcome. That was the intelligence team he spent more than ten years cultivating. He even invested a massive number of resources on those hundreds of people.

The original plan was just to investigate CAUMP's secrets. Even if it was a mission failure, it would be good enough for it to be a diversion strategy. However, the team captain was the only survivor out of hundreds of elite members.

"Alright, get your injuries tended first. It was an impulsive decision..."

Ricky was relieved upon hearing those words. The moment he turned around, however, ferocity replaced the calmness in the manager's eyes.

The latter motioned to another subordinate and made a throat-slitting gesture. The subordinate trailed behind the man.

Solemnity remained on the manager's countenance. "Report everything to the clan leader."

A figure suddenly appeared in a corner of the empty room out of thin air.

It was none other than Alessendra Cyphrus, the head of the Baeddan Family's secret guards.

He walked to the manager's side and unreservedly held the wine glass on the table.

He downed it in one-go before asking, "What's wrong? Are you suspecting that CAUMP has discovered something?"

Not paying much attention to Aspen's actions, the manager merely shook his head. "It's not that. It's just that our plan reached a critical moment. There's no room for any mistakes."

He glanced at Aspen's, noticing the man's unusual expression. "Did you fight with someone? Have you forgotten what the clan leader said before we set

off? The plan must go on smoothly. We're here to divert Cathay's attention. If there are any mistakes in the operation, you'll be held responsible."

Aspen lazily stretched his body at the manager's accusation. "I heard that there's something in the Cloud Cave owned by the Banes. I thought about investigating it since I have nothing on my plate. I might find some clues."

The manager froze, and his tone was an unhappy one. "So, did you find anything?"

"No, that old man from the Banes is a watchful man. As soon as I got close, he discovered my presence. Didn't they say he's suffering from a terminal disease and is almost a lifeless body?"

He massaged his bruised shoulder and grimaced at the pain. He was lucky enough to be able to escape quickly enough from death.

"Alright, I'll leave this matter to you while I'll report the news to the clan later..."

## **Read The Medical Genius's Unspeakable Marriage Novel Chapter 2254**

The Medical Genius's Unspeakable Marriage Novel Chapter 2254

At the competition venue, the audience in the stands couldn't wait any longer.

It was almost time before the competition commenced. Except for Matthew and his group, the other twelve contestants were all geared up.

Time passed, yet there was no sight of Matthew's team. The eliminated Emsgate contestants started mocking.

"Did they choose to withdraw from the competition because they're afraid of our excellent doctors? It's late, just where are they?"

"They probably realized that they're actually not that capable and chose to withdraw voluntarily. At least they know their place."

"Seriously? They're wasting everyone's time. If they're not going to participate, they should have said so earlier. Why are they taking up a spot?"

The crown prince of Mightwater and Easton's blood boiled at those claims.

Just as the two of them were about to retort, the audience suddenly became restless.

Following their gaze, three figures slowly walked out of the contestant's passage.

"Master Fabien, did they encounter something in CAUMP?" Glenn asked Fabien, who was beside him, when he saw Matthew's gang.

After all, they had been taken to CAUMP to take on intensive training for three days and three nights straight. They did not return until today.

Thinking of this, Glenn felt a pang of sadness.

Fabien reacted calmly to that question. "Hush it. Focus on the competition..."

He cast a glance at Glenn, sending chills into the air.

Glenn finally realized that he had put his foot into his mouth, hence the apology. "Yes, Master, I was wrong..."

He lowered his head and stood behind Fabien without uttering anything.

At the same time, Matthew's team hurriedly made their way to the competition venue. They should've left Dragon In Slumber yesterday, yet the director insisted on making Matthew stay.

It could be a decision made out of worry of Matthew's health or it could be because of the possible contagion of the virus in him. They were only allowed to leave after undergoing comprehensive examinations. That was why they were late.

Seeing that all the referees had arrived, the chief referee nodded and began to explain the rules.

The final competition was about pill refining techniques. Contestants had to refine three types of pills in total.

Refining the Revitalizing Pill and the Chamber Opening Pill were the mandatory requirement. As for the last pill, the contestants had the liberty to make their own choice.



The Medical League would provide the corresponding medicinal ingredients.

For the first two pills, the referees would give a score based on the number, quality and efficacy of pills produced. As for the contestants' self-chosen pill, it would be evaluated based on the difficulty of refining, rarity, efficacy and other manifold aspects.

The total score would be determined by the whole evaluation of the three pills.

After understanding the rules of the competition, the contestants headed to their respective competition venues.

When Matthew and the three Emsgate contestants bypassed each other, Matilda Minster piped up, "You were late. Are you chickened out? You were lucky to survive the single-elimination event. I hope luck still favors your side for the rest of the competition."

However, Matthew didn't pay much attention to those taunting remarks. He just shrugged it off.

It was just an empty talk that was not worth wasting his breath on. Yet, not everyone had a good temper like he did, and Roland was one of them.

Her arrogant attitude elicited a confrontation from Roland, who stood in front of the Emsgate contestants.

"Enough, chick. You always talk big. Why don't you show us what you got instead of that big fat mouth of yours? What an eyesore. If your abilities were half as good as your mouth, you would have won the championship long ago. Ugly and snobbish brat."

## **Read The Medical Genius's Unspeakable Marriage Novel Chapter 2255**

The Medical Genius's Unspeakable Marriage Novel Chapter 2255

As soon as Roland finished speaking, both Matthew and the other participants from Cathay couldn't help but smirk.

It seemed like Roland was quite the sarcastic individual, and Matilda, who had just received his retort, turned slightly pale.

“You!”

But before she could refute him, Roland spoke again. “What about me? We’re talking about you. You talk too much for someone so ugly. It’s no wonder you’re an old virgin.”

Those words struck a nerve with Matilda.

She wasn’t ugly. In fact, one could say she was the belle of the era. Unfortunately, she just happened to encounter Roland and his vile mouth, which completely belittled her appearance.

Matilda’s eyes flashed pink in a fit of anger as she used the bewitching technique once again. However, Roland couldn’t possibly fall into the same trap twice.

Before the competition, he had obtained a Soul-Calming Pill from his grandfather, Kenneth, and had already taken it before arriving here. Therefore, these simple bewitching techniques did not affect him whatsoever.

“Enough. I’ve had it with your immature tricks. Your techniques won’t affect me, even if you flash your eyes blind.”

In the meantime, the Martial League masters responsible for maintaining order also focused their gaze on Matilda. Within their unfriendly expressions was a strong sense of warning.

At this moment, Kamilah lightly patted Matilda’s shoulder, and the latter came to her senses.

Realizing her impulsiveness, Matilda immediately withdrew her attack. That was because she would likely be expelled from the competition if the Martial League’s guards defined her actions as causing trouble.

Meanwhile, Matthew glanced at Rose and Arianell standing next to Fabien before walking toward his own arena.

Once everyone left, only Matilda remained, staring at Roland’s back with a resentful expression.

After the bunch entered the small room made from glass, Matthew first looked at the medicinal materials on the large table and saw only one set of materials for the Revitalizing Pill and Chamber Opening Pill.

In other words, there was only one chance, but it was not easy to refine those pills.

Producing two pills in one furnace was already an impressive feat for ordinary alchemists. But that was why they were ordinary alchemists. The participants entering the Holy Doctor Competition could produce at least five pills in one furnace.

While Matthew was contemplating, a competition staff entered the glass room.

“Hello, Mr. Matthew. This is a form for the medicinal materials required for the custom pill. Please fill it up, and we will prepare them for you as quickly as possible.”

The staff handed the form to Matthew.

They were the CAUMP, so they had a collection of medicinal materials from all over the country, and as long as the participants did not ask for extinct herbs, the CAUMP would have them in their pharmacy.

The pharmacy was what gave the CAUMP their confidence.

After receiving the form, Matthew pondered for a moment. Once he made his selection, he filled in the names, characteristics, and ages of the medicinal materials he needed on the form.

The final round officially began after the staff exited the room. At the same time, the audience immediately became nervous. Of course, the bettors were also nervous because their fortunes depended on this.

The fifteen furnaces, each a hundred meters apart, suddenly lit up inside the area.

The competition would last for three hours, which was plenty of time to refine those two pills. Therefore, the participants composed themselves before starting to refine the pills.

In order to ensure the best quantity and quality of the pills, the participants displayed their unique pills refining techniques, one after another. Lola, for example, with a push of her hands, a pure white snow lotus appeared and enveloped the entire elixir furnace.

Meanwhile, countless cherry blossom petals were flying around the several Emsgate participants. Then, one by one, the petals made of spiritual power fell into the elixir furnace.

When compared to their dazzling refining techniques, Matthew's technique seemed somewhat plain and unadorned.

## **Read The Medical Genius's Unspeakable Marriage Novel Chapter 2256**

The Medical Genius's Unspeakable Marriage Novel Chapter 2256

After carefully inspecting all the medicinal materials and determining their approximate age and potency, Matthew began his preparations.

He started by setting up the two elixir furnaces provided by the CAUMP. Next, he followed the steps of pill refining and gradually put all the medicinal pills into the furnace.

"Is that it?"

"I think I made the wrong bet."

"Should we ask for a refund?"

Watching Matthew's slow pills refining technique and comparing him to the other participants with medicinal materials flying everywhere, the audience at the scene and those watching the live broadcast were instantly taken aback.

The bettors who had placed heavy bets on Matthew were especially shocked as they watched anxiously. As for the eliminated participants from Emsgate, they were filled with pride and disdain.

"No wonder he took so long to arrive here. He's probably afraid of embarrassing himself."

“If it were me, I wouldn’t want to come either. With this technique, I would even look up to him if he could produce one pill per furnace.”

After all, pill refining was not just about showing off skills.

Having a masterful pills refining technique would allow for better extraction of essence from the medicinal materials and ensure a perfect fusion between different herbs. That was why some people could only refine one pill with the same amount of herbs, while others could refine several.

This was the key.

Meanwhile, the crown prince of Mightwater was sitting among the audience and heard the mockery from the Emsgate crowd.

Feeling indignant, he spoke up directly. “What’s the use of a flashy display? This is pill refining, not acrobatics.”

His words caused the crowd to erupt in laughter.

“What do you know, you ignorant fool? Hahaha! You crack me up!”

“I can’t take this anymore. Hey, buddy, you must be Matthew’s friend, right? Birds of a feather flock together. It seems that Matthew’s pill-refining skills aren’t that special.”

At that moment, Easton couldn’t help but tug at the crown prince’s sleeve. This situation was indeed a bit embarrassing.

The crown prince also realized this and rolled up his sleeves in anger. “I’ll show them who’s the fool!”

He was about to charge forward and beat up everyone who had mocked him, but Easton quickly stopped him and pointed to the Martial League guards not far away. “Hey, you’re being impulsive. If you beat them up now, they will immediately come to arrest you.”

Hearing this, the crown prince of Mightwater looked toward the Emsgate audience and then at the guards.

*D\*mn it! This is so frustrating!*

After cursing under his breath, he could only sit down helplessly while looking at those smug faces.

Meanwhile, Matthew was unaware of everything happening outside the arena. At this point, he had placed all the medicinal materials into the elixir furnace.

When he closed the furnace lid, he suddenly closed his eyes.

In the palm of his hand, his nimbus transformed into countless thick strands and flew toward the medicinal materials like thousands of arms, instantly decomposing the herbs inside. Once their essences were completely extracted, the remaining medicinal residues were formed into a black pill. As for the essences, they began to rapidly fuse together.

Of course, all of that happened inside the elixir furnace, so outsiders were unaware of what was happening.

As time passed, Kamilah was the first to complete his pill, and the other participants also gradually stopped one after another.

After a quick evaluation by the judging panel, the results of the first half of the competition were announced.

“Sky Palace’s Matilda Minster refined seven Revitalizing Pills and seven Chamber Opening Pills with excellent medicinal effects and quality.”

Upon seeing this result, cheers erupted from the audience.

“Wow, no wonder she’s the Young Master of Sky Palace. With such results, even those veteran pill refiners would find it hard to match.”

“Congratulations! It seems that Sky Palace is in the running to win the competition.”

Listening to the compliments from everyone, the elder of Sky Palace couldn’t help but stroke his long beard with pride.

## **Read The Medical Genius’s Unspeakable Marriage Novel Chapter 2257**

The Medical Genius’s Unspeakable Marriage Novel Chapter 2257

Nine was the ultimate number for alchemy, yet very few alchemists could reach this quantity. It was already an incredible achievement to refine seven high-level difficulty pills, such as the Revitalizing Pill and Chamber Opening Pill, per furnace.

However, at this moment, cheers erupted once again.

“Roland Schmidt produced eight Revitalizing Pills and seven Chamber Opening Pills with excellent medicinal effects and quality.”

“Lola Crichton produced seven Revitalizing Pills and eight Chamber Opening Pills with excellent medicinal effects and quality.”

Little monk, Rose, and others had similar results to Roland, but the results of the two remaining participants from Emsgate raised the atmosphere to its peak again.

“Kamilah Lugo produced eight Revitalizing Pills and eight Chamber Opening Pills with excellent medicinal effects and quality.”

The results were like stairs, ascending step by step.

Especially for Kamilah and Dario, though their results were the same, they could stand out among the crowd because of the difference in one pill.

Several top contenders had achieved such results, let alone that of Rose and Arianell. Those with results of only five pills were completely insignificant compared to them.

Seeing such results, the people from Emsgate were overjoyed.

Meanwhile, Dario was particularly proud. “Is this the level of skill the birthplace of alternative medicine has? Then it seems like there’s nothing special about this place!”

Those arrogant words entered everyone’s ears through the live stream. For a moment, a sense of indignation arose.

“What arrogance. That kid is simply lawless.”

“This is too outrageous. He thinks too highly of himself.”

“But what can we do? He is indeed a strong competitor.”

“In my opinion, those participants are incompetent. They have the advantage in numbers, yet they can’t even win against two Emsgate people.”

“How embarrassing. I think I can even participate in this competition. The outcome would be the same anyway.”

For a moment, voices of indignation and blame arose one after another, and some even began pointing their fingers at the participants from Cathay, seeming to blame such a result on their incompetence.

Meanwhile, on the crown prince of Mightwater’s side, mocking voices came from the Emsgate audience once again. “See, this is what you call acrobatics. Hahaha! Ignorant fool!”

Once these words were spoken, the crown prince of Mightwater, with a face flushed with anger, almost got up and fought with them but was tightly held back by Easton.

Not only did the audiences don serious faces, but even the judges in the arena had also become serious.

They had to admit that the three Emsgate participants were extraordinarily talented, especially Kamilah and Dario.

Producing eight pills in one furnace. That skill level had surpassed most of the judges present, but while amazed, they were also restless and impatient. That was because they had embarrassed Cathay’s alternative medicine community.

As its birthplace, their skills could not be compared to a few Emsgate participants.

How could the younger generation face the others in the future?

Especially after Dario’s mockeries.

Who knows how many young alternative medicine practitioners were heartbroken after hearing that?

Just when everyone was devastated, a spectator suddenly shouted, “Wait, there’s still one participant from Cathay whose results haven’t been announced?”



As his voice fell, the people gradually turned to the last glimmer of hope in the arena.

On the other hand, Matthew waited until the bell signaling the end of the competition had rung before slowly raising his hands. But everyone's eyes dimmed after seeing his face, wondering if there was still hope with his level of skills.

Following the anxious anticipation from the audience, the judges approached Matthew.

Under the camera's close-up, the audience could only watch with nervous expressions as they prayed for the last glimmer of hope.

When the judge opened the elixir furnace, the first pill that poured out was a pitch-black pill, and when it rolled onto the table, it instantly turned into a pile of ashes.

"Did he fail to refine any pills?"

For a moment, everyone's mood plummeted to the lowest point.

## **Read The Medical Genius's Unspeakable Marriage Novel Chapter 2258**

The Medical Genius's Unspeakable Marriage Novel Chapter 2258

The magnificent Cathay, where diversity was welcomed.

Regardless of the outcome of this competition, whether Cathay or Emsgate took the win, losing to someone more skilled was not a big deal. After all, one had to have the courage to admit one's failure. However, that was not equivalent to allowing others to trample on or insult oneself.

Dario's mockeries poked at the sore spot of the alternative medicine community like a sharp blade. So if he won the championship, it would mercilessly crush the passionate hearts of the new generation of Cathay's alternative medical practitioners.

How could they strive forward without passion?

How could they find their way without hope?

From this perspective alone, Dario had completed half of Emsgate's plan to ruin the alternative medicine community in Cathay.

The remaining task was to win the competition and become the new Holy Doctor. By then, they could build a conventional bond with the Sixteen Major Forces of Cathay and make the path for Cathay's future three generations of medical practitioners more challenging and hard for them to improve their skills.

When the first failed pill was poured out from Matthew's elixir furnace, there were two extremely different emotions from the crowd.

One side was devastated, while the other was extremely proud, especially the elders of Emsgate's hidden sects and the seniors of the Emsgate Herbalist Association. Their joyful expressions seemed as if they had already won the competition.

Although it was said that nine pills were the ultimate number in refining pills, only a handful of people in the world would achieve such a level.

So could Matthew turn the tide?

Seeing Matthew's achievement, Matilda was also filled with joy and came to taunt Ronald, "Words won't win the game. Don't you think so too, Mr. Schmidt?"

Although Roland wasn't in a good mood, he couldn't help but retort, "Hmph, how dare you dabble so much when you don't even have my skill set? Talk to me when you can achieve the same results as me. You can't even win against me, yet you act arrogant."

Matilda did not expect Roland could still say such foul words at such a moment. "You... Anyway, Emsgate has won this round."

Since she was inferior to the other party in a verbal battle, she could only bring up her teammate's achievements to intimidate the other.

At this moment, Lola, who had been silent, suddenly opened her eyes.

*Matthew never disappoints!*

After a faint smile, she spoke. "You have lost!"

Once Lola's words fell, another pill rolled out from Matthew's basketball-sized furnace. It was round and smooth with a bright and lustrous color. Then came the second and third until the referee emptied the elixir furnace.

When all the pills hidden inside had fallen onto the round plate on the table, exclamations from the audience filled the air.

"Oh my god, am I seeing things? Are there actually ten pills in that furnace, including the first failed pill?"

"How is that possible? Didn't they say that one can only produce a maximum of nine pills in one furnace?"

Before the audience could recover from their shock, the referee poured out nine exquisite-looking pills from the Rejuvenation Pill furnace and one black failed pill.

"Matthew Larson, nine Rejuvenation Pills, nine Opening Spirit Pills, near perfect in both efficacy and quality. As for this black pill, it's just residue!"

The participants' results were displayed on the screen, but when the referee finished checking Matthew's pills, a strong sense of surprise overwhelmed him, and that emotion pushed him to announce the results directly.

His voice passed through the microphone and spread throughout the entire venue.

In an instant, the venue quieted down. The next second, cheers erupted like thunder, resounding through the sky.

"Well done. Prove those arrogant b\*stards wrong!"

"We won! We won!"

"Nine perfect pills. That's an absolute win! Hahaha!"

Contrary to the audience's attitude, the group from Emsgate could not accept the results.

Dario's first reaction was that Matthew must have cheated.

Otherwise, how could Matthew successfully refine nine ultimate pills?

*That must be it! Matthew must have cheated!*

## **Read The Medical Genius's Unspeakable Marriage Novel Chapter 2259**

### The Medical Genius's Unspeakable Marriage Novel Chapter 2259

The scene of jubilation fell into silence as Dario shouted, "I don't believe it. You guys must have cheated. How can the likes of Matthew have such an ability? I demand an inspection to be made!"

Upon hearing that, the faces of several referees instantly turned grim.

He said nothing when he won, but now that he had lost, he demanded an inspection.

Could he not accept defeat?

Also, what did he mean by "you guys"?

That was an outright insult to the referee team. It was known to all that the evaluation process was broadcasted live. Moreover, the members of CAUMP had their own moral baseline. But as referees, they could not say anything at this moment.

Meanwhile, the elders of the Emsgate Herbalist Association agreed with Dario. They refused to believe Matthew was stronger than the top medical geniuses from Emsgate. Therefore, there must be something fishy going on!

Faced with Dario's arbitration request, CAUMP's board of seniors quickly responded and agreed to his request.

Subsequently, five representatives from Cathay and Emsgate were selected to inspect the pills refined by Matthew. Of course, the representatives from Cathay were purely there to prevent any foul play during the inspection. After all, it was always better to be safe than sorry.

The leader of the five representatives from Emsgate was also the vice president of the Emsgate Herbalist Association, Julius Fisker.

After stepping into the arena, he pretended to apologize and said, "Dear referees, please accept my sincere apologies. We have failed to discipline our

juniors properly, which led to such disrespectful behavior. Let's just go through with it and take a look."

Although he spoke politely, he was already secretly thinking.

*Once we find out how you cheated, this Holy Doctor Competition will become a complete joke. In conjunction with our plan to "cut off" Cathay's alternative medicine community, this incident is like hitting two birds with one stone.*

*If that despicable Matthew's pills refining technique can really produce nine ultimate pills, I'll eat the pill furnace!*

The chief referee of CAUMP also responded politely to Julius' pretense. "No worries. We must ensure the fairness and impartiality of the competition..."

As for Dario, he had already walked up to Matthew and warned him with a cold tone, "Just you wait. You will get exposed for cheating. Not only will your results be invalidated, but you will also bring shame to your country!"

Matthew was speechless. "Have you gone mad? Just because you're incapable doesn't mean others are as well. Is refining nine ultimate pills that difficult?"

Dario shook his head arrogantly. "I'm sure we understand how difficult that is. But you. You definitely cannot do it!"

While the two were talking, the referees from both countries had already started their inspection.

As medical experts, they could tell the authenticity of the newly refined pills at a glance.

"Please!" Following the invitation from referees from CAUMP, Julius eagerly took one pill from each batch, but after a brief inspection, he found no problem with the eighteen pills. Moreover, the nine pills had a faint nimbus connection, characteristic of nine ultimate pills.

As the representatives looked at each other, Julius exchanged glances with the other four, but they could only shake their heads helplessly.

They couldn't find any problems at all!

In an instant, all their expectations turned into shock and disappointment.

How was this possible?

But the fact was right before them, and nothing could be changed, whether Julius believed it or not.

When he turned his head, the group of CAUMP referees looked at him with playful smiles as if they were watching him making a fool of himself.

Julius knew he had gotten himself into a position with no escape. At this moment, he could only compose himself and put on an embarrassed smile.

“There is no problem with these pills. Like what I’ve said, our juniors were just being disrespectful.” His expression became even grimmer.

## **Read The Medical Genius’s Unspeakable Marriage Novel Chapter 2260**

The Medical Genius’s Unspeakable Marriage Novel Chapter 2260

Julius’ words were particularly jarring to the referees.

While inspecting the pills, Julius almost placed the pill into his eye. However, he still had not calmed down from the shock. He had witnessed someone refining nine ultimate pills, but those were all senior top-notch miracle doctors.

Matthew was just a young man, how could he have such a high level of pill-refining skills?

The more shocked he was, the more he felt wary of Matthew.

What would happen in the future if they allowed Matthew to continue improving his skills?

When Julius was thinking of that, a hint of killing intent suddenly flashed in his eyes.

At the same time, several Martial League guards tasked to protect the scene instantly sensed that faint killing intent.

The leader of the guards turned his head and clenched his fist, while the others immediately turned their bodies and locked their gaze firmly on the five

Emsgate representatives, ready to kill them if they made the slightest movement.

As for the leader, he approached Matthew. "If there are no problems, then announce the results!"

This statement was both a reminder and a protection. Although it sounded emotionless, the Emsgate representatives calmed down after seeing his sword-like, sharp gaze.

After nodding, they could only say unwillingly, "Go ahead. We have no objections!"

The CAUMP referees had already anticipated such a result, but they were extremely delighted to see the Emsgate representatives making a fool of themselves.

It was especially so for the chief judge, who immediately announced their inspection results, "Matthew Larson from the South, his results are valid!"

At that moment, he unconsciously raised his voice by a few pitches, wanting to force that result into the minds of every Emsgate person.

The next moment, booming laughter came from every corner of the venue.

"This is what you call making a fool of yourself!"

"Just be frank and say you can't stand losing? Why make such a big fuss?"

The most excited was the crown prince of Mightwater. "I told you all, pill refining is not acrobatics. It's your fault for not listening. It seemed like the several experts from your country aren't that great either! They're worse than a layman like me! Hahaha!"

That was satisfying, incredibly satisfying.

At this moment, the anger he had accumulated burst out like a breached darn.

As for the audience from Emsgate, they were also flushing with embarrassment after receiving the mocking remarks from the crown prince of Mightwater.

They wanted to refute him but couldn't find the right words. After all, the facts were right in front of them.

Moreover, as the mocking voices grew more intense, the Emsgate representatives naturally could not bear to stay any longer. With a disgraced look, they could only leave in a hurry.

Roland watched this scene and shook his head disdainfully.

Then, he mocked Matilda, who was not far away, once more, "Tsk. Tsk. What a good self-destructive game you guys played, and you guys did a good job of humiliating yourselves too! Is hurting others at the expense of yourselves fun?"

Those words triggered Matilda, who became infuriated, feeling like Roland was her nemesis.

"Don't be overly proud so soon. The competition isn't over yet, and the final result is still uncertain. Once we win the competition, I will definitely tear your stinky mouth apart."

As she spoke, her chest couldn't help but tremble with anger. Never had she been this angry all her life.

However, the angrier Matilda was, the happier Roland became. "You are so unrepentant. There's a mystic saying in Cathay that once a particular matter has been determined, there will be an inevitable reversal."

Just as Matilda was about to retort, she suddenly realized that this saying had been proven true in her case. Whenever she was sure about something, the result was always the opposite.

At that thought, she quickly held back the words about to come out of her mouth.