

Chapter 2462 Dr Paintaker's Current Situation

"Master Kurt, do you understand what you just said?"

Blake waited until Dr. Paintaker retired to rest.

Then, he turned to Kurt with a meaningful expression on his face.

"Thank heavens. Thank you, Great Elder, for your advice. It has been eye-opening."

If Blake had not held Kurt back at that critical moment...

Kurt would have acted long ago.

Now, he understood what Blake said earlier.

Constant protection would indeed hinder the disciple.

To be a martial artist was to walk the line between life and death. It was only then that one could comprehend the great Dao.

At that thought, Kurt's gaze deepened as he looked toward the horizon.

He wondered what kind of situation his stubborn little disciple was in now.

Meanwhile, in the distant state of Southaven, Paintaker inexplicably sneezed as he was checking the pulse of a patient.

The old woman sitting in front of him immediately worried.

"Dr. Paintaker, have you caught a cold?" she asked.

"It's already early winter. The winds are growing colder."

"Even so, your clothes are so thin. Be careful not to catch a cold."

"Don't worry, ma'am. I'm not cold!"

He shot her a pure and kind smile.

Then, he continued his examination of her.

Behind him, the thick bundle he carried was already covered in a layer of dirt.

One look and it was clear that the pack of plain clothes Matthew gave him before he left had never opened.

Once all his patients were seen to...

Paintaker slowly stood up.

"Thank heavens. The village has now been cured of all dysentery. In the future, please do not drink untreated water. It must be boiled first. Farewell, good sirs and madams!"

He gave a shallow bow.

The villagers panicked upon hearing that.

"We haven't repaid you for your great kindness. Please stay for another day," one of the villagers said.

"Let us thank you properly."

"Yes. Crowvale is so remote."

"If it weren't for you, none of us would have survived."

"Please stay for another day."

Paintaker merely smiled upon facing the villagers' earnest pleas...

"I appreciate your kindness, everyone. Still, there are many hardships ahead of me. I cannot stop."

At that, everyone calmed down.

Southaven was a state surrounded by mountains with many villages as remote as theirs where doctors refused to travel to.

Once infected with a contagious disease, all the villagers could do was wait for death.

With that in mind, they could not insist he stayed.

Paintaker was about to leave.

Just then, an old man suddenly shouted.

"Please wait."

As soon as he finished speaking, he walked up to Paintaker with a wooden bowl held in his trembling hands.

"Our village is poor, so there's nothing special to give you."

"My wife has prepared a lot of rice cakes. Please take them with you."

The old man's gesture was a sign.

The other villagers instantly understood what was happening.

One by one, they ran back to their homes and hurriedly returned.

For the next few minutes, Paintaker stood there while hundreds of villagers forcefully shoved food at him.

He was going to refuse their offered food.

However, the first old man moved as if he were about to go on his knees.

The action made Paintaker jump.

"Sir, please don't. Why do this?"

"We are indebted to your kindness. If you do not accept this gift, I will not get up at all."

With the old man leading the charge, the other villagers followed suit and moved to kneel.

Faced with such enthusiasm, Paintaker could no longer refuse their offerings.

"Everyone, please don't do this. I'll accept your kind offer."

He reached out and took the two rice cakes from the old man's bowl.

"I accept and appreciate the kind gesture, sir."

"Now, please take care, everyone."

After saying that, he did not stay any longer and turned around to leave the village.

The villagers could only dazedly watch Paintaker's figure walk away.

Eventually, he disappeared from their sight.

The villagers all followed the old man's lead and continued to stay on their knees.

"Take care on your journey, our revered Dr. Paintaker."

Paintaker was unaware of all this. As he calmly and steadily continued onward, a golden light faintly shone on his forehead.