

Chapter 2681 Fame Abroad

Olivia Ferrer, once an insignificant journalist, resorted to staging and fabricating several sets of photos in order to gain fame. She invented exaggerated content in the hopes of making a name for herself.

However, before she could publish the fake news she had written, she was reported, and the headquarters assigned her to Seraphis as punishment. They called it an "exotic scenery collection journalist," but it was more like exile.

Today, she stumbled upon a sensational piece of news: "Shocking News! Cathay's unethical alternative medicine discriminates against foreign patients!"

Cultural clashes and regional discrimination made this story incredibly newsworthy.

As Olivia took photos and organized the news in her mind, a group of thugs not far behind her rushed toward the scene.

"D*mn it! Who dares to cause trouble in our clinic!" shouted the crown prince, who had arrived in a hurry.

He had been building a relationship with his beloved Gataling when he suddenly received news that someone was causing trouble in the clinic.

Furthermore, he understood that since Matthew asked him to come, he was supposed to play the role of the villain, so he didn't need to be nice to the other party.

Pete was also intimidated by the Prince's imposing manner. Although he didn't say anything, the Prince glared at him fiercely.

"It's you causing trouble here, right?!"

Pete remained calm and composed. "We just came to seek medical treatment, but your doctors refused to treat us!"

"If you want treatment, behave and wait in line then!"

After saying that, the Prince grabbed the notice at the entrance.

"Do you understand the words on this? Do you recognize them?"

The Prince saw Pete nodding, and his killing intent made Pete's legs weak as he looked at Pete with a fierce look.

"Read it to me!"

"Free... Free consultation. Line up voluntarily. No noise allowed!"

"You don't understand this? Why are you still standing there? Do I need to take action?"

Upon saying that, the Prince clenched his fist and made his knuckles crack.

Pete ran away with his companions when he saw the situation turning bad.

"All right. All right; it's just some foreigners causing trouble in our clinic. It's nothing major.

Don't listen to their nonsense. If anything happens in this clinic, I will die with you all!

Those who need treatment can continue to wait in line, and those who are here to watch the show can disperse!"

Before he finished his sentence, the once lively crowd scattered like birds, and the number of patients waiting in line to be treated not only did not decrease but increased even more!

It was probably because the Prince's remark about backing them gave them an extra sense of reassurance!

"Mr. Larson, problem solved! Next time you encounter people like this, you don't have to be polite to them. You can just kick them out directly.

The more polite you are to them, the more they will take advantage of you."

Matthew was speechless. "Don't I know that? This is the first day of my business. How can I leave a violent impression on others?"

"Wow, Mr. Larson. You're so hypocritical!"

"Get out of here. This is called social skills. This is called worldly wisdom, you idiot!"

Although Matthew and the Prince had been teasing each other, their hands never stopped.

When the black ointment cooled down, Matthew forcefully applied it with both hands.

With a click, the old man lying on the makeshift bed suddenly jumped up in pain.

"Ah! It hurts! It hurts! Huh? It doesn't hurt anymore!"

With an incredulous expression, he stretched his waist and bent down again.

"It really doesn't hurt anymore!"

His old back, which had tormented him for over a decade, was finally healed, and this was an unprecedented relief.

As the old man held Matthew's hand in gratitude, those who knew him were also filled with astonishment.

"This physician is simply amazing. Archer used to be unable to straighten his back, but now look at how he's bouncing around happily!"

"That's great! My cold feet can finally be cured!"