

## Chapter 2750 The Verge Of Death

As Matthew's brow furrowed in deep thought, Tony couldn't help but assume that Matthew was struggling to diagnose the cause of the patient's ailment. The other renowned Witch Doctors present wore expressions of disdain.

"Holy Doctor, are you capable of diagnosing or not? Everyone's time is precious."

Matthew had been examining the middle-aged man in a suit for nearly ten minutes, yet he had not revealed any findings. The crowd was growing restless, and the patient himself was becoming uncomfortable from maintaining his extended arm position for so long.

"Dr. Larson, have you reached a conclusion?"

The man's tone was steady, but it was clear he was suppressing his irritation. He couldn't help but grumble internally.

Matthew should just deliver the diagnosis directly. Why was he prolonging the suspense?

Tony glanced around with a smug grin. This young man had insulted his master, and he was certain that today's events wouldn't conclude smoothly.

"Matthew, if you're unable to diagnose, just admit it. There's no need to prolong the inevitable. If you kneel, apologize, and swear never to practice medicine again, I'll spare you the humiliation of losing both your hands."

Tony's intentions were clear: he wanted to humiliate Matthew publicly and permanently end his medical career.

Matthew, however, remained unfazed by Tony's taunts. He withdrew his hand from the patient's wrist and asked seriously, "What has been your primary diet for the past six months?"

His delay in diagnosing was not due to incompetence, but rather the patient's precarious health condition. The man was teetering on the brink of life, his condition could only be described as "critical."

Tony, eager to belittle Matthew, interjected before the patient could respond. "Dr. Larson, it's one thing to lack medical skills, but are you even ignorant of basic dietary habits? People either rely on rice or flour-based foods. What else would they eat, dirt?"

His comment incited laughter from the crowd, further diminishing their respect for Matthew.

"It appears this Holy Doctor from Cathay is all bark and no bite!"

"Indeed. I heard they select their Holy Doctors through a competition among novices."

"What a farce! Medicine requires decades of experience, like Tony, a prodigious Great Witch Doctor who spent over twenty years honing his skills."

"Cathay's fabrication of a Holy Doctor is clearly a desperate attempt to boost their reputation. It's laughable."

Matthew heard their mockery, but he remained unfazed, considering their views narrow-minded.

Tony sneered at Matthew, "Why are you still stalling?"

Matthew returned Tony's sneer with a piercing gaze. "When diagnosing, it's customary not to interfere. Didn't your master teach you this basic etiquette during your medical training?"

Tony's face darkened at Matthew's retort. It was a universally accepted rule among physicians not to disturb others during diagnosis.

For a moment, Tony was at a loss for words, unable to counter.

Meanwhile, the patient was genuinely taken aback. He alone knew that he hadn't consumed any rice or noodles for the past six months.

"Holy Doctor Larson, you're correct. I have been exclusively consuming herbal cuisine for the past six months."

His admission sent a wave of astonishment through the room. Could someone really diagnose a patient's diet just by taking their pulse? Surely, it must be a trick?

Matthew nodded and sighed softly. "Your current condition is akin to a ticking time bomb. Once it detonates, your life will be in grave danger."

The diagnosis was shocking, and the middle-aged man struggled to accept it.

"But... isn't there some mistake, Dr. Larson? Look at me, I'm the picture of health. How could I possibly be in danger?"

To emphasize his point, he flexed his arm, showcasing his robust physique.