

Unspeakable 1975

Chapter 1975

If the opponent actually made a move, the muscle man wasn't going to back down. He could easily defeat three to five people in one go, not to mention knocking out the skinny shortie in front of him.

Zayn's gaze turned icy. He moved sideways to dodge his attack and grabbed the muscle man's wrist.

When the muscle man wanted to retract his arm, he realized that his wrist was tightly clamped. No matter how hard he tried to break free, he remained motionless. As his opponent slowly exerted force, the pain from his wrist grew intense.

"Let me go, you son of a b*tch!"

While cursing out loud, he raised his other hand and slapped Zayn's face.

The old man beside him suddenly moved. When the muscle man's palm fell, he felt as if he had hit an iron plate.

He grimaced in pain and shuddered, and when his arm moved away from Zayn's shoulders, the old man showed him a benevolent smile while fishing out a wad of cash.

"Young man, you should forgive when you can. Here are 2000 dollars. It should be enough for you to get a new phone. Zayn, let go of him."

"I'll remember this!"

Retracting his arm, the muscle man took the cash and massaged his sore wrist. After leaving them with a harsh sentence, he quickly fled the scene.

"Master..." Reluctantly, Zayn spoke, but the old man stopped him from complaining by raising a palm.

From their quick interaction, one could tell that this group of old men and the young man from Emsgate had extraordinary martial arts skills.

Ordinary martial art practitioners strive for a breakthrough in the realm. Those who practiced medicine, on the other hand, practiced martial arts to strengthen their bodies and maintain muscle sensitivity.

Acupuncture and pulse diagnosis in alternative medicine required advanced techniques.

Once there was a slight deviation by the needle, it would likely get the patient killed.

"Forgive when you can. Since the issue has been resolved, let's not pursue it anymore. We who practice medicine do not only train our skills, but also our hearts! Your medical abilities are near perfect, but your character lags far behind."

Despite his reluctance to forgive so easily, Zayn could only listen to the old man's wise words.

Just then, the convoy sent by the Damron Family arrived. The whole ride was quiet.

When the car arrived at its destination, the Damrons were already waiting in front of the hotel.

After the old men got off the car, Aurelius increased his pace while walking toward them.

“I’ve heard so much about all of you masters, and it is my honor to finally meet all of you today. Please allow me to introduce myself. I am Aurelius Damron, and welcome to Cathay.”

The Damron Family members in charge of reception followed the head of the family to greet them warmly.

Facing the large family, one of the Emsgate old men who seemed to be the leader humbly replied, “You are far too polite, Master Damron. We’re just a bunch of old men who will soon meet our demise! You didn’t have to greet us with such a grand gesture.”

“Don’t worry about it. It must have been a tiring trip for you to arrive here, so we’ve prepared some refreshments for all of you. Shall we step inside and discuss matters in detail?”

Hearing Aurelius’ suggestion, the old man nodded with a smile. “Sounds good!”

After that, Aurelius led everyone up to the top floor to enjoy the banquet. Wine and courses of meals were served.

The old man cleared his throat and asked with a smile, “Master Damron, the reason for our visit to Cathay is the rumored Holy Doctor Competition. We old men have been waiting for this day for a long time. May I humbly ask if we are still qualified to take part in the competition?”

Aurelius was taken aback by his question as he never expected that this bunch of old men would be interested to participate in the competition.

‘Hah? You guys? Don’t you know that Cathay is the birthplace of alternative medicine? How bold of you to ask for trouble?!’

Even though that was his inner thought, he still acted amiably on the surface since he was here to make connections as a representative of the Damrons.

“Why, yes! Of course! If we have all of you in our competition, I reckon that this year’s Holy Doctor Competition will be even more exciting!”

Soon, drinks were exchanged to represent the participation of the miracle doctors of Emsgate in the Holy Doctor Competition.