

Unspeakable 2011

Chapter 2011

Matthew wasn't sure who the bespectacled man was, but anyone who could send this man to do their bidding must be a powerful person.

Now that the Cosby elder came to his aid, Matthew was sure the Cosbys had made a powerful enemy. I won't forget this. Matthew shrugged and looked at the bespectacled man.

"It has been a while, Mr. Cosby. I was fortunate enough to make some good stuff, but some people just want to steal it from me. Bandits, I say."

"Oh, an apt description, lad! Apt description," The Cosby elder roared in laughter and escorted Matthew across the bridge.

"Out of my way!" Even though they were outnumbered ten to one, the Cosby elder still spoke with confidence.

He didn't care about offending them at all.

"Mr. Cosby, my employer is most certainly a short-tempered man. If you get on his bad side, you and your family will not end well. And you think that threat would work on us? Step. Aside!"

The elder darted ahead and unleashed a barrage of fists on the bespectacled man. The impact of Spinebreaker stirred up a gust of wind around the battlefield, and the air itself howled.

The bespectacled man knew they must fight, and he got into his battle stance.

He opened his hands and unleashed something he called Cloudwinder. Instead of facing the elder's fists head-on, the man moved out of the way, relying on his strength of agile movements to deal with the old man. Cleverly, he used his technique to redirect the old man's punches in other directions.

Frustrated by her lackluster performance just now, Freya grumbled, "I could have cut his head off if I had my full strength..."

Matthew looked at her. He didn't think she was bluffing. If she hadn't been worn down by the previous battles, Freya would have had the strength to fight the bespectacled man.

Her blade could easily cut a car in two after all, but just when he was about to say something, dust clouds stirred on the other side of the river. A military-grade tank was fast approaching them.

Reminded of something, the fighters stopped their battle at the same time.

The tank's door opened, and out came a man in military uniform. He had a square face and a solemn look in his eyes. Despite his inscrutable face, the man radiated a solemn air.

Once he made his way across the bridge, the bespectacled man's lackeys made a path for him.

"The competition shall begin soon. The world's eyes are on Bainbridge, and yet you still wish to embarrass the nation?" the man said hoarsely, his voice filled with rage.

Not only did this competition mean a lot for Cathay, but it also meant a lot for the world and the world of medicine at large. Yet these people, blinded by their greed, were trying to stop Matthew and take his pill for themselves.

This wasn't Bainbridge's domain, yet it was close enough. The general was incensed that someone would lead a whole army to stop a contestant here. If those foreign reporters find out and tell everyone that Bainbridge's security is in shambles, it'll be a national embarrassment.

However, in all his stupidity, even though it was clear that no one could take Matthew away now, the bespectacled man insisted, "General Cobalt, we are here on our employer's orders. I cannot disobey him. If you would just let us invite Mr. Larson to our..."

"You cur!" the general roared angrily, and murderous intent instantly filled the air.

Chapter 2012

The bespectacled man shut up at once.

"You blasted fools are getting more brazen with each passing day. You want the recipe? Then strike a deal. Can't strike a deal? Then do some R&D. But stealing someone's fruit of labor? Inconceivable!"

As one of the top military members, the general knew of these people's plan to stop Matthew on the way. He admired lads like Matthew, but the Reconstruction Pill contained the potential to bring in untold riches. It was an allure none could resist. He wanted to help Matthew, yet he couldn't.

He did dispatch a squad to escort Matthew halfway on his journey, but before they could even step out of Bainbridge, they were recalled urgently, claiming they had to protect Bainbridge from any harm, for the competition was drawing near.

He was also ordered to check for any hazards in the city. That was the department with the most work. Because of that, he was delayed. Even if he wanted to switch to another department, his boss would stop him from doing so by giving him excuses.

It was a game of politics, the kind of game General Cobalt didn't know how to play. So, he surreptitiously told the Cosbys to help Matthew and buy some time until he could make it to the battlefield.

"Tell your employer to take his grievances to me. We're all in the Historic District. I'm probably a stone's throw away from his place. No more business? Good... Scram!"

'Just a little more and I could've taken him with me!' The bespectacled man was frustrated, but he knew the general would not let him take Matthew.

Left with no choice, he swung his arm forward and led his men back in shameful defeat.

Once they were gone, the general cracked a smile.

"Matthew, I presume? Welcome to Bainbridge." He punched Matthew's shoulder, and the guy winced.

"Sorry. Forgot you're a cripple now."

That was hurtful, but at least the general was straightforward. Matthew was surprised a general would come to his aid.

“Thank you, General Cobalt...”

“Psh! Thank yous are for girls. You really want to thank me? Then win the championship!”

However, the next second, the air around them felt colder.

Offended by the general’s remark, Freya said, “The competition shall begin soon. I see you don’t have time to make the meds. We’ll talk after the competition is over.”

She then put her blade on her shoulder and turned around to leave.

“One second!” Matthew went ahead and took her aside, then he stuffed a pill in Freya’s hands. “I can’t make the meds in time, but take this Godly Emergence Pill. You can rank up with this pill. It’s late, so I have to go now.”

Matthew then gave her the pill he made in Woodside and quickly went back to his team, worried that Freya might refuse.

Freya blurted, “Tell me if you win the competition!”

Matthew stopped in his tracks and turned around to wave at her with a smile.

“Sure thing...”

Most people had confidence he could do well in the competition, but only Freya was the one who believed he could get first place. Aside from him, that was.

The crown prince approached Matthew with a smirk, then he put a hand on Matthew’s shoulder. “A tearful goodbye, I see. Was a bit too dark, but I think that was a present for her, wasn’t it? I knew it. She’s your lover.”

Matthew rolled his eyes and elbowed the crown prince.

The pain made the crown prince clutch his stomach, and he howled. “I’m the crown prince of Mightwater. You can’t do this to me!”

“Yeah, yeah. We best be going now, or it’s going to be dark!”

“Hey, wait for me! Damn it, you can’t leave me behind just because you had a sad goodbye with your girlfriend!”

They came to the river and washed the blood off them, then with General Cobalt escorting them, Matthew and his team finally stepped foot in Bainbridge.

Chapter 2013

Since they ditched the vehicle, they arrived in Bainbridge about five hours later than they wanted.

Once they entered the city, the Cosby elder parted ways with them. It wasn’t until midnight did Matthew and his team arrive at the contestants’ accommodation, Renew Pharmaceuticals.

All the contestants were given two choices of lodging: Bainbridge Hotel or Renew Pharmaceuticals. One was a famous hotel, while the other was the most famous medical center in Bainbridge.

Matthew chose the latter because of its quiet environment.

"I wish you luck, Matthew. This is where we part ways," The general made small talk for a while and left in the tank after that.

Matthew and his gang stepped through the front door and were greeted by the fresh scent of herbs. One whiff was enough to liven up their spirits.

"Why didn't you pick the hotel? I wanted to drink, eat, and flirt. This is some remote place," the crown prince complained what Matthew had decided.

It wasn't every day the crown prince could come to Bainbridge. He wanted to have some fun, but his leader wasn't interested in the decadence the hotel could provide and would rather suffer in rural Bainbridge.

The receptionist noticed them, and she came out.

"Hi! Are you here for the competition?"

It was a silvery voice that sounded like a bird singing. A moment later, a young lady in white traditional attire appeared before them. She was adorable and petite, and the lanyard around her neck told Matthew that she was the receptionist.

"Yes... Matthew Larson, representative of the South." He handed her the letter of recommendation given by Levi.

It was something most contestants needed to prepare, a ticket, so to speak.

After reading the letter, the young lady nodded. "Come with me, please..."

She led the team into the backyard.

As they went down a long corridor, the lady introduced, "The center's lobby is through here, and it's also where we receive our patients. You may come here during the day, Dr. Larson. The other representatives will show up as well. It's a good chance to learn from each other. A lot of Bainbridge's veteran doctors will be treating the patients regularly as well. If you're lucky, you might just meet one."

Matthew nodded, his interest piqued. Even though he had the skills and knowledge of Christopher Larson, the change in times and quality of life would bring forth new, complex diseases. An exchange between peers could lead him to gain new knowledge and raise his skill level.

"This is where you shall stay, Dr. Larson..."

They followed the receptionist through the corridor and were met with a spacious courtyard filled with a lot of detached houses. There was about a distance of two yards between each house.

"It's late. Dr. Larson, so you and your friends should rest now. Call us if you need anything..."

The crown prince's eyes shone. "Anything?"

The receptionist had no idea what the crown prince was insinuating.

Just when he was about to flirt with her, Matthew smacked the back of his head. "It's getting late. Get some rest."

The poor crown prince held his head and looked at the receptionist who was giggling at his misfortune. He let out a sigh and entered the house sheepishly.

Chapter 2014

When Levi caught news of Matthew and his friends' safe arrival in Bainbridge, he finally smiled.

Ever since the group that came to stop Perry's motorcade appeared, he was worried someone might find out where Matthew was. The masterminds of the interception would realize something was wrong if their henchmen didn't report back for too long. Once they realized they had fallen into a trap, they would change their plans.

There were only so many routes from the South to Bainbridge. All they had to do was go through the process of elimination, and they would find out where Matthew was sooner or later, and Levi wouldn't be able to help them. The only thing he could do was pray that Matthew and his gang could make it to Bainbridge before these interceptors realized what their plan was, and fortunately, they succeeded.

Someone came in and placed the files he was holding on the desk. "Sir, this is the travel records of Matthew we came up with, thanks to the crown prince's assistance."

Levi nodded and went through the files, but the more he read, the more his eyes were filled with mockery. "Heh! I guess rulership has corrupted them. They lost their edge."

Aside from the blockade at the bridge, everyone else sent out about a hundred men at most. Not enough for big projects, too many for small targets. They couldn't have stopped Matthew with this. However, as a ruler like them, Levi knew what they were concerned about.

'The military and the rulers. With the competition drawing near, Cathay's rulers, save for a few who have been corrupted by greed, wouldn't want anything that would threaten the nation's safety to happen. A hundred men are probably the most these people could send out...'

One thing annoyed Levi, however. He didn't like that Freya was friends with Matthew. She reminded him of Heath, and he couldn't help but frown. Heath was the reason Patrick had to go through recovery.

The moon climbed high into the skies, and stars twinkled around it. After one night's rest, Matthew was refreshed once more. He made his way to the lobby early in the morning, but to his surprise, the crown prince woke up earlier than he did.

After he asked around, he found out that the crown prince left with his friends in a sports car when dawn broke.

Matthew shook his head. 'Hmm... I knew he wouldn't stay around for long...'

Poison Spider entrusted the crown prince to him because she wanted him to escort Matthew, and because she wanted her son to see more of the world, but the moment he came to Bainbridge, he left with his friends to a faraway place.

Matthew had to say that the crown prince knew a lot of people. He didn't think the lad could go around in Bainbridge, yet he did.

Now that they were in Bainbridge, there was no need to worry about their safety anymore. Anyone who tried to threaten them would have to face the full might of Cathay. Matthew came to the lobby alone and saw the receptionist who welcomed them there too.

The young lady happily approached him. "Dr. Larson, you're awake. Here, have a seat. I'll make some tea for you. The other representatives will be here soon. It's exciting to see young, talented minds gather together..."

It was dark the night before, and on top of that, Matthew and his friends looked weary, so she didn't notice how handsome Matthew was. Now, she kept stealing glances at him, and she was happy to talk more.

"Here is your tea. Call me if you need anything..."

"Thank you," Matthew took the tea and started to observe his surroundings.

The medical center was big, about three thousand square meters. A wall stood in the center, separating the center into the front and back area. The back area was filled with racks that contained assortments of herbs in them, while the front was the consultation area.

The rooms were locked, but Matthew knew those were the consultation room. He had a room himself as well. It was beautiful and retro, but the materials were far too new. He could see that it was decorated very recently.

Chapter 2015

This wasn't the crown prince's first rodeo in Bainbridge.

His mother or Levi would take him with them, but they never let him go around for fear that he would cause trouble. These lads were the friends the crown prince made when he was going around with his mother or Levi in the city.

Wastrels, the lot of them. Since they shared similar hobbies, the lads became fast friends. Now that they knew the crown prince was here with a contestant and had no elders to tie him down, they woke up early for once so they could take the crown prince around the city for some fun.

The crown prince had been waiting eagerly for this chance. He had been looking forward to a good adventure, but then these idiots' idea of an adventure was going around ogling at girls.

That was something he did back in the South, and he was tired of it. If he wanted to, all he had to do was wink at a lady, and she would sleep with him.

'C'mon, this can't be it!'

Yet, his friends were pulling him forward.

He reluctantly said, "What? It's just girls. I'm sick of them. I saw a ton back in the South. So, this is your idea of an adventure?"

'He's humblebragging, isn't he? Oh my god, the twat!'

The lads grumbled, "The South is way different from Bainbridge. Do you even know how we feel? All the good-looking ladies are already engaged, and it's not like we can see them anytime we want."

The crown prince looked stunned. "What about civilians, then? They can't all be engaged. Why don't you just knock them on their heads at night and take them home with you?"

Noticing the look his friends were giving him, the crown prince was surprised.

'But I'm already halfway through my brag... Might as well take it all the way...'

"Wait. None of you ever did that before? Oh my god, you guys are so weak. I can take at least a dozen back with me at once."

He was lying, of course. He had never done something like that before. He was handsome and rich after all. All he had to do was give the women a hint, and they would sleep with him.

His friends looked at him in disbelief.

'Taking a girl like that in Bainbridge? We'd be dead. The elderlies of our families would kill us before the government could, and our parents would probably join in too...'

The Bainbridge locals cared about their pride more than anything. What their children did represented their families. It was common to see young people kicked out of their families for the decadent things they did.

These lads might seem rich and fine, but they were a lot more fettered compared to the crown prince. Bainbridge was a place with strict rules, and they looked at the crown prince with envy.

"I might tell the old men I need to go to the South after this competition is over..."

"Yeah. I wanna see what the world is like!"

"Prince, prepare the bats. We're going to knock some heads, heh!"

'Oh f*ck! Oh sh*t! I can't take my word back now. it's too late. I can't actually lead them on a literal hunt for ladies when they come to the South. My mother's going to kill me. Literally. He shuddered. Sorry lads, but I need to cover my *ss!'

While the lads were talking about their vacation, a commotion stirred among the crowd. Finally, the contestants were making their entrance.

Chapter 2016

Matthew looked around the lobby. It was quiet, so he unwittingly sank into his thoughts. If he wasn't on a path of vengeance, he might have opened a medical center after he gained Christopher's legacy. It would probably be a hundred square meters big, and he would help his patients during busier days.

On slower days, he would forage for herbs and make some pills. And if someone was lucky, they could be his student.

"If I do get my vengeance someday, I can retire and live a life like that," he muttered to himself.

A smile curled his lips, but then the commotion outside broke his train of thought.

Noticing his change, the receptionist approached him. "Dr. Larson, the hidden sects' representatives will arrive in Bainbridge today. Everyone can't wait to see them..."

The roads were crowded after the news of the hidden sects' representatives' arrival made its rounds. If it weren't for the army maintaining order, the roads would've been congested. Everyone stood around to wait for the contestants, and eventually, a motorcade came into view.

"They're here!"

The crowd gasped, and the motorcade came to a stop.

"Prince, look! There's the Goddess of Meteora, Lola Crichton in there." One of the crown prince's friends pointed at the center of the motorcade and squeezed through the crowd.

His friends quickly followed.

"Calm down, you guys. It's not like she's a celebrity or something," the crown prince muttered, but in his curiosity, he stood on tiptoes as well.

The moment the car door was opened, all the guards quickly surrounded the car, and finally, a beautiful silhouette appeared in view.

"Holy sh*t!" The moment the crown prince saw that woman, he finally understood why his friends were shouting like crazy.

The woman was gorgeous. She was wearing a long, violet dress, and underneath that, her curves showed, though vaguely so. He couldn't see everything, but the crown prince was experienced enough to know that this woman's curves were perfect.

Her face was beautiful, her eyes were as clear as crystals, and her skin was as fair as snow. She radiated an air of grace and innocence, just like a fairy.

The woman looked at the crowd and smiled gently. The men howled in delight, then a one-armed monk escorted her into the corridors of Renew Pharmaceuticals after she nodded. They wanted the contestants to be undisturbed and to make sure they were safe.

Renew Pharmaceuticals' vicinity was locked until the end of the competition.

Nobody was allowed inside aside from patients. The crowd saw the stunning woman off until she disappeared in the corridor, and they sighed.

Just then, a little monk in gray clothes entered the scene. His shoes were tattered, and his clothes made of linen were old. Even so, the weary look failed to hide his air of innocence, and his handsome looks attracted the women's attention.

"Hey, cutie. Why don't you ditch your temple and marry me? Don't worry if you can't ditch your temple. I don't mind joining you in bed... Aw, look at your clothes. Kiss me and I'll get you a new set of clothes and shoes."

The monk lived all his years in the mountains. He was embarrassed by the women's brazen claims of love, and his face turned red.

The monk put his hands in prayer and muttered something under his breath, and then he hurried down the corridor.

Amused by his reaction, the women giggled.

Chapter 2017

More and more contestants were arriving in Bainbridge, and so were the medical experts. The crowd of onlookers increased at the two places where the contestants were staying, especially at Bainbridge Hotel.

Most contestants stayed there since they came from big families. They picked the hotel, not for its decadence, but because they were used to the more modern lifestyle.

Being able to have a good rest meant that they would be in a better place to face the competition. Renew Pharmaceuticals was a lot quieter than the hotel. Contestants who picked this place were used to living in quiet places.

A purple silhouette came in, and Matthew stood up. "Hi... Matthew Larson, representative of the South. Pleasure to meet you."

The woman in purple smiled sweetly and introduced herself. "Hello, Mr. Larson. Lola Crichton of Meteora. Pleasure to meet you."

She had a clean, silvery voice. Just listening to her cheered Matthew up.

Matthew was surprised to hear her name. "It's an honor meeting you, Goddess of Meteora. Your reputation precedes you."

The Goddess of Meteora was called a genius doctor, one that only showed up once in a century. She seldom showed her face in public, but her reputation was known to all.

"Oh, you're too kind, Mr. Larson." She extended her hand.

The moment they shook hands, Matthew felt Bloodreaper shiver, and a pure, kind thought shot up into his head. This was the first time Matthew felt Bloodreaper resonate with someone else other than him.

'This woman has a pure, clean heart. I can see why she's called the Goddess of Meteora...'

Just when they were about to take their seats, another contestant came in.

"May peace be with you. I am Paintaker from Southcloud Temple. Pleasure to meet you."

Matthew and Lola both looked surprised. All the contestants were either talented doctors from powerful families or medical experts, but one thing they had in common was that they were rich or powerful. Yet this monk looked worse for wear.

If they didn't know he was a contestant, Matthew and Lola would have thought he was a monk in training.

After the introductions, Matthew couldn't help but ask, "Did you walk all the way here, sir?"

The monk panicked a little. "Sir? Oh, no. Please, call me Paintaker, Mr. Larson. I'm not worthy of the title 'sir'..."

He then explained, "Three years ago, my master told me that despite my decent medical skills, I still needed to train my heart. Thus, I was ordered to walk the earth and experience the hardships of the people who dwell in this land. A few days ago, my master sent me a letter, telling me to take part in this competition. He said if I were to compete with fellow doctors, I can improve my medical skills even more. Since I was near Bainbridge anyway, I came."

He put his hands in prayer and bowed.

Matthew had nothing but respect for him.

'He walked this land for three years, foraged for herbs himself, and treated people who needed to be treated... The land is his bed. I can imagine how hard it must have been, and yet he seems so calm like his hardship is nothing...'

Matthew wasn't sure about anyone else, but he knew he couldn't do it.

The monk saved all the people that needed him on his pilgrimage and asked for nothing in return. That was the spirit of a true doctor.

Matthew straightened his clothes out and put his hands in prayer. "Thank you for the lesson, Dr. Paintaker..."

Equally in awe, Lola bowed at Paintaker as well.

"Prithee, what are you doing?" Paintaker looked like he was at a loss, and his face turned red.

He looked adorable when he was embarrassed.

Chapter 2018

The contestants picked their rooms and unpacked their luggage. Despite Paintaker's continued refusals, Matthew kept insisting on giving him a new set of clothes and shoes. In the end, the monk accepted the gift.

"My, my. How handsome," said Lola.

Paintaker blushed.

Since the other contestants from the hidden sects would only arrive in the afternoon or even the next day, the three of them met up in a consultation room and held a discussion.

It was mostly about all the complex diseases they ran into during their work.

Lola was a smart woman to start with. On top of that, she came from a powerful organization that could provide her with all the medical books she wanted.

Paintaker came from a monastery and went on a pilgrimage for three years. He had a lot of practical experience.

As for Matthew, he had all of Christopher's knowledge and skills. He combined that with the experience these contestants had and came up with a lot of ways to deal with the more complex diseases.

Everyone had their own strengths and skills. Thanks to this discussion, these talented doctors gained a lot of new knowledge.

"I've heard that you created something called Reconstruction Pill, Mr. Larson. I have been looking forward to having a look. If it's possible, can you explain how the pill works?"

Paintaker started his career in medicine at a young age. Despite his years of experience in this field, he still had no idea how to cure cancer completely. Now that he finally met someone who could cure three types of cancer, he got excited and wanted to know how the pill did that.

'If I can figure out how the pill works, I might be able to figure out how to deal with other kinds of cancer. This is going to be great for everyone...'

However, right after he asked the question, Paintaker realized it was inappropriate. Asking how a doctor's exclusive recipe worked was a taboo, after all.

He quickly said, "Ah, apologies, Mr. Larson... Forget I ever asked..."

Matthew would have smacked anyone else on the head if they had asked that question, but he wouldn't do that to Paintaker. He respected the monk deeply.

He could see this question was only asked because he wished to save more people. Everything he did, he did for the people.

"It is alright. Our job is to save as many people as we can. Give me a moment, if you will."

Lola too was curious about how the Reconstruction Pill worked too, naturally, yet she was surprised the monk would blurt the question out. She was even more surprised that Matthew was willing to give them an explanation.

Matthew took a diagram that drew out all the acupoints in the human body and grabbed some herbs from Renew Pharmaceuticals.

When he came back, Lola and Paintaker were already sitting up straight like a student. "Calm down. This is just a sharing session. Don't make it look like a lecture..."

His advice didn't work. Instead, Lola and Paintaker looked even more serious.

'Well...' Matthew shrugged and said nothing more.

"The Reconstruction Pill can cure three types of cancer, stomach, liver, and lung cancer. As you might have realized, these are all related to the major internal organs..."

Matthew pointed at the diagram and explained the reasons that would trigger the cancer, then he whipped out Reconstruction Pill's formula and explained how they worked against the disease. Next, he shared his suggestions and concluded his class.

"That's how this formula works." He then took out two bottles and placed them in front of Lola and Paintaker.

“This is the pill. You can experiment with it. Come to me if you have any questions. Until the competition begins, that is. Don’t blame me if your experiment affects your preparation...”

Lola and Paintaker ignored the joke and got even more serious than ever. Then, both of them stood up and bowed deeply at Matthew like he was their teacher.

“Thank you, Mr. Larson...”

Chapter 2019

‘He’s going to let us figure out how the pill works down to the last detail, huh?’

Lola respected that. Not everyone was willing to share the fundamentals of their proudest work, after all, especially not when their work was worth billions. Yet, Matthew explained everything from the cause of the disease to the treatment method in detail, and he even permitted them to ask him questions.

Paintaker, on the other hand, spent three years on his pilgrimage, saving those he met along the way. She might have treated a few people in the past, but compared to these two, she was nothing.

‘I see why the master told me to never get too full of myself. There’s always someone better out there. No wonder I was sent to this competition. A doctor must always improve themselves, both in skills and attitude...’

That thought finally answered some questions that had been lingering in her head.

“You don’t have to...”

‘Oh, I see...’

Matthew noticed Lola’s condition, so he stopped talking and gave the monk a look. They then took their seats and kept an eye out for any intruders.

‘Can’t let them break her train of thought. Not now...’

About fifteen minutes later, Lola opened her eyes. Matthew noticed that the space around her felt even brighter than usual.

Lola blinked and felt the changes in her body, and delight filled her eyes. “Thank you for all your teachings...”

Matthew smacked his lips. ‘Don’t get too excited...’

“It’s alright, Miss Lola. Your breakthrough means more people can be saved. You don’t have to thank us. This is just our job. Formalities are tiring.”

Lola and Paintaker laughed. They raised their cups of tea.

“To Lola... To medicine...”

They raised a toast and took a sip. The trio was finally friends now, and the air around them felt more relaxed. Eventually, their conversation slowly moved from medicine to their daily lives. Some memories were good, some not so much.

Paintaker had to endure a bit of sexual harassment every time he tried to treat any lady. Matthew and Lola laughed at that.

Meanwhile, Lola was frustrated that the guys in her sect would try to get close to her using questions about medicine as a pretext.

Soon, it was nearing noon, and a pair of silhouettes rushed into Renew Pharmaceuticals.

One of the women, who was supporting her companion, shouted anxiously. Her companion looked pale.

“We need help!”

Naturally, this attracted Matthew, Lola, and Paintaker’s attention.

Renew Pharmaceuticals set up a reception for the contestants of the competition so that they could raise their fame through the group of miracle doctors. After all, there were only two organizations in Bainbridge capable enough to set up a reception.

Despite knowing that there was a doctor in the consultation area, Matthew still wanted to check the patient out of concern. However, when they emerged from the room, a young doctor had already taken the patient to the side and was checking her pulse, face, and tongue.

Matthew noticed the girl beside the patient, and he thought she looked familiar.

‘Oh, right. We met at Cloud Nine Cocktail Party back in Eastshire, but she doesn’t seem to recognize me... Good! No need to waste time on formalities, then...’

He turned his attention to the patient.

She was pale, her lips were purple, and sweat drenched her head.

A simple glance later, Matthew realized that this girl was down with a weird disease, but since there was a doctor treating her, he didn’t think he should say anything.

Chapter 2020

Colin Roberts might not be as talented as the contestants, but he was slightly famous in Bainbridge.

He was young, but he was capable enough to be a doctor. To give him a better future, his family used their connection to get him a job in Renew Pharmaceuticals, and he loved it.

Most of his time was spent treating patients, reading books, or chatting with his colleagues. He could have tenure too, and he wasn’t complaining about that.

All of Renew Pharmaceuticals’ patients were rich, powerful, or both, while the doctors here were famous. The herbs and medicine they had were top-notch. Civilians couldn’t afford it, so there were barely any patients here. Sometimes they would go a whole day without receiving one patient.

In order to solve that problem, Renew Pharmaceuticals set up another branch, Chesington Pharmaceuticals.

Chesington had famous doctors too, though they wouldn’t appear as much as they did in Renew Pharmaceuticals. All Colin had to do was just wait for the hours to pass, but today was a special day.

Roxanne of the Bane Family showed up. The moment Colin got that news, he quickly came out of the office.

“Miss Bane, you went shopping for hours again, didn’t you?” Roxanne nodded, still in pain.

Colin feigned anger. “Miss Bane, how many times do we have to tell you to have plenty of rest and don’t push yourself?” And then he sighed.

Eleanor hung her head low in embarrassment. She was the one who took Roxanne on a shopping spree, thinking that her sister was getting all better, but halfway through picking clothes, Roxanne’s disease struck again.

Eleanor had quickly taken her to Renew Pharmaceuticals for a checkup. Now that they knew it was just Roxanne’s old condition acting up again, Colin grabbed a bottle of Circulation Pills for Roxanne.

She took the pill, and some color returned to her face. Colin made a record of the consultation and made a prescription, then he handed it to Eleanor.

“Take the meds you need there. Take it twice a day and use three bowls of water for the brew. Make sure the medicine is reduced to a thicker consistency. Miss Bane, please don’t push yourself anymore. I believe you know better.”

Roxanne nodded. “I know. Thank you, Dr. Roberts.”

Colin sat up straighter and recalled the consultation.

‘Mhmm, I was good... Yeah, that was a nice move. Bet I left a deep impression on her...’

Matthew frowned. ‘She got some color back, but her vessels... They’re a bit too red. The pills did work, but somethings wrong. This is not the right treatment...’

He exchanged a look with his new friends, and they nodded. Lola and Paintaker noticed the problem as well. Matthew, in all his responsibility as a doctor, decided to step in.

“A minute, please,” he said.

Colin, Eleanor, and Roxanne turned to him at once.

“Pardon me, Dr. Roberts, but may I know more about Miss Bane’s condition?”

Colin didn’t know why Matthew interrupted them, but thinking that Matthew could be a contestant, Colin didn’t want to anger him.

Hence, he said, “It’s her blood vessels.”

He stopped elaborating.

‘We’re about the same age. How come you get to join the competition while I have to be stuck in this little place?’ Colin was jealous.