

M Genius 2051

Chapter 2051

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That way, nobody would doubt that he had cheated in the exam.

However, after he met Matthew's eyes for a split second and saw him shaking his head at him, he instantly understood that Matthew wanted him to hide his identity.

If that was the case, he had to think of another solution, and after a moment of contemplation, he asked, "What's going on?"

Nobody dared to step out and answer the question posed by the chief examiner, but Kevin made his way to the front and said, "Mr. Moore, this man cheated on the exam by sneaking in notes."

Although Roland joined the Medical Doctors Association out of nowhere and was placed as the chief examiner at the last moment, he had long heard of Kevin's reputation.

Despite being a stick in the mud, Kevin was an upright person and, by right, wouldn't have defamed someone else.

At the thought of this, Roland said, "Mr. Roberts, you said that this man brought a note with him, so that means you must have gotten the evidence as well. If that's true, please show us the evidence because the Medical Doctors Association has to be accountable and justifiable for their judgments and decisions."

His statement was nothing short of reasonable; since Kevin had accused Matthew of cheating, he must have the evidence on hand. Otherwise, how would the public view and criticize the association if he was simply making accusations without proof?

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In addition, Matthew showed up right after Colin had left, and everything happened so closely after each other that Kevin didn't have the time to think things over.

Only when Roland posed such a question did Kevin realize that he never held any definitive evidence at all.

Did Colin secretly snitch on him to me? But this is ridiculous!

"Let's check the surveillance! With solid proof, we can convince everyone."

There wouldn't be smoke without fire; it was his own nephew who especially looked for him to tell him this, which showed that there must be an issue with Matthew.

Since Matthew was so bold as to cheat with a note that he had sneaked in, he must have destroyed that note already. Through the surveillance, they could definitely find evidence of Matthew's misconduct.

Meanwhile, Matthew was dumbfounded, thinking, This guy is phenomenal at making baseless accusations. What made him so confident when this is such an obvious case of accusation?

Seeing how confident and sure of himself he was, even Matthew started to doubt himself. Did I really cheat during the exam? he wondered but quickly erased such an absurd idea from his mind.

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Reaching an agreement, everyone headed toward the surveillance room. However, after the staff opened the file containing the surveillance of the examination, they saw that Matthew was sitting in the blind spot of the camera.

"What about the other camera?" Kevin asked in annoyance, disgruntled at the situation.

To prevent blind spots like this, two cameras were installed in the examination venue—one in the front and another at the back.

The staff turned pale from his request. "Mr. Roberts, the camera at the back is faulty, and I already told you about it this morning."

With that, it suddenly hit Kevin that he indeed was told about it, but so many things happened today that he forgot about it, and the situation now seemed very awkward.

At the same time on Tritus' side, he had sent someone to keep an eye on Matthew since the argument at the restaurant yesterday, and he was overjoyed when he found out what was happening at the examination venue. "Ho-ho! The nerves of a hillbilly to tread on my toes! I'm going to give Professor Kozek a cell. This time, I must bury this guy and better yet, make it impossible for him to be a doctor!"

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Chapter 2052

Western and alternative medicine originated from the same family with the main objective to save lives. Although there wasn't any distinction between the ethics of medicine, that wasn't the case for people.

And with the continuous improvement and development of both practices, the conflicts between them started to pile up until two completely different schools of thought were formed.

One side disliked the other for practicing ancient studies tied to superstition, and another side sneered at the other for causing harm to people through the use of chemicals.

Each side of the argument was reasonable, but none could really discredit the other.

Western medicine was slightly inferior in the realm of alternative medicine, and vice versa.

For Emmanuel Kozak, who had been exposed to Western medicine since young, he thought that he would just stay on the sidelines quietly and watch the show as the cheating fiasco unfolded.

After all, he was in charge of the examination hall of Western medicine, and the happenings in alternative medicine had nothing to do with him.

That was true until he received a call asking him to completely crush Matthew in return for money, and the amount of money that was offered was so generous that it could allow him to live the next two decades without working.

Men died in the pursuit of wealth just as birds died for food; besides interest, the bigger motivation for Emmanuel to practice medicine was money. Hence, he decided to intervene.

"Sir, since you've already cheated, just admit it openly. It's not uncommon for a young man like you to make mistakes, but it's more important that you learn from your mistakes. If you confess now, the Association may consider the punishment for your actions in discretion. However, if you continue to be so stubborn, it won't be as easy as a five-year ban."

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Sure enough, after Emmanuel's words, Kevin chirped in agreement, "You've heard it yourself, Matthew. You better come clean now. Don't think that our hands are bound just because you refuse to say anything and that we only have the examination as a test."

At this point, he realized that his management was unwise, but since Matthew was just a common man, he had numerous ways to expose him for who he was.

Under gunfire from both sides, Matthew somehow felt that he was forced to admit that he had cheated.

"Mr. Roberts, why don't we let Matthew re-do the exam?"

Given the current situation, Roland decided to say something because he was worried that Matthew might succumb to their verbal pressure if he continued to keep his silence.

Despite that, Kevin shook his head at his suggestion. "Mr. Moore, we only have one set of the exam questions and Matthew had already taken the test. So, this suggestion is not feasible and we don't have the time to come up with a new set of questions. Should we change the method of testing instead, Mr. Moore?"

As Roland's main objective was to draw Kevin and Emmanuel away from the topic of persuading Matthew into a confession, it didn't matter to him how they were going to conduct the test.

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As soon as he finished speaking, someone from the bystanders found out about Matthew's identity.

"He's actually the representative of the Holy Doctor Competition from the Southern States, and he was dubbed the miracle doctor."

Hearing that, Emmanuel changed the topic and said, "Oh, really? I didn't know that you were the representative of the competition. Is there no one else in the Southern States? Why did they send a person without a medical license to enter the competition?"

Agreeing with him, Kevin put on a look of disdain. "And you even needed to cheat in the qualification exam. Matthew, not only did you embarrass us as medical practitioners, you even humiliated the Southern States."

A round of laughter broke out in the room at his words. "He-he! A person like that is not fitting to be called the miracle doctor! If he's one, that makes me God, then!"

"Go back to the south! You're not fit to enter the competition."

"Exactly. Stop humiliating us, the alternative medicine practitioners!"

All of a sudden, people started hurling abuses at Matthew, who never retorted since the beginning and merely watched everything coldly.

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Raising his hand, Emmanuel signaled for everyone to quiet down. "Your name is Matthew Larson, yes? Even though you carry the title of a miracle doctor, you cheated in the license-qualifying exam for alternative medicine. Looks like Western medicine is your expertise. I may be just a professor in Western medicine, but I should be sufficient as your examiner. Would you like to take the examination for Western medicine instead?"

Matthew frowned; he really wanted to ignore these people in front of him. They were being aggressive with him. Even if he could set aside that they insulted his medical skills, he couldn't tolerate them insulting the Southern States.

"You're Professor Kozak and Kevin Roberts, aren't you? First of all, neither of you saw me cheating. Second of all, neither of you has any evidence, but you keep accusing me of cheating. What exactly is your motive for doing so? Actually, I don't want to waste my breath on you, but you've gone overboard with your insults. Just tell me straight up what you want and stop beating around the bush."

His words were not only meant for the two examiners, but also for the ones who didn't pass the examination today.

"Damn. He's pretty arrogant for someone who stooped so low as to cheat in an exam."

"If I were him, I couldn't have waited to bury myself in a hole, but he still has the cheeks to talk back."

"He's just losing his cool because he's mad. Don't bother. The angrier he becomes, the more it proves that he has a guilty conscience."

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While everyone was in a chatter, Kevin strode over to Matthew. "You can be as arrogant as you want before I find a hold on you. Once we prove that you cheated, it won't be as simple as a ban from taking the exam. We'll inform the entire nation and you can forget about being a doctor."

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As they were standing close by to each other, Roland overheard everything Kevin said and frowned in disapproval; he didn't think that the renowned Kevin would be acting this way.

Not to mention whether the cheating did happen or not, just the fact that he was forcing a confession and threatening Matthew was not the behavior expected of a professional.

Before it could be proven that Matthew was guilty, it meant that he was innocent, and the decision to ban Matthew from practicing as a doctor was something that not even he, the chief examiner, could say casually, but Kevin was so confident that Matthew was guilty.

When he wanted to put in a word, Emmanuel, who thought that his objective was only one step away from realization, beat him by a split second. "Matthew my boy, anger is a display of the weak, and I hope you keep calm. On the other hand, is there any specific way that you can prove that you're a miracle doctor?"

Matthew's eyes focused on Emmanuel as he said each word slowly, "With my silver needles and benevolent heart, my only focus is to cure illnesses even when I don't have any specialty."

A disdainful chortle escaped Emmanuel's mouth, and he sneered. "In other words, you don't know anything? Listen to me, Matthew, because I'm an elder. Hang on to this chance we're giving you and you'll still have the chance to turn over a new leaf, but if you continue to be willfully ignorant, the consequences are not what you would be able to handle."

While everyone was in a chatter, Kevin strode over to Matthew. "You can be as arrogant as you want before I found a hold on you. Once we prove that you cheated, it won't be as simple as a ban from taking the exam. We'll inform the entire nation and you can forget about being a doctor."

As they were standing close by to each other, Roland overheard everything Kevin said and frowned in disapproval; he didn't think that the renowned Kevin would be acting this way.

Not to mention whether the cheating did happen or not, just the fact that he was forcing a confession and threatening Matthew was not the behavior expected of a professional.

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On the other hand, Roland's eyes lit up when he heard what Matthew declared. That's how a medical practitioner should be—simply treating illnesses. But more and more people are after fame and interest that they forget about their original intention.

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"That's enough. You've been chatting for so long but can't even reach a conclusion. The Evergreen Hospital is right next door, and they happen to have a few complicated cases in hospitalization right now. Let Matthew take a look at them and we can find out right away whether he's capable or not."

His suggestion was widely accepted by everyone because they could easily tell Matthew's skills or the lack thereof through real practice.

Only Kevin looked worried. "Mr. Moore, isn't it a little reckless to let Matthew practice for real? If anything should happen, the Association could not answer for it."

Waving his hand, Roland said impatiently, "We're just asking him for his treatment plan, and we can easily tell whether or not his plan is fair."

Toward Kevin, Roland had completely lost his patience because he was an unethical person who wasn't worthy of the position.

Since the chief examiner was so determined, the others couldn't argue with him and tagged along behind him instead.

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Chapter 2054

Evergreen Hospital was located south of the Medical Doctors Association, with a little more than three hundred yards in between each respective building.

The advantage of such a geographical location was rather evident. If a patient with a complicated condition stumped the doctors from Evergreen Hospital, they could call on the Association for help.

This was also the case for today as Roland personally led more than a dozen people toward the hospital.

"Mr. Moore, welcome. This way, please." When Jordan Burton, vice director of Evergreen Hospital, was informed of Roland's arrival, he immediately came to greet him personally.

"Dr. Burton, sorry for the inconvenience." Since the purpose of the visit this time wasn't business but to test Matthew's skills, Roland felt a little awkward as their actions placed the hospital staff in a difficult position. Yet, by doing so, the hospital was forced to cooperate with them in several aspects.

However, that didn't seem to bother Jordan. In contrast, he appeared especially welcoming. "Oh, think nothing of it. On behalf of all patients, I would like to extend our warmest welcome to everyone for conducting the test in our hospital."

While they exchanged polite pleasantries, they soon reached the ward building. "Mr. Moore, the sixth-floor patients are rather baffling, but most of them aren't in critical condition. Then, I'll be leaving them in your capable hands, Mr. Moore."

Jordan stole a glance at the bed next to him with a pained look in his eyes. It wasn't because the doctors in the hospital were incompetent but because there were simply too many diseases in the world. As a result, there would always be a few patients that would slip through the cracks due to their rare condition.

In some cases, they could barely save the patients' lives, forget about curing them entirely. It didn't help that some patients' conditions were so complicated that even the experts hailing from the Association couldn't find the source behind their symptoms.

When the elevator came to a stop with a soft ding, Jordan led them out to their examination venue. Matthew didn't speak a word as he followed them to ward 605.

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"Mr. Moora, walcoma. This way, plaasa." Whan Jordan Burton, vica diractor of Evargraan Hospital, was informad of Roland's arrival, ha immadiataly cama to graat him parsonally.

"Dr. Burton, sorry for tha inconvanianca." Sinca tha purposa of tha visit this tima wasn't business but to tast Matthaw's skills, Roland falt a littla awkward as thair actions placad tha hospital staff in a difficult position. Yat, by doing so, tha hospital was forcad to cooperata with tham in savaral aspects.

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Before Jorden could finish, Emmenuel quickly cut him off. "Dr. Burton, let us try to diegnose his condition. We specielly brought e young mirecle doctor here today to test his skills, end this test will lose its purpose if you tell us our petient's condition today."

Although Jorden didn't know the reeson behind Emmenuel's ections, Jorden hed known him for e long time end decided to pley along. Therefore, he kept mum efter introducing the petient's neme to the others in ettendence today.

"Dr. Lerson, we won't make things difficult for you. So, why don't we start with this patient here?" Emmanuel said, stepping aside to make way for Matthew.

Frankly, he had been in contact with this patient before and knew exactly what Tony's condition was. Nonetheless, Tony's illness was like a puzzle he couldn't solve. He had no clue how to treat him or even what medication to prescribe.

Meanwhile, Roland immediately figured out that Emmanuel was clamoring for attention and deliberately picking on Matthew. Nonetheless, he didn't say anything and merely shot Emmanuel a cold glare before stepping to the side.

Even though he was highly unsatisfied with Emmanuel's behavior, he couldn't throw a fit in front of so many people.

Matthew swept his gaze across the room and deftly ignored the smirks and curious eyes on him. He was well aware that he was being set up, but he didn't take them to heart as he confidently strode to the hospital bed.

Based on his preliminary assessment, he could deduce that Tony was suffering some sort of illness due to the welts dotting his skin. Judging from Tony's incessant scratching, he reckoned that the itch was so intolerable that he had been clawing himself bloody after ignoring his condition didn't seem to work.

The moment Tony laid his eyes on a bunch of doctors that were surrounding him and doing nothing to ease his burden, hell broke loose. From his perspective, he was forced to bed rest for days and hadn't seen a single shred of hope despite seeing one doctor after another.

Right after he set foot into the room, he saw a pallid-looking young man listlessly lying on the hospital bed. Although his eyes were bloodshot, they were blank as he kept unconsciously scratching himself all over.

"Mr. Moore, this man is named Tony Grimes, and currently—"

Before Jordan could finish, Emmanuel quickly cut him off. "Dr. Burton, let us try to diagnose his condition. We specially brought a young miracle doctor here today to test his skills, and this test will lose its purpose if you tell us our patient's condition today."

Although Jordan didn't know the reason behind Emmanuel's actions, Jordan had known him for a long time and decided to play along. Therefore, he kept mum after introducing the patient's name to the others in attendance today.

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"Leave! Ahh, I've been hospitalized for a week, and I'm still here! Aargh... It's useless! All you doctors know is how to cheat me of my money!"

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Metthwe ignored his verbel ebug es he gently lifted Tony's blood-stained hospitel gown. Although the doctors hed trimmed Tony's neils to prevent him from hurting himself further, it wes cleer that it didn't help in the slightest. The proof wes right there for ell to see, es the self-inflicted wounds were e shocking sight.

After Metthwe sew the wounds end the hives, he elreedy hed e solid hypothesis forming in his mind. He hed en idee of whet wes the ceuse behind Tony's pein. Still, he intended to check on the petient's condition vie pulse before giving en eccurete prognosis. However, he hed just reeched out his hend when Tony opened his mouth end bit him fiercely.

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"Quickly! The petient is emotionelly unsteble."

"Stop now, Dr. Lerson. It's too dangerous. You should give up."

"Give it up, Metthew. Don't put your own life at risk."

The situation also caused Jorden to jerk in horror as he hastily instructed, "Somebody, give him a shot of tranquilizer!"

This matter would blow up to insurmountable proportions and harm the hospital's good name if something untoward befell the man the Association had brought over today.

"Leave! Ahh, I've been hospitalized for a week, and I'm still here! Aargh... It's useless! All you doctors know is how to cheat me of my money!"

Alas, he didn't expect that his agitation would only aggravate his condition. Instead, as soon as he blew his top, the itchiness only grew in its intensity, making him squirm against the bed sheets restlessly.

Matthew ignored his verbal abuse as he gently lifted Tony's blood-stained hospital gown. Although the doctors had trimmed Tony's nails to prevent him from hurting himself further, it was clear that it didn't help in the slightest. The proof was right there for all to see, as the self-inflicted wounds were a shocking sight.

After Matthew saw the wounds and the bites, he already had a solid hypothesis forming in his mind. He had an idea of what was the cause behind Tony's pain. Still, he intended to check on the patient's condition via pulse before giving an accurate prognosis. However, he had just reached out his hand when Tony opened his mouth and bit him fiercely.

It was evident that Tony had put in everything behind his attack as blood trickled down Matthew's hand almost immediately. The instant the doctors were faced with such a turn of events, they gasped in shock. Even though they had personally handled several uncooperative patients over the years, this still managed to catch them off guard.

"Quickly! The patient is emotionally unstable."

"Stop now, Dr. Lorson. It's too dangerous. You should give up."

"Give it up, Matthew. Don't put your own life at risk."

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Chapter 2055

Unlike the crowd's panicky state, Matthew merely lowered his head calmly and looked at the unsightly patient before him.

Suddenly, he reached out his hand and firmly grabbed Tony's chin.

That simple action instantly made Tony's chin lose all feeling as he released his jaws from clamping on Matthew's hand.

No matter how he struggled, his mouth refused to listen to his brain and remained agape. Eventually, he could only helplessly glare at Matthew with bloodshot eyes.

Finally, he realized he could move his limbs and immediately swung his right hand against Matthew's face.

However, Matthew had already inserted a few silver needles into some important acupuncture points before Tony could even touch a hair on Matthew's head.

As a result, Tony was magically subdued right before everyone's astonished gazes.

In fact, there was no sign of his earlier antsy behavior. On the contrary, it seemed as though all the fight had left him, and he became utterly pliant. There was even a trace of peace on his weary face.

A few proctors widened their eyes and exchanged disbelieving looks. They, too, saw the shock on each other's faces.

When were those few silver needles inserted into the patient's body?

How could the effects of only a handful of silver needles be so good?

The examiners were practically bursting with questions.

Jordan had already cautiously neared the bed during their silent discussion.

He saw Matthew's bloody hand and asked with concern, "Is your hand alright, Dr. Larson?"

Matthew raised his hand and clenched it before flexing his fingers.

Thankfully this is only a flesh wound. He didn't get anything important.

So, Matthew shook his head with a dismissive smile and told Jordan, "It's fine. Could you get me some alcohol and gauze?"

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Finally, ha raalizard ha could mova his limbs and immadiataly swung his right hand against Matthaw's faca.

Howavar, Matthaw had alraady insartad a faw silvar naadlas into soma important acupunctura points bafora Tony could avan touch a hair on Matthaw's haad.

As a rasult, Tony was magically subduad right bafora avaryona's astonishad gazas.

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A faw proctors widanad thair ayas and axchangad disbaliaving looks. Thay, too, saw tha shock on aach othar's facas.

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Soon, a nurse brought the things over, and he used the alcohol to clean the wound before efficiently dressing it.

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Finelly, he flexed his fingers end twisted his wrist eround to check if it would effect his movement before nodding with setisfection.

After thet, Metthew welked to the bed before leening down end whispering to Tony, "Heng in there. I cen heel you."

Tony nodded eagerly and placed his trust in this unfamiliar doctor. Although he wasn't a professional by any means, he still trusted what his body was telling him. Moreover, this new doctor had managed to suppress most of the itchiness within seconds! So, there was no reason not to trust this doctor.

Matthew ensured to be as quick and efficient as possible throughout the checkup. He didn't do anything invasive and merely checked the patient's eyes, tongue, and ears before asking a few simple questions.

"Does it itch really badly when you're angry?"

Tony nodded obediently.

"It feels even worse when you take a cold bath, right?"

He nodded again.

When Matthew had been able to pinpoint something like this, the revelation made Tony a little worked up.

"That's exactly it, bro. You're a genius. Please help me. It's killing me."

Tony was a rather outgoing person, so when he saw that they were close in age, he immediately started chattering away. His cooperative attitude naturally made the entire procedure move along more quickly.

Nonetheless, a guilty expression showed up on his face when he saw Matthew's benighted hand.

He didn't expect to act up like that when he became agitated. But he really couldn't help it at the time. The prickly sensations were just too unbearable, coupled with his annoyance at what he deemed useless doctors; he lost control right there and then.

Soon, a nurse brought the things over, and he used the alcohol to clean the wound before efficiently dressing it.

Finally, he flexed his fingers and twisted his wrist around to check if it would affect his movement before nodding with satisfaction.

After that, Matthew walked to the bed before leaning down and whispering to Tony, "Hang in there. I can heal you."

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"It's fine. Calm down. Or else you'll start itching again."

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Once everything was settled, Metthew returned to Rolend's side end reported succinctly, "The petient is experiencing cold urticerie. Intense emotions would also ceuse the inflemmetion to flere up. The cold would only execerbete the petient's condition.

Everyone else in ettendence knew Tony's symptoms but couldn't help but be surprised to heer the ceuse of the symptoms from Metthew. It mede them wonder if Metthew indeed possessed such e high proficiency in medicine.

Once thet reveletion hit them, they immedietely diverted their displeesed gezes towerd Kevin.

It wes epperent whet they were hinting et. They hed shown their support for Kevin. He wes done for if this wes ell e hoex.

He let out en ewkwerd cough end sidled ewey es he couldn't stend their intense stere.

"You elmost deceived us ell with your tricks. You probably secretly peeked et the petient's medicel records before this."

The other proctors' gazes all landed on the medical record hanging on the patient's bed at his timely reminder. The page that it was flipped to just happened to display the patient's symptoms for all to see.

"It's fine. Calm down. Or else you'll start itching again."

"Hang in there. You'll recover soon." Matthew didn't give any warning before he started adjusting the silver needles on Tony's body.

The technique he used earlier could only temporarily suppress the symptoms, but it would show up the instant Tony's emotions got the better of him once more.

Tony immediately tried to calm down after listening to Matthew's warning.

Once everything was settled, Matthew returned to Roland's side and reported succinctly, "The patient is experiencing cold urticaria. Intense emotions would also cause the inflammation to flare up. The cold would only exacerbate the patient's condition.

Everyone else in attendance knew Tony's symptoms but couldn't help but be surprised to hear the cause of the symptoms from Matthew. It made them wonder if Matthew indeed possessed such a high proficiency in medicine.

Once that revelation hit them, they immediately diverted their displeased gazes toward Kevin.

It was apparent what they were hinting at. They had shown their support for Kevin. He was done for if this was all a hoax.

He let out an awkward cough and sidled away as he couldn't stand their intense stare.

"You almost deceived us all with your tricks. You probably secretly peeked at the patient's medical records before this."

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Chapter 2056

"Tsk. Tsk. Not bad, Young Man. You've really got something up your sleeves."

"Indeed. We would have been deceived if it weren't for Kevin's reminder. Young people aren't honest these days."

"It seems we can confirm that he cheated this time. It's truly a shame that he insists on cheating during the practicals."

"Yes. Please make the announcement, Mr. Moore. This guy probably doesn't even know how to feel a patient's pulse. It's ridiculous that he even tried to cheat."

Roland ignored the mockery and turned around to face Matthew. "Do you have a proposal for the treatment?"

Matthew nodded and answered, "If we merely treat the cold urticaria, it will reoccur once we stop the treatment. But the patient would be well and truly stuck if we didn't treat him. So... "

Emmanuel, who was standing by the side, forcibly interrupted Matthew before he could finish his analysis.

"Oh. That's enough. The things you just said are all on the medical records. Drop the act and stop wasting everybody's time."

However, Tony couldn't hold back any longer as he was forced to remain in the hospital bed.

His chance of recovery was right before him, and that was enough to make him impatient. Yet, these annoying 'proctors' kept stalling his ticket to freedom. So, that angered him, causing his symptoms to flare up. Eventually, an even more violent itching sensation swept across his body.

"Shut up, you old f*cks! Argh! It's so f*cking itchy! I'm dying here, my man. Save me!"

It felt worse than death; at least death wouldn't be this torturous.

To make things worse, the silver needles that were inserted into Tony's body were slowly being pushed out following the worsening of his symptoms.

He would be in critical danger if Matthew didn't take action this instant.

Roland was at a loss for what to do in this dire situation. He would have done something long ago to alleviate the patient's symptoms if he had known what to do.

On the other hand, Matthew, who was standing beside him, dashed toward Tony and hastily removed the silver needles he had with his right hand.

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"Mr. Moore, this con men is risking the petient's life. How will we explen ourselves to the hospitel if the petient dies?"

"Exactly! This Matthew guy isn't a doctor at all. He gave his diagnosis without even feeling the patient's pulse. He will be the scourge of the Medical Doctors Association. Please stop him immediately, Mr. Moore!"

At this point, Rolend's face was as black as pitch. One could even see the storm roiling within his angered eyes.

However, Emmanuel ignorantly thought that it was because Rolend was infuriated by Matthew's recklessness and wanted to chime in.

Alas, Rolend reprimanded the others sternly before he could get a word in, "If any of you have a treatment plan, then by all means, go ahead. But if not, do shut up. I'll take full responsibility if anything happens."

Right now, Rolend could only place his bets on Matthew.

After they heard Rolend's displeased statement, the crowd realized they had crossed the line. They were immediately reminded that he was of a higher rank and had far better medical skills than all of them combined.

They knew how to read the room and were smart enough to know when they were given leave to speak. It was clear that now was not the time for such arguments.

Soon, the room fell silent.

Matthew had already inserted a silver needle, and Tony howled in agony.

"Argh! I'm going to die. I'm dying!"

Even though the others couldn't experience Tony's agony firsthand, they could still hear the pain in his voice.

At that moment, a triumphant smile crept up Kevin's face.

Usually, patients should only feel a slight tingling sensation during acupuncture. And now, it was apparent something had gone terribly wrong based on the patient's violent reaction right after receiving Matthew's tender care.

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"Mr. Moore. I think this is enough. If the patient dies..." the few examiners advised worriedly as they were anxious that they would have to bear the joint responsibility if they witnessed Tony's death today.

Nonetheless, Tony's condition had improved before the nervous examiner could finish his sentence.

"Oh, men. That's the sh*t. I've not felt this good in a long time. Give me a few more needles. I can take it."

Matthew, who was busy curing his patient, couldn't help but roll his eyes at Tony's mischievousness despite being in pain.

"Don't move. The next few needles are critical to your health. One wrong angle and you're done. Got it?"

Another needle was placed onto Tony's back, and he felt the irritating sensation that he'd been feeling him for a week immediately fade away.

As the promise of sweet, sweet relief was so close to his grasp, Tony immediately obeyed Matthew's orders and forced himself to remain still.

Matthew continued administering the needles to different points on Tony's body, such as the hundred meetings, inner pass, junction valley, bubbling spring, and so forth.

As the needles were placed one after another, the red spots on Tony's body gradually disappeared before everyone's eyes.

Once Matthew slid the last needle onto the lower back, a puff of negative Ki flowed out from Tony's body as it twirled around the needles and dissipated into the air.

After fifteen minutes, Matthew nodded to Roland before efficiently removing all the silver needles from Tony's back.

Meanwhile, Tony was enjoying a deep slumber with a relaxed smile painted across his lips.

"And, done! He just needs to rest for a couple of days to recover, and he'll be as good as new."

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"And, done! He just needs to rest for a couple of days to recover, and he'll be as good as new."

Chapter 2057

Jordan went toward the bed to give the patient a check-up. Once his diagnosis was over, his face was filled with unabashed surprise.

"Miracle doctor! You're a miracle doctor! Tony's illness has finally been cured. Mr. Moore, it's no wonder you are a part of the Medical Doctors Association. You've definitely achieved greater heights than the seniors in your field. I can tell that your name will be associated with miracles within five years!"

These words from the vice president were like a slap in the face.

It certainly felt like a sharp slap to the faces of the examiners in the panel.

They couldn't do anything about the chronic illness this patient had suffered over the years. Yet, this young man made it look so simple. They couldn't help but feel utterly humiliated.

"Hmph, what else do you have to say? I'll settle this score once we return."

With that said, Roland was ready to lead everyone back.

However, Jordan quickly stopped him before he could take a step further.

"Mr. Moore, I'm sorry for troubling you, but we have another patient that is in critical condition here. Could you... Maybe help us out? Of course, it's alright if you refuse."

Jordan was just being polite. Nevertheless, anyone with a working brain would immediately know that he was actually directing the question to Matthew.

After all, everyone tried to help this patient, but only one of them succeeded.

Among all of them, only Matthew was the one who managed to cure the patient.

When the others arrived on this train of thought, they immediately became shamefaced.

Of course, as the head examiner, Roland held an iron grip on his raging emotions.

It didn't matter how displeased he was; he couldn't show it in front of outsiders.

Plus, as a practitioner himself, he knew full well that there was nothing wrong with Jordan's request.

"Dr. Burton, there's no need for such pleasantries. Just lead the way."

Jordan was overjoyed and hurriedly led everyone to a private ward on the sixth floor.

Jorden went towerd the bed to give the petient e check-up. Once his diegnosis wes over, his fece wes filled with unebeshed surprise.

"Mirecle doctor! You're e mirecle doctor! Tony's illness hes finelly been cured. Mr. Moore, it's no wonder you ere e pert of the Medicel Doctors Associetion. You've definitely echieved greeter heights then the seniors in your field. I cen tell that your neme will be essocieted with mirecles within five yeers!"

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It certainly felt like a sharp slap to the faces of the examiners in the panel.

They couldn't do anything about the chronic illness this patient had suffered over the years. Yet, this young man made it look so simple. They couldn't help but feel utterly humiliated.

"Hmph, what else do you have to say? I'll settle this score once we return."

With that said, Roland was ready to lead everyone back.

However, Jordan quickly stopped him before he could take a step further.

"Mr. Moore, I'm sorry for troubling you, but we have another patient that is in critical condition here. Could you... Maybe help us out? Of course, it's alright if you refuse."

Jordan was just baing polita. Navarthalass, anyona with a working brain would immadiataly know that ha was actually diracting tha quastion to Matthaw.

Aftar all, avaryona triad to halp this patiant, but only ona of tham succaadad.

Among all of tham, only Matthaw was tha ona who managad to cura tha patiant.

Whan tha othars arrivad on this train of thought, thay immadiataly bacama shamafacad.

Of coursas, as tha haad axaminar, Roland hald an iron grip on his raging amotions.

It didn't mattar how displaasad ha was; ha couldn't show it in front of outsiders.

Plus, as a practitionar himself, ha knaw full wall that thara was nothing wrong with Jordan's raquast.

"Dr. Burton, thara's no naad for such plaasantrias. Just laad tha way."

Jordan was ovarjoyad and hurriadly lad avaryona to a privata ward on tha sixth floor.

"The patient has hyperplasia and bone spurs caused by spinal strain. When he was sent to our hospital, his nerves were already compressed. His situation is critical, and we have to perform this surgery as soon as possible."

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After Jorden geve them e succinct run down, he sighed weerily.

They didn't esk him to eleborete, es they could see the cometose petient on the bed through the gless window.

It wes evident thet the operetion hed feiled.

Some couldn't even help but shoot sympethetic glences et the petient before devising e vieble solution.

It wouldn't be challenging if it were e typicel orthopedic surgery.

The problem they were fecing right now wes due to the spinel neture of the operetion. The spinel cord wes riddled with nerves. One wrong move end they'd be responsible for eny very permanent consequences the petient would fece in the future.

They understood thet even the slightest misteke would ceuse irreperible demege to the petient.

Judging from the stete the petient wes in now; it wes cleer thet e misteke hed been mede during the course of the operetion, especieally since the petient wes now in e vegetetive stete.

As en expert in orthopedics end neurology, Emmenuel hed the most experience among the people here.

So, when he geve e cursory glence et the cometose petient, he seid with e heevy heert, "Dr. Burton, I cen't lie to you. You, of ell people, should know thet once the spinel cord is demeged, the petient cen't weke up. So, I cen only suggest thinking about how to gently breek the news to his family."

Everyone else nodded in agreement at his statement.

Even Roland shook his head in resignation.

It was nerve damage, and no doctor could save him.

Jordan looked at them in despair before turning his pleading eyes to Matthew.

This young man was the only hope Jordan had.

Matthew felt goosebumps all over his body after being stared at by Jordan in such a way.

"The patient has hyperplasia and bone spurs caused by spinal strain. When he was sent to our hospital, his nerves were already compressed. His situation is critical, and we have to perform this surgery as soon as possible."

After Jordan gave them a succinct run down, he sighed wearily.

They didn't ask him to elaborate, as they could see the comatose patient on the bed through the glass window.

It was evident that the operation had failed.

Some couldn't even help but shoot sympathetic glances at the patient before devising a viable solution.

It wouldn't be challenging if it were a typical orthopedic surgery.

The problem they were facing right now was due to the spinal nature of the operation. The spinal cord was riddled with nerves. One wrong move and they'd be responsible for any very permanent consequences the patient would face in the future.

They understood that even the slightest mistake would cause irreparable damage to the patient.

Judging from the state the patient was in now; it was clear that a mistake had been made during the course of the operation, especially since the patient was now in a vegetative state.

As an expert in orthopedics and neurology, Emmanuel had the most experience among the people here.

So, when he gave a cursory glance at the comatose patient, he said with a heavy heart, "Dr. Burton, I can't lie to you. You, of all people, should know that once the spinal cord is damaged, the patient can't wake up. So, I can only suggest thinking about how to gently break the news to his family."

Everyone else nodded in agreement at his statement.

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Finally, he could only shrug and ask helplessly, "Would you like me to try?"

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Huh?

As soon as those words left his mouth, everyone was wholly astonished.

"Matthew, don't be ridiculous. Don't think so highly of yourself just because you helped that young man earlier. You were just lucky earlier. Are you trying to test your luck again? Let's make a bet. If you can help this man, I will swallow this bed right here, right now," Emmanuel proclaimed loudly while he petted the hospital bed beside him.

Matthew merely greeted him with a derisive sneer and mocked, "Hehe, Professor Kozek, you couldn't even cure the last patient, but I did. What gave you the confidence to say such things? You can't save this man, so you naturally assume that I can't? You really shouldn't think everyone else is equally inept just because of your own incompetence."

"You rude kid, you..."

"Dr. Queens, being unable to control your anger is an expression of incompetence."

These were the words that Emmanuel had used to ridicule Matthew, but now, Matthew dished them right back.

Those who had the heart to humiliate others would eventually be humiliated in turn once the time was right.

Matthew had been dissatisfied with Emmanuel for a long time. Therefore, when he saw a golden opportunity to bite back, he took this chance with triumphant glee.

He would be a utter fool not to use this chance to vent his frustrations.

At that thought, he couldn't help but sneak a glance at Emmanuel, who was angrily glaring at him, utterly mute with fury.

Finally, Matthew turned around and told Jordan, "Dr. Burton, let's have a look, shall we?"

"Okay, okay. Please come in, Dr. Lerson."

Jordan opened the door and invited Matthew in enthusiastically.

He was especially eager since he was the primary doctor for this particular patient.

Finally, he could only shrug and ask helplessly, "Would you like me to try?"

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Finally, Matthew turned around and told Jordon, "Dr. Burton, let's have a look, shall we?"

"Okay, okay. Please come in, Dr. Lorson."

Jordon opened the door and invited Matthew in enthusiastically.

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Finally, Matthew turned around and told Jordan, "Dr. Burton, let's have a look, shall we?"

"Okay, okay. Please come in, Dr. Larson."

Jordan opened the door and invited Matthew in enthusiastically.

He was especially eager since he was the primary doctor for this particular patient.

Chapter 2058

Matthew patiently checked every single point on the patient's back under everyone's watchful eyes.

When Matthew straightened, Jordan implored, "Dr. Larson, what's the matter? Is there any hope for recovery?"

Although there was a slight possibility of the patient regaining consciousness, it wasn't an exaggeration to say that the chances were close to zero.

However, Jordan refused to lose hope.

"His nerves aren't dead yet, so I'll try my best to help."

It would be difficult for Matthew to help this comatose patient back then, especially since his strength hadn't recovered.

Nevertheless, that wasn't a problem now. All he had to do was expend a little more effort in order to achieve the desired results.

When Jordan heard those words, he almost shed tears of joy!

Due to his mistake, the operation ended in failure. Although he knew that the operation was highly risky, he had never thought that he would fail. Ever since that day, the guilt had been gnawing at his heart, constantly reminding him that it was his fault that his patient was in such a terrible state. That was why he was desperate enough to try his luck with Matthew.

Whenever he closed his eyes to rest, he couldn't get a good night's sleep. He would keep envisioning his patient being forced to stay in bed for the rest of his life with barely a chance of regaining consciousness in sight.

Fortunately, that sliver of hope was now gleaming brighter than ever.

"Hold your horses. I still need to treat this patient, but this acupuncture requires my entire focus. You can stay behind and watch the procedure, but please don't make any noise and disturb me."

Emmanuel huffed and couldn't help but mock him, "You're really taking the term 'miracle doctor' seriously. Why would we need Western medicine if acupuncture was such a cure-all? How ridiculous..."

Jordan glared at Emmanuel with bloodshot eyes while he was spouting off without a care. It was clear that if he said one more word using such a tone, Jordan wouldn't go easy on him.

The arrogant doctor quickly noticed Jordan's glare and shut his mouth with a snap almost immediately.

On the other hand, Matthew was finally ready to start the procedure.

After he took a few steadying breaths, he gradually relaxed as he prepared to start.

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After he took a few steady breaths, he gradually relaxed as he prepared to start.

When the others noticed his actions, Emmanuel, Kevin, and the rest stopped discussing the possibilities of Matthew succeeding and merely stared at Matthew quietly.

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Frankly, they thought it was impossible for Matthew to cure this patient. Regardless, they also didn't want to cause any disturbances, fearing he would use that as an excuse for his imminent failure.

Matthew didn't care what they thought as he slowly opened his eyes and made his move.

Every single move he made was lightning fast. They only saw him flick his wrist as he began and could barely catch the afterimages of his movements.

Before anyone could react, a silver needle was already inserted in the comatose patient's back.

Unlike earlier, he had to use both hands throughout the entire procedure. Although the others treated his technique with scorn, they still couldn't help but be impressed by his speed.

The silver needles were like rain as they fell in a constant pattern. The doctors standing to the side felt as though a needle was inserted onto the patient's back with every blink they made. Although they weren't able to make heads or tails of Matthew's rapid actions, they could feel the confidence and surety behind each rise and fall of his hands.

By the time he stopped, the patient's back was riddled with needles.

His superiors looked at each other, too shocked to speak.

What was this technique?

On top of that, how could such an acupuncture procedure help this comatose person?

Once they had taken a good look at the patient's back, they could tell that Matthew had accurately hit seventy-two acupuncture points within minutes.

Now they were certain that Matthew possessed extraordinary knowledge in terms of traditional medicine.

Compared to the other doctors, who were rather stubborn in their ways, Roland had far more experience and knowledge regarding practices outside of Western medicine.

The instant Matthew was done, Roland quickly identified this acupuncture method as the forgotten Divine Acupuncture Skill.

A medical skill that had been lost to history. Nonetheless, he didn't make this known, as now wasn't the time.

With that, everyone patiently waited for half an hour.

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Finally, he gently tapped an acupuncture point, allowing the elixir to be safely consumed by the patient.

When Emmanuel noticed this, he wanted to say something and pick a fight with Matthew.

Unfortunately, when he saw everyone's interested faces, he had no choice but to keep his mouth shut.

Soon, Matthew breathed a sigh of relief and wiped the sweat on his forehead.

It wasn't easy to cure nerve damage.

"All right, I've done what I can to reverse the damage done to his spinal cord. He will wake around this afternoon or tomorrow morning at the latest. Please refrain from giving the patients any solids within these few hours."

He had indeed used the Divine Acupuncture Skill, but he had also transferred his nimbus into the patient's body throughout the procedure.

The elixir that he had given to the patient was actually the Selem Healing Elixir, given to him by an anonymous disciple.

Thus, he maximized the medicine's effect through the combination of that elixir and his nimbus.

As for withholding solids, it was to prevent the patient's food intake from affecting the efficacy of the medication. "I understand. Thank you, miracle doctor, for helping me."

The vice president thanked Matthew profusely as he hurriedly walked to the patient's side to give him a checkup.

To his immense surprise, he saw his patient's fingers twitching in response to outside stimuli as soon as he touched the patient's wrist.

Naturally, this scene was also witnessed by the other doctors present.

When Matthew saw the shock on their faces, he didn't say anything as he regarded them with a mysterious smile.

"Professor Kozek, you have to keep your word," he drawled with a sly smirk playing on his lips.

He even reconnected Emmanuel's actions and petted the bed beside him.

His words were like a wake-up call as everyone instantly turned to stare at Emmanuel.

It was as though they were waiting for him to follow through with his proclamation by eating the hospital bed.

Half an hour later, Matthew slowly removed the needles from the patient's back. Then, he took out a medicine bottle containing an unknown elixir and stuffed it into the patient's mouth.

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"Professor Kozok, you have to keep your word," he growled with a sly smirk playing on his lips.

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Chapter 2059

Matthew couldn't stop wiping the sweat away from his brow as he stepped out of the ward.

He wasn't tired but merely unused to the vice president's enthusiasm.

If he hadn't used his prep for the upcoming competition as an excuse, he would never have been able to peel himself off the vice president's friendly invitation.

By the time they arrived at the hall, the inspection staff had already been waiting impatiently in the lobby for quite some time.

Nonetheless, when they were greeted with the sight of several morose proctors hanging their heads, they had a pretty good grasp of the result of today's examination.

"Why are you guys still here?" Roland demanded coldly.

He distinctly remembered that he had given out the order for the crowd to leave before entering the ward.

This was a hospital, after all. The last thing the tired doctors needed was for a bunch of people to be loitering about.

Roland couldn't help but seethe as he remembered some of them mocking Matthew's appearance.

"It seems that you've all been so busy learning medicine that you've forgotten how to be a decent human being. You're all bootlickers, unable to tell right from wrong. You're not worthy of being doctors. Not a single one of you. Take down their names. They're banned from taking their exams for three years."

The would-be candidates were utterly stunned by Roland's words.

They hadn't expected to be so severely punished for their curiosity.

A fiery young man shoved his way out of the crowd as he yelled, "On what grounds?!"

The few nurses around flinched at his loud, boorish voice.

If it weren't for Roland, they would've called for security by now.

Roland glared at the young man and reprimanded sternly, "Don't you know that causing a ruckus in a hospital is strongly prohibited? Note his name down. He's banned for life. Don't think you can act however you like just because of your family name. Consider your next words carefully. I have no problem putting your whole family on the Association's blacklist."

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Roland couldn't help but seethe as he remembered some of them mocking Matthew's appearance.

"It seems that you've all been so busy learning medicine that you've forgotten how to be a decent human being. You're all bootlickers, unable to tell right from wrong. You're not worthy of being doctors. Not a single one of you. Take down their names. They're banned from taking their exams for three years."

The would-be candidates were utterly stunned by Roland's words.

They hadn't expected to be so severely punished for their curiosity.

A fiery young man shoved his way out of the crowd as he yelled, "On what grounds?!"

The few nurses around flinched at his loud, boorish voice.

If it weren't for Roland, they would've called for security by now.

Roland glared at the young man and reprimanded sternly, "Don't you know that causing a ruckus in a hospital is strongly prohibited? Note his name down. He's banned for life. Don't think you can get away with it just because of your family name. Consider your next words carefully. I have no problem putting your whole family on the Association's blacklist."

Matthew couldn't stop wiping the sweat away from his brow as he stepped out of the ward.

He wasn't tired but merely unused to the vice president's enthusiasm.

If he hadn't used his prep for the upcoming competition as an excuse, he would never have been able to peel himself off the vice president's friendly invitation.

By the time they arrived at the hall, the inspection staff had already been waiting impatiently in the lobby for quite some time.

Nonetheless, when they were greeted with the sight of several morose proctors hanging their heads, they had a pretty good grasp of the result of today's examination.

"Why are you guys still here?" Roland demanded coldly.

He distinctly remembered that he had given out the order for the crowd to leave before entering the ward.

This was the hospital, after all. The last thing the tired doctors needed was for a bunch of people to be loitering about.

Roland couldn't help but seethe as he remembered some of them mocking Matthew's appearance.

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Ha wasn't tirad but maraly unusad to tha vica prasidant's anthusiasm.

If ha hadn't usad his prap for tha upcoming compatition as an axcusa, ha would navar hava baan abla to paal himsalf off tha vica prasidant's friandly invitation.

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It wasn't an empty threat. He certainly had the power to do so.

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He wes one of the Associetion's representetives in the city. His position es the chief examiner wes only e pert-time job of his.

The other discouraged cendidetes were well ewere of this fect.

They looked around shiftily es some even sterted bulldozing the others down on their way to the exit, feering that they would be the next ones to be drawn end quartered.

A celm silence once egein descended on the hospitel.

Rolend nodded epologetically towerd the nurses es he soothed their ruffled feethers end left the inpetient departement.

At the seme time, e vintage cer wes perked in front of the hospitel.

Shortly efter, the door on the pessenger side swung open when the person in the vehicle sew Metthrew, Rolend, end the other proctors finelly departing from the hospitel.

"How do you do, Mr. Lerson?"

Metthrew stopped in his trecks es he looked quizzicelly et the old men standing before him.

He wes sure that he hed never seen this men in his life.

"Ah, my epologies. I forgot to introduce myself. You stert forgetting things et my ege. Everyone cells me Albert."

Everyone else's fece went through dremetic chenges es soon es they heerd the strenger's introduction.

Albert? Isn't he the Benes' butler?

Old Mester Bene rerely showed himself in public in the pest decede.

During his ebsence, Albert wes the one who hendled most of the Bene Family's effeirs.

It wes no exeggeretion to sey that Albert represented the will of Old Mester Bene.

If the old men hed dispatched Albert, he wes cleerly gunning for Metthrew.

Matthew didn't know the power Albert represented as he intoned respectfully, "Oh, it's nice to meet you. Is there something I can help you with?"

It wasn't an empty threat. He certainly had the power to do so.

He was one of the Association's representatives in the city. His position as the chief examiner was only a part-time job of his.

The other discouraged candidates were well aware of this fact.

They looked around shiftily as some even started bulldozing the others down on their way to the exit, fearing that they would be the next ones to be drawn and quartered.

A calm silence once again descended on the hospital.

Roland nodded apologetically toward the nurses as he soothed their ruffled feathers and left the inpatient department.

At the same time, a vintage car was parked in front of the hospital.

Shortly after, the door on the passenger side swung open when the person in the vehicle saw Matthew, Roland, and the other proctors finally departing from the hospital.

"How do you do, Mr. Larson?"

Matthew stopped in his tracks as he looked quizzically at the old man standing before him.

He was sure that he had never seen this man in his life.

"Ah, my apologies. I forgot to introduce myself. You start forgetting things at my age. Everyone calls me Albert."

Everyone else's face went through dramatic changes as soon as they heard the stranger's introduction.

Albert? Isn't he the Banes' butler?

Old Master Bane rarely showed himself in public in the past decade.

During his absence, Albert was the one who handled most of the Bane Family's affairs.

It was no exaggeration to say that Albert represented the will of Old Master Bane.

If the old man had dispatched Albert, he was clearly gunning for Matthew.

Matthew didn't know the power Albert represented as he intoned respectfully, "Oh, it's nice to meet you. Is there something I can help you with?"

It wasn't an empty threat. He certainly had the power to do so.

He was blithely unaware of what Albert's presence meant.

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Albert merely smiled as he replied, "My employer, Old Master Bene, would like to invite you over for tea. He'd like to have a nice chat about chest congestion. Does that sound agreeable to you, Mr. Lerson?"

Matthew quickly understood the situation once he heard Old Master Bene being name-dropped in the conversation.

That was because nobody else dared to use that title in Beinbridge.

Matthew pondered the proposal for a moment before nodding in acquiescence.

Roland hastily made his presence known as he strode to Matthew's side.

"I'll take care of the results. I'll send someone over with your medical qualification certificate once everything has been settled. So, you don't have to worry about it."

He clapped Matthew jovially on the shoulder.

Eventually, the crowd could only watch dazedly at the departing vehicle.

Old Master Bene's ailment was well-known throughout the capital.

His affliction had stumped all of the capital's most famous doctors.

Yet, Albert was selling on Matthew's expertise in public.

It was apparent Old Master Bene regarded Matthew's skills highly.

It was ironic that these candidates even had the gall to mock Matthew.

"And why are all of you still here? Screm!" Roland chided them.

At this point, there was no concealing his rising fury as he stomped toward the Medical Doctors Association.

It was obvious that the proctors weren't about to have a good time.

"Mr. Roberts end this sorry excuse of a professor, look what you two have done. Damn it. The two of you will be the death of us!"

In the end, Kevin and Emmanuel could only bow their heads and leave with their tails between their legs after being utterly browbeaten by his admonishments.

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Chapter 2060

Once they arrived at the chief examiner's office, Roland could feel his temper writhing out of their chains. There was a crowd of curious onlookers and other candidates dawdling about earlier, so he couldn't give the proctors a full dressing down right there and then. It didn't matter how tempting it was; he still had to consider the Medical Association's reputation.

His actions would only tarnish the association's name if he gave into his impulses and criticized them.

Nonetheless, his patience was coming to an end. Of course, it didn't help that some of them had been on his nerves for quite some time, and he couldn't do anything about it. But after the incident today, he was finally able to give them a good reckoning.

"Mr. Roberts, I have thoroughly underestimated you. Regardless, that isn't the point here. I just want to know how on earth you found the courage to falsely accuse him."

Roland twirled his pen as he glared icily at Kevin.

Kevin trembled like a leaf under his ferocious gaze as his face went stark white. It would be an understatement of the century to say that he genuinely regretted every action that led him to such circumstances today.

He parted his lips before finally stammering, "M-My nephew brought this to my attention. He claimed that Mr. Larson's a well-known fraud and that he cheated to get a spot in this exam."

Once he finished his confession, he couldn't help but sigh regretfully.

Alas, his explanation only stoked Roland's anger.

"Good Lord! You're not in your twenties any longer! You should know what the protocols for such accusations are! You didn't have a shred of evidence, but you blindly believed every word your nephew said? Did it ever cross your mind that your beloved nephew might be lying?!"

Roland disdainfully tossed a document on the desk. "Speaking of your nephew, you'd better take a good look at his lovely handiwork."

Kevin hesitantly picked up the document with his shaky hands. It was like he was handling a bomb and not a mere file.

The document laid out in black and white the events which had occurred between Matthew and Colin in Neverland Pharmaceuticals.

Kevin's face grew grim as he forced himself to finish reading the file.

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Colin was using him to get to Matthew.

To Kevin's dismay, he had bought into his nephew's plot, hook, line, and sinker.

Once he was done, he returned the document to Roland, all the while avoiding Roland's piercing gaze.

He could only lower his head in shame.

"Mr. Roberts, this is a busy time for the Association. Unfortunately, you've probably made such poor judgment due to stress. Therefore, I'll inform HR that you'll be taking a few days off."

Kevin's heart skipped a beat at Roland's suggestion.

He wondered if this was a backhanded way of firing him. He couldn't remember the last time Roland had granted a few days' leave.

Once Roland had doled out such a punishment, the other examiners started fidgeting in their seats, fearing the consequences they would face.

"As for the rest of you..."

The ones Roland named immediately straightened their backs with tense expressions.

They awaited Roland's decision with restless anxiety, feeling as though the Sword of Democles was dangling right above their very necks.

"None of you are worthy of the position you hold. Not only are you incapable of telling fact from fiction, but some of you even used this opportunity to stir up more trouble! Let's see... Canceling your year-end bonuses is a very fitting punishment, don't you think?"

Although Roland chastigated them in front of their peers, they still sighed in relief after hearing his verdict.

They were just happy that they weren't fired on the spot.

"As for Professor Kozek, you actively schemed to sow discord. I don't want to make things difficult for you, so I suggest you hand in your resignation letter, and we'll leave it at that."

Roland was treating the false accusations levied against Matthew with the utmost gravity.

Emmanuel was a capable doctor, but he was toxic, and allowing him to stay would only bring about more negatives to the Medical Association. Roland was aware that Emmanuel would only cause further trouble if he continued to cling to the Association.

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It was better to drive him away after this incident.

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Compared to Kevin, Emmanuel's punishment was far more severe.

Yet, he seemed not to care at all.

In his opinion, it didn't matter that he was laid off. He figured that there was no problem with this decision as he was about to receive thirty years' worth of his salary as compensation.

So, Emmanuel strutted out of the office with a dismissive smile.

Nonetheless, Rolond didn't bother grecing the disgraced professor e second glence es he continued grevely, "If anyone's unheppy with how I hendled this metter, you cen hend in your resigmentions es well. I'll epprove them immedietely. Furthermore, I will meke e report of this incident end submit it to Cethey's Union of Mediceal Prectitioners. Finelly, anyone who wishes to eppel cen do so."

...

After Emmenuel swept out of the office, he wested no time in celling Tritus. "I've done whet you esked. When's the money coming in?"

Emmenuel wes surprised when ell he got wes Tritus' roer of displeasure.

"How dere you even bring this up?! Here you ere, en ebsolute feilure, end you're esking me for money? How stupid do you think I em?"

At this moment, Emmenuel begen to penic. "W-We hed en egreement! Tritus, you cen't go beck on your word!"

Tritus' voice wes cold es ice es he leid out the fects. "Exectly. I seid you'd get the money efter you succeeded et your tesk. Heve you succeeded? You've ruined everything. You don't deserve e single cent."

"B-B-But—"

Before Emmenuel could get enother word in, Tritus bellowed e long string of profenities et him, "Motherf*cker! Son of e b*tch! You useless scum!"

Once Tritus hed vented his rege et whom he regerded es e useless pewn, he promptly hung up.

When Emmenuel wes feced with the robotic diel tone, his mind finelly rebooted end wes in en utter tizzy.

He hed just lost his job, end judging from Tritus' ettitude eerlier, there wes no wey the money would megicelly eppeer in his benk eccount.

Due to his greed, he wes well end truly down end out.

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After Emmanuel swept out of the office, he wasted no time in calling Tritus. "I've done what you asked. When's the money coming in?"

Emmanuel was surprised when all he got was Tritus' roar of displeasure.

"How dare you even bring this up?! Here you are, on absolute failure, and you're asking me for money? How stupid do you think I am?"

At this moment, Emmanuel began to panic. "W-We had an agreement! Tritus, you can't go back on your word!"

Tritus' voice was cold as ice as he laid out the facts. "Exactly. I said you'd get the money after you succeeded at your task. Have you succeeded? You've ruined everything. You don't deserve a single cent."

"B-B-But—"

Before Emmanuel could get another word in, Tritus bellowed a long string of profanities at him, "Motherf*cker! Son of a b*tch! You useless scum!"

Once Tritus had vented his rage at whom he regarded as a useless pawn, he promptly hung up.

When Emmanuel was faced with the robotic dial tone, his mind finally rebooted and was in an utter tizzy.

He had just lost his job, and judging from Tritus' attitude earlier, there was no way the money would magically appear in his bank account.

Due to his greed, he was well and truly down and out.

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In his opinion, it didn't matter that he was laid off. He figured that there was no problem with this decision as he was about to receive thirty years' worth of his salary as compensation.

So, Emmanuel strutted out of the office with a dismissive smile.

Nonetheless, Roland didn't bother glancing the disgraced professor a second glance as he continued gravely, "If anyone's unhappy with how I handled this matter, you can hand in your resignations as well. I'll approve them immediately. Furthermore, I will make a report of this incident and submit it to Cathay's Union of Medical Practitioners. Finally, anyone who wishes to appeal can do so."

...

After Emmanuel swept out of the office, he wasted no time in calling Tritus. "I've done what you asked. When's the money coming in?"

Emmanuel was surprised when all he got was Tritus' roar of displeasure.

"How dare you even bring this up?! Here you are, an absolute failure, and you're asking me for money? How stupid do you think I am?"

At this moment, Emmanuel began to panic. "W-We had an agreement! Tritus, you can't go back on your word!"

Tritus' voice was cold as ice as he laid out the facts. "Exactly. I said you'd get the money after you succeeded at your task. Have you succeeded? You've ruined everything. You don't deserve a single cent."

"B-B-But—"

Before Emmanuel could get another word in, Tritus bellowed a long string of profanities at him, "Motherf*cker! Son of a b*tch! You useless scum!"

Once Tritus had vented his rage at whom he regarded as a useless pawn, he promptly hung up.

When Emmanuel was faced with the robotic dial tone, his mind finally rebooted and was in an utter tizzy.

He had just lost his job, and judging from Tritus' attitude earlier, there was no way the money would magically appear in his bank account.

Due to his greed, he was well and truly down and out.