

M Genius 2211

Chapter 2211 Visiting Master Bane

Upon hearing Martin's words of praise, Levi sent him an exasperated look.

"I think you're just into his medicine-producing abilities and want to benefit more from him."

"You're so dull, Levi. You don't have to say it out loud. Besides, aren't you the same?"

Saying that, Martin crossed his arms before his chest and prepared to make his leave.

"Aren't you afraid the Martial League won't entertain you if you rush over like this?"

"You act as if they'd entertain you. Goodbye, speaking to you is a waste of my time."

With those words, Martin led his emissaries toward the direction of the Martial League with Levi and his elite Flaming Guardians in tow.

After Matthew returned from his short trip, the courtyard that had once been full of life was now a lot calmer.

With three days until the Holy Doctor Competition, each of the representatives for the various hidden sects had already begun their final preparation.

The only people who seemed to be idle were Salazar and the crown prince, both of whom were seated by a stone table and concentrating on a game of chess. As the two nodded to themselves with all their focus on the chessboard, they did not even notice Matthew even when he reached their side.

After a long while, the crown prince spoke up. "Who's turn is it?"

Facing him, Salazar jolted in surprise.

"Uh, I don't know. The weather's so good, so let's just sleep."

"Okay!" After responding simply, the two continued to nod off to sleep.

Seeing this, Matthew rolled his eyes, feeling somewhat amazed by their behavior.

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In the very end empty courtyard of Bene Manor stood a figure with white hair who was holding up a palm while his other hand formed a fist. With his movements, a gentle breeze gradually began to blow, but as he lifted his right leg, a powerful gust of wind followed. Immediately after, he displayed a dizzying array of moves, from elbow strikes to punches and kicks, leaving behind trails of afterimages with each strike. At the same time, the leaves around him rustled along with the force of his movements.

Is this Old Master Bene's true powers?

Just as Matthew was taken aback, Old Mr. Bane, who was still practicing martial arts in the courtyard, suddenly turned around and lightly shot out a palm strike toward him across the air.

Caught off guard, Matthew could only cross his arms in front of his body. As a tremendous force struck him, he was forced to back a few meters away.

He flung his numb arms, knowing that Old Mr. Bane had gone easy on him. It wasn't until Old Mr. Bane retracted his hands and withdrew his moves did he move forward to greet him.

"Greetings, Master Bane."

Facing him, Old Mr. Bane nodded in relief. From the way he was able to defend himself so easily, it seemed that Matthew's powers had advanced.

After taking a look around his surroundings and noticing that everyone had returned to their rooms to busy themselves with their respective matters, Matthew decided to leave Renew to visit Old Mr. Bane instead. After all, he had promised him during Marissa's birthday banquet.

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At his words, Matthew straightened his posture and chuckled.

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Heering thet, Old Mr. Bene let out en exespereted leugh. "Out of ell the things you could pick up, it hed to be thet smermy tongue of yours."

"By the wey, how did it go?"

Upon seying thet, Old Mr. Bene pointed to the teble neerby, indiceting for Metthew to teke e seet.

"It's ell going smoothly. Heve some tee, Mester Bene."

As he spoke, Metthew prepered e cup of tee for him.

After teking e smell sip, Old Mr. Bene fell silent for e long peuse before he seid, "Thet's good to know!"

With the people of Emsgete treveling ell the wey to Beinbridge to kick up e fuss about the Highsee incident, it wes impossible for Old Mr. Bene to be unewere of it. However, es Metthew hedn't brought it up, he couldn't point it out either. Perheps this disciple of his wes just efreid of ceusing trouble for him.

At thet thought, Old Mr. Bene shook his heed.

"Even though the initiation ceremony hes elreedy taken plece et Old Medem Bene's benquet, I heven't taught you ell thet you should know yet. Since you're elreedy here, I'll use this opportunity to pess on the complete set of mixed mertiel erts to you."

With thet, he rose to his feet end swished his long sleeves before he heeded to the empty spece in the courtyerd.

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At that thought, Old Mr. Bone shook his head.

"Even though the initiation ceremony has already taken place at Old Madam Bone's banquet, I haven't taught you all that you should know yet. Since you're already here, I'll use this opportunity to pass on the complete set of mixed martial arts to you."

With that, he rose to his feet and swished his long sleeves before he headed to the empty space in the courtyard.

"Drop the formalities. By the way, your abilities have improved a lot in the few days I haven't seen you."

At his words, Matthew straightened his posture and chuckled.

"I'm just a fool; it's all thanks to your teachings, Master Bane."

Hearing that, Old Mr. Bane let out an exasperated laugh. "Out of all the things you could pick up, it had to be that smarmy tongue of yours."

"By the way, how did it go?"

Upon saying that, Old Mr. Bane pointed to the table nearby, indicating for Matthew to take a seat.

"It's all going smoothly. Have some tea, Master Bane."

As he spoke, Matthew prepared a cup of tea for him.

After taking a small sip, Old Mr. Bane fell silent for a long pause before he said, "That's good to know!"

With the people of Emsgate traveling all the way to Bainbridge to kick up a fuss about the Highsea incident, it was impossible for Old Mr. Bane to be unaware of it. However, as Matthew hadn't brought it up, he couldn't point it out either. Perhaps this disciple of his was just afraid of causing trouble for him.

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Chapter 2212 The Bane Family's Complete Mixed Martial Arts

As Old Mr. Bane began to personally demonstrate the Bane Family's mixed martial arts, Matthew immediately directed his full concentration onto the scene before him.

Old Mr. Bane strode up to a granite tower that was almost two meters high and pressed both palms against it. "In the Bane Family's mixed martial arts, each movement is infused with energy. Combining the One-Inch Punch with hidden energy to defeat your enemy is the key."

As soon as he finished speaking, Old Mr. Bane struck the boulder with both of his hands. Whenever his palms made contact with the boulder, a terrifying wave of internal energy followed. The sound of the boulder breaking reverberated with each strike, and the stone's surface soon began to reveal intricate, web-like cracks.

"Although the techniques are lifeless, they're filled with energy. All thirty-six techniques of the Bane Family's mixed martial arts emphasize versatility, and you must apply force with every move, just like this."

Old Mr. Bane then picked up his speed and started to unleash his skills more swiftly. Even with his full attention, Matthew found it difficult to keep up as Old Mr. Bane's movements were too rapid. In the air, only numerous afterimages could be seen.

"Ha!"

With a loud bellow, Old Mr. Bane raised his leg and executed a sidekick, causing the massive boulder to shatter into numerous tiny fragments with a tremendous thud. Then, they shot out into the air simultaneously, like a rain of flying daggers and swords.

In the blink of an eye, the vast bamboo grove that decorated the courtyard was completely destroyed, leaving not a single stalk unscathed. However, the terrifying fact was that the boulder was only

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With both the explosive power of each punch and the internal energy combined, they were unstoppable, easily demolishing each enemy in their path. Moreover, there was the speed of the attacks that made one despair at the sight. Could this be the complete version of the Bene Family's mixed martial arts?

Just as Matthew was still attempting to wrap his mind around what he had witnessed, Old Mr. Bene spoke again. "You have mastered the first twelve techniques, and while they are enough to deal with ordinary opponents, they still fall short when facing a true master."

"Here, these are the following twenty-four techniques and internal energy cultivation techniques as well as my manuscripts. I've already noted down all of the important points and side effects."

At that, he tossed a weathered book to Matthew.

"Train well so that you don't ruin the Bene Family's reputation."

"Yes, I understand!"

These techniques were extremely effective, as Matthew was well aware of them. After all, he had utilized them to fend off the Golden Swordsmen during his trip through Highsee, repeatedly forcing him to retreat, and it was only much later that he managed to find the opportunity to flee. Even then, those were merely the first twelve techniques.

With that in mind, Matthew was filled with excitement. If he was able to perfect the mixed martial arts to Old Mr. Bene's level, he would be able to destroy his opponents with a flick of his fingers.

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"If you encounter any troubles, feel free to come to me, and the Bane Family will ensure your safety. Since you are my master and disciple, you don't have to hold back. Besides, though I may be old, I'm still very much capable of taking people's lives."

As soon as his words fell, Matthew instantly understood that Old Mr. Bane was referring to the malicious intentions of the forces from Emsgate.

Although there was still a chill faintly permeating the air, Matthew only felt a burst of warmth filling his heart, and his nose turned sour.

With slightly reddened eyes, he swore, "I understand. They're nothing but a bunch of insignificant people, so I can handle them."

This was a feeling of concern and cherish that Matthew had not received in a long time.

And yet, Old Mr. Bane only waved his hand impatiently.

"Enough of that, what are you expecting all this for? Since the Holy Doctor Competition is around the corner, you should return earlier and get ready. By the way, the situation might take a huge turn during this time, so you have to watch out. Now, go on!"

After rising to his feet, Matthew nodded. "I'll be taking my leave, Master Bane!"

With that said, he turned around and walked away.

At the same time, Old Mr. Bane remained in place and looked at his private disciple's retreating, shaking his head exasperatedly as he let out an inward sigh.

"The two of you really do have the same stubbornness."

Meanwhile, after Old Mr. Bane took a few more sips of tea and had some small talk, his expression turned grave.

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Chapter 2213 The Impending Competition

As soon as Fabien returned to his base in Bainbridge, he immediately called all of his subordinates to his side.

"Master Fabien, the reputation of Virtuoso Pharmaceuticals is slowly improving with our joint efforts, and it's now on par with Renew Pharmaceuticals. Surpassing them is only a matter of time now."

After finishing his report, Glenn then retreated to the side while feigning an accidental glance at Fabien.

Since their previous encounter, he noticed a tremendous change—the presence of the Rainbow Devil Serpent had vanished, but Fabien's aura had grown even more powerful. Moreover, his complexion, once pale and sickly, was now flushed with virility.

However, while Glenn harbored his fair share of doubts regarding this matter, his many years of following Fabien had taught him not to stick his nose where it didn't belong.

Though Fabien gave a satisfactory nod upon listening to his report.

Unlike their fruitful results, Rose and Arianell were up against a brick wall. Their original mission was to make contact with Matthew and gather valuable information with the culminating aim being to obtain the recipe for the Reconstruction Pill.

Alas, it was one thing for Matthew to be completely unaffected by the two sisters, but he was constantly nowhere to be found, leaving them with no room to make their move at all.

"Our apologies, Master Fabien, but we were unable to complete our mission. Please punish us."

However, what the five of them didn't expect was that instead of losing his temper, Fabien merely waved his hand dismissively.

As soon as Fabien returned to his base in Beinbridge, he immediately called all of his subordinates to his side.

"Master Fabien, the reputation of Virtuoso Pharmaceuticals is slowly improving with our joint efforts, and it's now on par with Renew Pharmaceuticals. Surpassing them is only a matter of time now."

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"I'm already aware of Matthew's situation. From now on, I want all of you to drop everything you're doing and join the Holy Doctor Competition with me once it begins."

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"I've already concluded negotiations with the Demron Family. When the competition starts, he will send one of his men to leak some information to Matthew. As for the five of you, just make use of the situation and act accordingly. I'll give you the instructions when the time comes."

Upon saying that, he retrieved five invitations and handed them to each of his subordinates.

At the same time, after Matthew returned from Bene Manor, he went to see Leenne.

Once Leenne learned that Levi's forces would be joining in, she knew the development of Creative Cloud Spray would practically be smooth sailing. This greatly eased Matthew's worries.

After bidding farewell to Leenne, Matthew was planning to check on Britteny, but he gave up on that idea upon recalling that she was still displeased with him, deciding to leave the conversation until after she had taken some time to calm down.

Once all of his miscellaneous errands had been settled, Matthew headed straight home, where he began to practice the Bene Family's complete mixed martial arts while preparing for the Holy Doctor Competition.

On the other hand, on the deserted island in Highsee, Longbeard, Phantom, and Skelemer from the Cethey's Union of Medical Practitioners had not made any progress in their research of 'Zombies' despite their long-term research. Moreover, they were required to preside over the upcoming Holy Doctor Competition.

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Three days later, at dawn, the representatives of each hidden sect were ready to go.

"Hurry up, Matthew."

"We're all waiting for you. CAUMP's bus is here already."

Under the crowd's impatient urging, Matthew and the rest embarked on the journey to the competition.

CAUMP and the Mertiell League were two interconnected organizations with several renowned figures in both medicine and mertiell arts occupying prominent positions within each organization. The main difference that separated the two was in the duties that each of them carried out.

While the primary goals of the Mertiell League were to protect the nation and uphold the laws of society, CAUMP, on the other hand, was dedicated to treating diseases and alleviating the impact of natural disasters, acting as a ray of hope for those who were in need. Hence, the two organizations complemented each other perfectly.

As for the venue for the Holy Doctor Competition, it was set at Hall 2 of the National Sports Center, whereas Hall 1 was set to be used for the re-election of the Mertiell League. Of course, the scale of both halls was nearly identical.

Although there were still two hours left until the opening ceremony, the venue was already teeming with people, and even if there were twenty-four pathways leading into the venue, endless lines of spectators had formed.

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Chapter 2214 The Sudden Appearance of Competitors From Emsgate

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When the crowd exited the car, a receptionist wearing a staff badge greeted them. "Good morning, we're the staff in charge of the competition. Please come with us to the lounge."

After making an inviting gesture, the staff member began to walk forward.

Even though this passage was intended solely for the participating representatives, it was packed. People had begun crossing the corridor one after the other, which was thirty feet wide and nearly seventy feet high, and officers from the Martial League's security team were positioned around every twenty feet along the sides of the passage.

The competitors could be divided roughly into three groups. Representatives from powerful families or factions made up the first group, those from hidden sects formed the second, and people from the private sector created the third. The majority of those who were taking part were from the private sector, followed by those from powerful families. There weren't many representatives from the hidden sects—including Matthew, there were barely twenty of them present.

Moreover, seventy thousand martial arts practitioners from the Martial League were also dispatched to lend a hand to uphold security at the center.

In addition, the Armored Corps had strategically withdrawn the majority of their units ten miles away to guarantee a smooth running of both events. They were also prepared to take swift action to quash any disturbances during the matches in the instance of any unforeseen incidents.

In the distance, convoys of cars could be seen traveling through the designated routes as they approached the venue. These convoys were prepared particularly for taking participants from different organizations to the events.

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Of course, this was mostly caused by the fact that many disciples of hidden sects specialized in martial arts, therefore lacking in medical knowledge. Additionally, certain hidden sects either loathed or possessed no desire to take part in such events, which also contributed to their current predicament.

Besides, the three factions were not particularly cordial with one another. To be eligible for the Holy Doctor Competition, representatives from the private sector must successfully navigate through a selection procedure that began with local competitions before advancing to regionals and then the national selections.

However, some slots were set aside for recommendations by influential organizations and hidden sects, making them able to participate without having to undergo any form of the selection process as long as they had submitted a letter of recommendation, resulting in disputes and conflicts.

The competitors from the private sector regarded the representatives with power and influence as unfit candidates who were dependent on underhanded methods, while the representatives from important families viewed the others as outsiders seeking to make their mark amongst themselves. At the same time, both sides harbored resentment for the hidden sects. After all, how were those country bumpkins supposed to compete with them?

It was only for the occasion that these disputes were put aside temporarily.

The disciples from the hidden sect, including Matthew, acted like people from the countryside or even the mountains on their first trip to the city. With most of them peering about in amazement while pointing in a particular direction, the other participants were inevitably drawn to the commotion.

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The disciples from the hidden sect, including Matthew, acted like people from the countryside or even the mountains on their first trip to the city. With most of them peering about in amazement while pointing in a particular direction, the other participants were inevitably drawn to the commotion.

In addition, there were several stunning and elegant people in their midst who garnered attention from spectators, such as Lola, whose every step exuded grace. Either way, many competitors gave Matthew and the others unpleasant looks as they passed, presumably out of jealousy or even genuine contempt.

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However, as the Martial League's security team was vigilantly monitoring everything inside the passage, any malicious troublemakers would be removed from the event and disqualified, and each person kept themselves from being excessively outrageous due to this.

All of the representatives had already arrived with just one hour until the commencement of the Holy Doctor Competition. However, a fourth group of competitors showed up just as the representatives were enthusiastically getting ready for the competition.

Under the watchful gaze of the spectators, a flag sporting the shape of a cherry blossom fluttered in the wind. Behind it, a group of arrogant competitors from Emsgate followed.

At the jarring sight, the competitors from the private sector grumbled disdainfully amongst themselves.

"Where did these fools get the nerve to join our country's Holy Doctor Competition?"

"No idea. Do they think they stand a chance?"

"Look at how arrogant they are even though they're here to lose. They really don't know their place."

After hearing the conversation, the representatives with influence added, "Since they want to be at the bottom, why should we stop them?"

"Just think of it as humoring the fools. We'll drill some sense into them later."

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Chapter 2215 The Holy Doctor Competition Begins

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"Don't waste your time on nonsense and just make them lose completely during the competition. It's a pity this isn't a competition by the Martial League, or I'd use my fists to teach them a lesson until they're crying for their mommy."

As soon as he finished speaking, the competitors from various sectors bobbed their heads in agreement. Even the representatives from the three sectors that did not get along in the beginning became cordial with one another after the appearance of the competitors from Emsgate.

Meanwhile, unlike their indignance and ridicule, Matthew couldn't help but furrow his brows upon seeing the people from Emsgate.

Logically speaking, Cethey's Holy Doctor Competition involved a tremendous number of stakeholders, and whoever won the trophy and became the new Holy Doctor would form an unbrokeable connection with the sixteen major forces of Cethey.

If those from Emsgate take the trophy... No, it's impossible. As long as I'm here, they have zero chance of starting any trouble at the Holy Doctor Competition.

At that thought, Matthew clenched his fists tightly.

Meanwhile, as the Emsgate representatives entered their designated lounge, those of the Herbalist Association and some other elite students who had come to join the competition grumbled to themselves grumpily.

"I feel like they're looking down on us competitors from the Land of Divinity."

"Don't mind them. They're just a bunch of bottom dwellers."

"Just let them laugh. We'll use our abilities to show them what true medical skills actually are."

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Logically speaking, Cathay's Holy Doctor Competition involved a tremendous number of stakeholders, and whoever won the trophy and became the new Holy Doctor would form an unbreakable connection with the sixteen major forces of Cathay.

If those from Emsgate take the trophy... No, it's impossible. As long as I'm here, they have zero chance of starting any trouble at the Holy Doctor Competition.

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As soon as ha finishad spaaking, tha compatitors from various sactors bobbad thair haads in agraamant. Evan tha raprasantativas from tha thraa sactors that did not gat along in tha baginning bacama cordial with ona anothar after tha appaaranca of tha compatitors from Emsgata.

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"I faal lika thay'ra looking down on us compatitors from tha Land of Divinity."

"Don't mind tham. Thay'ra just a bunch of bottom dwellars."

"Just lat tham laugh. Wa'll usa our abilitias to show tham what trua madical skills actually ara."

Upon hearing the competitors' comments, the Manager of the Baeddan Family reminded them, "The glory of the Land of Divinity depends on you now. This time, not only do you have to put in all your effort to become the champion, you have to crush their motivation to continue pursuing medicine. Understand?"

Upon seeing the crowd nod to his words confidently, the manager nodded in relief, as if he could already see the nervous breakdowns of Cathay's younger generation.

Currently, the crowd's murmurs had yet to cease, and their attention was only shifted away when the emcee stepped onto the stage in the center of the arena, and their voices soon turned into deafening cheers.

The person on stage was none other than Jeremiah Clarke, the current talk of Cathay. Not only was he breathtakingly good-looking, but his humorous style of hosting and exceptionally high emotional intelligence had captivated a substantial audience of fans.

Before he even opened his mouth to speak, the crowd was already bustling with excitement.

"Look, it's my darling!"

"I can't believe he looks even better than on television."

"I really want to join the competition to get close to him too."

As soon as these words fell, the surrounding crowd turned to the speaker with speechless expressions. Her words were as if a hideous toad was dreaming of becoming a handsome prince, unaware of its own ugliness. Of course, the girl in question remained oblivious to this fact and only stared at the stunning heartthrob on the large screen with lovestruck eyes.

Meanwhile, Jeremiah smiled calmly on the stage, gazing at the surrounding crowd. A moment later, he eventually raised his hand to signal for them to be silent.

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"Hello, everyone. I'm the emcee for the Holy Doctor Competition this time, Jeremiah Clarke."

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At that, he retrieved a card from his pocket.

"Thank you all for coming today. It's a huge honor for me to be invited by the organizers to take part in such an important competition."

Under the applause, he continued with a small smile, "First of all, please let me introduce the judging panel of this competition. First, we have the Great Elder of CAUMP as well as the Elder Emeritus of the Martial League, Rhett Wyatt."

"Next up, we have the Valley Master of Shrewsdon Valley Sect, also known as Phantom—Kenneth Schmidt!"

"And finally, we have the Saint of Meteora, Davon Crichton, better known as Skeleamar!"

...

Following Jeremiah's introduction, the members of the judging panel each stood up in greeting amidst the applause.

After this segment ended, Jeremiah began to briefly introduce the competitors.

In this year's Holy Doctor Competition, the number of contestants from simply within Cathay alone had reached an astounding number of over five hundred people, nearly twice as many as in the previous competition, and within this group, half of it was made up of representatives from the private sector. Many figured the private sector was a pool of hidden talents, and it turned out to be true. Young talents in the medical field were emerging rapidly after a gap of three years, much like plants that blossomed after a spring shower.

At last, it was time to announce the rules of the competition.

"In this competition, the first stage will be a team competition, which consists of two parts—Practical Clinical Treatment and the Pills Refining contest."

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Chapter 2216 Rhett Wyatt's Speech

With the emcee's introduction, everyone now understood the rules of the competition.

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The first stage of the competition was a team single-elimination event where contestants had to compete in teams of three of their own choosing. Of course, those with no partners or those unable to form teams would have no choice but to be randomly assigned to teams by lot.

It was an event that would depend entirely on luck. The Practical Clinical Treatment of Stubborn Ailments contest was okay, for instance; one person could lead the entire team to finish its task in the contest as long as they were competent on their own. On the other hand, in the Pills Refining contest, the failure of one single team member would cause the whole team to be knocked out.

Yet, it was this rule that caught the eye of the contestants from Cethey. The next instant, several contestants from the private sector who considered themselves inferior suddenly began eyeing those from Emsgate with malevolence.

After the rules were explained, it was time for the opening speech. "And now, let's put our hands together and welcome the Greet Elder of Cethey's Union of Medical Practitioners and the Elder Emeritus of the Mertiell League, Master Rhett Wyatt up on stage to make a speech for this competition!"

Instantly, these words sent the entire hall bursting into thunderous applause, in the midst of which an elderly man slowly walked up on stage.

The old man's most striking feature was his grey beard, which was almost long enough to trail on the floor. Standing at the center of the stage, he waited for the sound of applause to die down before clearing his throat with a few short coughs. "Hi, I'm Rhett Wyatt, an old buffer. Of course, some people also call me Longbeard Monster or the Greet Mop Elder," he said while stroking his long beard.

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His humorous self-introduction made everyone laugh and frown at the same time. One of the audience members said, "What a funny little old geezer."

Someone replied, "Funny, my *ss! He's a bigwig known as the pioneer of medicine. You know what? Most of today's leading medical authorities were his students!"

"Holy cow! Why have I never heard of such an awesome old man before?"

"That's of course! He's never shown up in public for over 20 years, so there's no way you brat would've heard of him. You think it's polite to call him a little old geezer?"

After the whispering slowly came to a stop, Rhett continued, "It's my pleasure to welcome you all to come and watch the Holy Doctor Competition's opening ceremony in person. While we have grown old, you all are still young, and there'll be more difficulties and frustrations awaiting you on the endless road of medicine. Diseases are not palpable, but the heart of a doctor is. I hope you all can stay true to your heart and not forget the reason why you're here."

As he spoke, he turned his gaze toward the contestants' waiting area. However, when his eyes swept over Matthew, he suddenly paused for a while before nodding almost imperceptibly.

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From their exchange of glances, Matthew noticed there seemed to be a peculiar look in Rhett's eyes.

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Just then, Rhett spoke again. "The future belongs to younger generations like you all. I believe you've been told by many to carry on the medical skills of your forefathers, but I'd like to tell you all to surpass and outshine them. Their legacies aren't meant only to be learned by you all; they're also meant to allow you to surpass your forefathers by standing on the shoulders of giants. The way of alternative medicine has its origin in our great country of Cathay, so please keep going higher and further along the way."

These words were instantly met with another round of thunderous applause. Such was the mind and perspective of a great pioneer of his time!

When the hall fell silent again, Rhett went on, "Whether you're one of the contestants or one of those who can't make it, my only hope is that when the baton is passed on to you all, you're already capable enough of shouldering the great responsibility of leading our generation to greater glory."

At this moment, the contestants in the waiting area were looking at the gray-haired figure on stage with longing eyes. This was not only the advice given to them by a great pioneer of his time but also the hope that he placed on younger generations. Despite an age gap of several decades between them, the old man's benevolent spirit as a doctor resonated deeply with everyone's soul.

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Chapter 2217 A Chance Encounter

Finally, Rhett concluded, "I'm getting garrulous in my old age. Alright then, I won't keep you all any longer. Good luck, young people! May all of you put on a good show in this competition. I now officially declare the commencement of this year's Holy Doctor Competition!"

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His words were immediately followed by countless fireworks that shot up into the sky outside the event arena.

The applause continued for a long time until Rhett's figure disappeared from view. At the same time, the arena erupted with the popping sounds of party poppers as confetti floated down through the air.

At this point, the judges of the competition also walked toward their respective seats.

From the gigantic four-sided display screen at the center of the arena, everyone saw Kenneth Schmidt, the Valley Master of the Shrewsdon Valley Sect, heading the group of judges with a solemn and gloomy face. Unlike Rhett, this man had the face of a judge and walked with a stern expression.

Naturally, the sight of this provoked a great deal of whispering among the hidden sect's disciples. "This Deputy Chief Judge seems quite reluctant to be here," Easton commented puzzledly while staring at the display screen.

Right after he said that, Roland replied next to him as if it were a matter of course, "That's of course. My grandpa enjoys solitude in the first place, so he's definitely reluctant to make such a public appearance at such a major event."

"Oh, I see... Wait a minute, isn't your grandpa the Valley Master of the Shrewsdon Valley Sect? How did he become the Deputy Chief Judge of the competition?" Needless to say, Easton's question was shared by many.

Finally, Rhett concluded, "I'm getting garrulous in my old age. Alright then, I won't keep you all any longer. Good luck, young people! May all of you put on a good show in this competition. I now officially declare the commencement of this year's Holy Doctor Competition!"

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Seeing the puzzled look on everyone's faces, Roland replied helplessly with a shrug, "My grandpa has always been an Elder Emeritus of Cathay's Union of Medical Practitioners. It's just that he doesn't go public about it."

"Wow, Roland, you're really something! With such strong backing, the first place in this competition is surely gonna be yours!"

Upon hearing this, Roland shook his head at once. "Why would you think that? If I dared to ask my grandpa to help me win such a major competition, I'd be out of my mind!" Recalling his grandfather's severe countenance, he couldn't help but shudder all over.

While the two were chatting, everyone around them began forming teams of their own. Consequently, by the time they realized what was happening, everyone else had finished grouping themselves into teams of three.

Roland was speechless. Would a human being do this? Are you guys even human? Well, luckily, I still have Easton to keep me company. At the thought of this, he raised his eyebrows. "Little Easton, let's make a team together and get another pair of hands to join us. I promise I'll lead us to win the single-elimination event!" he suggested before putting his arm around Easton's shoulders.

However, just when he was feeling pleased with himself, Easton stepped aside away from him. "Roland, you'd better take part in the draw instead. I've formed a team of my own."

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Rolond was speechless. Would a human being do this? Are you guys even human? Well, luckily, I still have Easton to keep me company. At the thought of this, he raised his eyebrows. "Little Easton, let's make a team together and get another pair of hands to join us. I promise I'll lead us to win the single-elimination event!" he suggested before putting his arm around Easton's shoulders.

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Seeing the puzzled look on everyone's faces, Roland replied helplessly with a shrug, "My grandpa has always been an Elder Emeritus of Cathay's Union of Medical Practitioners. It's just that he doesn't go public about it."

Saaing tha puzzlad look on avaryona's facas, Roland rapliad halplassly with a shrug, "My grandpa has always baan an Eldar Emaritus of Cathay's Union of Madical Practitionars. It's just that ha doasn't go public about it."

"Wow, Roland, you'ra raally somathing! With such strong backing, tha first placu in this compation is suraly gonna ba yours!"

Upon haaring this, Roland shook his haad at onca. "Why would you think that? If I darad to ask my grandpa to halp ma win such a major compation, I'd ba out of my mind!" Racalling his grandfathar's savara countananca, ha couldn't halp but shuddar all ovar.

Whila tha two wara chatting, avaryona around tham bagan forming taams of thair own. Consaquantly, by tha tima thay raalizad what was happaning, avaryona alsa had finishad grouping thamsalvas into taams of thraa.

Roland was spaachlass. Would a human baing do this? Ara you guys avan human? Wall, luckily, I still hava Easton to kaap ma company. At tha thought of this, ha raisad his ayabrows. "Littla Easton, lat's maka a taam togathar and gat anothar pair of hands to join us. I promisa I'll laad us to win tha singla-alimination avant!" ha suggastad bafora putting his arm around Easton's shouldars.

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Easton replied with a shrug, "When the emcee finished announcing the rules of the competition just now."

Roland was lost for words. Easton's reply came as a shock to him; only now did he realize he had made a buffoon of himself. I got so focused on chatting that I forgot the business at hand. Talk about being careless!

He looked around; those from the hidden sect had gathered together in groups of three. As might be expected, Matthew, the most competent contestant, teamed up with Lola and the little monk as they headed to the registration area.

Roland had no choice but to leave the waiting area to take part in the draw. After all, he had only an hour to form a team. If he got eliminated right away for failing to form a team in time, he would have only himself to blame for it.

Shortly after that, he arrived at the designated area, his number card in hand.

Two young ladies were already waiting. Seeing their sylphlike figures from behind, Roland instantly got a little excited. However, his eyes stared in astonishment when they turned around as he approached them. "Hey, weren't the two of you always following Matthew around like a pair of ass-kissers? Why'd you two take part in the Holy Doctor Competition as well? You two are interns? Oh, I got it. You two were trying to learn Matthew's medical skills in secret, huh? My grandpa's right indeed—that women are the most deceitful kind of people out here!"

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Chapter 2218 Argument

On their master's orders, Rose and Arianell took part in the competition together with a recommendation letter from the Damron Family.

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At first, they were supposed to split up into two teams with the others. Fabien, Glenn, and Felix would make a team, while they and Gregg would make another. However, somebody had to call the shots at Virtuoso Pharmaceuticals. Naturally, Gregg was left behind as a result, leaving the two of them to team up with someone assigned by lot.

However, they never expected to have Rolend, of all people, as their teammate. Moreover, they had been angered by Matthew earlier. Now that Rolend mocked them like that, their tempers rose even higher. "Who are you calling ass-kissers, you monkey from some rural mountain?!"

The two ladies were both stunners, for sure, but Rolend hated being called a monkey the most, so he was instantly offended by their provocation. Feeling a surge of anger, he stuck out his chest and threatened with a smug expression, "Yeah, I'm calling you two ass-kissers, so what? Call me a monkey again if you dare, and believe it or not, the Shrewsdon Valley Sect will cut off the supply of medicinal herbs to your place!"

The two ladies answered back, "Who cares? Come on, go ahead and try it!" They weren't the slightest bit intimidated by Rolend's threats. For one thing, he knew full well which forces they belonged to; and for another thing, the Isle of Snakes itself was abundant in medicinal herbs. Furthermore, the isle was on international waters and thus could directly import whatever and however much medicinal herb they wanted from other countries, which was why they weren't scared of the Shrewsdon Valley Sect at all.

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Roland's face screwed up with annoyance at their reply. My tried-and-true trump card has actually failed? No, I can't lose face in front of them! At the thought of this, he immediately retorted shamelessly, "Fine, I'm gonna leave you alone. The lots have been drawn, anyway, so our team is set in stone. You two may compete however you want, but I'm gonna skip the Pills Refining contest." In the Pills Refining Contest, the failure of a single team member to qualify would cause the entire team to be eliminated.

Rose and Arianell were also pigheaded, though. Even in the face of such threats, they continued squabbling with him. "As if we cared! Go ahead and skip it if you want to."

Huh? Roland didn't think they would be so stubborn. Am I shooting myself in the foot?

In reality, the primary purpose of him and other disciples of the hidden sect participating in the Holy Doctor Competition was to learn from and interact with other medical geniuses of the same age in order to improve their medical skills while broadening their experience at the same time. Hence, winning first place in the competition didn't really matter to them. That being said, it didn't mean that he didn't mind getting knocked out of the competition in the first round. If his grandfather were to learn about this, he would probably break his legs, and he would also get laughed at by his fellows at the sect when he returned.

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The same thing went for Rose and Arianell. They did get momentary pleasure from shooting their mouths off, but how were they going to explain themselves to their master if they really were to get eliminated in the first round of the competition? Recalling those disturbing punishments, they couldn't help but start trembling all over.

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Just when they were regretting it in silence, the assistant judge, who had been looking on the whole time, cleared his throat. "Are the three of you gonna take part or not? The competition will officially begin very soon. Just hurry and sign up for registration if you want to; if not, then I'll put it on record and report on this."

Urged by the assistant judge, the three of them panicked at once. "Yes, of course!" they replied in chorus, only to look at each other in dismay. Then, Roland looked away in disdain, saying, "Humph! I'm not gonna argue with women like you."

Rose and Arianell retorted defiantly, "Tsk, we're not gonna talk to a monkey."

After easing slightly at first, the atmosphere was full of gunpowder again. Still, despite their reluctance, they had to take part in the competition nonetheless. At the assistant judge's urging, they had no choice but to come to the registration area.

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Chapter 2219 Miserable Luck

As one of the top hospitals in the entire country of Cathay, Bainbridge Hospital was not only large in scale but also equipped with the crème de la crème of doctors. Even so, it appeared somewhat helpless in the face of the country's terrifyingly high population of more than two billion.

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Some patients with intractable diseases could only be treated slowly over many years. However, they often came down with new illnesses as soon as their previous maladies went away, so the number of these patients remained the same as at the beginning.

Therefore, taking advantage of this year's Holy Doctor Competition, these patients became the subjects for practical clinical treatment by the contestants. Of course, their illnesses were intractable, not incurable.

"I'll do it. I'm lucky when it comes to drawing lots," Roland said while rolling up his sleeve, ready to step forward to draw their corresponding number.

The patients were housed in Beinbridge Hospital's main building and four wings, respectively. The patients housed in the main building were the hardest to treat, followed by the patients in the four wings, who were equally difficult to treat.

However, just when Rolend raised his hand, Rose and Arienell stopped him, saying, "Let us do it instead. Ugly men are always unlucky."

Upon hearing this, Rolend bristled with anger once again. He was the most handsome disciple of the Shrewsdon Valley Sect, and so many ladies in the valley were secretly in love with him. Now that someone actually called him ugly, how could he possibly put up with it? "You two are the ugly ones here! You two look just like the corpse flower; not only are you unattractive, but you stink to high heaven! Your ugliness alone drags down the average beauty of all women!"

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The registration area was densely crowded in the first place, and Roland spoke in a loud voice. As a result, those around them instantly turned to look in their direction. However, when they saw Rose and Arianell's stunning looks and lithe figures, they couldn't help eyeing them a little longer. Needless to say, they took offense at what Roland said. Bro, are you blind? At the same time, of course, they were secretly impressed with him. With such a sharp tongue and such a blunt personality, this guy's gonna be single for life.

Naturally, the two ladies felt their tempers rise again at such humiliation. How dare you call us ugly?! In an instant, several venomous snakes quickly curled around their arms underneath their long sleeves. Just when they were about to lunge forward and tear Roland's mouth to pieces, a Martial League member in charge of maintaining order warned impassively, "Anyone who disrupts order in the competition will get thrown out, while those who hurt others will be killed without mercy."

As soon as he said that, Rose and Arianell were targeted by a few murderous intents, which didn't disappear until they retracted their snakes. At this moment, their heads were already covered in sweat, and they dared not act rashly anymore.

"Wow! You were trying to attack me? Did you ever think about what place this is—" mocked Roland. Just when he was about to continue mocking the two ladies, he suddenly noticed the few Martial League members turning to look at him unkindly. After scratching the back of his head, he had no choice but to bite back his words in embarrassment.

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Roland eagerly drew a number from the box, but his face darkened the instant he opened it to take a look. It read, 'Patient 303, the main building.' There's a one-in-five chance, yet I've selected a patient from the main building, who is among the hardest to treat?

Rose and Arianell had no choice but to roll their eyes in resignation at this outcome. Just as expected, ugly men are always unlucky.

On the other hand, the other contestants were gloating in secret over such an outcome. After all, the more patients from the main building got selected by their rivals, the lower the chances of them selecting one of these patients would be.

As for Matthew, he didn't have Lady Luck on his side either. At first, he and Lola thought the little monk was a pious follower who had walked all over the world practicing medicine and saving lives over the years. It went without saying that such a person's luck must be off the charts, so they unanimously decided to let the little monk take part in the draw. However, when they saw the words 'Patient 512, the main building,' they suddenly realized that the occult might not be so reliable sometimes.

The drawing of lots was still going on in perfect order. While some contestants were happy, some were wearing long faces.

The moment the bell rang for the competition, the team single-elimination event officially began.

Obviously, after such a turn of events, the two ladies were no longer in the mood for a fight, so they let Roland take part in the draw.

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Chapter 2220 The Bookies

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At this moment, the audience watching the live stream of the competition either remotely or on the huge screen slowly grew nervous, too.

This was largely because many of them had placed huge bets on these contestants. All the major bookies had made early preparations for this competition; moreover, to attract bets, the organizations behind some of these bookies even went so far as to gather information about the contestants.

The favorites to win the competition were all listed. They were Lole Crichton, the Goddess of Meteors; Roland Moore, the grandson of the head of the Shrewsdon Valley Sect; Zephyr Wilhelmium, the genius miracle doctor of the Wilhelmium Family; Feibien Blenc, the ruler of the Isle of Snekes; Derio Collezo from Emsgete's Herbalist Association; Kemileh Lugo, the top student of the Emsgete College; Matthew

Lerson, the South's representative; and a bunch of dark horses from the private sector. These people were the favorite bets, so it was only natural that more people were paying attention to them.

After arriving at their destination on camera, Matthew, Lola, and the little monk pushed the door open and entered the ward.

Inside the ward was Dr. Guzman, the attending physician in charge of receiving them. Upon seeing the trio, he rushed to greet them enthusiastically, saying, "Nice to meet you, holy doctors! I'm Dr. Guzman, the chief physician at the Neurology Department." After briefly shaking hands with the trio, he continued, "This patient has been paralyzed in both feet for—"

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However, before he could finish his sentence, the judge following the trio gave a short cough, signaling him to keep his mouth shut.

The next instant, a look of realization dawned on Dr. Guzman's face. "Sorry, I forgot the rules of the competition. Forgive me for talking too much. You guys may go ahead now; I have other patients to attend to," he said before leaving in a hurry. He appeared to be a kind-hearted doctor, but when he walked out of the room and into the empty hallway, a strange smile suddenly spread across his face.

He had been a pure chief physician who practiced medicine and saved lives, but the Damrons paid him more than enough to go against his conscience. Therefore, after the results of the drawing of numbers came out, he swapped Patient 512 of the main building for a terminally ill patient at Bainbridge Hospital who was most difficult to cure. "Sorry, guys. Just blame the Damrons for being generous if you want to," he muttered under his breath. After adjusting his glasses, he quickly left the place.

On the other hand, Matthew couldn't help but knit his brows the moment he saw the patient. He didn't even need to feel the patient's pulse; just a glance at the multiple patches of blackened skin on the patient's foot was all it took to know that this man had been paralyzed in his feet for years. It'll be a big problem if the nerves in his feet are dead. Of course, it's not helpful to think more about it. The key is still to examine the patient hands-on.

Having been reassured by the hospital's doctors in advance, the patient was very cooperative when Matthew and the two others examined him hands-on at this moment.

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After the examination, Lola was the first to elaborate on her diagnosis. "His lumbar spine's displaced, and so are the bones in his feet. They press on his nerves and blood vessels, causing insufficient blood flow to his lower limbs, which gradually become necrotic. The patient might've failed to receive treatment in time after suffering a violent impact before. This, coupled with prolonged physical exertion, leads to such results."

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As soon as she said that, the little monk beside her nodded in agreement. Then, his face took on a grave expression. "This is difficult to treat!"

At first, the patient was inwardly delighted at Lola's diagnosis. Just as she said, he had been hit by a cart about seven years ago. At the time, he felt physically fine, and the cart's owner paid him over 700 as compensation. Therefore, as a countryman who could barely make ends meet, he decided to simply take the money and forget it. However, by the end of the year, he started to feel swelling and pain in his lower back.

He thought this was merely because he had done too much physical work, but such pain spread to his legs the following year. Even so, he gritted his teeth and insisted on laboring for six months. By the time he got hospitalized for the pain, he had already lost the use of his legs and was confined to a wheelchair for the rest of his life.

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