

Read Novel I Am the Ruler of All chapter 231

I Am the Ruler of All chapter 231-“Alan Gershwin, professor,” Alan answered quickly. “We met back at the Altmed Forum.” Tristan was not that much older than he was, but he was far more respectable. Alan was just an ancient healing practitioner in a regular hospital, while Tristan was a revered tutor for PhD students. He was nothing before Tristan.

“Alan, huh? I think I remember you.” Tristan was still as arrogant as usual. “Is he your student?”

“Oh no.” Alan waved his hands quickly. “He’s not my student, no.”

Alan was sweating. He’s a god of ancient healing. I’d worship him if I could. Don’t call him my student. Do you want to kill me?

Seth took it the wrong way. He sneered, “Hear that, kid? Even your hospital’s doctor is cutting ties with you. You crossed my mentor. Nobody’s gonna help you now. You’re done for!”

Everyone else chimed in as well.

“Yeah. The professor has students all over Cleapolis. Any one of them is enough to give this guy a beating.”

“Well, yeah. The professor’s students are all successful doctors. I bet nobody’s a more successful teacher than the professor in this city.”

Tristan was pleased to hear the accolades. His hands were still behind his back, and he looked down at Kingsley. “Your vice president was just a drop in my class. Now do you know who I am?”

“Yeah! Just give up, man!” Seth pointed at Kingsley. “Now grovel and apologize, and the professor might just let you go. Refuse, and there’ll be no place for you in Cleapolis’ medical industry!”

A group of people came in just then.

“What’s all the hubbub? Why are you guys still in the lobby?”

Scott, Ronald, and Blake from the Cleapolis Society for Research in Traditional Medicine, the Foundation for Development of Traditional Medicine, and the Acupuncture Society respectively came inside.

The presidents of the Academic Committee of Traditional Medicine, the Clinical Research of Acupuncture, and the Fusion Medicine Research Association (FMRA) also came in with them. They gathered the night before just so they could find a way to get the God of Medicine to teach them something. They stayed at a nearby hotel and held a little meeting, so they showed up at the same time.

Everyone got serious after they came in. Even Tristan stopped holding his hands behind his back. He was starting to look a lot humbler too. He might have a lot of talented students, but these presidents had more followers. There were at least a few thousand students in their respective associations, and all of them were exceptionally talented as well.

More importantly, these giants of the medical field were also government officials too, while Tristan was just a college professor. For example, Scott and Ronald were members of the National People's Congress of Cleapolis as well.

"What are you guys doing, Professor Zinkleigh? The forum is starting in a few hours. Why are you guys still here?" Ronald frowned. He then glanced at Kingsley, but only for a moment. He did not realize Kingsley was the God of Medicine himself. Kingsley was not wearing a mask today, so nobody recognized him, including Scott.

"M-Mr. Duncan." Tristan explained stiffly, "Someone just beat my student up, and I'm demanding an explanation."

"Someone beat your student up?" Ronald was surprised. "And on the day of the forum?"

Tristan pointed at Kingsley and hissed, "That's him! Not only did he beat my student up, he also insulted me. Threatened me, even!"

Ronald was surprised, and he looked at Kingsley closely.

Kingsley shrugged. "Hey, Seth harassed Alice, so I had to teach him a lesson. And I didn't insult this Zinkleigh geezer. He's less than an insect to me, really."

Whoa. Ronald exchanged looks with his companions. He thought, Who is he? That was a bold statement.

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I Am the Ruler of All chapter 232-Seth noticed their looks of confusion, and he said, “He’s from Hill Crest. This is their first time joining the forum, and they’re already making a mess out of it. They must be punished!” He looked at Kingsley smugly, thinking that Kingsley could not do anything about this.

“H-Hill Crest?” Ronald and his companions froze. Wait. We sent the invites to them ourselves. It can’t be. Could he be the one? Ronald noticed Alice and Alan. He thought they looked familiar, and then he realized where he had seen them before. They were with the God of Medicine back at Joshua’s place! “G-G...” Ronald started to stammer. Words were not enough to describe how shocked he was.

Just like Ronald, his companions’ eyes widened. They too were in disbelief.

They knew Dr. Nicholson was young, but they did not expect him to be this young. He’s what? Twenty? Twenty-one? It was unbelievable that someone had mastered the art of ancient healing at that kind of age. Most master healers had worked for decades in the industry. Kingsley was the only outlier, but still, it proved that even the young could be a master. The juggernauts froze up. They stared at Kingsley, as if he was some sort of miracle.

The crowd was perplexed to see Ronald and his companions freeze up.

“What’s going on? Why are they so quiet all of a sudden?”

“They’re furious, I guess. Hill Crest is just some no-name hospital, and they just made a mess.”

Tristan snapped out of it and told Ronald, “I can handle this, Mr. Duncan. Don’t worry about it. I’ll make him—”

Ronald snapped out of it before he could finish, but he was still staring at Kingsley. His eyes gleamed, and he buzzed with excitement. “M-Might you be Dr. Nicholson?”

Tristan and everyone else were flabbergasted. “He’s what now?”

Lots of reporters tried to make a writeup of what happened last time, but Kingsley told Daniel to keep the news from making the rounds as he wanted to lay low. Not even a video or a photo of the occasion was leaked. Tristan and the other doctors were Western doctors, after all, so they did not really care about ancient healing. Of course they had no idea Kingsley had made a name for himself in Cleapolis.

Everyone was still waiting for an answer, but what came next only begged more questions. Ronald's companions suddenly leaped in joy.

"Oh my god! It's him! It's Dr. Nicholson!"

"Holy smokes! He's young!"

Blake was red with excitement. He pushed through the throng and knelt before Kingsley. "Dr. Nicholson, I wish to study under you. Please, take me under your wing."

Tristan, Seth, and the crowd were in disbelief. They could not believe what they just heard. The Acupuncture Society's president actually knelt down to him? And he wants the guy to be his mentor? Is this some sort of joke?

These doctors might not care about ancient healing, but they still knew that Blake was the pride and joy of the legendary Old Master Todd. They could not believe that Blake actually wanted to break off from Dr. Todd and learn from someone else, and right in front of them too.

Seth's mouth formed a comical O. It was like his world shattered. "A-Are you alright, Mr. Hemsworth? Is something wrong?"

Before he could go any further, Ronald knelt before Kingsley as well, and he said the same thing Blake did. "Please, take me under your wing, Dr. Nicholson!"

"W-What are you talking about, Mr. Duncan?"

The crowd froze up for a long while. Blake kneeling down was already crazy enough, and Ronald doing the same thing only made it crazier.

Everyone thought they were seeing things, but then Ronald's other companions knelt as well. Some of them were too old to move, but they still leaned against the people beside them as support and slid down. They gazed

at Kingsley with worship while requesting, "Please, take us under your wing, Dr. Nicholson! We'll be loyal to you for life!"

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I Am the Ruler of All chapter 233-These men really wanted Kingsley to mentor them. They knew Kingsley had mastered the long-lost Gorgion's technique. The technique could save someone who was an inch away from death and even change their fate. They might not be smart enough to master that, but if Kingsley was willing to be their mentor, he might just save them when they needed it most. Most of these juggernauts were at least sixty years old. They would love to live longer if they could. Mr. Ledger's legs were failing him, but if Kingsley would help him out, he might just regain most of his mobility. Everyone else had the same idea too. They would do anything just for Kingsley to grant them their request.

Kingsley looked at the men and massaged his forehead. "Why am I not surprised?" he muttered under his breath.

Tristan and Seth were stupefied, and so was everyone else. This was beyond their comprehension. Why did they kneel all of a sudden? And it's all of them too! These guys are supposed to be the pillars of Cleapolis' ancient healing industry. What are they doing?

"Mr. Duncan, Mr. Ragland..." Tristan's voice was trembling. "W-Why are you doing this?"

Scott shot him a dangerous glare and roared, "Keep your mouth shut, Professor Zinkleigh! One more insult and we'll make you pay!"

"That's right!" Blake was the angriest of them all. "You wanna insult Dr. Nicholson? Over my dead body!"

Tristan was at a loss for words. "I-I didn't insult him. H-He threw the first punch."

"So? What do you want? Punch him back?" Blake got up and approached Tristan. "Fine! Punch me then. Right in the face if you want!" He held Seth by the collar and closed in. "Come on! If you want to punch someone, punch me!"

Seth's legs were trembling. There's no way I can punch you! He looked to Tristan for help, but to his horror, Tristan was not looking too good either.

Blake was not just the president of Cleapolis Acupuncture Society, but he was also the pride and joy of Old Master Todd. Tristan's career would be destroyed if Old Master Todd came at him for letting Seth punch Blake. Qustia's medical world would do anything for him if he just said the word. Seth blanched, and he waved his hands. "I-I won't do that, Mr. Hemsworth. I-I can't..."

"Hmph!" Blake snorted and shoved him away before looking at Tristan. "And you! Still going to look down on Dr. Nicholson?"

"I..." Trisan felt humiliated. There were about thirty doctors in the lobby, and everyone had heard him threaten Kingsley. If he backed off now, he could never walk with his head held high in Cleapolis' medical industry ever again.

"No answer? Well, let Dr. Nicholson decide then." Blake looked at him coldly and went back to kneel before Kingsley. "What would you like to do, Dr. Nicholson? We'll do anything. Just say the word. The whole ancient healing industry supports you."

The whole industry supports him? The crowd erupted into a discussion. Wait, so that means Kingsley owns half of Cleapolis' medical industry now? The Western medical world was divided into a lot of branches, so they could never be as united as the ancient healing branch of the medical field. If the ancient healing industry came together as one and served a single leader, Kingsley would be the top doctor in Cleapolis. Everyone was now seeing Kingsley in a different light.

Kingsley did not answer Blake. Instead, he looked at the crowd coldly. "Hm, someone said the professor's students are the cream of the crop, if I recall. And what else did they say? Oh, yes, that he's the best teacher in Cleapolis?"

Everyone lowered their heads when Kingsley looked at them, and they kept quiet. The guy who said that out loud earlier cursed himself for his ignorance. All the juggernauts here want to be his students. Tristan is nothing compared to him. Yeah, his students are the cream of the crop, but these guys here are built different from the crop!

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I Am the Ruler of All chapter 234-Kingsley received no answer, and he smiled. He told the juggernauts, "Stand up, all of you. I'll consider your request."

The juggernauts buzzed with excitement and slowly got back up.

Seth finally broke down. He staggered backward and shook his head in disbelief. “I-Impossible! You’re just a public hospital doctor. There’s no way you have anything to teach these people. This must be a mistake. A big mistake!” He held Tristan and roared, “Say something, sir! You must have an idea how to deal with this!”

Tristan looked like he just saw the most disgusting thing on earth. He flung Seth’s hand away and gnashed his teeth. “What else can I do? I can’t go against the whole ancient healing industry, nor can I make an enemy out of Old Master Todd’s student.”

“But...” Seth refused to back down. “But he hit me! You can let it slide just like that! You’re my teacher and future father-in-law. You have to help me!”

Tristan looked a bit better after Seth called him his future father-in-law.

Just then, Kingsley snickered. “He’s your father-in-law? And I thought you were single. You almost tried to sleep with Alice!”

“Shut up! That’s a lie!” Seth felt a chill run down his spine. He stammered, “T-That’s a lie, sir. I didn’t do any of that.” Seth felt his legs buckle.

He only got this far mostly because of Tristan’s ugly daughter. Tristan was already getting on in age when she was born, so he spoiled her rotten. He was only willing to help Seth out in his career because Seth cared about his daughter, at least that was what he thought. Seth stared at Tristan in horror, his back drenched in sweat. If he finds out that I tried to sleep with someone else behind his fat daughter’s back, I’ll be done for! “I-I didn’t do that, sir. I swear I’m loyal to Jane. I would never cheat on her.”

Just then, someone from the crowd said, “Bullsh*t, Seth! You went to P!nkstar two days ago to hook up with a model. And you told me your girlfriend is a fat, ugly sow! You said you’d dump her after Professor Zinkleigh is dead and use his reputation to climb the ladder.” The guy who said that was the one who helped Seth earlier. He could see the change in the situation, so he exposed Seth’s doings just in case Kingsley came to confront him later.

“H-How could you say that about Jane?” Tristan knew the man. He was good friends with Seth, so there was no way he would lie. Tristan felt the world spin. Jane was his only daughter, and he raised Seth like his own so he would treat

his daughter well. However, he didn't expect Seth to be so evil and ungrateful. Tristan coughed violently, and his face was as white as a tombstone.

"T-That's a lie, sir!" Seth knelt before Tristan. He blanched, but he defended himself, "I-I have never said anything like that..."

Tristan kicked him away and snarled, "You ungrateful little b*stard!" He looked at Kingsley and bowed. "I'm sorry for lashing out for no reason, lad. I should have gotten to the bottom of this first. I'm sorry I didn't."

Kingsley waved his hand. "It's alright. You had nothing to do with this in the first place anyway."

"From now on, I'll just stay in school and be a teacher. I won't be joining any medical events anymore." He sighed. "This is going to be my last forum."

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I Am the Ruler of All chapter 235-Right after saying that, Tristan glared at Seth and stormed out of the resort.

"Sir!" Seth shouted in despair, but Tristan was long gone.

Everyone thought it was a little ironic seeing him so haggard.

"He was so confident a moment ago, but now..."

"The ki—Dr. Nicholson was right. This is the professor's last forum."

The crowd fell silent, and they gave Kingsley a look. They were both shocked and horrified. A doctor? More like a clairvoyant.

Seth plopped down to the ground, his face ashen. That's it. I'm done for. Tristan won't ever help me again. No. He might even sabotage me. My future... It's all gone. He looked up at Kingsley, his gaze dripping with venom. "You ruined my life, you f*cker! I don't care who you are, but I'll drag you down even if it's the last thing I do!"

"You?" Kingsley scoffed. "You don't have the power."

“Hah. Do you think I served that old git for nothing?” Seth got up. “I’ve mastered the aortic valve transplant. It’s the thing he’s been researching. I can claw my way up anytime with that alone.”

The crowd was surprised. If Seth actually knew how to do the transplant, he could work in any hospital he wanted, and with great benefits too. He might find it a bit hard without Tristan pulling the strings, but one successful surgery was all he needed to make a name for himself. Sooner or later, he would be famous.

Seth looked at Kingsley smugly. “I don’t give a rat’s arse who you are, a*shole. I’ll make it my life’s mission to bring you down. Once I make it in life, I’ll tear your life down!”

“You think you can still make it in life?” Kingsley sneered. He asked, “You touched Alice with your right hand, didn’t you?”

Seth froze, and he took two steps back. “What do you want? You wanna break my hand?”

Kingsley ignored him and asked Blake, “You got any needles on you?”

“No...” Blake shook his head regretfully and cursed himself. Darn it! That was a good chance to get closer to Dr. Nicholson, and I blew it.

Alice smiled and took out a small box of sewing supplies from the luggage. She handed it to Kingsley. “Will this work?”

“Um, I guess.” Kingsley was surprised, but he took the sewing supplies anyway.

“I was wondering why you packed two big luggage. Sewing supplies? You brought everything.”

Kingsley was nonchalant, while Seth was perplexed. “Heh, and I thought you were gonna come up with something amazing.” He looked at Kingsley’s needle and snorted. “What are you gonna do? Poke me?” He scoffed. “A needle can’t hurt me.”

The crowd started whispering among themselves. “What’s he doing? Is he gonna prick Seth or something?”

"I mean, the juggernauts worship him. He probably knows some acupuncture or something."

"Acupuncture? Is that a joke? I'm not saying anything, but acupuncture is scammy as heck. Only idiots fall for that."

"Keep it down! I don't want Mr. Hemsworth to hear that!"

Everyone was engaging in hushed discussions, while Seth crossed his arms. "You have one chance, a*shole. Either you kill me today, or I'll eventually make your life a living hell!"

At the same time he said that, a silver flash shot out from Kingsley's fingertip. It arced across the air, and all the crowd saw was a blur. They had no idea what just zipped past them.

Seth froze up for a moment, then he scoffed. "What the heck? Was that supposed to be a magic trick? Not impressed."

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I Am the Ruler of All chapter 236-Hearing that, Seth ducked his head. To his surprise, the needle was sticking out of the acupoint located around the center of his palm. Although two-thirds of the needle was inside of him, not a drop of blood could be seen.

In fact, he felt no pain at all.

"What the heck is this?!" He stared at his hand as he realized the needle was still moving. The realization made him uneasy, so he plucked out the needle and threw it on the ground. "Brat!" he roared, "When did you stick this in me?"

"Forget when I did it," Kingsley answered with a smirk. "Answer me first."

Before Seth could say anything, Kingsley continued, "That surgery you mentioned, is it a very precise operation in which great skill is required?"

"Of course!" Pride was written all over Seth's face. "This is considered microsurgery, so it requires a lot of skill and precision for it to succeed."

Then, as if realizing something was off about the question, he asked, "Why are you asking this?"

“Nothing much.” Kingsley shrugged. “I only wanted to know if a person with shaky hands could operate.”

“Are you even a doctor?” Seth burst out laughing.

“If you have shaky hands, you cannot even perform an appendectomy, let alone such highly technical operations...” He paused in the middle of his speech and looked down to find his right hand trembling slightly.

It was actually trembling at the same rate as the moving needle!

Furthermore...

No matter how hard he tried, he could not stop it!

“What... What is going on?”

Seth’s mind went blank as all thoughts escaped him.

He had always been so proud of his steady hands.

In fact, Tristan Zinkleigh even praised him for them, saying his hands were born to operate with them. They were a blessing from the gods!

However, they were currently trembling uncontrollably.

This meant his career as a surgeon was over!

“No! How can this be? My hand... Why can’t I stop my hand from shaking?” Seth held up his right hand and cried, “What did you do to me? Why is my right hand shaking?”

Everyone’s faces went pale when they saw his hand quivering.

“Is... Could this be the doing of that needle?”

“Whoa! That is just terrifying. He killed a doctor’s future in a snap!”

Everyone’s eyes were instantly filled with deep-seated fear as they turned to look at Kingsley.

Most of their jobs required them to be in the operating theater. Hence, no one wanted to make an enemy out of someone that powerful.

Anyway, even if they did not have to operate, no one wanted to be cursed with trembling hands for the rest of their lives.

It would be a fate worse than death!

When Blake and the others realized what had happened, they were equally shocked and excited about it.

Kingsley had proven once more how powerful he was.

They were now even more determined to be his disciples.

“My hand... Save me!”

Just as everyone was frozen with shock, Seth flung himself at Kingsley’s feet like a madman.

“Dr. Nicholson, please! I know how powerful you are now! I admit defeat! I truly do!” He howled as he held up his right hand.

“Please cure my hand! I am begging you! I do not want to be useless!”

Kingsley looked down his nose at Seth. “You should be thankful I did not slash your hand for touching Alice!”

There was absolutely no way he would cure Seth’s shaky hands.

“No...” Seth slumped over with despair. He began to bang his head on the floor. “Please! I beg you... Please save me!”

Kingsley frowned in disgust and said to Ronald, “The event is about to start, right? Have him thrown out!”

“Yes, sir!” Ronald hurriedly replied. “Security! Where are the guards?”

The security guards had been standing nearby this whole time. When they heard Ronald’s shouts, they immediately ran over.

“We heard everything just now,” they said. “We will throw him out right away! We promise to leave him somewhere far away!”

Two burly men swiftly moved to yank Seth’s limp body up from the ground.

By now, Seth had used up all his energy wailing and had no more strength left in him to struggle. Just like that, he was dragged out of the room by the security guards.

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I Am the Ruler of All chapter 237-Finally, peace returned to the hall. Kingsley picked up the two room cards from the receptionist's desk and turned to Alice.

"Let's go, Alice. Let us put our bags away in our rooms."

Blake stepped forward with a smile. "Let me help you with your bags, Dr. Nicholson."

"It's fine. Have someone inform me when the event is about to start." Kingsley glanced at the keys in his hand. "I am in room 603 while Alice is in 604."

"Yes, of course. Do not worry," Blake said, nodding in a fawning manner. "I will personally come and get you."

Kingsley nodded in response before leading Alice over to the elevators.

Wherever Alice went, the people parted for her.

They would not fool around.

After all, Kingsley just said that he destroyed Seth's future because he laid a hand on Alice.

Seth's tormented screams were still ringing in their ears. None of them were foolish enough to touch Alice.

When the two entered the elevator, everyone in the hall let out a sigh of relief before continuing with their business.

Just then, two men came running over, panting heavily.

"Are we late?" one of them said.

"I don't think so," said the other in between pants. "Everyone is still lining up."

As soon as they were done speaking, they bent over, trying to catch their breath.

Alan hurried over when he saw them. "Why are you so late?" he whispered.

The two men were Zayne and Beau.

Scott had provided Hill Crest Hospital with five entries for the event.

The doctors chosen were Kingsley, Alice, Alan, Zayne, and Beau.

Zayne was chosen because he was Jeffred's son.

In fact, Jeffred was on his knees begging Alice for permission to have Zayne attend the forum.

As for Beau, he was recommended by Zayne.

At Hill Crest Hospital, Zayne, Jude, and Beau were the best of friends.

As soon as Beau asked for it, Zayne begged Jeffred to get an invitation for him as well.

"We are not late, right?" Beau finally said, having recovered from his dash.

"Not really." Alan frowned. "Didn't I tell you to come earlier? Why are you almost late?"

"Oh, whatever," Zayne said, waving his hand impatiently. "We are not late, are we?"

He then looked around before unhappily asking, "Where are Kingsley and Alice? Are they not here yet?"

"They were here early. In fact, they are already in their rooms."

Hearing that, Zayne and Beau exchanged meaningful looks with each other.

The two of them were late because they had spent the night binge-drinking with two girls. That was why they woke up so late.

When they were drinking last night, Zayne had sworn that he would seize this chance to help Beau get his hands on Alice.

Beau had been so happy about it that he kept toasting Zayne. Soon, they were both drunk.

Zayne did not tell Beau his entire plan, though.

He had planned to use the Circle's power to force Kingsley to stay in this place forever!

After all, Kingsley was the reason Jeffred had given him a beating before grounding him for a few days.

Zayne had blamed it all on Kingsley.

Thus, he had a cruel scheme that would ensure Kingsley wound up dead this time, with his corpse hidden deep in the mountains.

If Beau knew what Zayne was planning, he would surely tell Zayne to come up with another plan.

He was there when Baron and a bunch of burly men waited by the hospital entrance for Kingsley.

That encounter told him just how much sway Kingsley had over the Circle.

Unfortunately, Zayne was so afraid of mishaps that he did not tell Beau about his plans.

Meanwhile, Beau was ignorant of the upcoming disaster heading his way.

He was still happily thinking about his future plans.

With his amazing skills at taming women, Alice would definitely be awed by his prowess as long as he had sex with her.

Not only could he have a pretty wife then, but he would also be Kingsley's brother-in-law!

That meant he could stomp on Kingsley as revenge for the humiliation he had suffered.

At that thought, Beau suppressed the eagerness brimming in him to casually ask, "Where are their rooms, Professor Gershwin?"

As Alan knew just what kind of lecherous thoughts Beau harbored in his mind, he replied, "Mr. Nicholson said he was staying in 603 while Dr. Kramer had room 604."

"I see."

Beau nodded as a lustful look flashed in his eyes.

Once Zayne lured Kingsley away that night, he would sneak into Alice's room and have his way with her!

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I Am the Ruler of All chapter 238-Everyone was soon settled into their rooms.

At ten in the morning, the 18th Cleapolis Medical Forum officially started.

There was not a lot planned for the morning.

As usual, after the host made the opening speech, they introduced the experts present and the topics that would be discussed in the next three days.

At half past eleven, they dispersed for their lunch buffet.

After taking a simple meal for herself, Alice said to Kingsley, "We have two hours for our lunch break. Let's explore the foot of Mount Crowler."

It just so happened that Kingsley was interested in exploring as well. Hence, the two of them departed toward the mountain.

Just as they arrived at the foot of the mountain, they saw several muscular men dressed in black suits walking over. The group of men had fierce looks on their faces.

"B-Boss?"

The man who spoke was Wendell, the right-hand man of Baron.

At the sight of Kingsley, the hostility in Wendell's expression melted away. "Why are you here, boss?"

"I was about to ask you that. Why are you here?" Kingsley wondered.
"Jadeland Heights has been booked out, right? How did you get in?"

"I know the security guard captain here. He let us in," Wendell answered with an awkward chuckle.

"We got a job here. Tonight, we are to kill someone in Mount Crowler, so we came to scout out the area."

"Who are you killing?" A look flashed in Kingsley's eyes.

"We don't know yet. The guy said he would be bringing the target into the mountains. We just need to kill him."

Wendell did not dare lie to Kingsley. "However, from the way he spoke, I think they would be having their way with Dr. Kramer after luring the target away..."

When Alice heard that, her face twisted with realization. "Dr. Kramer?"

Wendell glanced at her before saying, in an attempt at flattery, "You are... his wife?"

"She is my sister," Kingsley answered with a frown. "You can also call her Dr. Kramer."

Wendell was at a loss for words.

Suddenly, all the blood fled from his face.

It took a while before Wendell could stammer out, "D-Dr. Kramer? That brat wants your sister! That means the person he wants dead is..."

At that, he suddenly stopped speaking.

Seeing the icy look in Kingsley's eyes made Wendell's heart sink.

Why was he so cursed?

How could a simple job result in going up against this invincible man?

Afraid that Kingsley would be mad at him, he hurriedly explained,

“Boss, I did not know he wanted to kill you! If I had known, I would never have dared to accept the job!”

He quickly shuffled away. “We will go right now! Immediately!”

“Wait.”

Kingsley narrowed his eyes. “Since he’s going to kill me, I would never let him walk free so easily.”

“You mean to say...”

“Give him a taste of his own medicine.”

Ten minutes later.

The two men were done hashing out their plan.

With the new revelation, Alice was no longer in the mood for sightseeing. Hence, she and Kingsley went back to their rooms.

At half past one, everyone gathered in the largest conference room in Jadeland Heights for the first discussion of the event.

To everyone’s surprise, the first to speak was Director Wayne of Cleapolis’s Health Bureau.

Dylan walked up on stage and cleared his throat.

“Our first topic of the year is the treatment of comatose patients,” he said with a smile. “Which is more effective; modern medicine or traditional medicine?”

Everyone looked at each other. No one spoke.

For a moment, there was an awkward silence in the hall.

After a few long moments, Scott finally spoke up. “Director Wayne, I do not believe such a topic is officially listed for this year’s discussions. Moreover, there is no meaning in comparing traditional medicine with modern medicine!”

“I disagree with that view,” protested an old man in a suit.

“My specialty is researching prolonged disorders of consciousness caused by trauma to the brain, also known as the vegetative state.

I can tell you with utmost confidence that modern medicine is at an undeniable advantage when it comes to the treatment and care of such patients. Traditional medicine cannot compare!”

The doctor who spoke was Liam Clayton, a man in his sixties who was equally as renowned and experienced as Scott.

For most of his life, he worked in Mittera. It was only in the past years that he had been invited back to work in the local hospitals.

As someone who used to be a permanent resident of Mittera, he looked down on everything that came from the Empire of Qustia, including their traditional medicine skills.

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I Am the Ruler of All chapter 239-There was a slightly unpleasant look on Scott’s face as he let out a loud huff. However, he had no retort for Liam.

Although he did not want to admit it, he knew deep down that Liam was right. There was nothing he could say against that.

“Please do not be so eager to object,” Dylan said with a pacifying smile.

“This topic was certainly added in at the last minute, but it concerns all of you.”

“What do you mean by that, Director Wayne?” asked Scott.

Dylan smiled and stopped beating around the bush.

“Francis Stein, the Chairman of Ramada Corporation, has offered the Health Bureau a 14-Million-Dollar reward. They want the best method to wake up someone in a vegetative coma!”

A roar rippled through the room.

In an instant, it was as if an explosion had happened.

14 million!

That was an outrageous sum!

“Everyone, please calm down! Please!”

Dylan waved his hands in the air in a gesture of silence, but two whole minutes passed before the loud chatter of debate eventually quieted down.

“Silence, please! Let me finish!” Dylan called out.

“Chairman Stein offered the reward to the Health Bureau because he wanted everyone to have a chance at it!

No matter how big or small your organization or hospital is, the most talented person will win the prize money!”

Dylan swept his gaze across the room.

“As the sum is huge and Chairman Stein is a major player in the Cleapolis’ economy, I have to treat his money responsibly!

Hence, I plan to take great care of every step of the process. Our first step is to discuss which is more effective; modern or traditional medicine.

Next, we will seek out the best group of talents who operate in that field.”

Hearing that, most of the doctors whose specialties lay in other fields let out sighs of disappointment as envy painted their faces.

As for the neurologists and neurosurgeons, particularly Liam, they were all brimming with excitement.

In fact, Liam’s face was trembling with anticipation when he eventually spoke.

“In over forty years of my career, I have woken up two comatose patients! It is obvious that modern medicine is the most effective way!”

He then turned to Scott and tauntingly said, “Has anyone who studied traditional medicine ever achieved such results?”

“Well...” Scott hesitated. “Not yet, but that does not mean it won’t happen in the future!”

“In the future?” Liam sneered. “Don’t you feel ashamed to be saying that?”

Scott's face went bright red as emotions warred in him.

It was true that he did not have the nerve to be sure, but that did not mean he could allow the prize money to just slip out of his hands.

After all, that money could fund the entire traditional medicine research field and speed up its advancement by at least five years.

Just as he was hesitating, Ronald whispered to him.

"What are you worried about? Dr. Nicholson's Gorgion's technique could revive the dead! Curing a comatose patient is nothing!"

Hearing that, Scott slapped himself in the head. "That's right! How could I forget about him?"

He glanced at Kingsley, who was sitting in the back of the room, and he regained his confidence.

"Professor Clayton," he called back, "the two patients you cured are nothing! As long as it is a great doctor of our field, anything can be cured!"

As soon as he said that...

"Pfft!"

"Hah!"

People began to laugh.

The surgeons who looked down on traditional medicine had all burst out laughing upon hearing Scott's words.

Liam's reply was delivered in a mocking tone.

"You must be exaggerating. In fact, I am beginning to question if anyone among the traditional medicine practitioners has done anything. How could someone as ignorant as you be well-respected?"

"You!"

Scott glared hard at him as he shot up to his feet.

Seeing that, Alice, who had been sitting next to him in the back, sighed and said, “We have work now.”

As expected, he immediately saw Scott pointing at him.

“The most revered doctor in our field, Dr. Nicholson, is sitting right there! If he was asked to, it would be as easy as pie for him to awaken someone from their comatose state!”

There was another roar in the room.

Everyone looked in the direction he pointed.

“Who is the most revered doctor among the traditional medicine practitioners? Which is he?”

“I don’t know. I had never heard of him. Could it be Old Master Todd?”

Read Novel I Am the Ruler of All chapter 240

I Am the Ruler of All chapter 240-While everyone was in a discussion, they looked around in search of the Master of Traditional Medicine.

However, after searching for a long time, no one seemed to match that identity.

The young doctors sitting in the back row looked at each other because it felt like they were on tenterhooks after being judged by everyone else in the room.

Alice covered her mouth with her hand and whispered, “Kingsley... They’re looking for you...”

Kingsley smiled but did not speak.

Seeing that situation, Scott simply lifted his robe, strode toward Kingsley, and bowed at him respectfully, “Dr. Nicholson, please help us rectify the name of the traditional medicine community!”

Hearing that, Liam and everyone else was too stunned to speak.

Looking at Kingsley's excessively youthful face, everyone could not help but be surprised!

After a while, there was a burst of laughter in the conference room.

"Pfft, hahaha... Is there really no one else in the traditional medicine community? Do you have to appoint a young boy to be a master?"

"What kind of bulls*it is this? I think they are just a bunch of tricky idiots! Damn it! Hahaha!"

With a strange expression, Liam mocked, "Is... Is this kid the God of Medicine? You've got to be kidding me!"

Amid the ridicule of the crowd, Scott pleaded, "Please, Dr. Nicholson, take action!"

"That's enough." Kingsley stood up and declared, "Traditional medicine should flourish now. I shall take down the 100 million dollars for you guys!"

Scott looked ecstatic, immediately bowed, and respectfully invited Kingsley to come to the front row where the senior leaders sat.

Dylan Wayne, who was standing on the stage, did not look good as he uttered, "I understand that you want to get the 100 million dollar bounty, Mr. Ragland, but this matter is not a joke, and I hope you treat it seriously."

Before Scott could speak, Liam sneered, "Director Wayne, since the traditional medicine community has such high regard for the God of Medicine, let him try! We don't want them to slander us for not giving him a chance in the future!"

Judging by the man's words, he was obviously not taking Kingsley seriously at all!

Kingsley glanced at Liam with a proud look before uttering lightly, "This might be the most regrettable sentence you have ever said in your life."

"Hah. You have some guts, little brat!" Liam shook his head with gloomy eyes.

"I advise you not to behave so flamboyantly! Don't be fooled by old geezers like Scott!"

Hearing his words, Scott, Ronald, and the rest were infuriated. “What does that mean, Liam Clayton?”

“Exactly! How did we fool Dr. Nicholson?! You better explain it loud and clear!”

“I warn you not to wedge between us! We respect Dr. Nicholson! Why would we trick him?!”

While they were defending themselves, they secretly glanced at Kingsley’s expression, for fear that he would be unhappy because of it.

“Hehehe, do you really want me to explain?” Liam sneered.

“You’re not capable of handling heavy responsibilities but you are also afraid that if you hand over 100 million to us, modern doctors, it will cause an uproar within the traditional medicine community, so you appointed a junior to use as a shield to save your pride!”

After listening to Liam’s analysis, someone suddenly shouted, “I knew it! How could someone so young be the God of Medicine? He’s a scapegoat, I see!”

“So, that’s what it is! The traditional medicine community sure has many low lives! How could you do such a thing?!”

“I can’t believe a bunch of clowns who don’t even have any common sense in medicine are fooling the public and ignorant people! This is a great disappointment to the Empire of Qustia!”

After he listened to the crowd’s judgments, Scott’s face twisted. “Dr. Nicholson, we—”

As soon as he said a few words, Kingsley raised his hand and reassured him, “It’s fine. I understand. Today, I will rectify the name of traditional medicine! I will let these people know the strength of the inherited medical skills of Empire of Qustia!”

Scott, Blake, and the rest were excited to hear that.

“That’s right! These people have only studied abroad for a few years but have now forgotten the long tradition of our empire! We shall teach them something new today!”

“Exactly! If the traditional medicine community continues to maintain lowkey, I am afraid that children in the future will regard these traditions as garbage! The traditional medical skills of Empire of Qustia must not extinct!”

Seeing their excited appearances, Liam sneered disdainfully, “Traditional medicine of Empire of Qustia? Stop fooling yourselves! That’s just trash! It’s not even considered in the field of medicine! Only you old geezers insist on keeping them!”