

TECHNOLOGY 941

### **Chapter 941 - Academy of Atmospheric & Hertfilian Sciences**

Yusha followed behind Landon excitedly.

Hahahahahahaha!

His majesty was finally holding a class!

Before leaving Baymard, his majesty had already booked and scheduled class times for the semester.

Even though he got hired in August, that time was used to settle down properly.

Also, his majesty used that time to personally teach him, his disciples Ben and Gregg... as well as a few others, on the basics of atmospheric science.

Additionally, he gave them books to read, assignments to do and even taught them how to use the new equipment used to record weather, like thermometers, rain gauges and so on.

He even showed them a better version of their wind vanes too.

Now, most, if not all, public academies in Baymard started at the beginning of August and ended Mid-November, with exams held towards the end of November.

That was how all public academies were like.

Be it the Academy of Arts & Beauty, Academy of Culinary & Bartending, Law and so on... All of them had that schedule.

Which made many who came from far away grateful.

Why?

Because even though snow typically fell around the 17~30 of December... People still saw December as a snowy month and liked to begin their journey back home early.

For some, they just wanted to begin their vacation while the weather was still good... Even if that vacation was still in Baymard.

Plus, Christmas was on December 7th, so having school drag till then was so wrong.

It wasn't just public academies that followed this schedule, as even private ones did.

The terms public and private had different meanings here in Baymard.

Public academies here meant those for all empires, while Private ones like the Baymardian institute of science & Engineering, the police academy, Medical & Healthcare academy, etc... were just for the Baymardians.

That was how it was.

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Anyway, Yusha found his Academy to be weird.

Because unlike the rest that started in August, theirs began in September.

This first semester would last till November like other academies, giving them only 2 and a half months of study time.

Thankfully, this was just for this first year.

Just like the other academies, there would be Fall, Winter and Summer semesters.

But, students were required to do at least 2 semesters out of the 3.

One shouldn't think that the summer semester was lax because it wasn't.

It was jam-packed and full of courses, some of which were just respective courses.

In fact, in a year, almost all the courses were taught twice and spread across all 3 semesters.

This way, even if a student missed a particular course during fall due to late entry, it wouldn't be a problem.

For now, since this was the first semester, there were no prerequisites but what the Baymardians called Co-requisites.

Some courses required them to take math at the same time they took those courses.

Of course, from the next semester, the term <prerequisites> would come into play for those who already took math this semester for a course next semester.

Of course, Baymardian graduates didn't need to take basic math and other subjects.

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Many of the international students were amazed by it all.

There were so many fields to choose from, which left people in shock.

During orientation, many had learnt that only after a year would they be allowed to specialize in a field.

Who knew that atmospheric sciences had so many fields?

Apart from astrology and astronomy, which they were familiar with, they also saw different fields like Climatology, Meteorology, Hydrologist and so on.

Many took time to properly understand and decide which path they would eventually pick in future.

While others decided to put it off for later.

After all, they still had a year to decide since everything they learnt now would be general but essential information that would be the basis for all fields.

But, there was a big catch here.

For some professions, at the time being, only the Baymardians could do them.

Why?

Because they involved some overly sensitive topics that couldn't be exposed to the other empires yet... at least not until the entire world got unified.

Things like Weather Thermodynamics and so on, couldn't be taught to just anyone.

That's why these courses would be held on another campus just beside the first estate.

That's right!

They Landon spent his money to get the estate for them. There would also be books in the library that wouldn't be allowed to take out, just study there.

Landon adopted the same principle as that of the barracks and many other places.

There, the Caronians soldiers could go and study courses like ethics, hand combat, rock climbing and so on.

But they couldn't attend classes on guns, canons etc.

For the time being, the same principle applies here.

Nonetheless, the international students still had over 20 professions that they could pick.

So they weren't complaining.

After all, before this, they only had 2 professions to pick from.

But now, things were different, with everything giving them a broader spectrum of what weather was all about.

Either way, the academy was in full swing.

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On September 4th, they officially began orientation.

And on the 7th, Classes started.

Coincidentally, that was the day that Landon took off.

Anyway, many people had registered for Landon's courses, which began today.

He had 2 courses, 4 classes a week, both on theory and lab practices.

And now that he was back, it was time to begin lectures.

Many were very excited about his lectures, especially those registered for the class.

Some were older, in their 40's... While most were around 28~38.

Of course, there were a few graduates mixed in here and there who were very young... but seemed to have blended well with everyone over the course of time.

The most funniest were these middle-aged men who were chatting and acting like they were still teenagers.

Everyone somehow felt young ever since they came here.

They all felt 10 years younger as their passions ignited within them.

This was an entirely brand new world to them.

They kept looking at the door box anxiously and excitedly.

Was it true?

Was his majesty really here?

### **Chapter 942 - A Great Lecturer**

Within the auditorium, some stood by the door, staring at the hallway, to be on high alert when their lecturer came in.

Others just sat and stood in groups, discussing their assignments, fun theories and so on... While some were busy reading books from the First floor of the Academy library.

That was the only floor that allowed people to check out books.

With the other floors, one had to show their I.D's and be a Baymardian citizen. There were even security guards who checked those going in and those going out, including checking what was in their bags, pockets and so on.

It was as if they were going through a mini-port security check.

Anyway, some people just sat in silence reading their books, while others started doing their assignments.

But no matter what everyone did or spoke about, it all involved the weather.

These men were all dedicated people who had been working in their respective empires for years.

In this era where knowledge was money, people genuinely didn't play around.

They studied hard and fought to be the best for their family's income and so on.

Plus, because of how important their jobs were, their lives were always at stake.

If someone planned to have a war, and they predicted the weather or stars wrong, leading to the loss of their knights, then they might face the wrath of the noble that paid for their assistance.

Their lives and families were always at stake.

So an ignorant person in their profession who refused to study was undoubtedly seen as a fool and a madman.

Again, some assassin guilds and even some nobles often kidnapped them, forcing them to work full-time for their forces.

Their jobs weren't easy.

Nonetheless, even with all the danger surrounding their profession, they genuinely loved their jobs.

So now that they could acquire more knowledge, their excitement went off the roof.

How could they not?

These middle-aged men were so happy that they began fidgeting on their seats.

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"Are you sure you saw him?"

You know, at your age, you might've seen a tree from afar and called it a person."

"Screw you!"

What do you mean by that?"

I'm only 38 years old.

So are you trying to imply that I'm an old man just because you're 28 or something?"

"Alright. Alright.

Everyone. Let's not make the old man angry. He said he saw his majesty, so he probably did."

"Hmm.

I can't wait for the lecture to begin.

I heard from lecturer Bowin that it was his majesty himself who taught him a while back."

"I'll go! I heard that too.

It's also said that his majesty's brain is a rare one that can absorb and spit out information like nothing else."

"Of course it is! Who else could create such heavenly books in the library?"

Damn. After reading just a few pages, I almost shed tears in awe at how detailed and heaven-defying the books were.

There were even pictures in them that showed what some things were."

"God! Am I going to be okay attending the class of such a godly person who can make those books?"

"Ahh... Why didn't I wear my best outfit today? Do you think that this one makes me look unserious?"

(:\*0\*:)

Everyone spoke enthusiastically about today's lecture.

And soon, some students standing by one of the doors at the bottom of the large auditorium, hastily rushed towards their seats.

"Everyone, everyone!

His majesty is coming; his majesty is coming!"

Eh?

His majesty here?

In a flash, everyone took like seats, sat up straight and took big breaths to calm themselves down.

Now, they looked nothing like their former selves, as they sat in complete silence like good scholars.

Catchack!

Below the auditorium, one of the side doors opened, and their hearts skipped a beat.

Heavens! He was really here!

No, they had to act cool and composed.

(□^□)

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Landon stepped in, smiled and headed towards the lecturer podium and desk before him.

Of course, overseer Yusha tagged along too.

"Good morning, your majesty!"

"Good morning, everyone," Landon replied while gesturing for them to take their seats and relax.

He spent a few minutes putting on the speaker and microphone before bringing out his notebook from his bag.

He also took out his chalk and other teaching materials before smiling at the many faces looking at him.

"Everyone, Welcome to ATM S 106: Climate and Climate Change."

(\*\*\*ATM S, means Atmospheric Science.)

"Now, I know that for over a month now, all if you already have a general idea of what the atmosphere is like.

You all should've already been taking Hert 101, introducing the origin and evolution of Hertfilia and the solar system... as well as plate tectonics and rock cycles.

In that course, many of you should've already been given single energy balances and interactions between the sun's radiation and the atmosphere, land, oceans, ice masses and so on.

In short, the planet's layers, like its crusts and so on... Should've already been briefly explained through the course.

How can one predict the weather without knowing how the weather affects our planet?"

Everyone nodded their heads in agreement that they did take the course.

Landon looked at them and smiled.

"Again, you all should've also taken ATM S 100 on weather in general.

You should've been taught about the types of clouds, jet streams, highs, lows, thunderstorms, hail, acid rain, and so on.

But that's not all I expect from you.

So far, most, if not all of you, should've already registered for at least 5 courses for the semester, which would all be beneficial for today's lectures on Climate and its changes.

Oh, and just a reminder, since your general mid-term examination is next week, it won't be possible to have any mid-tests for this course."

No mid-term?

Many people smiled subconsciously.

Some had registered for 6 courses and even 7 this semester, some of which were only 1 or 2 credits.

Nonetheless, they were really swamped and felt stressed.

So with no midterm on this course, their hearts leaped in the air as they felt like they were floating on clouds.

Hey! This week had been rough on them, with some reading overnight.

They had never studied so much in their lives.

Each day, the library was filled with people who tried to absorb as much as they could.

No mid-term. Great!

Many leaned back on their seats merrily while thanking their lucky stars.

But since when have lecturers ever given their students a good time?

Why take so many courses if one can't handle it?

This would be a lesson for them going forward.

One should always cut their coats according to their sizes.

Landon looked at their expressions and chuckled.

"Even though there won't be any mid-term, it's a bit too early for some of you to smile because from now on, every 2 weeks, we will have a quiz.

Isn't that great?"

--Silence--

(:T^T:)

**Chapter 943 - First Lecture**

"From now on, every 2 weeks, we will have a quiz.

And your grades will be summed up and used as your midterm scores.

Isn't that great?"

(:T^T:)

Everyone smiled bitterly with invisible tears in their eyes.

Why did they feel like his majesty was too intentional?

Why give them hope only to crush it later on?

Those that took up to 7 courses for the semester were in pain.

They now regretted it.

Funny enough, on the last day for dropping courses, many of them didn't bother to do so as their pride got the best out of them.

No, it wasn't entirely pride.

It was just that back in their empires, they did a lot of things, running everywhere.

So many felt like they could handle whatever came their way.

Plus, many took in a lot of courses now, so that next semester, they should be somewhat free.

Looking at the printing curriculum given to them on orientation day, they knew how many courses they had to take each year.

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Additionally, they could tell which were co-requisites and prerequisites.

They had everything planned out.

Why?

Because they wanted to sign up for work-study next semester.

So they wanted a somewhat free school time for them.

One should know that at present, secretaries and some of the lecturers had already begun jotting and noting everything down from the weather record books brought in by everyone.

A single city or town could produce up to 3 lenders a month.

Why?

Because they wrote down every slight weather change that took place each 10 minutes

How the clouds & stars looked like, and even how the wind felt like through the primitive wind vane movements... everything was recorded.



Even landslides, scorching heat and so on were recorded based on particular unique stones etc.

Anyway, for this semester, the secretaries and lecturers did their best to extrapolate the data and note them down correctly.

And from next semester, after the students had basic knowledge of weather, then, they would begin charting, graphing and estimating certain things.

Of course, by the end of the semester, these secretaries might've only gone through at most 6 months from the past.

With every city and town in the various empires bringing records and books, they couldn't do more than that.

To make matters worse, every year had over 40 books.

The year 800, the year 900, the year 1010... all had over 40 book records.

Of course, the students only brought at most 6 months of records from a single year when they came to Baymard.

They randomly picked out a year and brought in 6 months of work for that period.

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Anyway, once the students have acquired more knowledge, they'll start graphing everything, noting the constant factors they saw, and so on.

Take for example, wind patterns.

Because of the Rotation of the world and certain factors, the wind directions typically always fell in the same estimated range.

Be it the prevailing winds from the northern hemisphere and so on... All these were essential for flying planes.

They needed to predict and extrapolate all they knew from each region to better understand the weather.

The academy even had its own hot air balloons to go up in the air for taking temperatures and running some tests while in the Academy.

And next semester... No! It was even earlier than next semester.

This December, the students would team up with the lectures and work nonstop out on the field.

And when the next semester began in January, they would work part-time, earn their salaries while studying.

So many felt like oiling more courses for this semester and keeping the next semester very open.

But who would've known that their plan would backfire?

There was just so much to do and so much to study for the upcoming midterms, as well as assignments.

So they felt momentarily overwhelmed.

And now, Landon was rubbing it in by giving them bi-weekly quizzes.

Wasn't this too much?

Of course, they only felt like this because of the midterms.

After that, they would eventually relax again.

But at this money, they felt like beating their former selves for taking so many credits.

Dammit!

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Landon wrote the class code and name on the board before facing everyone again.

[ATM A 106: Climate & Its changes]

"In this class, you will address me as Professor Landon or Prof. for short.

Now, before we talk about Climate, who can tell me what weather is?"

Instantly, several people raised their hands while others started flipping pages of some other books.

"Hmmm."

"Weather is the condition of the air or the atmosphere on our planet."

"Great answer. What's your name?"

"Benjamin Neto, Prof."

"Benjamin! Good answer!

"Weather is an atmospheric situation which occurs in a given moment in a specific place.

So when you look outside the window at your home, what's the weather like?

Is it cold, or is it hot? Is it rainy or snowy? Cloudy or windy?

All this is what we call observing the weather.

But, in contrast, how would you all describe Climate?"

Climate?

Many furrowed their brows deep in thought as they tried their best to remember what exactly climate was.

During one of their other courses called <ATM S 100: Weather>, it was briefly mentioned.

But no importance seemed to have been placed on it during the class.

Why was weather different from climate?

What made it so distinct?

They crossed their arms and searched their brains so hard. But couldn't come up with anything.

Of course, some came up with different theories and raised their hands.

"Before answering, everyone should first state their names."

"Pigoro Swain, Prof.

I think Climate is the study of clouds."

"Hmm... Good try. But no."

"James Tomer, here Prof. Climate is the study of ice masses."

"No."

"Temperature."

"Close, but no."

"Hurricanes"

"No."

"Rocks"

"No."

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Landon smiled at everyone's perplexed expression.

"Alright. All your attempts were clever but wrong.

Now, we've said that weather is the condition of air or atmosphere around our planet.

But the thing is, even though we only have one atmosphere around Hertfilia, the weather isn't the same all over the world.

There are many different factors that can change the atmosphere in particular regions.

And together, they determine what the weather is like from one place to the next.

These factors include temperature, wind speed & direction, humidity, and so much more.

But, when one is talking about the overall weather pattern from specific parts of the world, then you're talking about the area's climate.

Weather is the minute-to-minute changes in the atmosphere.

While Climate, on the other hand, is what the weather is like over a long period of time in a specific area.

The weather is constantly changing from rainy, sunny, cloudy and so on.

But Climate is different.

Im short, while the weather can change in a few hours, a region's climate takes hundreds and thousands of years to change or shift even by an inch.

On this day around the year 800, it was probably sunny with a few cold winds.

And on this day around the year 900, the weather was probably the same.

That climate.

Factors like altitude, sea currents, landscapes and so on, influence the element like temperatures, precipitation and so on... Which in turn make the climate from each region carry from one place to another.

And that... is what we need to track, determining a weather pattern for each region.

We need to determine the range of days when snow would fall in each region or when the rain would start falling, and so on.

Here in Baymard, snow started around 17~30 of December.

That was its range.

It always fell in that range.

Every area has its own unique weather pattern that has stayed constant for thousands and thousands of years, only moving ever so slightly.

And in a sense, that's what climate is.

So, do you all understand the difference between weather and climate now?"

~Ohhhhh.

Everyone opened their mouths in understanding while nodding excitedly.

Yes, they did.

They now knew the difference between the two.

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And so Landon began his first lecture for the semester.

But while some were filled with excitement, not too far away, others were filled with panic instead.

Dammit!

How could this happen?

**Chapter 944 - No! I don't accept!**

Not far away, a middle-aged lady was currently pacing around the room nonstop.

Dammit! Dammit! Dammit!

Bam.

"Mistress, your hand."

"You shut up for me!" Yelled the furious women.

Blood surfaced on her knuckles as she continued punching in fury.

Bam. Bam. Bam. Bam. Bam. Bam.

She punched the hardened walls as a means to let out her frustration and fear.

Because right now, she truly felt like killing someone

She licked her dry lips and ran her hand through her hair in frustration as she thought about her dilemma.

It's been days now.

So why haven't they had word from the assassins?

What was this situation?

Eliza's eyes burned with rage when she thought of the only possibility at the moment.

Didn't those bastards assure her that they could complete the job?

So why hadn't they rescued her son yet?

"Soliar! Kneel!"

The tall, burly man knelt before Eliza.

Pah. Pah. Pah.

The crisp sounds of heavy slaps echoed throughout the quiet room.

Eliza slapped him as hard as she could, leaving reddish handprints on his face.

"Soliar! Do you know your crime?"

"Yes, mistress."

"Heh. It's good that you do.

After all, you're the one who chose those incompetent assassins for the job.

Out of all the assassin guilds out there, why did you choose a useless one like the Venomous Butterfly guild?

Are you trying to sabotage our plans?!!!"

Pah.

Soliar's face tilted to the side after the last slap as the muscles on his face clenched.

A cold light flashed through his eyes in that brief moment but vanished in a blink of an eye.

Eliza didn't notice it, as she was fully absorbed in her rage.

Honestly, why was it so difficult for people to just do their jobs now?

This wasn't what she had planned for.

Everything was going all wrong!!

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"You worthless moron!"

Pah.

"Why do I even keep you by my side if you can't even do such a simple job?"

Pah.

"Without me, you're nothing!"

Pah. Pah. Pah. Pah. Pah. Pah.

Eliza vented her anger on Soliar, who had been her most trusted guard and confidant for the past 20 years.

And when she was one, she took a deep breath, slowly walked towards the dining table, took her seat, and continued eating her lunch.

"Get up!"

"Thank you, mistress," Solar replied before standing up and waiting patiently.

Eliza ate while looking outside the window from time to time, still filled with rage.

Soliar waited for her to finish before telling forward.

"What?!!!"

"Mistress, I would advise that we leave as soon as possible.

It's been 5 days already, and we haven't received word from them yet."

Eliza sneered at scoffs at Soliar in disdain.

Everything still reminded her that it was all this idiot's fault.

"As death assassins, shouldn't they kill themselves when caught?

Are you afraid that they were too scared to do so and would eventually confess?

Heh.

If that's the case, then you can see why I say that you're a fool!

Just look at the type of assassins you picked?"

Eliza grumbled and was still very pissed off about the whole ordeal.

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The muscles around Soliar's eyes began to twitch as he calmly accepted all insults thrown at him.

"Yes, mistress, it's all due to my negligence.

And I apologize for that and would humbly take any punishments for my failure later on.

But now, we have to go mistress, or else we could end up like the assassins.

If any of them survived and were weak enough to confess, then these Baymardians would storm in here and take us away."

Eliza clenched her fists unwillingly: "You want me to leave without so much as seeing my son?"

Eliza didn't want to.

She had travelled for months just to get here.

But when she first arrived, Connor refused to see her and would only see the assassins.

She agreed because she felt like it didn't matter since her son would get rescued soon.

But now, not only had he not been rescued, but the incompetent assassins had probably been killed or captured.

So how could she be willing?

What mother would be okay leaving her son again?

Eliza's fears spiked within her as her body went cold with dread.

She hadn't seen her son eye-to-eye.

So even though the assassins said he wasn't missing any body part, things might not be as they seemed.

Bottom line, unless she saw him with her own eyes, she would always have doubts and fears about the matter.

Who wouldn't?

Over the last few days, she has had constant nightmares, rendering her sleepless and stressed.

How could she be willing to leave her son behind again?

The colour drained from her face as she started down her plate, lost in thought.

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Seeing that she wasn't talking, Soliar decided to push the matter even further.

They really didn't have much time left.

These Baymardians could storm in any moment from now.

Their stay in here was like a sinking ship, waiting to be engulfed by the seas.

Starting on the ship would undoubtedly let them sink deep into the water.

But jumping on another ship or staying a lot on nearby planks was clearly the better option here.

"Mistress! By leaving now, you will have a better chance at saving the young master than staying here in sorrow.

We did fail this time, but now, we know what to expect, and we at least know a lot more information from investigations these last few days.

So, we can better plan and prepare for another rescue attempt once we get back and reorganize ourselves.

Mistress, our only shot at saving the Prince is to retreat now and come back later!!"

Eliza snapped out of her stupor after listening to her aide.

Soliar was right!

Even though they messed up this time, they could still head back to the Capital and gather more people based on what they now knew.

As for the Venomous Butterfly Guild, they wouldn't be paying them again.

Prior to the deal, they paid half the amount agreed on.

And they were supposed to pay the rest after the job was completed.

But now look at it?

Her son hasn't been rescued yet!

So there was no need to give them any more money.

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"Soliar!"

"Yes, mistress."

"Gather up all the men and tell them to back their things fast.

We leave now!"

"As you wish, mistress."

With that, Soliar was off.



Eliza walked towards the balcony and looked down at Baymard coldly.

Soon, she would make them pay!

Thinking about the chaos she would bring, Eliza couldn't help but let out a cruel smile.

And wouldn't you know it, she wasn't the only one smiling like this.

Another storm was brewing yet again.

### **Chapter 945 - The Brotherhood!**

--Profus City, The Empire of Arcadina--

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It was the beginning of Autumn, and the sun was still as brilliant as a bright lantern, casting hues of vivid glows on those beneath it.

The gently cold winds gave a short contract to the sun's warmth, as it ensured that many already wore sweaters or autumn jackets while going about their day.

The city was bustling and loud, with people on the streets moving back and forth nonstop.

Their footsteps were uneven and chaotic, and their voices were loud as well.

"15% Off! 15% Off!

Buy your Baymardian mirrors for 15% off!"

"We have Winter coats here for 10% off!

Buy your winter coats now before they return to their original prices later."

"You're looking for watches?

Say no more!

This right here is the latest set of watches that just arrived this week."

"Yes! We have what you're looking for, madam.

NiceNovel.com

We have the Queen-sized mattresses here!"

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The whole place was busy, as the city itself had transformed quite a bit over time.

A chubby, well-rounded man stood on his balcony, listening to the yells and exclamations of those within the market square.

His estate was nowhere near the Market Square, but the boisterous noise from the square could be heard right from his balcony.

Of course, he couldn't hear their conversations.

All he could hear were high pitches from far away.

He had been out of Profus city for just 8 months, now that he was back, he almost didn't recognize the place.

What the hell was going on?

What he hated the most was change... In other words, power shifts.

Baron Cain held his balcony railings coldly.

He blamed Alec Barn for everything!

One had to know that on Alec's journey to Baymard, he stopped here.

Now, Profus City was 2 months away from Baymard and 2 months and a few days away from the Capital city on horseback.

It was the midpoint between the two destinations.

In fact, Profus city was seen as one of the first cities one would reach, indicating that they had just left the central regions and entered the western regions of Arcadina.

Of course, if one used another route, maybe to the North-Western parts and so on... They would find another city that marked entry into the western regions.

So there were other cities lined up around the perimeters of the Western Region that indicated that one had just left the Central, North or South regions of Arcadina.

Some left the South to go to the West, and some let the North.

All in all, many cities and towns had been marked as the entry points into the western territories.

And Profus city was one of those cities.

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Anyway, Alec had literally stopped by, seized his men, took some of his weapons and gold and headed out.

Now, because of the threat that Alec left, he knew that once the bastard returned, he would be killed.

So Cain fled all that time and hid in the home of one of his lackeys, 2 cities away from the Capital city.

If Alec wanted to find him, the last place he would think of was anywhere near the Capital.

So he wasn't worried about being found out yet.

That said, he stayed there and was shocked when he got news of Alec's execution.

But the thing that didn't make sense was the timing it all.

There was no way that Alec would've been able to travel from Baynard to the Capital city that fast, unless he could magically appear and disappear.

In the end, he finally believed that the person he saw back then wasn't Alec... but Alec's stand-in.

Dammit!

To think that a mere stand-in had oppressed him.

The bastard, Alec Barn, had never left the Capital at all!

He had confirmed this again and was very sure of his results.

So after making sure that he was alive, he finally took 1 month, 3 weeks and 2 days to get back here.

But now, the power has shifted.

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At present, even though he borrowed knights from his lackeys, it still wasn't enough.

Why?

Because the brat that he didn't put in his eyes, had used this time to change things.

Heh.

That brat inherited the title of City lord after his father died 6 years ago.

But all this time, Cain had been suppressing him within the city.

But who would've known that the best had just been buying his time, waiting for the right opportunity?

That's right!

The 20-something-year-old brat used this time to bring his forces into the city, gain supporters, even went as far as befriending those within the neighbouring towns and cities that Baron Cain had also suppressed during his tyranny

F\*\*\*!

It was as if the death of Alec had made everything go wrong!

Since then, nothing had been going his way.

On his way back to Profus city, he found that one of his secret hideouts didn't seem to be so secret anymore.

Judging by the amount of blood and destruction, Cain was sure that his men were either dead or had fled.

Who could have caused this?

What he didn't know was that months before he arrived at the hideout... out of boredom, his men tried to rob Death and his entourage when they were heading to the Capital to help William clean things up.

And the results were as such.

Death played with them in their own territory, making the regret ever stopping him.

But, all this was still a mystery to Cain.

Now, he had just one more hideout far in the East.

Damn. It would take at least 7 months for his secret letter to reach them and another 7 for them to get here.

One shouldn't also forget the time it would take for them to prepare and set out.

So was he going to wait for a year more to begin his plans?

No! He couldn't.

The more he waited, the stronger his enemies.

He had waited almost all his life to separate the western regions from the rest of Arcadina and turn it into an independent empire.

And now that Alec was dead, how could he miss such an opportunity?

If he didn't act fast, things would get even more out of hand.

All the people he oppressed were teaming up and lurking around him in the shadows.

So the moment they confirmed that he didn't have as much power as they thought he did, then they would act!

Sh\*\*!

He was in trouble.

Countless thoughts flashed through his head as he struggled to come up with a solution for the matter.

And soon, his eyes lit up.

He had been putting off the invitation he received because accepting it would be too risky.

But now, it seemed like he had no other choice.

It was time to join the 'Brotherhood.'

### **Chapter 946 - Strange Scenario**

Cain clenched his fist and bowed his head slightly as if firming his decision even more.

There was no other way. He would have to join the 'Supreme Brotherhood' as a lackey.

It may seem resulting, but he honestly had no way out now.

One should know that even Alec had joined the Morg Brotherhood decades ago.

It was solely because of them that Alec could control the entire empire within a short period of time.

Of course, Alec joined as a member.

But for him, he had been sent an innovation a while back, asking him to join as a lackey.

That's right.

They didn't think he was qualified to be a member.

But what exactly was this Supreme Brotherhood?

To put it simply, it was an organization formed chiefly by the Monarchs and powerful men within Morgany.

Of course, they also invited people from Veinitta, and occasionally, Pyno.

But, except for the monarchs and a few powerful men, most people from the Pyno continent were invited to be lackeys.

Nonetheless, even as lackeys, the protection they got was still incredible!

That was just what he needed if he wanted to take over the entire Western region in a short time.

And after he established it as a new empire, maybe his status would change from Lackey to member.

Baron Cain's eyes burned excitedly as he darted his eyes through the invitation.

He truly regretted not accepting it earlier on.

Luckily, the time given to him for accordance or denial was still On.

He received this invitation last year around this time.

He was told that sometime this upcoming November, someone would visit Arcadina and would be staying within one of the towns within the central part, just 4 cities and a few towns and villages away from him.

This could be his chance!

If he could get there in November and give his reply, then he might be able to make use of that person to clean out Profus city.

In this way, he would make those watching him from the shadows scared off, buying him and time to continue with his plans.

Yes.

He would use that person to take control of Profus city once again.

And once the person went back and gave his request, it wouldn't be long before he got reinforcements to assist him.

Cain smiled broadly and left his balcony.

With Alec dead, it was his time to shine.

And so, just like that, William of Arcadina had his hands full yet again.

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Time flowed quickly, leaving some in glee while others felt a deep sense of pain instead

In a blink of an eye, 2 weeks had already gone by.

And Back in Baymard, Landon was still as busy as a bee.

A new case had turned up within the hospital that many had never treated before.

What sort of situation was this?

Many were utterly baffled and didn't know what to do.

They didn't want to misdiagnose the patient or worsen the illness.

So per usual, in cases like this, they contacted Landon first.

After all, he was the father of medicine in their eyes.

Bam!

An office door was opened, and out came Landon, all suited up in his doctor's coat.

And beside him were several doctors who followed very closely.

"Patient's name is Andrew McLouth. An overweight 43 years old Noble with 2 wives and 5 children.

He was on his way to Baymard via Arcadina when he suddenly felt excruciating pain after visiting Melbo City.

Patient said one day, he woke up from sleep feeling like his big toe was on fire.

And even the weight of his blanket felt painful over his toe.

Patient says after the attack, he rolled in constant trauma for the next 10 hours.

During that time, the patient felt very worn out and also had a high fever.

And after that, the pain seemed to lessen a bit but continued for 8 days.

As of now, the patient says the pain comes and goes on its own."

"Hmmm. Patient described the pain as having his bones within his toes permanently broken while thousands of bees attack it nonstop.

Patient also says that while the pain continued, his big toe also swelled up too."

"Due to the swelling, the Patient says that he can't wear any shoes on that particular leg, as the pain seemed too antagonizing."

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As they walked, Landon listened and nodded to all the doctors who were giving info about the situation:  
"How would you describe the swell?"

"I'd say overly swollen as compared to the typical swells we see. Very tender and red."

"We also spotted a few tiny white deposits formed around the swells."

"Hmmm... And where exactly is the swell on the big toe?"

"It falls on the lower part of the patient's big toe., specifically on the joints between the metatarsal bones of the foot and the Proximal bones of the toe."

Landon fell deep in thought while listening.

No doubt about it, the joints there were swollen.

"Any other joints swollen or affected since the patient's attack?"

"Yes, Doctor Landon.

The patient said that after his big toe swelled up, his ankles, knees, wrists and elbows swelled up too.

From what I've seen, the swells aren't as big as that from his big toe.

Nonetheless, they were still overly swelled when compared to regular swells.

If I may be so bold, they look like someone had taken irregular-shaped stones and taped them over these body parts, making them look exaggeratedly out of the ordinary.

They look extremely painful." Doctor Milla added, and everyone else nodded too.

Indeed, it looked excruciating.

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As they walked through the busy hallways all wearing white coats, Landon looked at his watch and seeded up a bit.

"Any allergies?"

"None with food. But allergic to cat fur."

"Any medications given?"

"Only Ibuprofen. To decrease the pain and swelling."

"Good call."

Everyone actively sighed from relief when they heard Landon's praise.

Luckily, they made the right call.

But they were far from happy. Something else had been troubling them this entire time.

"Doctor Landon, surprisingly, the patient doesn't want us to treat the illness.

He only wants us to take the pain away."

Eh?

Landon froze in disbelief.

He didn't want permanent treatment?

WHY?

### **Chapter 947 - Bizarre Trend**

Landon froze for a bit in shock before preparing his mental state.

It looks like he was about to meet a very difficult patient.

With that, all 6 doctors, including Landon... walked into the patient's room and were immediately met with screams.

"You fools! I want meat, not vegetables!

Go get me some now!!!!"

Pap.

A pillow flew towards one of the women in the room, but Landon caught it swiftly.

"Mr. Andrew, even though you're a patient, we do not tolerate hitting or throwing objects at others.

Please behave yourself!"

The round-faced cruddy man curled his plumped lips in disdain and pain at Landon.

"And who are you?

What business is it to you?

Can't you see that I'm disciplining my wife?

Ahhhh.... Dammit! It still hurts like hell!

Where are your stupid doctors?!!!"

Landon squinted his eyes while keenly scrutinizing the overweight man before him.

In this era, it was actually very rare to find someone as overweight as he was.

Landon had a hunch but chose to personally look at the symptoms displayed before giving his final thoughts.

"Excuse me, but could you all wait outside and give us space?

Nurse Julia, please take them to the waiting lounge on the other side of the floor.

Don't worry. When we are through, we will send for you both."



The women, who now looked very haggard but nodded while trying to hide their happiness.

Serving such a person day and night wasn't easy.

They were so worn out that they genuinely needed a good night's rest.

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Their family was initially on a trip to enjoy and experience the wonders of Baymard.

But who would've known that just when they were close to arriving at their destination, some strange illness would befall their husband?

As for their children, they left them at the hotel to do their own thing and enjoy themselves while they stayed and took care of Andrew.

Secretly, they wished that these Doctors would keep him in the hospital, moving them free back in the hotel.

Because before this, even though their husband had always been temperamental, it wasn't this bad.

This was a whole new level.

Maybe it was the pain that made him like this, which in turn drove them to insanity.

They were fed up and tired.

It's been 3 days since they had carried out several tests.

And just as planned, they were here again to find out if they could remove the pain altogether.

Even they found it strange.

Why did their husband not want to cure himself completely but only take away the pain?

Additionally, his body was becoming a little bit disgusting because white pus would ooze out from time to time from the tiny white dots around his swells.

What if that white liquid could spread something to them?

They secretly wanted the whole thing to go away.

But their husband seemed to want otherwise.

Was there something he knew that he wasn't telling them?

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With the women gone, Landon looked at the X-ray again before placing the folder away and facing Andrew, who was constantly screaming and biting his lip in pain.

"Mr. Andrew, you requested that we only take the pain away.

Why?"

Andrew, who was in pain, let out a stream of air and forced himself to smirk arrogantly.

"Heh. Isn't the reason obvious?"

Oh, I forgot. People like you would never know.

Only people like me who have seen the world would know why."

" "

Landon looked at him and felt it funny.

Even though the guy was in so much pain, he was still able to belittle him, as if he was better than him.

This guy's ego was the size of the moon!

But, since he was now a doctor, he could only keep calm and allow this guy to lash out through the pain.

And his silence seemed to give Andrew even more confidence.

"You know. I used to be like you all, very ignorant about the things of the world.

But after visiting Morgany 4 years ago, I saw a new trend that only the rich can afford.

No... even some of the rich weren't qualified to enjoy the trend.

I'm serious! Even the Monarchs there had tried to get chosen but had failed.

So only a handful had been successful."

Everyone looked at Andrew in confusion.

What does that have to do with his illness?"

"You fools still don't understand?"

Ugh! It's like teaching a baby with you all.

Look! Over the years, I had tried to be chosen. But always ended up failing.

Now, a miracle has occurred, and I have been chosen.

So how can I give it up?"

It's said that when a man's legs are weakened by the swells, his genital parts are fuller, better nourished and more vigorous!

You may not know it, but the trend is very widespread in Morgany because it was rare for one to be chosen... And because it gave a man power below.

Additionally, all those chosen were all rich!

So any woman who saw a man with the trend instantly knew he was rich.

In fact, some women swore to only be with these sorts of men.

Having the trend opened doors for one, and one could even get invitations to some powerful associations in Morgany.

So now, do you see how stupid your question was?"

O\_O

Landon almost fell from disbelief.

He had heard that people of this time made stupid mistakes because there was no sound medical science.

But this was ridiculous!

And people actually believed this?

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After talking, examining and letting Andrew lash out at him, Landon left Andrew to one of the nurses and briefly stepped out with the doctors, who were now more confused than ever.

Of course, they didn't believe that trend-thing to be true since they were now learned and even saw some issues from the X-ray.

"Doctor Landon, at first, we thought the Patient might be facing some sort of inflammatory Arthritis disease, like rheumatoid arthritis or psoriatic arthritis.

But the white hard crystal deposits around the swells show otherwise.

These white chalky crystals also oozed white liquids out when we examined it further."

"Additionally, in this case... the swelling of the big toe seemed to have triggered the swelling of other regions on the body, which was too bizarre."

Everyone felt perplexed.

What exactly was plaguing this Man?

### **Chapter 948 - Andrew's Condition**

Everyone thought deeply but still felt perplexed.

What exactly was plaguing this Man?

Looking at Landon's mysterious smile, they knew that he must've already figured it out.

And they were right.

All the signs and symptoms described and seen were precisely the same as those he personally witnessed back on earth.

Of course, to be absolutely sure, he still had to buy off information and treatment procedures from the system.

"Everyone, what Mr. Andrew is facing, is something called Gout... Or as some would call it, Gout Arthritis.

So earlier on, your guests weren't far from the truth.

It is indeed a certain type of inflammatory arthritis.

It's all new to you all because you've never seen or heard of anything like this.

And that could also be credited to the lifestyle of those here."

Hm?

The doctors all looked at Landon in confusion.

"So the disease chose its victims based on their lifestyles?"

Landon nodded while taking out his pen and drawing everyone to gather around him.

"Lifestyle is just one of the reasons.

In short, Gout is caused by the continuous elevated levels of Uric Acid in the blood.

All of you are familiar with Uric Acid and its dangers.

To start, lifestyle accounted for 12% of gout, Medical conditions contributed to 70%, and genetics contributed to the rest.

When looking at Medical conditions, right off the bat, from the test results and body mass index, Mr. Andrew is very much obsessed.

He particularly has abdominal obesity, which is when excessive abdominal fat around the stomach and abdomen gets built up to the point where it can brutally affect his life.

He currently had trouble walking, running and doing other things.

From his report, he never excesses, hasn't held a sword since he was 13, lives an extraordinary life of only eating.

Which is rare because even the wealthiest of nobles still train and fight every day to maintain power.

So in a way, exercising and getting rid of excessive fat."

.

Everyone listened and subconsciously thought of Andrew's figure.

Indeed.

He was also the biggest man they had ever seen.

It was rare in these times that someone would look like that.

No wonder the trend thing he was talking about picked its victims.

They were all probably his size too.

From what Andrew said, even the Monarchs couldn't get the 'Trend' meaning that they were at least fit or something.

Well, they probably trained and walked around busily ruling their empires.

So they couldn't imagine a monarch who was this big.

If that happens, assassins wouldn't even need to fear that their targets would run away.

Just thinking of how Andrew panted heavily when they first saw him, they instantly knew that this man was living an unhealthy life.

His wives said that he was carried around most of the time back in Arcadina.

And, the cause of his current predicament might be his family.

Even though his father had 4 wives, he was the only boy born to his father.

To make matters even more jarring, even his uncles and aunts gave birth to girls.

So he was the only grandson to his grandparents.

Eventually, everyone listened to his opinions.

When he said he didn't want to practice anymore, he found no problem with it.

After all, as nobles, they had money, and he would eventually inherit everything.

So he could just get loyal bodyguards by his side... which technically was true.

And that's exactly what he did.

From his youth till now, he had been living the lazy life of just stuffing his face.

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"In addition to abdominal obesity, from his test results, he also has Hypertension or high blood pressure, which is a major risk for stroke, heart failure, vision loss, chronic kidney disease and so on.

Also, he has Dyslipidemia, the accumulation of abnormal amounts of fluids is in his blood.

Last but not least, he's also suffering from Insulin Resistance.

Insulin is typically released to respond to carbohydrates consumed in diet.

But now, the same amount of insulin doesn't have the same effect on glucose transport and blood sugar levels.

All this triggered by his lifestyle and eating habits, leading to his obesity."

Doctor Milla flicked her forehead as if getting enlightenment: "It all makes sense now! The patient's diet typically consisted of Alcohol, meat, seafood and a few others, which all have high levels of Uric acid in them. So without getting rid of some by fitness or healthy weight loss, his body kept accumulating it."

"Let's not also forget that since Gout mostly affects men, he was already on the losing end of the stick."

In short, the crystallization of Uric acid is all related to the high levels in the blood.

And all this also gave birth to Tophi, which are the painful swells that the patient now has."

Everyone shuddered a bit when they pictured how swollen Andrew's swells were.

No! It was terrible.

It was like imagining toy balls that had been painted to look like skin, placed and attached above the various body parts.

The swells were too protruding, with tiny white dots all around them.

It looked like those body parts were disfigured.

And the pain looked agonizing.

But amidst all this, the guy still wanted to keep it because of some trend.

Unbelievable.

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Doctor Gerson looked at Landon deep in thought: "Doctor Landon. So is it true? Could gout make a man stronger down there?"

Landon was dumbfounded.

The way Gerson looked was as if he was really reconsidering it.

Landon didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

Ehhh... Andrew couldn't even walk properly or do anything else.

So even if it did, was it necessary?

Sure! It could raise one's status quo and even get them into high-end associations in Morgany.

But all in all, it wasn't worth it.

The most ridiculous thing was thinking that it could cause some a man's private to become some permanent aphrodisiac for women.

Just the white purse oozing out of the swells would let any proper person rethink things through.

He said PROPER because some might take it as a fetish thing or do it for the experience, money or something else.

The people of this era were truly crazed.

### **Chapter 949 - A Doctor's Dilemma**

Seeing the serious look on the faces of these doctors, Landon found it funny.

Well, as doctors, it was their right to know these things.

"No. Gout doesn't aid or enhance enlargement of one's private genitals."

Landon flipped through the records and took his time to explain everything that he could.

The information made the doctors weak.

Such a thing existed?

This world was really strange.

In fact, Landon thought the strangest person was Andrew.

Even the late Nopline wasn't as big as he was.

In this era, where people struggled to survive all about the world, this guy was just chilling without any care.

Even nobles who had the money to sustain large quantities of food didn't allow themselves to get this big.

Everyone was fit with abs.

Even the grandfathers around were fit.

Talk less of the peasants who, even at their old age, still became fishers out in the sea, farmers working and carrying things over their shoulders and so on.

Their metabolism rates were high, leaving many hungry all the time.

Of course, things had changed within the Pyno continent, where peasants could now afford to eat more.

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Previously, they were very much exploited and could spend 3 or 5 copper coins on a tiny loaf of bread.

Now, 3 cans of beans were sold for 2 copper coins.

There were Ramen noodles, Sardines, soups and so on.

Because of the Baymardian goods, other merchants had to stop exploitation and reasonably sell their goods.

Even those Black-bellied ones who used to sell 10 cups of rice for 50 copper coins have changed.

That was cups and not the actual bag of rice itself.

But now, with Baymardian small-sized boxes of rice to medium and even large bags of rice sold at moderate prices, they had to stop exploitation if they wanted to survive in the market.

And so, the peasants could now have their fill and could afford 3 Square meals, unlike previously when they would only eat once or sometimes skip days hungry, relying on just water.

Even the pleasant women who were deemed fat here could be seen as curvy or size 12's or 14 back on earth.

They weren't that big.

So seeing someone like Andrew was truly unusual.

It showed that he was spoiled with no discipline and had too much money.

How else could he afford such large quantities of food during all his meals?

Andrew's entire existence was a mystery to those who first laid their eyes on him.

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Milla, who had been nothing down a few notes, tapped her pen on her face thoughtfully.

"Your majesty, now that we know what it is... is it curable?"

"Hmhm. It remains one of the most treatable forms of arthritis.

The aim of treatment here is to settle the symptoms of an acute attack.

Like I said, gout is a form of arthritis.

And arthritis has no cure.

However, we can prevent repeated attacks by some medications and therapy.

It's important to note that without any treatment, these episodes of gout would go away on their own."

"Then that's good. But why do I feel a 'but' coming along?"

Everyone looked at Landon curiously.

As doctors, they weren't that naive to believe that something this shocking could go away without any repercussions.

It wasn't the flu, alright?

Plus, the patient had a lot of complications.

Like high blood pressure, obesity and so on.

There was no way that the body wouldn't suffer.

Landon chuckled.

"You're right to be suspicious.

Since arthritis has no cure, the patient would undoubtedly have several episodes of Gout.

But, the more episodes came, the more it would develop into chronic gout with the destruction of joint surfaces... leading to joint deformity, Tophi, and kidney stones, to name a few.



It's no surprise that all this would potentially lead to kidney damage, hemolytic anemia and several other complicated illnesses.

Even though we can't cure it, we can do certain things to decrease the many episodes, keep the body healthy and suppress Gout.

Write that down."

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Flip.

Everyone wrote and turned their little jotters, writing what they could.

"For starters, you already gave the patient Ibuprofen, which is an anti-inflammatory drug and pain reliever too.

So next, we will begin by placing the Patient under Uric Acid Lowering Therapy.

The drugs, diets, and treatment methods we use should suppress the gout attack, making the swells go away, returning his body to normal.

We have to have it done, as leaving those there could permanently disfigure his body and destroy his joint surfaces.

Weight loss is also a must for the patient.

And just for future cases, there's a reason why men are more likely to get it.

Estrogen protects women from high levels of Uric acid, making them less likely to get gout.

However, as women age and experience menopause, estrogen decreases.

Meanwhile, their chances for gout increases."

Good stuff.

Everyone wrote down a few key words and circled them.

After all, they didn't have time to write every sentence word for word.

They perked up their ears, clinging to Landon's every word.

Doctor Mason was pleased with the short lecture.

"Gout does seem to be treatable.

But, the Patient specifically said he didn't want to get treated.

And as per medical law, patients have the right to refuse medical treatments.

For example, a doctor can advise a patient and recommend a pain killer for a toothache.

And it's the patient's right to either follow through or take on the pain without taking the medication.

Even if one is plagued with an illness that needs a medical operation, they ache/she has the right to turn it down.

The right to refuse treatment goes hand in hand with the patient consent forms.

And the only times when a doctor can treat illness without the patient's consent... is if they had a brain injury, mental illness or are a considerable threat to the community by their refusal for treatment.

Accidentally stabbing someone in their sleep or doing anything else that endangers another person's life at risk.

In this case, the patient is sound of mind and can refuse treatment."

Everyone nodded in agreement.

It was true.

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Landon stood up and placed his pen back in his pocket.

And everyone stood up and followed him too.

"Hmhm. Doctors Mason is correct.

In this case, the patient can turn down our suggestions.

There are four goals of all medical treatments that we doctors tackle.

Be either Prevent, Cure, manage or put the patient under palliative care (specialized medical care for serious illnesses)

We can only do our best to tell the patient all the side effects and dangers of gout, hoping that the patient chooses to undergo therapy and treatment.

But, if he still refuses and only wants to ease the pain, then Ibuprofen alone should do the trick.

Whatever happens to him in the near future would be caused by his own hands.

As one makes their bed, so shall they lie on it."

### **Chapter 950 - Final Decision**

Landon and the doctors spent time going over things with Andrew and explaining what was best in hopes that he would at least consider his health.

But as expected, he adamantly turned it down and refused to believe them.

In Andrew's mind, this was a big trend in Morgany that had finally been bestowed upon him.

So how could he let it go?

For him, the people of Pyno that looked at him with disgust were all lowlives who had never stepped their legs in Morgany to witness the trend for themselves.

In fact, if the gout attack happened in his home city, most nobles would shun him, while only a few would get excited and look at him in awe.

Only those who had ever visited Morgany would know about the trend.

Andrew even planned to take advantage of this and go to Morgany again.

Because once the people saw him, several doors would be opened, with several influential people stretching their hands towards him.

If possible, he hoped that he would be able to leave Pyno and locate there.

What a joke!

That was almost everyone's dream.

Morgany was the dreamland to many.

So how could he let this opportunity slide?

Without a care in the world, he scoffed at the doctors in disdain.

They were probably jealous and wanted to find ways to get rid of his situation.

Yes, that must be it!

The more he looked at the group of doctors, the more displeasing they were in his eyes.

Were they so jealous that they had lied about everything so much?

They even tried to convince him that his condition wouldn't enlarge his genitals when he clearly knew it would.

Sure. Even though he didn't see any change now when looking at it, he was very confident that it would come later.

After all, that was how it typically worked for those in Morgany, right?

So he adamantly believed them in his vision.

If a man can't even follow through with his plans and stick up for his vision, wouldn't he be a failure?

Andrew now determined more than ever to stand his ground.

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"Heh. What generous people you are.

Why should I reduce the swells, making them invisible?

If I do that, how would others know that I've been chosen!

You're just here to ruin my chances."

"Mr. Andrew, we're sorry that you feel that way.

But as doctors, we have to emphasize that even if your illness would come and go... Not treating the swells each time would lead to joint deformity, kidney failure and all the other issues mentioned earlier.

So as your doctors, we hope that you would consider your health."

A spasm of irritation crossed Andrew's face.

"F\*\*\*!

Do you all have water in your ears?

Are you all cursing me?

If those with the trend back in Morgany didn't have any issues, then why should it be only me who will develop them?

I don't believe it!

All of you are just jealous of my success!

I won't repeat myself.

Like I said, only take away the pain. Leave everything else.

Or as the heavens are my witness, I will destroy this entire hospital for taking my good luck away.

You say the swells will deform me?

Well, don't worry.

I like it like that."

" \_"

Listening to him, everyone else could only sigh in defeat at how stubborn Andrew was.

Landon rubbed his forehead helplessly.

People of this era really believed in sh\*\*!

Over the years, he had met with all sorts of people who had their own beliefs as well.

But it was easy to prove these people wrong because the hospital had already treated some common illnesses that these people typically believed to be cursed by demons or blessed by fate.

When they showed before and after pictures of some patients, people were so shocked that they immediately turned speechless.

It was easy to convince people once facts were right before one's eyes.

To be honest, about 95% of people who came in here having their own beliefs changes their minds without the hospital having to show anything.

Just listening to the doctors, the patients subconsciously believed, especially when they said some things and stated some common symptoms they had faced a while back.

Some opened their eyes in shock and believed even more.

Of course, it also helped that Baymard's hospital had an impeccable reputation, with some calling it a Miracle home.

After all, they had cured so many illnesses which, for these people, were miraculous, but for the Doctors, were common illnesses.

And even though they began by blindly believing in Baymard, the results convinced them even more.

With many getting healthier and better, with some even cutting the illnesses that plagued them for years, how could they not believe Baymard?

Instead, they now thought those stories were ridiculous after the doctors treated them and gave them pointers and essential tips.

Pyno itself had become less superstitious, with people now questioning some made-up stories.

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Anyway, 95% of people didn't give doctors issues.

But the other percentage was stubborn and adamant about curing themselves.

And Andrew was amongst them

Of course, everyone had the right to believe in what they wanted.

So the doctors couldn't do much.

All they could do was warn the patient about his/her actions.

Landon looked at Andrew, deep in thought.

Earlier on, they had given him an Anti-inflammatory drug called Ibuprofen (or Advil), which not only focuses on reducing the swell but could also manage pain and fever.

But since Andrew only wanted the pain to go away, they would have to recommend Acetaminophen (or Tylenol).

He basically refused everything else.

So what else could they do?

The Landon quickly took out Andrew's medical book and filled it out swiftly, while another doctor filled out an essential patient sheet for the hospital.

Of course, while filling, he also stated that the Patient was difficult.

This way, further doctors would be fully prepared when attending to him.

Andrew looked at the busy doctors before him arrogantly.

"It's good that you know your jobs.

Now hurry up so that I can leave!"

" - "