

An Understated Dominance Chapter 1091 - 1100

Chapter 1091

It wasn't until he saw Dustin's half-smiling face that he finally came to his senses and said angrily: "You cheeky rascal! You've nothing better to do after a meal, eh? Let's go cool off!"

After saying that, he slumped back onto the recliner and prepared to doze off.

"Alright, no napping, there's business to attend to."

Dustin retrieved two wooden boxes and placed them on the table respectively. They held the Millennium Green Lotus and the Qicai Ganoderma: "This time, we've had a good haul in the provincial capital. The last two top-notch elixirs have been gathered and can be brewed now. The longevity potion."

"Oh? So swiftly?"

The tipsy man lazily sat upright: "I thought I wouldn't last a few more days, but I didn't expect you to gather all the elixirs so quickly. You're truly fortunate!"

"Quit the chit-chat and bring out those previous elixirs." Dustin urged.

"Alright, alright, let me fetch them for you."

The inebriated man stretched himself, then started to rummage through the boxes and cupboards. After some struggle, he finally located all the elixirs in his collection.

"Maximus, stand guard at the door and make sure no one enters." Dustin turned around and commanded.

“Yes!”

Maximus responded, then fetched a stool and sat at the door, holding his sword with both hands, keeping a vigilant eye on his surroundings.

“Wan’er, gather some herbs for me.”

Dustin penned a prescription and handed it to Lin Wan’er.

Everything about Ping An Medical Clinic was fine, but business was slow, and medicinal supplies were even scarcer.

“Understood!”

Lin Wan’er obediently nodded and swiftly departed.

Before long, she returned, panting, with an assortment of medicinal supplies.

“From this point on, I’ll be in seclusion for an indeterminate period. No one should disturb me until I emerge.”

With this advice, Dustin turned around and entered the medicine room.

Upon entering, he didn’t rush to prepare the elixirs, but retrieved an ancient tome and began to study it intently.

The Renewing Life Pill, formally known as the Nine-Turn Renewing Life Golden Pill.

As per records in ancient texts, it possesses the power of rejuvenation and even the ability to revive the deceased. It stands as the sole sacred medicine capable of countering the five declines of heaven and man.

However, for a century, no one has successfully concocted it.

Firstly, the ingredients are exceedingly hard to come by, and secondly, the process is immensely challenging.

Though Dustin wields masterful alchemical skills, he remains uncertain.

To prevent mishaps, he found himself poring over the prescription repeatedly.

Once he confirmed its accuracy, Dustin meditated in place for a stick of incense.

He only began preparing the elixir when his energy and spirit returned to their prime state.

Even though it was his maiden attempt, his movements were remarkably deft, devoid of any hesitation.

Due to the alchemical process, he'd mentally rehearsed it countless times.

The flames surged, and the scent of herbs wafted through the air.

Dustin commenced the systematic addition of various medicinal ingredients into the alchemy furnace. Concurrently, he employed his true energy to regulate the intensity of the fire.

Alchemy demanded precision; every detail could spell success or failure.

The age of the elixir, the methodology of refinement, the quality of the alchemy furnace, the temperature within the furnace, the sequence of ingredient addition, and the elusive element of luck.

All these factors bore upon the final product.

For Dustin, there was no room for error. A slight misstep might nullify all his prior efforts.

Especially for a sacred remedy like the Life-Sustaining Pill, perfection was imperative.

Time flowed steadily.

All the medicinal components had melded within the alchemy furnace.

Now came the most pivotal and challenging stage: allowing the elixir to take form.

Dustin rested his hands on the stove, managing his fervour with care.

Unbeknownst to him, beads of sweat formed on his forehead, and he expended a monumental amount of energy.

Inside the alchemy furnace, the mixture began to boil.

The lid vibrated with a resonant hum.

A distinctive fragrance gradually permeated from within.

“Success or failure hinges on this moment!”

Dustin drew in a deep breath and pushed forward with both palms.

His true energy surged forth like a raging tide.

The flames beneath the furnace suddenly soared, evidently approaching the critical juncture.

Just as Dustin waited with bated breath, the pill furnace exploded with a resounding “bang.”

“Um?”

Staring at the erupting alchemy furnace, Dustin’s expression shifted, instantly replaced by nervousness.

Just one point away, merely a whisker’s breadth from success.

Why? Why did it suddenly detonate?

Could it be that after toiling so long, everything was for naught?

“No... impossible!”

Dustin shook his head, sweat pouring like rain.

He was unwilling to fail and could not fathom the outcome before him.

He began to sift through the shattered alchemy furnace, clutching every trace and morsel of medicinal residue.

In this moment, he resembled a ravenous wolf foraging for sustenance in the wilderness, fierce and desperate.

After turning and overturning, his expression suddenly froze.

A glimmer of gold had suddenly surfaced at the bed of the medicinal residue.

This golden touch, in contrast to the surrounding medicinal remnants, was akin to a beacon in the dark, gleaming with unparalleled brilliance.

After a brief stupor, Dustin tentatively extended his hand, gingerly clearing away the medicinal residue surrounding the golden hue.

Bit by bit, inch by inch, with trepidation and anticipation, he slowly pushed aside all traces of the medicine dregs.

At last, a complete golden elixir lay plainly before his eyes.

This golden elixir was exquisite and translucent, warm and smooth, resembling gold, sparkling and resplendent.

Alongside it wafted a revitalizing medicinal fragrance.

“It’s... it’s done?”

Dustin’s eyes widened, a mix of astonishment and elation sweeping over him:

“Hahahaha... it’s done! I’ve mastered the refining!”

He laughed heartily, his spirits soaring.

The explosion just now had nearly driven him to despair, but he hadn’t anticipated this miraculous turnaround; in the final moments, the Life-Extending Pill had taken form.

The painstaking search for so many top-quality elixirs had not been in vain.

“Old sot!”

Dustin booted open the medicine room door, cradling the life-sustaining pill in both hands as he strode out with fervour: “Behold this, my friend!”

Upon hearing the commotion, the drunkard, clutching a bottle of wine, swiveled around and was instantly stupefied: “*****! Are you truly a whiz-kid? I thought it was all mere tomfoolery.”

The Life-Extending Pill, as chronicled in ancient tomes, might alleviate the symptoms of the five declines of heaven and man, but it was largely deemed a legend.

Who could say if it was fact or fiction? Could it indeed succeed?

Thus, at the outset, he held no hope whatsoever.

Yet now, gazing at the extraordinary golden elixir before him, he was immediately agitated.

“With this life-extending pill, it might just abate your five degenerations of heaven and man. Give it a whirl.” Dustin extended the golden pill.

“No need to hurry, no need to hurry. In such a momentous occasion, a drop of the good stuff is in order.”

The drunkard rubbed his hands and made his way to the vegetable plot behind the infirmary.

There, he picked up a spade and began excavating in a specific corner.

After some digging, he eventually unearthed three sealed flasks of wine.

These were vintages treasured by connoisseurs for years, hardly ever touched. Now, it was time to let them bask in the light once more.

“My darlings, have you missed me? Hehehehe...”

The drunkard grinned, gleefully hoisting one of the flasks, then returned to the main chamber.

The instant he unsealed the wine flask, a potent bouquet of wine permeated the air.

Inhale deeply, and it was invigorating and intoxicating.

“Come, come, today’s a day for celebration, so I’ll treat us all!”

As the drunkard spoke, he produced three thumb-sized pocket wine glasses.

Then, he took out a wine spoon and carefully poured a few drops into each glass.

Not a drop was wasted.

Dustin furrowed his brows at the sight. Was this old coot afraid of poisoning us?

“Don’t stand on ceremony, help yourselves, drink as you please!”

The drunkard spoke with such confidence that after filling the three small glasses, he simply cradled the wine flask and started to guzzle with gusto.

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There’s absolutely no plan to top up the glasses for the three of them.

“ ... ”

The trio of Dustin exchanged bewildered glances.

In the end, the bottle of fine wine was drained, not a drop left.

“Brilliant!”

After imbibing, Senior Drunkard burped, feeling invigorated and in splendid fettle.

Once content, he picked up the life-sustaining pill and swallowed it in a single gulp.

“Gollon.”

The moment the life-sustaining pill passed his throat, it transformed into surges of golden energy, swiftly permeating through his limbs and bones.

These energies held potent vitality, akin to a spring of life, ceaselessly nurturing the drunkard's body.

His once desiccated meridians began to regain vitality, bit by bit.

His pallid visage gradually brightened, a golden light seeming to shimmer in his cloudy old eyes.

Limbs, internal organs, skin, muscles, and body hair started to shift gradually.

At this juncture, Senior Drunkard's dilapidated physique was akin to dew after a prolonged drought, avidly soaking up the vigorous vitality within the golden energy.

As time ticked by, the drunkard's white locks slowly darkened, and the wrinkled skin became smooth and supple.

Bones and muscles were fortified to a considerable degree.

Certain internal injuries and maladies vanished without a trace.

The entire being appeared entirely reborn, akin to a withered tree blooming anew in spring.

“What an astonishing medicinal effect!”

Witnessing the rejuvenated maniac, Dustin and the other three were dumbfounded.

The potency displayed by the Life-Sustaining Pill wasn't merely about healing ailments and injuries; it resembled a metamorphosis, breaking free from a cocoon and emerging anew.

The erstwhile alcoholic, feeble, lethargic, hunched figure now seemed like a dying old soul.

The inebriated maniac at this moment stood taller, appeared younger, and exuded a stronger aura.

His entire presence had undergone a qualitative shift.

Without making a move, simply standing there emanated a palpable sense of dominance.

“Hahaha... exquisite!”

The alcohol enthusiast laughed and stretched, joints crackling like sizzling beans.

One had to acknowledge that the Life Renewing Pill was genuinely miraculous, deserving of its legendary status.

Not only did it alleviate the symptoms of the Five Decays of Heaven and Man, but it also granted him a renewed lease on life.

What a monumental surprise.

“Old drunkard, how do you feel?” Dustin asked cautiously.

“What's there to say? It's marvellous, of course!”

Sensing the robust vitality coursing through his body, he beamed so wide his mouth might touch his ears: “A life-sustaining pill not only saved my life, but also unblocked

my eight meridians. Though not quite as formidable as my prime, it's seventy percent there now."

"That's splendid, truly splendid. It's wonderful that you're on the mend."

Dustin let out a long breath, finally feeling the weight lift from his heart.

The effort was not in vain. After toiling for so long, he had finally fulfilled a long-held aspiration.

After curing the old drunkard's terminal ailment, it was time to avenge his mother.

He not only aimed to challenge the preeminent master within the estate, but also to unearth the truth of that fateful year.

Regardless of who was pulling the strings or what their background entailed, he wouldn't relinquish easily.

One day, he would offer the head of the puppeteer behind the scenes as tribute to his departed mother!

"Jingle Bell..."

At that moment, the mobile phone's ringtone chimed in.

As Dustin answered, Shiela's voice came through urgently:

"Brother Dustin! This is dire!"

"My father is gravely injured and in a critical state. All the doctors are at a loss. Only you can save him now!"

"Please, I implore you, save my father!"

Chapter 1094

In the afternoon.

In the provincial capital, within a dedicated ward of Dongjiang Hospital.

Caden lay unconscious on the bed, his face as pale as parchment, his breath feeble, his heartbeats slow, and his body chilled.

At a first glance, he appeared lifeless.

A team of experts and professors occupied the ward, murmuring, deliberating over the condition and devising treatment strategies.

Yet, after an extensive discussion, all the experts and professors found themselves stumped, unable to proffer a solution.

Lily, Shiela, Vivian, and Chase Johnson could only stand aside, their worry palpable, but unable to offer any aid.

“Dr. Jiang, what is the state of my husband? Can he be treated?”

Observing the prolonged discussion with no discernible progress, Lily finally broke her silence.

“The ailment from City University is peculiar. We scoured medical references, but couldn’t identify corresponding symptoms. We’re at a loss.” Dr. Jiang, the most senior physician, shook his head, conveying his regret.

This was a condition they had never encountered before, complex and confounding, leaving them momentarily helpless.

“What? If you can’t save him, who can?” Lily fretted.

She had reached out to Yaowang Valley earlier, but Yaowang was currently out of town and wouldn’t return for some time. As for the elders dispatched by Yaowang Valley, they too were at a loss.

“I propose it may be best to travel to Yanjing and employ external expertise. There’s a concentration of elites and renowned physicians there. You might find someone of substantial capability.” Dr. Jiang suggested.

“In this situation, I’m unsure if time allows.” Lily furrowed her brow.

“No need for concern, I’ve already secured the services of a prodigious healer.”

At that moment, Garrett entered abruptly.

Trailing him was a middle-aged man clad in a coat with thinning hair.

The man was accompanied by two aides, each bearing sizable medical kits.

“Allow me to introduce Mr. Michio Yamada from the Golden Crow Kingdom. When Shiela was kicked by a horse and faced near-certain demise, it was Mr. Yamada who mended him. His proficiency in medicine borders on the miraculous!” Garrett conveyed with deference.

“Yamada Michio? The renowned healer from the Golden Crow Kingdom?”

“That’s right! I pursued my studies in the Golden Crow Country, and fortuitously encountered Mr. Yamada. He’s indeed a marvel!”

“It seems that with Mr. Yamada’s arrival, Lord Shiro may find salvation today.”

Yamada Michio's presence caused a stir in the entire ward.

Numerous physicians displayed expressions of awe, as if beholding an idol.

Though the Golden Crow Kingdom may not be vast, its strides in medicine surpass even those of the Dragon Kingdom.

Many doctors in the UK were striving to study abroad in the Golden Turtle, as the prospects were golden, ensuring high demand upon their return.

They would stand head and shoulders above their peers.

“A miraculous healer?”

Upon seeing the guest, Lily couldn't contain her joy, and implored swiftly: “Mr. Yamada, please save my husband. Regardless of the cost, we are prepared to pay!”

Yamada Michio appraised Lily, a sudden spark in his eyes, desire kindling within.

He hadn't anticipated that the women of the Dragon Kingdom would be so striking, and still exude charm even after childbirth.

“Mr. Yamada, let's proceed with the examination,” Garrett interjected.

“Very well, let me begin my assessment.”

Yamada Michio withdrew his gaze discreetly, then approached the hospital bed, meticulously assessing Caden's condition.

After a short while, he spoke with confidence: “The patient became agitated while practising Qigong, resulting in disrupted meridians and obstructed qi and blood flow. For ordinary physicians, it's a terminal ailment, but for me, it poses no difficulty.”

Upon hearing this, a wave of elation washed over everyone.

“Mr. Yamada is truly a miraculous healer. He diagnosed the symptoms at a glance. Truly astounding!” Chase Johnson lauded.

Chapter 1095

“The doctors in Longguo really aren’t up to much. We struggled for a good while, but it was all in vain. We had to turn to Mr. Yamada for help,” Vivian sighed.

“Absolutely! They’re all a load of rubbish, not a patch on Mr. Yamada,” many members of Garrett’s family began to flatter.

So many experts and professors from Long Kingdom had gathered, but they were all stumped.

Yamada Michio, however, saw the clue in passing. That was the gap.

“Mr. Yamada, since you know how to treat it, please help me quickly,” Lily urged, a touch of anxiety in her voice.

“Fetch me my medicine.”

Michio Yamada gestured to his two assistants, indicating them to place the medicine box in front of him.

He opened it, rummaged through, and finally took out a black medicine bottle.

“This is called Jinyu Decoction. It’s made from 108 precious medicinal ingredients. It’s specifically designed to clear the meridians and regulate the qi and blood flow. It’s highly effective!”

Michio Yamada said with pride, “Once the patient takes this medicine, they’ll wake up safely in less than three minutes, and everything will be fine. However, I must warn you, it’s a bit pricey.”

“How much?” Lily inquired, cautiously.

“Three hundred million,” Michio Yamada stated, astounding everyone.

“Three hundred million?”

Upon hearing this, a group of doctors from Long Kingdom were dumbfounded.

Is he trying to rob us?

Three hundred million for a bottle of medicine? Isn’t that excessively exorbitant?

“No problem! As long as my husband can be cured, I’m willing to pay!” Lily asserted without a moment’s hesitation.

While three hundred million was no small sum, she could still manage it.

When weighed against her husband’s life, money and other considerations paled in significance.

“Very well, since Madam is so willing, let’s get started.”

Yamada Michio smiled slightly, then helped Caden up, opened the medicine bottle, and prepared to administer the medicine.

“If you take this medicine, Caden won’t last three days!”

Suddenly, a cold voice rang out from the doorway.

“Hmm?”

Everyone turned towards the sound to see Dustin, dusty and disheveled, entering.

Upon receiving Sheila Murray’s call, Dustin hurried back to the provincial capital.

Of course, accompanied by the three old tipplers.

The Ping An Medical Center was temporarily closed, and the three old tipplers were directly accommodated at Fengyu Villa.

“Dustin, you’ve arrived!”

Sheila Murray’s eyes sparkled as she rushed forward to greet him.

“Luckily, we got here in time, otherwise it would have been a catastrophe.”

Dustin cast a sharp-eyed glance at Michio Yamada and asked, “Aren’t you from the Golden Crow country? To make a quick buck, you’re willing to abandon your conscience and even disregard the lives of your patients. Do you deserve to call yourself a doctor?”

“How dare you!”

Upon hearing this, Garrett bellowed angrily, “Who do you think you are? How dare you speak to Mr. Yamada in such a manner?”

“Absolutely! Mr. Yamada is the miracle-working doctor of the Golden Crow Kingdom, his medical skills are truly extraordinary. Why are you making a fuss here?” Chase Johnson looked disgruntled.

“Hmmp! I really don’t know what to say!” Sheila Murray retorted, her expression cold.

“And who might you be? Do you even have the right to question me?”

Michio Yamada frowned, clearly unhappy.

“Did I say something wrong?”

Dustin said icily, “Your golden jade soup is, in itself, a paltry concoction. The ingredients are worth only a few quid. Yet, you have the audacity to ask for 300 million quid. What’s more, your medicine doesn’t even cure the ailment. It might offer a brief respite, but once taken, the patient is guaranteed to perish!”

As soon as these words left Dustin’s lips, Yamada Michio’s expression shifted dramatically.

Chapter 1096

“You... you’re talking nonsense!”

Michio Yamada, now exposed, feigned composure on the surface, but his eyes betrayed a hint of fluster.

Though I’m loath to admit it, Jinyu Soup is indeed very affordable, costing only a few hundred pounds.

Naturally, with his reputation and medical expertise, even a few hundred pounds worth of medicine can be sold for a small fortune.

“Nonsense? Then, are you willing to come with me to test the medicine?”

Dustin persisted, moving forward step by step. “If I’m correct, your Jinyu Soup likely contains ingredients akin to stimulants. Despite its first-aid benefits, it’s at the cost of the patient’s well-being. People like you—your intentions merit condemnation!”

“Nonsense! I am the esteemed healer of the Golden Crow Kingdom, someone you ought to look up to. How dare you defame me? I command you to apologise to me immediately!” Yamada Michio retorted angrily, his face flushed.

“Apologise? Do you truly deserve it?” Dustin snorted coldly.

“You’re not going to apologise, are you? Very well! Then I won’t treat you, and you can fend for yourself!”

Yamada Michio, angered and embarrassed, prepared to depart with the medicine box in hand.

“Mr. Yamada!”

Upon seeing this, Garrett swiftly pulled him back, offering an apologetic smile. “Don’t be vexed. This individual is irrational; he comprehends nothing. Don’t dignify him with a response. Saving lives is paramount.”

“Yes, Mr. Yamada, lives are at stake. Only you can remedy this ailment!” Everyone tried to persuade him.

“Dustin! You’d be wise to hold your tongue! Should you dare to speak nonsense again, I’ll promptly show you the door!” Garrett spun around and thundered.

“Dustin! Who granted you the audacity to show disrespect to Mr. Yamada? Instantly admit your transgression and apologise to Mr. Yamada!” Vivian interjected.

“Quite right! Apologise at once!” Chase Johnson chimed in.

At this moment, nearly everyone glared at Dustin with ire and considerable dissatisfaction.

From the moment he stepped in, he was met with an array of doubts and accusations, and even Michio Yamada was nearly driven to leave.

How deplorable!

“Everything I say is true, why should I apologise?”

Dustin spoke with indifference. “This sort of doctor whose primary concern is money can’t genuinely heal. Just let him go. I’ll cure this ailment myself.”

“You? Who do you think you are? Dare you compare yourself to Mr. Yamada?” Garrett’s countenance turned stern.

“Hmph! Doctors in the Dragon Country are a lot of rubbish! They excel at treating minor ailments like colds and fevers, but in the face of stubborn maladies, only a prodigious

healer from the Golden Crow Kingdom, like Mr. Yamada, can address them with ease!” Vivian expressed her disdain.

“As we all know, the medical expertise of the Golden Crow Kingdom far surpasses that of the Dragon Kingdom. The two are no longer on the same level. With your meagre medical prowess, you’re not even fit to carry Mr. Yamada’s shoes!” Chase Johnson added scornfully.

“You lot have been kneeling for so long that you can’t even stand upright, isn’t that so?”

Dustin surveyed the assembled group and said icily, “Allow me to enlighten you. The medical knowledge of the Golden Crow Kingdom traces back to traditional Chinese medicine, which was passed down from the Dragon Kingdom. What they learned, they learned from us, and I’ve merely gleaned a fraction of it.

To vie for the finest medical minds, ten Golden Crow Kingdoms wouldn’t suffice!

It’s fine for you to be short-sighted and show favouritism towards foreign lands, but please, don’t use your ignorance to denigrate the doctors of the Dragon Kingdom!”

Upon hearing this, some of the doctors from the Dragon Kingdom in the vicinity suddenly perked up.

They nearly couldn’t resist applauding.

Being labelled as trash to their face was bound to irk them, but now they felt vindicated.

“So what if the Dragon Kingdom passed on the knowledge? The Golden Crow Nation’s youth surpasses us in practice. They’ve already elevated their medical expertise. It’s true our Dragon Kingdom isn’t on par with the Golden Crow Nation. Is it so difficult to acknowledge others’ excellence?” Vivian held her head high.

“Exactly! Talents from the Golden Crow Kingdom are scattered worldwide. How many from our Dragon Kingdom can boast the same?” Chase Johnson looked contemptuous.

From their standpoint, Chase Dustin was clearly playing games.

Even if he falls short, he persists in belittling others.

What a narrow-minded attitude!

“A bunch of myopic individuals.”

Dustin shook his head. “If you have the time, broaden your horizons and see how vast the Dragon Kingdom is. Don’t sit here gazing at the heavens, spouting flattery. Stand up and be counted!”

Upon hearing this, Vivian and the others’ expressions froze, replaced by a mixture of anger and embarrassment.

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Just as he was about to speak, Lily’s voice cut through the tension: “That’s enough! Now is not the time for arguing about these matters; saving lives is of paramount importance!”

“Indeed, Brother Dustin, please save my father!” Sheila Murray chimed in quickly.

Despite Yamada Michio’s esteemed reputation, her trust leaned more towards Dustin.

Dustin was ready to step forward, but Garrett halted him firmly: “Human lives are at stake, and we can’t afford to act recklessly. This illness must be treated by Mr. Yamada.”

“I’ve said it before; he won’t cure it. He’ll only bring harm to others,” Dustin responded, his tone icy.

“If even Mr. Yamada can’t cure it, then what chance do you have?” Caden turned his gaze suddenly to Lily and said, “Second Aunt, you should be the one making this decision. Do you have faith in Dr. Yamada, or do you trust this individual?”

Lily hesitated for a moment. She had witnessed Dustin’s remarkable medical skills before; they had successfully cured her daughter’s peculiar ailment. However, Michio Yamada was a renowned miracle doctor with decades of experience and expertise that likely surpassed Dustin’s.

For the sake of caution, she chose to place more trust in Yamada Michio.

“Mom, Sister Shiela is incredibly skilled. Treating this disease won’t pose a problem for her!” Chase Johnson suddenly spoke up.

“Shiela, it’s your father’s life at stake. How can you entrust it to an unknown junior? If something goes wrong, who will take responsibility?” Garrett frowned.

“Indeed, Shiela, this accusation seems quite unreliable. Mr. Yamada is more experienced,” Vivian added, attempting to persuade her.

“Mr. Yamada possesses exceptional medical skills; he can definitely cure the disease. If it were this guy, Uncle Caden would be in jeopardy!” Chase Johnson cautioned.

As the arguments continued, Shiela’s confidence wavered. She was naturally soft-spoken, and with everyone’s opinions swirling around, her faith began to waver.

“Madam, you wouldn’t want anything to happen to your husband, would you?” Michio Yamada said with a meaningful tone.

Lily hesitated once more before turning to Dustin, apologizing, “Younger sister, you’ve made quite the effort, but please allow Mr. Yamada to treat him.”

“Madam, I’m not seeking recognition, but Michio Yamada won’t be able to cure him at all. In fact, it might worsen his condition. Please reconsider,” Dustin implored, his expression grave.

Despite his lingering animosity toward Caden, he was willing to help for the sake of Shiela and Old General Murong, provided the Murong family put their trust in him.

“Younger sister, Mr. Yamada is well-respected, highly skilled, and very confident. I believe he can cure this illness,” Lily responded with certainty.

“Are you absolutely certain about this?”

Dustin furrowed his brow slightly. “Once Yamada Michio takes action and exacerbates his condition, I may not be able to save him.”

“I am sure,” Lily affirmed, her tone resolute. “Younger sister, please step outside and allow Mr. Yamada to work without any hindrance.”

With these words, she had effectively issued an order to have the guests removed.

“Did you hear that? Clear out and make way!”

“Hmph! How dare an unknown individual challenge Mr. Yamada? She truly overestimates her capabilities!”

The onlookers wore expressions of sarcasm and disdain.

“I hope you won’t come to regret this.”

Dustin took a deep breath, turned, and left without uttering another word. She had said all that needed to be said and attempted to convince all who needed convincing. She no longer cared whether Caden lived or died.

“Brother Dustin!”

As Dustin left, Sheila felt a surge of panic and quickly followed him, her guilt evident in her voice. “Brother Dustin, I’m terribly sorry. I didn’t expect Mr. Yamada to show up. It’s all my fault. Please don’t be angry.”

“Sheila, I’m not upset. From a medical perspective, I also wish for your father’s recovery. It’s just unfortunate that my expertise isn’t trusted,” Dustin shook his head.

He had given her numerous warnings, and if people failed to appreciate his advice, he couldn’t force his way in.

“Brother Dustin, I believe in you, but...” Sheila hesitated.

At home, her parents made the decisions, and as their daughter, she had no say.

“It’s alright, Sheila. You should go back to the ward. I’ll step outside for a coffee. If you need anything, don’t hesitate to call me,” Dustin smiled, giving her a reassuring pat on the shoulder.

“Alright.”

Sheila nodded and retreated into the ward, feeling a pang of guilt for inconveniencing him.

“Sheila, why are you so concerned about that man? Just let him go. What’s the fuss? Is an insurance agent even worth your attention?” Vivian began to sow discord as Sheila returned.

“Exactly! With Mr. Yamada here, we don’t need that man to do anything,” Chase Johnson added, casting a disdainful glance towards the door.

“Mr. Yamada, no one will hinder your work anymore. Please proceed with the treatment,” Lily urged.

“Very well, since you are so sincere, I will assist you once more,” Yamada Michio replied with an air of mystery. He opened the black medicine bottle and administered the brewed gold and jade elixir to Caden.

Afterward, he retrieved silver needles from his medical kit and skillfully inserted them into Caden’s acupuncture points. After several consecutive insertions, he finally stopped.

“My acupuncture technique also has the added benefit of clearing blockages and improving Qi and blood flow. Combined with the priceless Jinyu Decoction, I guarantee a complete recovery for the patient!” Michio Yamada declared confidently.

“In that case, that’s wonderful,” Lily said with a hint of nervousness, her eyes fixed on Caden lying in the hospital bed.

The Jinyu Decoction worked swiftly. Caden’s pallid complexion gradually regained color and radiance. His weak breath grew strong and robust. The monitor’s readings steadily returned to normal.

In just a few minutes, Caden’s ECG, blood pressure, pulse rate, and body temperature all stabilized. Though he remained unconscious, his condition was no longer critical.

“It’s working, it’s working! The patient’s vital signs are back to normal, and he’s completely stable!”

“Mr. Yamada truly is extraordinary. With just a few injections and medications, he saved a terminally ill patient. It’s incredible!”

“A miraculous doctor! He’s a miracle worker!”

The sight of Caden’s recovery filled everyone with excitement and admiration. Moments ago, many doctors had been at a loss, but as soon as Yamada Michio intervened, Caden was on the path to recovery. His medical expertise was truly remarkable!

“Second Aunt, Sheila, am I right? With Mr. Yamada here, Second Uncle will undoubtedly recover,” Garrett exclaimed with a smile.

“Mr. Yamada is truly exceptional, and our family is immensely grateful,” Lily said, her face reflecting her astonishment.

Previously, Caden had lain on the brink of death, his body cold and his breathing feeble. Now, he appeared rejuvenated, with rosy cheeks and vitality, as if he had been reborn.

“Choosing Mr. Yamada to treat his illness was the wisest decision you could have made. Otherwise, the patient wouldn’t have made it through the day,” Michio Yamada said confidently, lifting his head with pride.

“Absolutely, Mr. Yamada’s medical skills are unparalleled,” Garrett praised.

“Compared to Mr. Yamada, the doctors in the UK are utterly inept. There’s simply no comparison in their abilities. It’s shameful that these local doctors prefer to pose rather than admit their limitations. They deserve to be scorned,” Chase Johnson declared, disdain etched across his face.

Chapter 1099

The expressions on the faces of some experts and professors in the ward turned particularly sour upon being exposed to the peculiar atmosphere of the group.

While their medical skills may not rival those of Yamada Michio, they are still considered top-notch professionals. It’s truly grating to be belittled by their fellow countrymen.

However, everyone present held esteemed positions, and none dared to provoke a confrontation. They could only bow their heads and feign ignorance.

“Mr. Yamada, when do you expect my husband to regain consciousness?”

Lily inquired cautiously.

Despite the vital signs returning to normal, the fact that her husband remained in a coma was understandably concerning.

“Fear not, your husband will naturally awaken after I remove the silver needles.”

Yamada Michio reassured with a confident smile, swiftly extracting all the silver needles.

As the last needle was removed, Caden’s body suddenly convulsed.

After a few moments, his eyes snapped open, a hint of bloodshot red gleaming—

“Awake, he’s finally awake!”

A wave of joy swept through the room upon this sight.

“It’s all thanks to Mr. Yamada! He speaks, and it happens. Truly commendable!” Garrett commended.

“A miraculous healer, truly extraordinary. He surpasses those lackluster doctors like Long Guo by leaps and bounds!” Vivian and the others chimed in with their praises.

“Thank you, Mr. Yamada. You shall forever be our family’s savior!” Lily expressed her gratitude.

“I specialise in treating various challenging and intricate ailments. This condition posed no difficulty for me.” Michio Yamada looked visibly pleased.

As he spoke, he accepted a moist towel from his assistant and meticulously wiped his hands.

Unbeknownst to everyone, Caden’s eyes were rapidly reddening in the hospital bed, his entire countenance contorted.

“Ah—!”

Caden suddenly bellowed, leaping from the bed.

In that moment, his face was a mask of wild ferocity, veins bulging, an image of madness that was especially unnerving.

From his mouth and nose, a trickle of dark blood oozed slowly.

“Ah?”

The sudden turn of events left everyone startled.

“Mr. Yamada, what’s happening? My husband was perfectly fine just moments ago.”

Lily’s anxiety was palpable.

“There couldn’t be any side effects, could there?”

Puzzlement spread through the room.

“Do not panic, everything is within the bounds of normalcy, and he’ll be alright shortly.”

Yamada Michio feigned composure, though privately he wondered if the medication had been too aggressive, potentially causing the patient to become unhinged.

“Mr. Yamada, what should we do now? Something’s not right with my husband.” Lily’s worry intensified.

“Minor setbacks, let’s not make a fuss. Allow me to remedy the situation with a single needle.”

Michio Yamada exuded confidence as he produced a silver needle and inserted it at Caden’s brow.

“Ah—!”

Caden roared, lightning-fast, seizing Michio Yamada by the neck and slamming him against the wall.

Those bloodshot eyes bore a look of sheer madness.

“Wait! Let’s talk this through...”

Michio Yamada gasped for breath, momentarily panicked, about to plead for mercy.

Yet, in an instant, Caden applied force and snapped his neck.

“A snap!”

Michio Yamada’s head tilted, life extinguished on the spot.

Rest in peace.

Chapter 1100

“Dead...dead?!”

Seeing Michio Yamada’s sudden death, everyone was stunned.

Everyone’s eyes widened with horror on their faces.

No one expected that Caden would suddenly go crazy and kill Michio Yamada instantly without any warning.

Kill with one blow!

how so?

Aren’t you talking about a small problem?

Isn't that a normal phenomenon?

Isn't it said that one shot can determine the outcome?

What's going on with this horse riding? ?

“ah—!”

Caden roared, grabbed Yamada Michio's body and swung it suddenly.

“boom!”

Yamada Michio hit the wall hard, creating a crater, and then his body slowly slid down like a puddle of mud.

“Mr. Yamada!”

Everyone woke up from a dream, terrified.

Especially Vivian and Chase Johnson, their faces were full of sadness and heartache, as if their parents were dead.

“Quick! Hold down Uncle Er!”

Murong Gaochao reacted quickly and quickly ordered his people to surround him, preparing to capture Caden alive.

However, Caden went crazy, disowned all his relatives, and became extremely irritable.

However, his strength is amazing and unstoppable.

Anyone who comes close will be knocked away, and there is no enemy at all.

“Brother Dustin! Don't hurt anyone!”

“Dad! Please wake up, we are all your relatives!”

Lily and Sheila Murray kept shouting, trying to wake up Caden.

However, their voices did not have any effect. Instead, they attracted Caden’s attention.

“Die! Die to me!”

Caden roared and rushed towards Sheila Murray.

Its claws are like knives, and the energy between its fingers can cut through steel.

Ordinary people will die if they touch it.

“Brother Dustin! No!”

Lily’s expression changed drastically, and she rushed towards Sheila Murray, trying to block the fatal blow for her daughter.

Just when life was about to happen, at the critical moment, a silver needle suddenly shot out.

“call out!”

The silver needle shot from outside the door, like a bolt of lightning, directly hitting Cadens neck.

Caden froze and froze on the spot.

His fingers, which were strong enough to crack open stones, finally settled on three centimeters from Sheila Murray’s throat.

It’s hard to make any progress.

Sheila Murray was already frightened and stood there blankly, without responding for a while.

On the other hand, Caden looked ferocious, his eyes were red, and he was breathing heavily.

Although he was immobilized by the silver needle, he was still struggling wildly, so much so that his whole body began to tremble.

“Xue’er!”

Lily reacted quickly and quickly pulled her daughter into her arms, trying to stay as far away from Caden as possible.

“As expected.”

At the door of the ward, Dustin slowly walked in with a cup of coffee.

He did not leave directly because he was worried that Yamada Michio would be self-defeating and cause Caden to go crazy and lose control completely.

By then, everyone in the ward will be in dire straits.

“Brother Dustin! Are you back?”

Sheila Murray’s face was filled with joy, as if she had seen a savior.