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“This young man must be the skilled healer you mentioned, Mr. Rhys, right? From what happened today, you do live up to your reputation,” Roderick said.

“I only hope you won’t take it too hard, Mr. Brooks,” Dustin said.

Any man wouldn’t be able to handle hearing that he’d been cheated on.

“Speaking of, I should be thanking you, Mr. Rhys. If it wasn’t for your sharp eyes, I don’t know how long I would have been lied to.” Roderick forced a smile.

In this case, it was better to rip the bandage off.

Although it was a bit humiliating, it still beat getting cheated on repeatedly.

“Mr. Brooks, forgive me for asking, but could the secret illness you’ve been suffering from be the same as your wife’s?” Natasha asked tentatively.

Typically speaking, if his wife got it, then Roderick must have caught it too.

“Um. I probably don’t have it.” Roderick looked slightly embarrassed. “To be honest, because of how busy I have been with work, I haven’t slept with my wife for half a year.”

“That’s good. You dodged a bullet.” Natasha smiled.

“Mr. Rhys, can you tell what disease I have?” Roderick went straight to the point.

“Mr. Brooks, **have** you been experiencing back and knee pain, mood swings, and insomnia?” Dustin suddenly asked.

“How did you know?” Roderick raised his eyebrows in surprise.

“Of course, I observed it.” Dustin smiled slightly. “Not only do I know that your body is weak and sickly, but I also know about the hidden injury at your lower back. If my guess isn’t wrong, you injured your lower back a **few** years ago, right?”

The moment Roderick heard those words, his face instantly grew solemn.

The way he looked at Dustin also changed.

Indeed, he had gotten hurt a few **years** ago.

That time, he'd been on his way to a meeting to discuss a business deal when a hitman suddenly appeared, stabbing him in the **lower** back.

Fortunately, he didn't lose his life, but ever since then, his injury had been causing him **pain**.

The problem was that he'd never told anyone about this, so how did **Dustin** find out?

"Mr. Rhys, you're really amazing! But **how** could you tell?" Roderick **was** both shocked and suspicious.

"I'm a doctor. For most ailments, you can identify clues from the smallest details. For example, you were walking in a stiff manner earlier, putting less **pressure** on your left foot compared to the right. Evidently, you

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have a lower back injury." Dustin replied.

"Hahaha... You're truly a miracle doctor, Mr. Rhys! I acknowledge your talent!" Roderick said.

"What a compliment, Mr. Brooks. I'm just using my wits."

"Mr. Rhys, could you take a good look and see whether this illness of mine can be cured?" Roderick extended

his wrist.

Dustin felt for his pulse. Then, he responded, "It's curable, but it will take some time. That knife injured your kidney, which has affected your ability to have children. Your reproductive ability has also greatly deteriorated. This is also why you still haven't had children until now."

When he said that, Natasha and Roderick paused, clearly taken aback.

“Mr. Rhys, are you sure you didn’t make a mistake?” Roderick frowned.

“That’s right, Dustin. Mr. Brooks has a four–year–old son,” Natasha added.

The reason why Roderick had doted on Chloe so much was because she’d borne him a son.

Being able to have a son as a middle–aged man, he naturally had a lot of love and care for both mother and child.

“Huh?” This time, it was Dustin’s turn to be confused.

He reached for Roderick’s wrist again and said with certainty, “It’s impossible! Your knife injury happened at least six years ago. The knife went all the way in, so there is no way you are fertile, unless

“Unless what?” Roderick found himself asking.

“Unless your son isn’t biologically yours.”

Roderick was speechless.

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Roderick stood there frozen, his face was pale.

He’d experienced all kinds of hardships all his life, but at that moment, he didn’t know what to do.

He thought it was bad enough that he’d gotten cheated on.

He didn’t expect that there’d be a bigger “surprise” that followed.

His son wasn’t actually biologically his?

This revelation was even more severe than finding out he was being cheated on!

“Mr. Rhys, are... you sure?” Roderick’s eye twitched. He was clinging to the very last glimmer of hope.

“Mr. Brooks, it’s a hard pill to swallow, but based on your body’s current condition, you lost your ability to have

children a long time ago. If you don’t believe me, you can go get tested yourself,” Dustin said firmly.

To be honest, he was starting to pity Roderick.

Although he was swamped with riches, his wife had an affair, and his son wasn’t his.

This double whammy would **have** driven any ordinary person insane.

“Alright. Thank you, Mr. Rhys. There are too many people here. Shall we find another place to talk?” Roderick

asked, his face completely neutral.

“Of course.” Dustin caught Natasha’s eye and immediately agreed.

“Alright. Dan, take Ms. Harmon and Mr. Rhys to the Brooks Manor. I’ll be there after a while,” Roderick

instructed his driver.

Dan hummed in response. Then, he led Dustin and Natasha to the Rolls Royce outside.

After the two left. Roderick’s expression finally turned gloomy.

Whether his son was his or not, he would find out with a paternity test.

He could forgive his wife for her affair, but he couldn’t handle raising someone else’s child.

Dustin and Natasha walked around the garden at the Brooks Manor, gazing at the beautiful scenery

surrounding them.

A few housekeepers trailed behind them, carrying trays of pastries and tea, ready to be called upon anytime.

After taking a stroll through the garden, they found a **cool** area to rest their feet.

“Ms. Harmon, do you think Mr. Brooks can handle this shocking truth?” Dustin asked out of the blue.

If Chloe hadn’t done something so demeaning, he actually wouldn’t have stuck his nose where it didn’t belong.

“Mr. Brooks **has gone** through all sorts of trials and tribulations. He should be fine. Of course, that’s if you can

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cure his secret illness.” Natasha smiled faintly.

For a man, the ability to produce children was very important.

“As long as Mr. Brooks believes me,” Dustin responded.

As he spoke, a large shadow suddenly fell over them.

It was Roderick!

“Hello, you two. Sorry for making you wait so long.” Roderick wiped the sweat from his forehead, forcing a

smile.

“Mr. Brooks, has the matter been settled?” Dustin asked cautiously.

“Yes, it’s settled.” Roderick nodded.

Thanks to the power of money, the results of the paternity test were out in less than an hour.

As Dustin said, his son was indeed not his.

When he learned of the outcome, he was furious.

He even had the urge to kill.

However, after so many years, he had developed some attachments to them.

In the end, he let the mother and son live.

But from today on, they were not to appear before him ever again.

“Ah

fate truly dealt me a rotten hand! All my life, I did only good deeds, so who would have thought that not

only would I lose my ability to have children, but I would also end up parting ways with my wife and child.”

Roderick heaved a long sigh.

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Despite running such a huge family business, Roderick didn't even have an heir **now**. It was truly a tragedy.

“Mr. Brooks, don't take it too hard. Although the knife injury damaged your fertility, it can actually be treated. Once you're recovered, you can have another son, or even ten! It won't be a problem.” Dustin smiled as he attempted to cheer Roderick up.

“Really?” Roderick trembled, his face expectant.

In the past six months, the main reason he hadn't slept with his wife was because he couldn't get it up.

However, because of his dignity as a man, he'd always kept it a secret.

So, to hear that he'd be able to rise up again, naturally, he **was** elated.

"Mr. Brooks, if I dare to say it, it means I can do it." As Dustin spoke, he took out a tablet and said, "This is Gemiphen, which I created. It helps clear up circulatory pathways and heal internal injuries. Give it a try."

"Okay!" Without another word, Roderick took the Gemiphen and swallowed it.

As soon as the tablet entered his system, it turned into a rush of warmth that spread through his body..

Instantly, he felt his mood lift, and his body felt better in a way he couldn't explain.

The pain in his lower back had also improved significantly.

"Amazing This is amazing! Mr. Rhys, your miracle tablet is extraordinary!" After experiencing the fascinating changes in his body, Roderick was practically over the moon.

In an instant, he felt as if he'd gotten a brand-new body.

If he previously had doubts about Dustin's abilities, then now, he was utterly convinced!

Any famous doctor was trash in comparison to Dustin!

"Mr. Rhys, take the Gemiphen once every three days. After a month, your body will completely recover." Dustin **took** out a small glass bottle filled with Gemiphen and handed it to Roderick.

"Thank you so much, Mr. Rhys! I'll remember your great kindness for the rest of my life!" Feeling emotional,

Roderick knelt on the ground.

"Mr. Brooks, please get up It was nothing." Dustin quickly helped him to his feet.

Since this all happened because of him, now that he was able to cure Roderick's illness, there was at least a

good ending.

“Mr. **Rhys**, you’re too humble. If it weren’t for your help, my life would have been over!” Roderick said, his face

glowing with gratitude.

A man who couldn’t get it up wasn’t a real man.

Now that Dustin had given **him** the chance to regain his dignity as a **man**, it was as though he’d been given a

new lease on life!

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“Mr. Brooks, now that Dustin has cured your illness, how do you plan to repay him?” Natasha said, half joking.

As his other half, she knew that it was time to ask for remuneration.

“Name whatever you need, Mr. Rhys. If I can do it, I won’t say no!” Roderick said, placing his hand on his chest

to show how genuine he was.

“I don’t need anything else. All I’m interested in are precious **herbs** such as heliotropes, chervil, and flowers of Crimson Gem. If you have them, Mr. Brooks, I would be nothing but pleased,” Dustin said, naming his price.

“I’ve never collected precious herbs before, but no worries. I’ll send someone to check it out. Once I get any

news. I’ll buy it for you right away, Mr. Rhys!” Roderick promised.

“Thank you, Mr. Brooks,” Dustin said.

“No, no. I should be the one thanking you, Mr. Rhys,” Roderick said in return.

He now had a profound sense of worship for Dustin’s impressive abilities.

“Sir... At that moment, an elderly butler suddenly walked over and reported, “Phineas Lacey and his son are here to see you. They say they have something to discuss with you.”

“Phineas Lacey? What is he doing here?” Roderick rubbed his chin.

“It’s such a small world. I never expected I’d run into them here.” Dustin narrowed his eyes when he heard their

names.

“What, do you know these people, Mr. Rhys?” Roderick pressed.

“I do, and we even got into a conflict. Without leaving anything out, Dustin quickly recounted the entire story.

After Roderick listened to the whole incident, he couldn’t help but snort. “Those two bastards are truly arrogant bullies. I hate people like this the most! Come with me to **see** them, Mr. Rhys. Today, I’ll give them something to see!”

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At that moment, Phineas and Matt were in the Brooks Manor living room.

“Dad, do you think Big Bucks Brooks will lend us money?” Mall glanced around, looking worried.

“Big Bucks Brooks is filthy rich and generous to boot. He’s always had a good relationship with our family. It shouldn’t be a problem to borrow some money,” Phineas said, raising his cup and taking a sip. It was obvious that he was very confident.

Although the Lacey family hadn’t been restored to its previous glory, they were still above the average person.

Outside, they still had some status.

“If it weren’t for our family’s capital chain rupture causing our businesses to suffer majorly, we would never have to borrow money from others,” Matt said, sighing.

Not long ago, they’d suddenly received terrible news.

Many of their big-shot partners had retracted their investments. All the business deals they’d made previously

had gone bust.

Their entire family suffered serious damage overnight.

Now, they desperately needed a capital injection, or else the Lacey family would go bankrupt in less than a

month.

At this point, the only one who could help them was Big Bucks Brooks.

“Speaking of that, it’s really strange how all of the investments were retracted collectively, and disaster struck from all sides. I bet somebody’s targeting our family,” Phineas rubbed his chin in thought.

“Who’s gutsy enough to go mess with our family?” Matt slammed his palm **int** **o** the table.

Their original plan was to get the Immortunol formula in their hands and then use the investment funds to

conduct their own research.

This way, the Lacey family would be restored to their former glory!

However, after everything that had happened, their plan was ruined.

“**We** still haven’t been able to look into it yet. Once we raise the funds we need and get through these tough times, we’ll drag that bastard out!” An evil glint flashed through Phineas’ eyes.

“Dad, how much money does our family need to operate normally?” Matt asked uncertainly.

“At least three billion dollars!” **Phineas** put up three fingers.

“That much?” Matt’s expression **drooped**. “Would Big Bucks Brooks agree to loan us three billion in one go?”

“Big Bucks Brooks controls one-third of all the **cash** flow in Millsburg. What’re three billion dollars to him?” Phineas **took a** sip of tea and said casually, “Not to mention, I even came here personally. Would he dare to say no? He should be happy that our family is cozying up to him on our own accord instead.”

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“That’s true.” Hearing those words, Matt let out a sigh of relief.

The Laney family did have prestige out there; Big Bucks Brooks had to give them some respect.

As the two were speaking, the door suddenly opened, and a few people entered.

The one in the lead was none other than Roderick.

The moment they met. Phineas stood up and extended a hand, his face full of smiles. “Hey, Mr. Brooks! Long time no see. You’ve gotten much more handsome!”

However, when he saw Dustin behind Roderick, his smile froze on his face. “Punk, what are you doing here?!”

“You’re here, so why can’t I be here too?” Dustin retorted indifferently.

“Hmph! And who **are** you? Can you even be compared to us?” Phineas’ expression turned cold instantly.

“Dustin, are you here to also get a loan from Mr. Brooks?” Matt said with a suspicious look.

“Why I’m here doesn’t concern you.” Dustin’s expression remained unchanged.

“Mr. Brooks, we’ve always been friendly with each other. Don’t lend that punk any money! We have bad blood!” Phineas said, calling a spade a spade.

In his eyes. Roderick would never go against the Laney family for a small fry.

So, he definitely won today.

“Phineas, are you sure that you have bad blood with Mr. Rhys?” Roderick smirked coolly.

“Of course!” Phineas puffed out his chest. “Mr. Brooks, to be frank, the two grudges I have with him can never be solved, so please don’t try to lobby for him!”

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The Immortunol formula would definitely be his soon.

“You’re mistaken. I don’t mean it that way.” Roderick uttered calmly.

“Huh?” Phineas was puzzled. “What do you mean, then?”

“Both of you are here to borrow my money, aren’t you?” Roderick asked back instead of answering.

Phineas let out a sheepish laugh. “Our family ran into some trouble recently, and we need some money to turn

things around. That’s why **we’ve** come to you, Mr. Brooks.”

“How much do you need?”

“About three billion dollars?”

“Three billion!” Roderick raised an eyebrow. “Sorry, but no can do.”

“What?” Phineas shock quickly turned to dismay. “Mr. Brooks, three billion is nothing to you. Why can’t you

lend us the money?”

“Technically, I’ve already lent the money to Mr. Rhys, so you’ll have to beg him for the money.” Roderick replied

with a sarcastic smile.

“What? You lent it to him?” The father–son duo was stunned, unable **to** believe their ears.

There was no way Roderick would have lent that useless punk three billion dollars!

“You’re not pulling our leg, are you, Mr. Brooks?” Phineas asked again, **eyes** wide.

“Yeah! What are we supposed to do if you give the money to him?” Matt was dismayed.

“That’s none of my business!” Roderick responded frankly.

“Mr. Brooks, how could you lend your money to him instead of us? Considering our friendship, you’re carrying it too far. Do you think that brat is better than the Laney family?”

The Laney family was a noble family that was leagues above Dustin in terms of wealth and connections. Any normal person would know who to side with.

“Firstly, we’re not friends. Secondly, it’s my money. I decide who it **goes** to. I don’t have to **ask** anyone’s opinion. Lastly, **who** the f*ck do you think **you are**? How **dare** you compare yourselves **to** Mr. Rhys! You should really look in a f*cking mirror!” Roderick snapped scornfully.

“Mr. Brooks! Are **you** going to make the Laney family your enemy just because of that brat?” Phineas growled.

“Exactly! You should think this through carefully. Is the **Laney** family **more** important or **that** brat?” **Matt** quipped. They were sure that a businessman like Roderick would never turn his back on the Laney family.

“So what if we become enemies? A penniless family like yours **is** trying to threaten **me**? Ha! You must have a death wish!” Roderick curled his lip.

“I can cut off all your funds right now. I’ll make sure you never get a penny in this province!”

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His words hit the lather—
son duo like a bucket of ice. They’d been **so** agitated that they forgot that

Bucks Brooks they were talking to, whose influence and wealth exceeded the Laney family a gazillion times.

Even when they **had** been at full power, they still had to lower their heads in front of Roderick, let alone now.

Nonetheless, they could never have dreamed that someone **as** powerful as Roderick would butt heads with

their family for someone like Dustin.

Did Dustin **have** connections they weren’t aware of?