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The brawny man said nothing. He just turned around and left.

After a moment's hesitation, Nash stepped forward and followed him.

A Cullinan was parked on the side of the main road outside the manor.

It was the same one he saw when he went shopping with Hera before.

The brawny man walked up to the car and opened the door.

Nash understood what he meant and got into the car without hesitation.

An old man and a middle-aged man were in it.

The old man's aura was restrained but also at ease. There was a sense of majesty and kindness. in his eyes.

The middle-aged man had a beard and exuded a murderous aura.

It was an aura that was tempered from being on the battlefield for a long time.

The old man put a hand to his heart and said with a smile,
"I'm Zakariah Sinclair. Hello, young Nash Calcraft."

The middle-aged man kept things curt and simply said, "Stellar Orwell!"

"Did you look for me for something?" Nash said in an extremely indifferent tone as he looked out the car window.

He thought these people had been targeting Hera before.

Unexpectedly, they were after him.

He hated the feeling of being followed.

However, he sensed no malice from these people.

Otherwise, he would not have wasted his time and taken a seat.

Seeing Nash's

indifference, Zakariah laughed and said, "Don't blame Stellar. We just wish to get your help in curing an ailment."

"Is this how you invite someone?" Nash asked coldly.

Zakariah felt as if he had fallen into an ice cave hearing how cold his tone was.

His expression changed slightly, and he immediately circulated his inner energy to resist the pressure Nash brought about.

However, in less than three seconds, all his inner energy dissipated.

Zakariah's face was pale as he stared at Nash in disbelief.

His strength as a martial arts master was crushed by this young man so easily?

When he heard Skadi mention this person's strength yesterday, he thought she had been exaggerating.

Looking at it now, he was much stronger than what Skadi had described!

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Zakariah put his hand to his heart again. "Mr. Calcraft, he's a unique individual. You're the only one who can cure him..."

Nash reeled his aura back in and looked up at the rearview mirror only to catch Stellar watching him.

Stellar looked away and rumbled in a deep voice, "The person you'll be healing is the warden of the Northern Territory..."

Nash's eyes narrowed slightly when he heard that.

A warden, and one who was in charge of a territory.

His

power should be monstrous.

There were only four wardens in Drakonia.

After a moment of silence, Nash asked slowly, "What's wrong with him?"

"A poison that causes deossification!"

"A parasitic poison?" Astonishment colored Nash's eyes.

He had traveled all over the country and practiced countless medicines, but he had never treated parasitic poison.

A poison that could cause deossification was one extremely potent parasitic poison.

Once poisoned, the victim's bones and joints would loosen within one month and start decaying by the second.

In three months, the bones would be reduced to ashes.

It was a kind of parasitic poison that made living worse than death.

The warden who commanded thousands of troops would be brutally murdered just like that.

It was most likely done by his trusted aide.

"It's been 25 days!"

Stellar looked worried. He turned back to look at Nash and asked, "Can he be cured?"

"I'm not sure, but I can try..."

"I won't put the warden at risk if you're not fully confident."

Stellar added coldly, "The Northern Territory is under the warden's protection. If something happens to him during the treatment, the border will be thrown into chaos!"

Nash shrugged his shoulders. "Then hire someone else!"