

## **CEO Bride 514**

### Chapter 514

“Dr. Tanner, please. You must save my child. He’s my only child, and if he dies, I won’t be able to live!”

The elderly woman knelt on the ground, crying loudly.

Several relatives also knelt beside her, shedding tears.

“Please, Ma’am, don’t do this. I’m still learning, and my skills are limited!”

Mireille hurriedly approached and helped the elderly woman to her feet.

Upon hearing Mireille’s words, the elderly woman’s eyes rolled back. She fainted on the ground.

A burly man among them became somewhat angry. “Where’s your grandfather? Isn’t he Jonford’s top miracle doctor? Get him out here to treat my child!”

Mireille explained, “My grandfather has gone back to our hometown...”

The burly man got up from the ground, his eyes filled with fury. "I

don't care! If my son dies in your clinic today, I'll fight with all of you!"

Any father would go to great lengths to save his child, no matter how

embarrassing or frowned upon their actions might be. This man was

no exception.

He just wanted his child to wake up.

With a stern face, Larry said, "If you people want to cause trouble,

you've come to the wrong place. This is Tanner Group Pharmacy, and

we won't tolerate unruly behavior here!"

"So, you'll just let someone die in your clinic?

"Your family claims to have produced Jonford's first miracle doctor,

but you're more like Jonford's worst doctor!

"If you don't cure my son today, I'll set this clinic on fire!"

The burly man's eyes were bloodshot, and he glared ferociously at Larry while shouting loudly.

Seeing the burly man losing control, Mireille whispered to Larry,"

Larry, please call for an ambulance... I'll try to calm him down."

Larry nodded and took out his phone to call for an ambulance.

Mireille approached the distressed man and comforted him, saying,

Sir, I understand your feelings. Your son has a severe intracranial

hemorrhage and needs surgery to remove the blood clot as soon as

possible.

"If you take him to the hospital now, there might still be a chance to

save him. But if you continue wasting time here, your son might lose.

his life!".

The burly man sternly rebuked her, "Don't try to fool me. I've heard that taking someone with an intracranial hemorrhage to the hospital is like sending them to the gates of death. Otherwise, we wouldn't

have come here looking for Dr. Tanner..."

Nash glanced at the young man who was vomiting blood and said

calmly, "Let me have a try."

His calm voice brought silence to the scene, and everyone's attention focused on the handsome young man in a suit.

"You?"

Mireille furrowed her brows slightly. "You'd better not."

He was just a young man in his 20s. What could he possibly do to treat an intracranial hemorrhage?

The father of the child also shouted angrily at Nash, "You brat! Why

are you trying to meddle?!"

Nash remained composed and asked, "How will we know if we don't

try?"

An intracranial hemorrhage was indeed difficult to treat, and

hospitals often had patients' families sign do-not-resuscitate orders

immediately.

Yet for Nash, it was not a difficult task.

With dry-needling and the use of his true energy, he could expel the

blood clot.

Mireille said with some annoyance, "Sir, if you're here for medical treatment, please wait in line. If you're here to cause trouble, we don't welcome you here!"

Why would he come and disrupt the situation when the patient's family was already causing trouble?

Nash calmly responded, "Even your grandfather, Brian, wouldn't dare to ask me to leave."

Although this woman was trying to drive him away, she was still relatively polite.

Nash did not want to make a big fuss about it.

"Seriously... Who is this guy? Why is he so arrogant?"

"He must be some rich kid who came here to hit on girls!"

"Does he think he's some hot shot?"

"Brat, just get lost. She's already telling you to leave. Why are you being so shameless?"

The people waiting in line behind were all talking at once.

Mireille, however, looked at Nash with suspicion.

Could he be the person her grandfather had mentioned, his grandmaster?