

## **CEO Bride 515**

### **Chapter 515**

As soon as this idea arose, she chuckled at herself.

How could a young man in his 20s possibly be her grandfather's grandmaster?

"Oh lord, my child..."

At this moment, the young man on the hospital bed began to cough up blood violently.

His clothes were stained red, and his limbs started to convulse.

The middle-aged woman hugged the young man and cried bitterly.

Mireille approached, gently opened the young man's eyes, and saw that his pupils were dilated. It was a sign that his life was fading fast.

She sighed softly. "He's not going to make it... You should prepare yourselves for the worst."

"No... My son, you can't die!"

The middle-aged woman was crying so hard that she almost passed

out.

Friends and family were also heartbroken as they wiped away their

tears.

People waiting in line nearby could not help but express their

sympathy.

“This kid is so young... What a pity!”

“That’s right. It’s such a shame. After raising him for so long, his parents must be heartbroken!”

“If only Miracle Doctor Tanner were here, he could definitely save this

child!”

“Life can be so cruel!”

Hearing the comments from others, the child’s father looked around

while at a loss. He felt like the world in front of him had lost its color.

Nash crossed his arms and smiled faintly. “I really don’t understand

you people. I said I could treat him, but you don’t believe me. It seems like you’d rather watch him die than give this slim chance a try!”

At this critical moment, should they not be willing to try anything, even if it seemed like a long shot?

What if a medical miracle occurred?

Without any self-conceit, Nash believed that his intervention would be

nothing short of a miracle.

Mireille hesitated as she looked at the patient's family and asked, "What if... we let him try?"

Her grandfather often taught her not to judge people by their

appearances.

This man did not seem like he was mentally-challenged. Perhaps he would be able to help?

The burly man turned to Nash, his lips trembling as he said, "Young man, if you can really save my son, I'm willing to do anything for you!"

The family only had one son to carry on the family lineage.

Both he and his wife were in their 40s and approaching their 50s. It

was too late for them to have another child.

If Nash could truly save their son, the burly man would do anything-

even if it meant sacrificing everything the family had.

The middle-aged woman put down her child and bowed to Nash,

pleading, "Please, save my son. He's on the verge of death!"

Seeing that the patient's family agreed, Mireille finally lifted her

beautiful eyes and stared at Nash. "Give it a try. I hope you're not here to cause trouble."

Nash did not bother to look at Mireille. He took long strides to approach the hospital bed. He placed his right hand on the young man's chest and slowly moved it upward.

The patient not only had an intracranial hemorrhage but had also suffered injuries to his internal organs. It appeared that he had fallen from a height, with the back of his head and back taking the impact.

Nash needed to help the patient expel the blood from his internal organs through his throat, which would also clear the blood clot blocking his airway.

"Mir, do you really believe in his nonsense?"

Larry glanced at Nash with a displeased expression. "Even Miracle Doctor Tanner wouldn't dare to act so hastily. This kid didn't even

examine the patient. It's clear he's an amateur."

"That's not necessarily true!"

Mireille's beautiful eyes stared fixedly at Nash's precise hand

movements on the patient's trigger points. She whispered softly,

Every one of his actions is accurately pressing his trigger points, and

his movements are extremely skilled. I doubt even my father could do

this."

From Nash's technique, she concluded that this man was far from an

amateur.

However, the patient had an intracranial hemorrhage, right?

What was the point of him doing this?

In the next moment, Mireille widened her beautiful eyes and

exclaimed, "The patient fell from a height, and not only did his head suffer injuries, but his internal organs are also damaged!"

Then, lowering her head in embarrassment, she murmured, "I... I actually didn't think of that!"

Despite being the granddaughter of Jonford's miracle doctor, she had overlooked this basic medical knowledge.

"That's because the patient's families were so emotionally distraught earlier that you didn't have a chance to think... Don't be too hard on yourself."

Larry softly comforted her, reaching out to put his arm around Mireille's shoulder.

Just as he was about to touch Mireille, Nash suddenly spoke up, "Do you have needles for dry-needling?"