

CEO Bride 701

Chapter 701

At this moment, it was almost nine in the evening. It was the peak. hours for the average working class as they had gotten off work. Outside Mercy Pharmacy, three long queues had formed.

One line was designated for regular medicine, another for holistic, and the third was for those who were there for consultation with the

physician.

Nash walked to the queue for holistic medicine and silently stood at

the back of the line.

Mercy Pharmacy was located in the central area of the entire street. There were a large number of rental houses nearby, so the business

here was much better than Tanner Group Pharmacy, which was on

Ancient Street.

After entering the pharmacy, Nash looked around and quickly noticed

a withered herb in a cabinet. The leaf at the center resembled a

willow leaf, and it was surrounded by centipede-looking roots. It was

the Eremochloa, named for its resemblance to a centipede.

“Excuse me... Excuse me...”

Suddenly, there was a commotion at the back. A pale-faced young

man had entered while being surrounded by three muscular men. The

people in the queue were pushed aside but dared not speak up when they saw the fierce-looking group.

At this point, Nash had reached the front of the line.

“I want

“Fuck what you want! Didn’t you hear us telling you to step aside?”

One of the burly men reached out and pushed Nash.

Nash raised his hand, grabbing the man’s before kicking forward.

The burly man fell to the ground on his knees. With a forceful twist of Nash’s wrist, a crisp crack sound echoed from the man’s

outstretched right hand.

“Ah!! You little punk, you dare hit me-”

The burly man winced in pain, and a murderous look appeared in his

eyes.

Nash released his grip and then kicked the burly man in the abdomen,

sending him flying like a ball.

The others were about to step forward, but the fair-faced young man,

raised his hand to stop them.

Nash glanced at them indifferently and asked, "Don't you know that you should wait in line?"

One of them narrowed their eyes and said, "Kid, we're from Capiton!"

Upon hearing that they were from Capiton, the others queuing up instinctively moved farther away.
Capiton was a place with

unassuming powerful people, full of elite families and the children of

officials.

Nash smiled. "So what? Do people from Capiton not need to wait in

line?"

"Our young sir wants to buy things so yeah, he doesn't need to wait in

line!"

The burly man took out a check from his pocket and swiftly wrote a line of numbers on it with a pen.
Tearing the check from the book, he handed it to Nash, saying, "Here's a hundred thousand. Vacate the
spot immediately!"

He could tell that this young man was a martial artist. His young sir was severely poisoned, his strength not even at 1% of his peak. Their group would lose if they were to act recklessly.

A hundred thousand dollars? Just to give up a spot?

The onlookers' gazes were filled with excitement. They were eager to swap places with Nash.

Nash looked at the check in the burly man's hand and fell silent. It was a substantial amount for him to just give up his spot. It did not seem like a bad deal.

Just as he was about to reach for the check, an elderly man in his 80s hurriedly walked out from the inner hall. "I didn't know you'd be honoring us with your presence, Mr. Kennedy. I apologize for not welcoming you properly. Please forgive me!"

The silver-haired old man was dressed in a traditional suit, with anxiety and nervousness written all over his face. When he noticed the pale-faced young man, his pupils narrowed slightly. "Mr. Kennedy, please have a seat. Let me check your pulse first!"

When he noticed Nash blocking Mr. Kennedy, the old man's

expression turned cold. "Step aside! I need to treat Mr. Kennedy!"

Chapter 702

Nash's face darkened. "I've been waiting in line for an hour. Let me buy my medicine first. I need the Eremochl-"

"Do you not understand the human language?" the silver-haired old man interrupted Nash coldly.

Atlas was the young master of the Kennedy family in Capiton and also the most beloved grandson of Sir Kennedy. The gentleman had personally called just now and informed him that his grandson would be coming down to his pharmacy to buy medicine.

He also asked the silver-haired old man to make things easy for him.

If the old man could establish a relationship with the Kennedy family

of Capiton, he might even be able to open a branch in Capiton.

Atlas frowned slightly, covering his chest gently. "You don't need to check my pulse. I just want the Eremochloa bead," he said hoarsely,

the breath he exhaled carrying a strong fishy odor.

Nash noticed then that Atlas' gums were black. He had truly been

poisoned, and it did not seem to be a simple poison.

"Well, what a coincidence, I also want the Eremochloa!" Nash

retorted. "Your pharmacy should follow the principle of first come, first served, right?"

Nash did not care whether this young sir lived or died. He was

determined to get the Eremochloa. If they refused to sell it, he would

find his own way to resolve the issue.

The woman dispensing the medicine removed her mask and scolded

angrily, “How dare you talk to my grandfather like that? Do you even know who my grandfather is?” Her saliva almost rained down on

Nash’s face.

It suddenly occurred to the silver-haired old that Nash looked somewhat familiar. He pulled his granddaughter back a bit and whispered, “Fanny, does this person resemble Brian Tanner’s... grandmaster?”

The woman called Fanny was puzzled. “No way, why would Brian Tanner’s grandmaster come to our place to buy medicine?” She snuck a glance at Nash. “Moreover, he’s too young!”

How could a young man who looked even younger than herself be the grandmaster of Jonford’s top doctor, Brian Tanner?

The silver-haired old man lowered his voice even more. “I heard that

Brian Tanner’s grandmaster is a young man in his 20s. The man himself was also asking around for Eremochloa today.”

Fanny took out her phone, pulled up the pharmacy’s surveillance footage, captured Nash’s image, and sent it to a holistic medicine

group chat.

Atlas was now slightly short of breath and feeling a tightness in his

chest. Leaning on the shoulder of a burly man next to him, he stared

at the silver-haired old man and urged, “Quickly, give me the

Eremochloa...”

Blood began to ooze from his mouth as he spoke.

At this moment, Fanny whispered to her grandfather, “He really is

Brian Tanner’s grandmaster!”

The silver-haired old man trembled slightly. Brian Tanner had a significant reputation in the Jonford medical community, but recently, his grandmaster had become even more famous.

He first cured Walter Watson’s bedridden wife. Then, he successfully treated late-stage cancer. Finally, he healed the Northern Territory’s Warden, Philix Xing. Nash’s extraordinary medical skills easily put him on par with the renowned Thomas King of the past.

Fanny whispered, “Now what do we do? Who should we sell the

Eremochloa to?”

One was the young sir of the Kennedy family in Capiton, and the other was the grandmaster of Jonford’s top doctor, Brian Tanner. Both held

unshakable positions.

If they sold the Eremochloa to Atlas, it might be challenging for him/ to continue his practice in Jonford. However, he was worried about the consequences if he were to offend the Kennedy family in Capiton.

Chapter 703

With the power the Kennedy family held in Jonford, eliminating Nash would be simpler than crushing an ant.

The burly man slammed his hand on the table, roaring, "Don't you

understand what the sir is saying? Hurry up and hand over the

Eremochloa!"

The silver-haired old man trembled, looking toward the cabinet containing the Eremochloa. Nash crossed his arms and calmly said, "As I said, first come, first served."

Atlas, drenched in cold sweat, breathed rapidly and said

intermittently, "Only Eremochloa... can s-save me. If you... give me the Eremochloa, I can fulfill any of your wishes!"

Nash sneered, "Did that fool tell you Eremochloa is the antidote for Seven-Starred Begonia's poison?"

Atlas weakly lifted his head drowsily and asked, "You... You know I'm poisoned by Seven-Starred Begonia?" Then, he fainted.

"Sir!"

The burly men's faces turned pale as the silver-haired old man and his granddaughter quickly came out from behind the counter.

Fanny addressed the patients waiting in line, "My apologies, but we

have a crisis in the store. If your condition is severe, you can stay to get treatment. Everyone else, please leave for now!"

With Atlas' life hanging in the balance, both she and her grandfather

had no time to attend to the store. Letting these people wait in line would be a waste of their time.

The patients in line had no choice but to leave. They did not dare

voice their complaints as the pharmacy was the only one within ten

miles.

The silver-haired old man checked Atlas' pulse and then pinched a trigger point between his brows. Beads of cold sweat appeared on his forehead. If Atlas were to die in his store, the Kennedy family would certainly not let him off.

Fanny whispered, "Grandpa, what's Seven-Starred Begonia?"

The silver-haired old man frowned and said, "It's an ancient poisonous substance, passed down through the ages. It's as deadly as Crane's Crown and the Five Poison Powder. It's renowned for its fatality to martial artists."

Fanny was puzzled. "Why does it only have fatal effects on martial

artists?"

The silver-haired old man explained, "The first instinct of a martial artist when poisoned is to think about how to expel the poison, and they'll use their inner energy to do so.

"However, when one is poisoned by Seven-Starred Begonia, the more they use their inner energy, the more active the poison becomes."

Staring at the lifeless Atlas before them, Fanny asked anxiously, "Can he be saved? Can Eremochloa really counteract Seven-Starred

Begonia?

The silver haired old man shook his head. "Seven Starred Begonia has

been known as the world's most extraordinary poison since ancient times. It has been lost to time for hundreds of years.

"Nowadays, very few people know about it except for a few families who practice holistic medicine."

"Old man, what's the use of talking so much?"

One of Atlas' men grabbed the silver-haired old man's collar and roared. "Hurry up and hand over that Eremochloa!"

The silver-haired old man said in a deep voice, "Eremochloa might not necessarily save him!"

The burly man slapped the old man across the face. He pulled out a dagger and pressed it against the old man's neck, saying coldly, "If our young sir dies, your whole family will be buried with him!"

The silver-haired old man and Fanny trembled in fear. "Grandpa, quickly detoxify him!" Fanny said in a trembling voice.

She dared not question the Kennedy family's words. If something happened to Atlas, their entire family would be doomed. She had not even gotten married or enjoyed the pleasures of life yet!

The silver-haired old man surreptitiously glanced at Nash, Brian Tanner's grandmaster. With his extraordinary medical skills, he could

surely save Atlas.

Fanny noticed her grandfather's gaze, and her eyes brightened. She

stood up and looked at Nash, saying, "Aren't you Brian Tanner's

grandmaster? Quickly save Atlas!"

Nash glanced at Atlas, who was lying on the ground. He was bleeding.

and foaming at the mouth. He said with a faint smile, "I'm not familiar

with him, so why should I save him?"

Fanny was momentarily stunned but then retorted angrily, "You won't save him just because you're not familiar with him? We see so many strangers every day in pharmacies and hospitals. Does that mean we shouldn't treat them?"

Chapter 704

"It's the responsibility of a healthcare practitioner to save lives and provide medical care! What's the use of having medical skills if you don't help people?"

Fanny was becoming more and more agitated as she spoke. Even the burly men nearby were all subdued by her fierce demeanor.

"What you're saying is that just because I have medical skills, I must treat patients. I don't have a medical license, nor am I affiliated with any hospital.

"Treating illnesses and saving lives is purely my hobby and interest. Isn't this a form of moral coercion? You're putting the responsibility

of medical care on me.”

Nash disliked people who engaged in moral coercion. He had initially

considered helping Atlas, but he changed his mind now. If anything happened to the man, it would be because of her.

“You...”

“Fanny, that’s enough,” the silver-haired old man reprimanded her. They had no right to force others to treat Atlas. Fanny’s reasoning did not always hold up.

“Looks like the widely-known reputation of Brian Tanner’s

grandmaster is baseless! Fanny had suppressed her anger but then she started saying provoking things

i have a reputation? i wasn't aware of that, Nash said with a

surprised expression

“You’re Brian Tanner’s grandmaster and supposedly the your or martial brother of Thomas King, the renowned healer thr

ages!

“You’re going to stand idly by in the face of death as Thomas K younger martial brother?” Fanny continued, her tone laced with heavy

sarcasm.

“Provoking me won’t work!” Nash could not be bothered to argue with this woman. Thomas had only mastered the art of medicine. He made a living with that skill and later opened his own pharmacy, ensuring that his conduct matched his reputation.

As for himself, his focus was on martial arts, with medicine as a secondary pursuit. When it came to healing and saving lives, that

would depend on his mood.

“Mr. Nash, there you are!”

Suddenly, a gentle and melodious voice came from outside the door.

Fanny looked up, and her brows furrowed immediately.

It was Mireille, Brian Tanner’s granddaughter. She and Mireille had studied together back in university. Mireille had been the campus.

belle since her freshman year and was always surrounded by

countless admirers. Even the guy Fanny liked had secretly admired

Mireille

Fanny harbored jealousy and resentment toward Mireille. She had

always disliked the woman.

Mireille entered the pharmacy with a swaying gait, her fair face

slightly flushed, and her eyes revealing a hint of intoxication She

looked as if she had consumed some alcohol.

Larry, her bodyguard, anxiously said, "Mira, slow down!" He wanted to go help Mireille, but she pushed him away.

She went straight to Nash and let out a hiccup. "It's all sorted. The village will help you cultivate those medicinal herbs... Hiccup..." A

faint floral smell mixed with the fragrance of red wine fanned onto

Nash's face.

Nash frowned slightly. "Why are you here?"

Leaves

Mireille stared into Nash's smiling gently. "A friend was

celebrating their birthday, so I had a little to drink."

Larry felt quite uncomfortable. He had known Mireille for a long time, but she had never been so tender with him. Moreover, was Nash not already married? Was he not as good as a married man?

Nash noticed the change in Larry's expression and calmly said, "It's getting late. You should go home." He had anticipated the outcome of the Seven Reds event long ago.

"Yes, Mireille. Let's go back quickly!" Larry hastily agreed.

Chapter 705

Mireille rarely drank, and Larry had hoped to take advantage of her having a bit too much to drink to find an opportunity for himself.

However, the entire night had passed without him even getting to hold her hand.

Sighing, the silver-haired old man said, "You should call Sir Kennedy and have him prepare mentally."

This statement terrified Atlas' attendants, and one of them grabbed the old man's collar. He shouted, "Old man, why don't you use the Eremochloa to save our young sir? I think you're deliberately choosing to watch as our young sir dies!"

They had been asking for Eremochloa the moment he entered the pharmacy, yet until now, the old man had not taken it out to save the young sir. Was he not just deliberately letting the young sir die?

"Let go of my grandfather! I'll give you the Eremochloa now!" Fanny dragged a chair over, stood on it, and reached for the medicine in the

cabinet.

Nash wanted it too, right? If he did not save Atlas, then he would not

be getting it!

Nash furrowed his brows. Did he really have to resort to physical

force?

“Atlas Kennedy? What What happened to him?” Larry furrowed his

brows and inquired

Do you know ha

Mireille looked at Larry with puzzlement.

Larry nodded. “Yeah, he’s the third son of the Kennedy family i Capiton. We attended the same high school, and he later went a for university!”

The Kennedy family was a top-tier family in Capiton, while Larry’s family was a third-tier family.

Seeing the precarious situation the Kennedy family’s son was in, Larry rubbed his chin and said, “Mireille, see if you can help him. If you can get the Kennedy family to owe you a favor, you could get your establishment to shine in Capiton in the future!”

Regardless of the outcome between himself and Mireille, he should do more for the Tanner family considering the relationship between his grandfather and the Tanner family’s old man.

Now slightly sober from the alcohol, Mireille asked softly, “Mr. Donald, what’s wrong with Atlas?”

“He’s poisoned by a Seven-Starred Begonia! Can you cure him?”

Fanny came out with a box containing Eremochloa, glanced at Nash disdainfully, and then stared at Mireille expressionlessly. She said, “ Since your grandfather’s grandmaster can’t even do anything about it, you might as well give up!”

Brian Tanner was, after all, the number one miracle doctor in Jonford.

Mireille had been influenced by him since childhood, and that had

created a solid foundation for her medical skills.

She was not only the campus belle back when they were in school but also a well-known academic overachiever. The school even gave her

the nickname 'Medical Fairy'. In short, she could easily ace all the assessments the school threw at her.

Fanny wanted to see Mireille admit defeat today.

Mireille turned her head to look at Nash, only to see him staring fixedly at the box.

Nash noticed Mireille's gaze and turned to her, asking, "Why are you looking at me? She's looking at you.

Mireille's flushed cheeks concealed her embarrassment. She had

never even heard of a Seven-Starred Begonia before.

"Can't you do anything about it either?"

Mireille thought of calling her grandfather over, but if even Nash could not handle it, then her calling him over would be useless..

"Is there any ailment I can't cure?" Nash glanced at Mireille casually and continued indifferently, "They offended me just now, so I simply

don't feel like saving them!"

It was not difficult to cure one who was poisoned by a Seven-Starred Begonia. A set of needles and a prescription of herbs would suffice.

Fanny pursed her lips and continued to mock, "If you can't do it, then just say so. Why look for excuses?"

Mireille furrowed her brows slightly. "If he can't do it, does that mean

no one in this world can?"

Nash's mouth twitched slightly. That statement sounded odd.

Fanny handed the Eremochloa to her grandfather expressionlessly

and deliberately raised her voice as she said, "Atlas must have come looking for Eremochloa with guidance given to him by a master. Just try using it!"

Chapter 706

Nash blinked his eyes, feeling a sense of urgency creeping in. There must be more than just this one Eremochloa, but as of present, he only knew about this particular one. The imminent need to refine the Golden Onyx Pill urged him to secure this Eremochloa.

Taking a deep breath, Nash spoke up, "I can save him, but you have to give the Eremochloa to me.

A smug smile played on Fanny's lips. Had he not been arrogant the

entire time? Why the change in attitude now? She looked at Nash

arrogantly and said, "Too late." Then, she glanced at Mireille with a

provoking gaze.

“Do you really think Eremochloa can neutralize the poison from a Seven-Starred Begonia?” Nash spoke up again calmly.

Fanny sneered, “We can’t be certain, but it can at least delay the effects of the poison!” She believed Nash was just making up lies to

deceive her to obtain the Eremochloa. Did he think she was a three-

year-old child?

“What if I tell you that combining Eremochloa with Seven-Starred

Begonia poison will only accelerate his death?” Nash added, his eyes

narrowing.

“You’re just trying to scare us now!” Fanny dismissed his words with a

contemptuous smile.

She opened the box and got ready to boil the Eremochloa into

medicine. Nash reached out and closed the lid, his voice like ice as he

said, “You know nothing about Seven-Starred Begonias. You’re just experimenting with his life by using the Eremochloa on him, no?”

Fanny unwillingly retorted, “Atlas personally said he needed the

Eremochloa. If something happens, then it's on him. You don't need

to interfere in my affairs!"

Saying this, she attempted to push away Nash's hand when he continued, "The toxicity of Seven-Starred Begonia in itself is not potent. Rather, its danger lies in its ability to merge with any other toxin, thereby transforming it into a new poison.

"And Eremochloa is a poisonous plant before it's sundried. Its sap can cause skin ulceration and weakness in the nervous system. It

becomes a good medicine after drying, but it still carries trace

amounts of toxins.

"The toxins can't be completely removed even through high- temperature boiling!

"When you combine the two, the medicinal effects of the Eremochloa. will be magnified dozens of times. You'll witness this young man turn into a pile of bones at a speed naked to the eye!"

Nash pushed down the box lid tightly as he bombarded her with the

information.

Fanny was slightly stunned. Atlas would turn into a pile of bones at a speed naked to the eye? Perhaps this guy had been watching too

much television.

Except for chemicals like sulfuric acid, she had never heard of any poison that could turn a person into bones, especially at a speed visible to the naked eye.

Nash sighed and said, "I'm not trying to scare you. I'm not here to play.

tricks."

"You must be trying to scare me! Well, I'm not easily frightened!"

Fanny retorted coldly.

Nash felt the impulse to slap her, but he restrained himself. What was

the point of arguing with such a single-minded woman?

He simply let go of her hand and said casually, "You've figured it all

out. I was just trying to scare you. Go ahead, give it to him."

Fanny raised her eyes to stare at this man. She noticed that instead.

of getting angry, he seemed somewhat amused.

"You think I won't?" Fanny still believed that Nash was intentionally

trying to scare her. How could things be as exaggerated as he made

them out to be?

"Nash, is what you said just now true?" Mireille whispered.

“No, I was just scaring her,” Nash replied loud enough for Fanny to

hear. However, the more confident Nash was, the more uncertain

Fanny felt.

If what Nash said was true, then she would become a murderer. Once

she committed to this decision, there was no turning back. If she stopped now, she would be admitting defeat in front of Nash, and Mireille was still present. Was she going to be a laughingstock?

“I don’t believe it’ll be that absurd...” Fanny took the box and walked

into the inner room. She decided to test the effects on a small white

mouse first.

Nash did not want to waste time here and patted Mireille’s shoulder. ”

on, let’s go.”

Mireille nodded obediently and followed Nash.

Chapter 707

Old Donald anxiously spoke up, “Sir, please wait...”

Nash remained indifferent and continued making his way out. He did not need the

Eremochloa for the Golden Onyx Pill. Other herbs could

substitute for it. The resulting pill might be a bit more toxic, but with the Divine Farmer's Cauldron, Nash could refine it and eliminate the

toxicity.

Atlas' men quickly ran out, blocking Nash's path. The three of them

stared at Nash coldly.

"You can't leave..."

They were not fools. They could tell that the old man in the pharmacy was helpless. The young man in front of them had spoken with conviction, indicating he might be skilled.

Nash narrowed his eyes and replied coldly, "I want to leave. You think

you can stop me?"

The three burly men fell to their knees before him, and the scene

attracted the attention of many onlookers.

"Sir, please, save our young sir! We'll pay whatever amount you ask, just save him!" one of the burly men solemnly declared. He believed

the patriarch would spare no expense in this matter.

Nash smiled faintly. "Where's the arrogance from before?"

They had been strutting around so haughtily before like they were

such important people. Now, they were kneeling before him, pleading

for his help.

Could they not have been a bit more modest to begin with?

Nash could not help but sigh inwardly.

“Sir, we were doing all that for the young sir’s sake. Please understand!” the burly man explained, sweat pouring down his face.

More and more onlookers had gathered around.

“Enough, get up.” Nash sighed softly. Saving a life was more

important than anything else. Since they had knelt down to apologize,

he decided to show some mercy.

Mireille glanced at Nash sneakily. She knew Nash would not stand by and watch someone die. What he wanted changed was their attitude.

Old Donald helped Atlas onto a sickbed. Fanny came over with a syringe as she wanted to draw the man’s blood sample for her

experiment.

Old Donald grabbed Fanny's wrist and reprimanded her, "Haven't you caused enough trouble?"

If Brian Tanner's grandmaster were to take action, there might still be a chance to save Atlas. What would happen to Atlas if they drove the young man away?

Fanny dismissed him, saying, "Grandpa, do you really believe in his nonsense?"

She broke free from her grandfather's grasp and drew a small amount of blood from Atlas' arm.

"Records about Seven-Starred Begonias mention nothing of their

ability to magnify other toxins, but that's ancient literature. Moreover, those records aren't from the autobiography of a famous medical

expert.

"No one has seen the mention of Seven-Starred Begonias in modern medical history, so their specifics can't be verified."

"So what? I don't believe he has personally witnessed its poison either!"

Fanny held the syringe and went into the inner room.

She picked up a domestically raised small white mouse from the cage. Just as she was about to inject the blood into the mouse, Nashi suddenly walked in. "You really are stubborn!"

He raised his hand and manipulated the objects from a distance. The

small white mouse and the syringe in Fanny's hand were sucked into

Nash's hand.

"Can you understand this?" Nash said coldly.

Fanny merely replied, "I can understand this. Martial artists practice

vital energy, and that's what you used!"

Old Donald smiled bitterly and said, "Fanny, you'd better speak less!"

Displeasure showed on her face. "Grandpa, do you also think I'm doing something wrong?"

"The unsightly are truly prone to causing trouble!" Nash said as he glanced at the woman as though she were an idiot. Then, he said to Mireille, "Let's hurry up and treat Atlas. That's the better option.

compared to letting a certain someone try to show off."

Chapter 708

Mireille responded lazily with a hum, not bothering to look at Fanny.

Fanny was still where she stood, stunned. Did he just call her unsightly and a troublemaker? He was Brian Tanner's grandmaster. He possessed extraordinary medical skills but refused to save a patient's life earlier. Where did he get the nerve to insult her?

Moreover, he had taken away the syringe and the white mouse from her. Was he afraid she would challenge him by using them for her experiment? If he was so afraid of that happening, she was going to give him a show for sure!

Fanny took another syringe from the drawer and carefully drew the drop of blood she accidentally dripped onto the chair earlier.

Outside, Nash spent about ten minutes examining Atlas' condition before discovering that Atlas was a martial artist in the early stage of the Profound Reality Realm.

Surprisingly, he had over 30 types of toxins in his body, including naturally occurring pyretic and antipyretic toxins in the human. There were also various other poisons. Nash even suspected that guy was a poison enthusiast.

He likely experimented with different antidotes and consumed the legendary Seven-Starred Begonia. It was likely he attempted to use his inner energy to expel the toxins, but that only accelerated the effects of the poison. However, this was just Nash's initial

assessment.

Nash asked Old Donald for a set of silver needles to carry out dry needling treatment on Atlas. Then, he wrote a prescription for Old Donald. "Give him this medicine. Have him drink it every two hours."

Old Donald glanced at the prescription, his expression changing slightly. "Uh... There are a few ingredients here that I don't have in my

shop."

Nash casually remarked, "Can't you think of something?"

One of Atlas' subordinates stared at Old Donald and said, "Think of how to get the ingredients. Don't worry about the money!"

Old Donald mournfully replied, "It's not about the money. Iron Pear Root, Thousand Autumn Vine, Bodhi Pine Nuts... Only Tanner Group Pharmacy has these."

At this point, Old Donald looked at Mireille awkwardly and continued, "I got into a fight with Brian at a medical symposium, and we haven't had any contact since then."

Mireille chuckled. "My grandfather mentioned it. You and Old Lucius from the People's Pharmacy really showed him."

Old Donald's mouth twitched, "Their 20-strong group were the ones who cornered us. How did the truth get flipped like that?"

"Putting aside the conflict, do you still want to save this person?" Nash glanced indifferently at Old Donald.

Embarrassed, Old Donald turned to Mireille, saying, "Ms. Tanner, how about..."

Mireille smiled and nodded. "Check which herbs are missing. I'll have my grandfather send them over!"

Old Donald hurriedly said, "I'll have someone get them. No need for the man to come personally!"

Old Donald had always wanted to reconcile with Brian. He was the top miracle doctor in Jonford, after all. He was also the vice president

of the Traditional Medicine Association. It was not a wise choice to

continue having bad blood with him.

This moment might be a good opportunity for reconciliation.

“Well, let me make a quick call to my grandfather!” Mireille took out

her phone and walked outside.

Nash undid Atlas’ clothes and skillfully inserted silver needles into

various points of his body. The burly men watched in amazement. They were just a little worried that this guy might be randomly

needling their master without a plan.

Having knowledge of trigger points, Old Donald could not help but praise after witnessing Nash’s seamless and fluid movements, “Mr. Calcraft, your technique is truly extraordinary. Even the creator of the art might have to admit defeat should they still be alive!”

He knew some basic dry needling skills himself, and it had taken him several years to master the art. Finding disciples who could thoroughly understand the art was extremely rare in Jonford. Currently, Brian was considered the best in this sort of treatment.

Now, the young man in front of Old Donald had completely changed. his understanding. Nash manipulated the needles, and after a series of movements, all the silver needles trembled slightly.

Chapter 709

Old Donald's eyes went wide, and he almost fell to the ground. This was the legendary Tremoring Needles! He never thought he would witness anyone using this technique with his own eyes in his lifetime.

Just as Nash was focusing his attention on administering the needles and detoxifying the poison, his ears suddenly twitched. He

said deeply, "It seems that something happened to your

granddaughter."

The smile on Old Donald's face instantly froze. He hurriedly ran

toward the inner room and saw Fanny lying on the ground, trembling.

She was biting a towel while gripping her left wrist with her right hand.

tightly. Meanwhile, her left hand was visibly corroding at a rapid pace.

She was in pain, and her veins were bulging on her face. Even so, she

dared not make a sound. She did not want the man outside and

Mireille to see her in such a state.

"Fanny..."

Old Donald quickly went up to his granddaughter. When he saw h

left hand corroding, he shuddered and asked, "W-What have you don

Fanny leaned against her grandfather, her eyes lifeless as she

muttered, "How could... How could such a terrifying poison exist?"

At this point, her left hand had already corroded into a bloody mess,

with flesh and tissue flowing about freely. She felt pain at first, but

now, her left hand had lost all sensation.

"You silly girl, why didn't you believe that gentleman's words?"

Hot tears welled up in Old Donald's eyes, and he felt a deep sense of guilt. He blamed himself for not believing Nash from the beginning. The man was Brian's grandmaster. Was there a need to doubt his

medical skills?

"I'll take you to him so that he can help you," Old Donald said as he supported his granddaughter.

However, Fanny shook off Old Donald and headed straight for the kitchen. Old Donald naturally guessed what Fanny intended to do and quickly approached her from behind, holding her back. "Fanny, don't do anything foolish. We can still save your hand."

Wrought with tears, Fanny said, "Let go of me... Let me go..."

She did not want her arm to continue to corrode and intended to

amputate it. Outside, Nash had overheard their conversation but felt no pity. Fanny brought it upon herself for experimenting on herself

after he took away the mouse.

However, he had taken the syringe containing Atlas' poisoned blood. How did she get poisoned?

Nash looked up at the burly men and said, "Go and bring that woman.

out."

The men nodded and made their way to the room. Mireille was done with her call after instructing Larry to go fetch the medicine. She then returned to Nash's side and was stunned when she heard screaming

and crying. "What happened to her?"

Still casually administering needles to Atlas, Nash calmly replied,

She didn't believe me and probably experimented on herself."

As he said this, the burly men brought Fanny out. "Let go of me... Let

me go!" Fanny struggled as she cried, tears streaking down her face.

Seeing the corroded state of Fanny's hand, Mireille could not help the

sharp inhale she took. Her hand looked like it had been soaked in

sulfuric acid. It was like a decaying hand in the heat of summer.

The stench of rotting flesh permeated the entire pharmacy. The burly men's stomachs churned as they fought back the urge to vomit.

Having dealt with various corpses during her college years, Mireille had developed a certain level of immunity to such smells.

Old Donald knelt in front of Nash and pleaded, "Sir, I beg you to help my granddaughter."

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"You can stand up now," Nash said, helping Old Donald to his feet. He then walked to the nearby bed and grabbed Fanny's left wrist.

The entire hand was covered in blood blisters, and the skin and tissue.

were melting like ice cream under intense heat. This was the amplified effect caused by the Eremochloa poison.

Nash casually took a dagger from the waist of one of the burly men nearby and cut his wrist, crimson blood gushing out freely. Lifting his

wrist, he let his blood drip onto Fanny's palm.

There was a sizzling sound as the blood made contact with the melting hand. It emitted a pungent white smoke.

The highly toxic fusion of Seven-Starred Begonia and Eremochloa was temporarily beyond Nash's control. Therefore, he could only use his SL-type blood to manage the toxin. It was Nash's first time using his blood to heal someone, especially someone he disliked.

Fanny gradually calmed down. She never expected this man to use his own blood to save her, and she definitely did not expect the

miraculous effects of his blood.

Nash used nearly 200cc of blood to barely bring her corroding hand under control. Then, he made a cut on Fanny's hand and collected her blood in a medicinal bowl he grabbed from the nearby cabinet.

The blood from Fanny's hand was mixed with a thick liquid as it dripped into the bowl, bubbling and foaming.

"Do you know why I took away the mouse?" Nash asked in a detached

tone.

Fanny shook her head blankly, and Nash replied coldly, "It likely harbored the yersinia pestis bacteria and other viruses. The poison from Seven-Starred Begonia amplifies these viruses indefinitely."

Hearing this, Fanny's already pale face turned even paler. If the viruses were amplified, the consequences would have been unimaginable. She had narrowly avoided a major mistake.

Nash turned to the tearful Old Donald. "Bring me some gauze and

alcohol."

Old Donald quickly went to get the medical kit. Nash poured alcohol

on Fanny's hand. The five fingers of her hand trembled slightly, and

the intense pain caused her to grit her teeth.

Nash grasped Fanny's wrist with his right hand, applying some

pressure to partially block the blood circulation, easing her pain. After

disinfecting her hand with alcohol, he wrapped the bloodied palm in

gauze.

“Find a way to manage the pain yourself!” Nash placed a band-aid on

his own wrist and then went back to Atlas’ bed. Sitting on a chair, he

continued administering the needles.

Old Donald quickly instructed the store staff to fetch anesthesia an

and

painkillers. Pale and weak, Fanny said, “Grandpa, I... I don’t want pain. relief.” She had realized her mistake. Only by committing this pain to memory could she correct her previous bad habits.

“Silly child, why put yourself through this?” Old Donald felt his heart. break as he gently brushed Fanny’s hair away from her forehead. Fanny closed her eyes, her brows furrowing tightly due to the pain.

After a moment, she lifted her left hand and murmured, “Will my hand. be able to recover to its previous state?”

In truth, she held little hope, but she could not help asking. She feared. she might never marry if she could not get back her hand to the way it

was before.

Old Donald sighed bitterly and was about to find an excuse to

comfort his granddaughter when Nash's deep voice sounded behind

them. "It'll be as good as new in three months."

Nash was not trying to appease Old Donald or Fanny. His blood possessed powerful regenerative abilities. As long as the bones and shape of her hand were retained, there was a chance it could return to

its original state.

Old Donald thought Nash was comforting his granddaughter and

smiled. "Fanny, did you hear that? Your hand can still recover!"

Fanny saw the forced smile on her grandfather's face and knew tha

both Nash and her grandfather were trying to comfort her. To avoid worrying her grandfather, she forced a smile as well.

30 minutes later, Larry and Brian arrived with the prescribed herbs.

"Grandpa," Mireille greeted.