

Deadly 571

Chapter 571

Alfred did not ask Jude about this because he was worried that Jude might sugarcoat the truth to comfort him.

Asher glanced uncomfortably at Jude and hesitated to speak.

"It's alright. Tell me the truth-I'm prepared for it." Alfred remained calm and composed in contrast to Jude's grave expression.

"Dad..." Jude sighed, stepping in before Asher could respond. He explained, "Dr. Smith says the surgery has a thirty percent success rate. Without surgery, you'd only have about six months under conservation treatment..."

Alfred paused for a moment, then collected himself and shook his head. "In that case, I won't put myself through surgery and suffer!"

"Grandpa Alfred!" Asher exclaimed anxiously. He struggled to find words of comfort for the man he deeply respected. However, it was clearly an impossible choice.

here. Jude, please write a check for one million dollars as their consultation fee." Though

understood enough to catch Alfred's meaning. He quickly refused, "I can't

find a way to make them

life, Alfred had always disliked

nodded. He exchanged a meaningful

exchange, pressed on disappointedly.

shook his head regretfully. "Surgery is

as most Westorians were, he told Asher plainly, "It's either surgery now or conservative treatment

fell into silence. He had brought

room absorbed the disappointing reality, Yolanda suddenly spoke

this!" Asher snapped before the Kaufmans could respond. "Even Dr. Smith only gives a thirty percent chance.

Yolanda's choice of words. She claimed she could "cure" him instead of just

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"Stop talking nonsense! Even the best doctor in Havaria would not dare make such promises!" Asher said with a sneer. "For Grandpa Alfred's condition, only a snake oil salesman would guarantee a cure!"

"Ms. Henderson must be confident if she's making such a promise," Jude said in Yolanda's defense.

He was regaining his composure now. He was so panicked after hearing about his father's diagnosis that he had nearly forgotten that he'd specifically invited Yolanda to treat him.

After all, Yolanda had managed to save the critically ill Jude when all the doctors at the district hospital said they could not save him. That was why Jude had absolute faith in her medical abilities.

"Young lady, medicine is a serious matter and not something to brag about!" Paul frowned at Yolanda as he lectured her in broken Culomian. "Your words could affect patients greatly. You should be more careful!

"When I was your age, I had only just graduated early from medical school and started my residency. Your arrogance at such a young age is... is ridiculous!"

word choices. Asher chimed in, "Stop bragging. If you

If you can cure Mr. Kaufman Senior,

Asher, especially, had already disliked how pretentious Yolanda was. Now, he behaved even more aggressively. "But if

Kaufman Senior?" Yolanda ignored Asher's threats and turned to Alfred. After all, the final

and weighed his options. Medical treatment could be a matter of life and death. One wrong

Yolanda's confident demeanor, he found himself unable to refuse. Surprisingly, he realized he was not opposed to

you really cure me?"

"With

you treat me." Alfred let out a hearty laugh. "But how do you plan

Yolanda pulled out her set of silver needles from her coat pocket and

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Staring coldly at Yolanda, a flash of murderous intent flashed in Asher's eyes.

Yolanda frowned in displeasure. If anyone else had threatened her like that, she might have already attacked him. But she could tell that despite his recklessness, Asher genuinely cared about Alfred's wellbeing. So, she chose to let it slide.

"Asher, watch your words! Ms. Henderson is the miracle doctor at Willow Creek Clinic. Dr. Pattinson came from a long line of distinguished doctors. He wouldn't have transferred his clinic to her if she wasn't skilled," Jude said sharply. He did not want Asher to offend Yolanda.

"You've been deceived, Uncle Jude!" Asher insisted. He was convinced Yolanda was a scammer, so he refused to listen to Jude's explanation.

said nothing more. After all, Alfred had the final say in the Kaufman family.

Henderson, do you need any assistance?" Jude looked at Yolanda

would soon eat their words. Looking at Asher's angry expression and Paul's disdainful face, he could not help

wasn't that Jude was not concerned about his father's well-being. He himself was the living proof of Yolanda's abilities. He firmly believed that Yolanda would definitely cure his father since she had made this promise.

Yolanda was not particularly fussy about her acupuncture setup. "Just keep

Alfred's. Acupuncture required precise positioning,

outside the living room!" Jude instructed the servants, though he did not ask Asher and the others to leave. He believed that they would respect

an act!" Asher rolled his eyes but kept his attention fixed on Yolanda's every

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But acupuncture was different. Even if it did not cure Alfred, at least it would not kill him.

Alfred closed his eyes obediently. A moment later, he felt a slight tingling pain in both wrists. He then heard a cool and firm voice. "Someone help lift his shirt."

Since Alfred could not move his wrists, Jude stepped in to assist. Soon, Alfred felt mild pinpricks at several points on his chest. The sensation was not intense, so he found the pain bearable.

The living room fell completely silent. Perhaps even Asher and the others were impressed by Yolanda's skilled technique, as no one made a sound.

Shortly after, Yolanda had placed needles at a few key acupoints on Alfred's body. She glanced at the wall clock, then removed the first two silver needles she had inserted. Ten minutes later, she removed the remaining needles one after another.

them back into their cloth case. He could not help but scold, "Do you think

could not believe that she could cure Alfred's heart

he could not detect any other changes. Heart disease typically showed no symptoms between episodes, but Alfred's condition had been severe.

she looked at Paul who was standing

team sprang into action as they reattached the monitoring equipment to Alfred's body. After running through the tests, Paul's eyes widened in shock. All of Alfred's

was anxious after hearing no response from Paul. After all, he could not interpret

to normal levels." Paul was bewildered. In all his years of medical practice, he had never seen anything like

living room into stunned silence. Alfred, ever composed, showed only a faint smile at the news that his heart condition might have

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"Besides, certain risks associated with surgery can be avoided with acupuncture. People's prejudice against acupuncture exists because few traditional medicine practitioners can truly save patients with it. Instead, many people use traditional medicine as a front for scams.

"Anyone with actual knowledge of traditional medicine would never make such ignorant claims about it being fake." Yolanda's last comment was directed at Asher.

Asher clearly understood the jab. As his face reddened, he still seemed somewhat unconvinced, so he hurried to Alfred's side. "Grandpa Alfred, are you really feeling better?"

"I feel much better than before." Though Alfred's life was no longer in danger, years of illness had taken their toll. His body could not recover its strength immediately.

So, Yolanda wrote out a prescription for Jude. She left detailed instructions for Jude to brew medicinal herbs for Alfred according to it.

she handed to Jude. He was able to speak

at him, sensing he

consider taking

eyebrow, while the

about how... one is never too old to learn?" Paul wrinkled his brow and thought hard. He then finally remembered the idiom he had learned, though he had used it incorrectly in

to learn from Ms. Henderson isn't quite what that saying means," Jude said

Paul blinked as he watched Yolanda persistently. "Ms. Henderson... you understand what I mean. I really want to learn

don't take students." Yolanda shook

was not prejudice. The systems of traditional and modern medicine were fundamentally different. And with the cultural gap, Paul

He asked, "Could we at

Paul looked so amazed. It was as if he had just watched Yolanda perform magic rather than medicine. It made both Jude and Alfred chuckle.

"Ms. Henderson, it's almost lunchtime. What would you like to eat? I'll have it arranged right away."

Alfred did not know how to properly thank Yolanda. After all, her acupuncture had essentially saved his life. He felt that money alone would not be appropriate. He caught Jude's eye with a meaningful look.

Jude understood immediately and began arranging lunch for Yolanda. It would not be proper to send a doctor away right after treatment anyway. He turned to Asher and Paul's group as well. "All of you should join us."

Paul felt that he had not been of any help, so he declined apologetically. He said he had other commitments and left. Asher saw the group out before returning. Yolanda considered for a moment before telling Alfred, "My clinic is quite busy these days, so I'll have to skip lunch."

and Jude's desire to have her stay, she added, "I'll come back to check

did not insist. He asked Jude to see her out of the Kaufman residence. Jude offered to drive her himself, but Yolanda turned him down too. In the end, a

Even their preventive cold medicine had not been enough to ward off the

Yolanda got out of the Kaufmans' car, she was about to enter the clinic when she

Yolanda!" She turned to see Winnie and a

woman beside her. Through the original Yolanda's memories, Yolanda recognized the woman as Winnie's mother,

"What brings you here?"

I were shopping nearby and looking for lunch. Then we saw you getting out of the car," Winnie explained while curiously eyeing the clinic behind Yolanda. "Yolanda, is this

Linda interrupted before Winnie could finish. She frowned. "She's just

family. She did not believe a word of Winnie's stories

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Just as Winnie was struggling with the situation, shouts suddenly rang out from the distance. "Is there a doctor? Doctor! Is anyone here a doctor?"

They turned to see a middle-aged man running across the street while carrying a small boy in his arms. The man named Nathan Parker seemed to have spotted the clinic's sign and was desperately running toward Yolanda.

"What happened?" Yolanda's face turned serious when she saw the ashen face of the boy in Nathan's arms.

Perhaps it was because of his panic or Yolanda's commanding presence, but Nathan immediately explained things. "I was taking my son to the park when he suddenly collapsed!"

Right then, Dunstan heard the commotion and hurried out of the clinic. After observing the boy's symptoms, Yolanda suspected poisoning.

to him desperately as if finding a lifeline and ignored Yolanda. "Please save my son! I'm begging

him into the

Yolanda suddenly stopped Nathan. Pointing to a tiny wound on the boy's arm, she said,

Seeing Yolanda's certainty, Nathan carefully laid his son, Toby Parker, on the ground. "He got bitten by a

spider bite victim to a traditional medicine clinic?! Besides, she's not even a real doctor. She's just a middle school dropout

from reading books in juvie!" Linda contemptuously pushed Yolanda

patients who had come out

Dunstan snapped. "Ms. Henderson is our

lie for her?" Linda dismissed Dunstan's words. She assumed Yolanda had bribed the clinic staff to maintain her

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"But Toby's unconscious..." Nathan said worriedly.

"He must have just fainted from shock. Even though he wasn't bitten by a poisonous spider, it might be a toxic insect. But don't worry; his life isn't in danger as long as it's not a poisonous spider."

As an experienced nurse, Linda was familiar with treating insect bites. When she was examining Toby's wound, she noted how small the bite mark was and immediately decided it could not be a poisonous spider bite.

To discredit Yolanda further, she added pointedly, "Don't speak about things you don't understand! This clearly isn't a poisonous spider bite. If it were, the patient would be vomiting blood by now!"

"So, how do we treat it?" Reassured by Linda's confident manner, Nathan placed his hope in her expertise.

"I'll clean the wound. Get me a bottle of mineral water." Before she finished speaking, Dunstan handed her an unopened bottle. He wanted to see exactly how Linda planned to treat Toby.

Nathan glared at her fiercely. He even blocked her view

and whispered,

shook her head at Winnie and continued watching

water from Dunstan and began flushing the wound on Toby's arm. She used the entire bottle. Then she impatiently ordered

arrogant attitude, saving Toby took priority. He shot her a fierce glare before rushing back into Willow

first aid kits ready for emergencies so that they could save people immediately when

opened the kit before taking out alcohol swabs and tweezers to probe the wound. Given her years of nursing experience, her wound-cleaning technique was proper. But

up. "This isn't a

while bandaging Toby. "How dare you distract me with nonsense while I'm treating a patient! Can you take

few medical books. You never even went to

a flourish as she tied off the bandage. "There!

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"I..." Linda panicked. How could a simple insect bite cause blood vomiting? She had examined the wound. With her years of experience, she was certain it was just an ordinary bite. The mark did not even resemble a spider bite, let alone a poisonous one.

"Toby, wake up! Toby!" Nathan shouted in panic and anger. Just then, several people came running from the distance.

"Toby! What happened to Toby?"

"What's going on!" It was Toby's mother, grandfather, and grandmother, who had followed their trail. They rushed forward in horror at the sight of blood on Toby's chest.

"How did this happen in such a short time?!"

Nathan looked up at Linda

felt guilty. Though trained in first aid, she was not a doctor. She had only stepped in so confidently to humiliate Yolanda. Otherwise, she would have told Nathan to take Toby to

never expected this outcome. Filled with regret, Linda

rage. He yelled

unconscious state, Linda frantically attempted CPR, but

pushed Linda away from his son. He refused to let her touch

911! What are you all waiting for?" Nathan and the family grew more frantic

Nathan lunged at Linda in fury and even tried to hit her. "If

Winnie's attempts to shield her mother were futile, and she

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Perhaps it was Yolanda's commanding presence, but the chaotic crowd actually fell silent.

Stunned, they watched as Yolanda strained out the herbal dregs from the medicinal soup and applied them to Toby's wound. When they finally came to their senses and moved to stop her, Dunstan stepped forward to hold Nathan back.

"This is our clinic's miracle doctor! If you want your son to live, stop interfering!" "But she just said..." Nathan glanced at Yolanda with eyes full of doubt.

"So, you'll believe some stranger's words but not our own clinic staff?" Dunstan scoffed, gesturing to the onlooking patients. "Ask them-they've all been treated here before!"

As soon as Dunstan finished, murmurs of agreement rose from the crowd.

Though they did not understand Linda's claims about Yolanda's being in juvenile detention, many had personally witnessed Yolanda treating patients at the clinic. Some had even been cured by her medicines.

not care about

Henderson is

"She cured my gastroenteritis!"

acupuncture technique

family less resistant to Yolanda's treatment. But they still watched

Toby's wound, she took

vomited blood again. But this time,

"Toby!"

alarm. He was ready to confront Yolanda when

hurts..." Though weak, Toby had regained

explained, "The black blood means the poison has

