



Chapter 20

The next morning, Robin was jolted awake by the incessant ringing of his phone. He groaned in displeasure. After saving that heiress last night, he had spent most of the night cultivating. Then, instead of resting, he had immersed himself in studying.

The ring had unlocked so many things for him, and after cultivating, he had delved into holistic medicine amongst others. He didn't even know when he dozed off.

RING!

The phone started ringing again. Robin stretched out a hand, grabbing it from the nightstand. His eyes flicked to the time before checking the caller ID—6 a.m. Why was Katherine calling him this early?

Did something happen?

Frowning, he quickly swiped to answer.

"Young Master, your father has fallen gravely ill—he's on the verge of death!" Katherine's frantic voice rang through the phone. "He suddenly collapsed, and we've tried everything, but he won't wake up!"

Robin shot up, instantly awake. "What?"

"Yes, Young Master. We called every doctor we could, but none of them could do anything. I didn't want to disturb your rest, but it's serious. Very serious."

His father? Critically ill? But he had been fine just a few days ago.

What the hell happened?



"Come pick me up," he ordered, already throwing off the covers and reaching for his clothes.

Barely five minutes later, he was descending the stairs, dressed simply in a pair of pants and a shirt.

He hadn't bothered with anything else—there was no time.

Katherine was already waiting at the entrance. She gave a slight bow. "Sir, the pilot is ready. We can take off immediately."

Robin nodded sharply. "Let's go."

...

The secret chamber beneath Mount Rushmore felt heavy, as if the air itself mourned. The dim lighting only added to the suffocating atmosphere. Katherine led Robin into his father's private quarters.

There, on the grand bed, lay Mr. Ramsey Sr.—his once-strong presence now reduced to a pale, lifeless figure. His breathing was so faint it was nearly undetectable.

Katherine's heart clenched painfully. Seeing him like this again brought back the same wave of helplessness she had felt earlier.

Mr. Ramsey Sr. had always been more than just her employer. He had taken her in when she had no one, raised her, trained her, and given her a purpose. To her, he was family.

She swallowed hard, blinking back the sting in her eyes. "He was perfectly fine yesterday, Young Master," she whispered, voice trembling. "And then... this."

Robin's expression remained dark as he studied his father. After last night's intense studying, he could diagnose the condition with a single glance.

Thorneau Syndrome.

His brows narrowed. This condition was rather strange and unnatural—it wasn't a typical medical illness. It was no wonder the doctors couldn't do anything.

His frown deepened. Just two days ago, his father had been completely fine.

What could have caused this? What exactly had happened to him?

He sharply turned to Katherine. "Can you get me golden needles?"

"Yes, sir." Katherine didn't bother asking why he wanted those needles, she simply turned and ran out of the room.

Robin had never seen her this anxious before. He shook his head slightly, then knelt beside his father, gently taking his cold hand in his own. "Dad, " he said softly but firmly. "I won't let you die."

As soon as he finished speaking, the door burst open. Katherine rushed in, golden needles in hand. She placed them in Robin's palm without a word.

Robin stood up, his expression grave. This was his first time attempting something like this, and he felt quite nervous.

The technique he was about to perform was legendary—something only master physicians had ever executed.



Robin took a deep breath and stepped back, his gaze steady despite the grim situation before him. His father lay motionless, his face ashen, his breathing weak—so faint it was barely perceptible. A fraction slower, a moment later, and he would have already crossed the threshold of death.

Gripping the seven golden needles Katherine had given him, Robin exuded an unshakable calm. This wasn't just a critical illness—it was something beyond the realm of conventional medicine. Any other doctor would have been helpless, declaring it an untreatable case. But Robin was not just any doctor.

Channeling his spiritual energy, he felt the needles hum in response, vibrating as though alive. His fingers flicked, swift and precise. A streak of blue and gold light flashed as the needles shot forward, embedding themselves flawlessly into seven key meridian points on his father's body.

One at the Gate of Ancestral Flow—between the eyebrows.

Another at the Soul Vessel Anchor—base of the throat.

The third at the Heartroot Nexus—sternum.

The fourth at the Divine Pulse Gate—inner wrists.

The fifth at the Vein Rebirth Point—navel.

The sixth at the Bone River Gate—behind the knees.

And the seventh at the Lifeblood Resurgence—ankles.

As soon as the needles settled, they began vibrating. Simultaneously, Robin's breathing shifted. No longer normal—it became deliberate,



synchronized with an ancient rhythm. He raised his hands and moved them in harmony with his breath.

It was like a conductor conducting a Choir.

The needles responded, spinning in place.

Minutes passed. Then, silence.

Robin withdrew the needles and placed them back into their case, wiping the thin layer of sweat from his brow.

"Sir, how is he?" Katherine asked anxiously. Mr. Ramsey Sr. was still as he was when they came in. Did that mean the treatment hadn't worked either? Her heart sank.

Robin's expression remained unreadable as he studied his father. The fact that he was still alive was already a miracle.

"He's suffering from Thorneau Syndrome," Robin said at last, his voice calm yet laced with a quiet intensity. "A disease so rare it shouldn't even exist in a human body."

Katherine's breath hitched. She had never heard of it, but the weight of his words sent a chill down her spine.

"I was barely in time," Robin continued. "If I hadn't been here today, he would already be dead."

Her heart pounded. Already dead?

Robin exhaled slowly, his sharp gaze locked onto his father's still form. "I've managed to stabilize him, but he won't wake up. He's fallen into a coma." A brief pause. "And he only has six months. If I don't find a cure

Chapter 20

by then, he will die."