

## An understated Dominance – Dahlia and Dustin Chapter 1281

### Chapter 1281 Meet Dr Elijah

“Dr Grantwood? Dr Grantwood is here?”

As soon as the crowd spotted Dr. Elijah, they immediately swarmed around him, leaving Dustin free from the commotion.

Although Dustin’s recent performance was impressive, he still couldn’t compare to the renown of Dr. Elijah, who had built a deep and lasting reputation over the years.

His status was unshakeable.

“Dr Grantwood, you’ve finally arrived! Healwell was on the brink of disaster just moments ago!”

“Yes, that’s right! There was almost a tragedy, but luckily, a young doctor stepped in and saved Healwell’s reputation!”

“Dr Grantwood, is that young doctor perhaps your new disciple?”

The older folks chatted and gossiped, living up to their reputation as gossip enthusiasts.

Their excited chatter and noise left Dr. Elijah momentarily bewildered when he entered the scene.

He stood still, not understanding what was going on.

"Ladies and gentlemen, please calm down... let's take it easy..."

Dr. Elijah raised his hand, trying to quiet down the crowd. When they gradually settled, he inquired, "So, what happened exactly? Let's discuss it calmly."

"I'll explain, I'll explain! I used to be a storyteller under the Bridge!"

One elderly gentleman eagerly volunteered and proceeded to embellish the recent events, emphasizing how Dustin had saved a life, brought someone back from the brink of death, and heroically preserved Healwell's reputation.

He spoke eloquently, painting a vivid picture of the heroic act.

His storytelling prowess won applause and admiration from the surrounding older ladies, and they looked at him with a touch of worship.

His skillful storytelling even earned him priority in choosing a partner.

"I see."

After listening, Dr. Elijah nodded in understanding and walked over to Dustin with a smile. "Young man, thank you for your timely intervention. I never expected someone as young as you to possess such remarkable medical skills. Truly, heroes emerge from the young generation."

"You're too kind, Dr Grantwood. It was just some minor tricks; nothing worth mentioning," Dustin humbly replied.

"Good, humble and composed. Indeed impressive."

Dr. Elijah nodded approvingly. Young people studying traditional Chinese medicine were becoming increasingly rare, and those with genuine talent were even rarer. He had been searching for a suitable successor for a long time, but none had met his expectations. Now, with Dustin's appearance, he saw a glimmer of hope.

Although he hadn't witnessed it firsthand, he was confident that the young man before him was extraordinary.

"Dr Grantwood, I came to visit because I have something to consult you about. May we have a private conversation?" Dustin politely asked, cupping his hands.

"Of course, please follow me upstairs."

Dr. Elijah didn't refuse and led Dustin to the second floor.

Healwell had three levels:

The first floor was where the clinic consultations took place.

The second floor was Dr. Elijah's residence, occasionally used to welcome important guests.

The third floor remained permanently closed to the public.

Dustin followed Dr. Elijah upstairs, and as soon as they entered the living room, they saw a beautiful young lady lounging on the couch, engrossed in her smartphone.

She wore a t-shirt and shorts, sprawled lazily with her long, slender legs swinging back and forth, occasionally brushing against her shapely buttocks, displaying remarkable elasticity.

Her exquisite feet were like flawless white jade, resembling a perfect work of art, undeniably alluring.

"Allow me to introduce you. Dustin Rhys, this is my granddaughter, Miss Roselyn Grantwood. She's quite accomplished in both traditional and Western medicine," Dr. Elijah said with a smile.

"Hello, Miss Roselyn," Dustin greeted politely.

## Chapter 1282 A Spoilt Granddaughter

"Grandfather, why do you keep bringing strangers here?" Roselyn frowned, appearing somewhat displeased.

"Roselyn, show some respect!"

Dr. Elijah's expression turned stern. "This young man just helped us at Healwell and has done us a favor. I naturally wanted to invite him in for tea."

"What can he do for us?" Roselyn scrutinized Dustin skeptically.

"Just a while ago, Healwell had a medical mishap, and this young man came to our aid. Otherwise, our reputation would have been ruined," Dr. Elijah explained seriously.

"If that's the case, Grandfather, why do we need someone else's help?" Roselyn still didn't believe it.

Healwell had a strong reputation, and many patients who couldn't be cured at other hospitals were referred here.

How could someone as young as Dustin possibly be better than Healwell's physicians?

"Roselyn, appearances can be deceiving. Although Dustin is young, his medical skills are exceptional, and he's not inferior to you!" Dr. Elijah replied.

"You say that every time, but fine, whatever. You can talk to him; I'm going to my room," Roselyn said indifferently, giving Dustin a sideways glance before heading to her own room.

"Young man, my granddaughter has been spoiled by me and doesn't understand manners. Please forgive her." Dr. Elijah sighed.

"It's not a problem at all. Miss Roselyn is quite candid," Dustin replied with a slight smile.

"Come, have a seat and let's talk."

Dr. Elijah gestured for Dustin to sit down, poured a cup of tea, and then asked, "Young man, I wonder why you've come to see me?"

There were only two reasons people visited Healwell: to seek medical treatment or to become an apprentice.

Dr. Elijah secretly hoped it was the latter.

"Dr Grantwood, to be honest, I came to Healwell to inquire about someone," Dustin got straight to the point.

"Oh? Who are you looking for?" Dr. Elijah was curious.

"Have you ever heard of a person named Lorenzo Doley?" Dustin asked, his gaze sharp.

"Lorenzo Doley?"

Dr. Elijah was momentarily taken aback, and a trace of astonishment flickered in his eyes. However, he quickly regained his composure, as if nothing had happened.

But Dustin had noticed this subtle reaction.

"Young man, I don't know anyone named Lorenzo. You must have mistaken me for someone else," Dr. Elijah denied with a shake of his head, feigning ignorance.

"Don't know him? But I've heard that Lorenzo is at Healwell," Dustin squinted.

"Healwell has hundreds of patients every day, and I don't know if there's anyone named Lorenzo among them," Dr. Elijah replied, unperturbed.

"If even Dr Grantwood doesn't know, then it's troublesome," Dustin sighed.

"Although I don't know Lorenzo, I can help you inquire around. I'm just curious, what business do you have with him?" Dr. Elijah asked, probing.

"Lorenzo is my lifesaver. I'm searching for him to repay the debt of gratitude from years ago," Dustin's expression grew serious.

"I see..."

Dr. Elijah nodded thoughtfully and continued, "While I don't know Lorenzo, I'll keep an eye out for information about him. As soon as I hear anything, I'll notify you."

"Thank you, Dr Grantwood."

Dustin stood up and bowed. "You must be busy, so I won't disturb you any longer. Goodbye."

"Please."

Dr. Elijah smiled and accompanied Dustin out. He watched him until he was far away before heaving a sigh of relief.

"Why is this happening? It's been ten years. Why is someone still looking for Lorenzo? Could it be... that the secret has been leaked?"

Dr. Elijah muttered to himself, his gaze shifting toward the stairs leading to the third floor.

Lorenzo had a sensitive identity, and if exposed, it could spell disaster for Healwell!

Chapter 1283 Debt of Gratitude

After closing the door on the second floor, Dr. Elijah hesitated for a moment before finally ascending to the third floor.

The third floor was tightly sealed, with multiple layers of locks, including iron doors, iron grids, security doors, surveillance cameras, and alarm systems.

The security was so tight that not even a fly could get in.

After going through a series of unlocking procedures, Dr. Elijah finally reached the third floor.

The third floor was dimly lit, and most of the rooms were filled with miscellaneous items meant to conceal their true purpose.

However, the innermost room was clean, tidy, and warm.

At this moment, on the bed in the room, lay a middle-aged man who was thin and pale.

The man was unconscious, with weak and almost imperceptible breathing, as if he were dead.

Dr. Elijah approached the man's bedside and habitually checked his pulse before letting out a long sigh.

"Ah... It's been ten years. I wonder when you'll wake up."

"It's a pity that I, Elijah, have the reputation of a divine physician, but I can't cure your illness. It's truly lamentable!"

Dr. Elijah shook his head and took out a pill, which he fed to the man. His expression was tinged with sadness.

He had been guarding Lorenzo for a full ten years.

During those ten years, he had consulted various ancient texts and tried various methods, but he had never been able to awaken Lorenzo.

The only thing he could do was to preserve her life.

"Master, I have something to tell you."

"Today, a young man named Dustin came looking for you, but I didn't know his background, so I sent him away."

"I can tell that this young man is not ordinary. If he's an enemy, then we're in trouble."

"He managed to trace his way here, which means he came prepared. It might not be long before Healwell can't hide you anymore."

"Master, if you can hear me, please wake up soon."

Dr. Elijah muttered to himself as he massaged Lorenzo's body.

For ten years, he had come upstairs every day to speak to the person in front of him.

It had become a habit.

"Dr Grantwood, would you mind if I tried to help Uncle Lorenzo's condition?" A calm voice suddenly sounded at the doorway.

"Who?!"

Dr. Elijah was startled and turned around abruptly to see Dustin's eyes. He was taken aback and exclaimed, "It's you? How are you here? Why didn't you leave?!"

He had finally realized that he had been tricked.

"I'm sorry, Dr Grantwood. I lied to you just now, but I had no choice. Please forgive me." Dustin bowed deeply, apologizing with both hands clasped together.

Dr. Elijah clearly didn't trust him. He knew that relentless questioning would get him nowhere. So, he decided to use a different approach, luring his opponent into exposing himself.

Although it was somewhat unscrupulous, it was his only option.

"Who are you, and why did you come here?!" Dr. Elijah asked, still on guard, and he positioned himself to protect Lorenzo.

Although he had no martial arts skills, he was ready to fight if necessary.

"I mean no harm, Dr Grantwood. I'm here not for revenge but to repay a debt of gratitude," Dustin said seriously.

"Repay a debt of gratitude?"

Dr. Elijah furrowed his brows, still suspicious. "Do you know Lorenzo? What's your relationship with him?"

"To be honest, Dr Grantwood, I have a history with Uncle Lorenzo, and he once saved my life. It was difficult for me to find his whereabouts this time, so I came to visit him in hopes of repaying my debt. I hope you won't take it to your heart, Dr Grantwood." Dustin lowered his head slightly.

"A history? Repay a debt?"

#### Chapter 1284 The Powerful Energy Seal

Dr. Elijah fixed his gaze on Dustin, as if trying to discern something from his expression. However, he couldn't find any flaws, and he became more cautious.

"Why should I trust you?" Dr. Elijah said warily.

"Dr Grantwood, if I were here for revenge, I could easily kill both of you," Dustin replied calmly, his fingers flicking as he released a burst of energy.

In the next moment, a vase on the windowsill exploded with a loud "bang," and shards scattered all over the floor.

"Ah?"

Dr. Elijah blinked, his face showing a solemn expression.

Being able to shatter a vase from a distance with energy clearly indicated that Dustin possessed martial arts skills. If he truly had malicious intentions, Dr Grantwood would be defenseless.

Therefore, he had no choice now.

"Dr Grantwood, I apologize for any offense. Please forgive me." Dustin bowed again.

"Very well! I will temporarily trust that you came here out of gratitude. However, it's a pity that you have come too late."

Dr. Elijah stepped aside, his gaze falling on Lorenzo on the bed. He said, "Lorenzo has been in a vegetative state for ten years now, and I have tried various methods, but he has yet to wake up."

"Dr Grantwood, let me try. I am proficient in some esoteric medical techniques, and I might be able to help," Dustin said as he walked to the bedside.

"You?"

Dr. Elijah shook his head. "Young man, it's not that I look down on you, but Lorenzo's condition is far from simple. His body contains a powerful energy that I have been unable to dissipate to this day. I can only rely on elixirs to keep him alive."

Ten years ago, Lorenzo's injuries had been severe, resulting in a significant loss of vital energy and nearly complete organ failure.

Although Dr. Elijah had managed to prolong his life, it was only a temporary solution and couldn't bring him back to consciousness.

Moreover, there was a formidable energy within Lorenzo's body that he had been unable to neutralize, causing continuous damage to his meridians.

He had tried various methods but had been unable to expel this energy, which was the root cause of the illness.

"Whether it will work or not, we won't know until we try," Dustin said, sitting down by the bedside and beginning to examine Lorenzo's condition.

However, within moments, he furrowed his brows.

Dr. Elijah had been right. Lorenzo's condition was indeed severe, even worse than Dustin had anticipated.

If it weren't for his strong foundation and the life-prolonging elixirs, he might have died long ago.

Dustin took a deep breath and attempted to infuse a stream of true energy into Lorenzo's body to investigate further. However, in the next instant, it seemed like something within Lorenzo's body had been triggered.

A surge of incredibly powerful energy rushed forth suddenly.

The two streams of true energy collided, contending with each other before ultimately annihilating each other.

"It really is unusual!" Dustin's expression became serious.

Through his earlier examination, he had discovered that Lorenzo wasn't merely injured; he was under some kind of seal.

This seal was deeply hidden and constantly damaging Lorenzo's body.

Furthermore, any external force that entered would trigger the seal and suffer a violent counterattack.

No wonder Dr. Elijah had been helpless, and no wonder Lorenzo had never awakened.

It turned out there was another layer to this problem.

"Young man, if it's not working, you don't have to force yourself. Lorenzo's chances of waking up in this lifetime are slim," Dr. Elijah sighed.

"Dr Grantwood, you're mistaken. Uncle Lorenzo will definitely wake up because I can cure him!" Dustin made a startling declaration.

"What did you say? You can cure him?"

Dr. Elijah couldn't believe his ears. "Young man, are you joking with me? I've been studying this disease for ten years and still haven't found a

solution. How could you, a young man in his twenties, claim that you can cure it?"

## Chapter 1285 Soul-Annihilating Formation

"Even though it's quite troublesome, I can indeed treat him," Dustin nodded solemnly. "However, I need your help, Dr Grantwood."

"Young man, if you can cure the disease, I'd sell this entire Healwell without hesitation!" Dr. Elijah said, then shifted his focus. "But the problem is, how can you prove your abilities?"

Considering the gravity of the situation, he wouldn't take any risks, especially when it came to his lifesaver, entrusted to a young man he had just met.

"You mentioned earlier that there is a powerful energy within Uncle Lorenzo's body. Would it be proof enough if I were to eliminate that energy?" Dustin replied with a question.

"Hmm?"

Dr. Elijah's eyes widened, and he spoke solemnly, "Young man, this energy is incredibly powerful and unyielding. Ordinary medical techniques are incapable of dissolving it. You shouldn't speak so casually."

If this energy can be easily be dissipated, Dr Grantwood would have not struggled this long?

"Ordinary medical techniques might not work, but I possess more than just medical knowledge; I also have esoteric arts (expertise in mystical, spiritual, or occult practices that are not widely understood or practiced by the general population)," Dustin said seriously. "Dr Grantwood, give me half an hour, and I will eliminate this energy. Then you will understand."

"Geez..." Dr. Elijah furrowed his brows and hesitated.

Truthfully, he didn't fully trust Dustin. The young man was too young, and his intentions were unclear. Dr Grantwood couldn't even be certain whether the person before him was good or bad.

"Dr Grantwood, I believe you know that Uncle Lorenzo has been enduring for ten years, and his time is running out. The situation can't get any worse than this. If you have no other solutions, why not let me try?" Dustin persuaded.

Hearing these words, Dr. Elijah fell into silence. He couldn't help but admit that Lorenzo had indeed reached his limits. How much longer could he survive? Three months? Five months? Perhaps even less? Dragging on like this would be futile.

After a moment of silence, Dr. Elijah finally nodded. "Very well, I'll let you try, but safety must be the top priority."

"Uncle Lorenzo has shown me great kindness, and I would never risk his life," Dustin nodded in agreement.

"Alright, please proceed," Dr. Elijah said, stepping aside.

In theory, he shouldn't have trusted Dustin. However, the young man's confidence had deeply influenced him. Perhaps there truly was a miracle in the making.

After persuading Dr. Elijah, Dustin took a deep breath and pulled out a silver needle, sealing Lorenzo's eight extraordinary meridians. This would prevent the true energy from running rampant and causing harm to his body.

Next, he fed Lorenzo a heart-protecting elixir to ensure his safety.

With all the preparations in place, Dustin began his treatment.

The seal within Lorenzo's body was known as the Soul-Annihilating Formation, a lost art that specialized in harming others.

As the name suggested, it was designed to control the life and death of its victims.

Even if the practitioner was hundreds of miles away, as long as they wished, they could easily take someone's life.

Setting up this formation was a complex process, and breaking it was even more challenging.

To dispel it, the person attempting to break the seal had to be stronger than the one who set it, and they needed to be well-versed in formations and esoteric arts.

Both conditions were stringent.

Ten years ago, Dustin wouldn't have been able to handle this. However, he had reached the level of a half-step Grandmaster now, making it possible for him to break the Soul-Annihilating Formation.

The main issue was that Lorenzo's condition was extremely fragile, and his body couldn't withstand any shocks.

So, Dustin had to be extremely cautious, with safety as the top priority.

This increased the difficulty significantly.

Dustin took a deep breath, then extended his palm and gently pressed it against Lorenzo's chest.

## Chapter 1286 Breaking the Seal

At the same time, the profound and clear true energy within him rapidly gathered and began flowing into Lorenzo's meridians.

"Thump, thump, thump..."

Suddenly, Lorenzo's heart began to beat faster. Following that, a fiercely powerful true energy surged out from his body, rapidly and ferociously rushing towards Dustin's profound and clear true energy.

In the instant when these two true energies clashed, Lorenzo's body trembled slightly, as if he had been struck by an electric shock.

Dustin's brows furrowed, and he immediately guided his profound and clear true energy to engage in a gentle battle with it. The true energy generated by the Soul-Annihilating Formation was incredibly robust, akin to a fierce beast attempting to devour any intruders. To ensure Lorenzo's safety, Dustin dared not engage in a direct confrontation but instead chose a strategy of using softness to overcome strength.

By constantly supplying his own true energy, he gradually depleted the true energy of the Soul-Annihilating Formation.

The moment the formation's true energy was completely exhausted and could no longer function, that would be the time to break the formation.

Time passed gradually.

Dustin remained completely focused, continuously infusing true energy into Lorenzo's body.

As time went on, sweat started pouring down his forehead, and his complexion grew paler.

The entire process was extremely energy-consuming, as each true energy strand from the Soul-Annihilating Formation required double the amount of his own true energy to dissolve.

It was like trying to accomplish twice the work with half the effort.

"Thump, thump, thump, thump..."

As the two true energies battled, Lorenzo's heart began to beat even more violently. His face turned red, and he felt feverish all over. White mist started to emanate from his body.

Dr. Elijah watched with a pounding heart, filled with anxiety. However, he didn't dare to disturb Dustin at this critical moment and could only fret on the sidelines.

"This is quite challenging..." Dustin muttered to himself, his eyes showing signs of worry.

He was on the verge of running out of true energy. If he couldn't completely drain the true energy of the Soul-Annihilating Formation before his own energy was depleted, it would be troublesome.

"Hum!"

Just when Dustin was starting to feel anxious, the Heavenly Spirit Pearl hanging from his chest suddenly spun rapidly.

A surge of energy burst forth, replenishing Dustin's nearly exhausted dantian at an incredibly fast rate.

"This is perfect!"

Dustin's spirits lifted, a sense of relief washing over him. The Heavenly Spirit Pearl truly lived up to its reputation as a holy relic of the martial world. At this crucial moment, it displayed a miraculous effect, like rain falling during a drought.

Rejuvenated by the replenished energy, Dustin continued to supply true energy without pause.

After a while, the Soul-Annihilating Formation finally reached its limit, and the fiercely dominating true energy it emitted began to weaken rapidly, losing its previous ferocity.

Seizing the opportunity, Dustin immediately advanced, directing his profound and clear true energy to gradually consume the remaining true energy of the formation. Then, he reversed the flow and headed directly for the formation's core.

The Soul-Annihilating Formation sensed the threat and fiercely resisted, launching a relentless assault on Lorenzo's meridians.

"Thump, thump, thump, thump..."

Lorenzo's heart started beating more violently once again. His whole body turned hot, and white mist emanated from him continuously.

"Trouble!"

Dustin's expression changed.

Lorenzo's body had clearly reached its limit.

If they continued with the gradual approach, there was a risk that he might die from the overwhelming stress before they could break the formation!

"I can't delay any longer!"

Dustin took a deep breath, suddenly retracted his palm, and forcefully pressed his finger against Lorenzo's chest. All of his true energy erupted at once. "Break!!"

#### Chapter 1287 A Life-saving Favor

"Boom!"

When Dustin's finger touched Lorenzo's chest, the latter's body shuddered violently, and he spewed a large amount of blood from his mouth and nose.

Half of the meridians in his body directly shattered, making his already frail body even more fragile. He seemed like a candle flickering in the wind, on the verge of being extinguished at any moment.

Simultaneously, the Soul-Annihilating Formation, which was like maggots on bones, crumbled under Dustin's touch.

"Sir Lorenzo!"

Elijah was startled, his face turning pale. He hurriedly approached to check Lorenzo's condition. Once he confirmed that Lorenzo was still alive, he felt a slight sense of relief.

"Dustin! I told you not to act recklessly. Why didn't you listen? Do you realize that you almost killed Lorenzo just now?!" Elijah scolded him vigorously.

Dustin sat exhausted on a chair, panting heavily. His entire body was drenched in sweat, as if he had been pulled out of water, completely drained.

After regaining his breath slightly, Dustin said slowly, "The situation was even more challenging than I expected. Although it was risky, I succeeded. The true energy inside Lorenzo's body has been neutralized."

"Neutralized?"

Elijah was taken aback and reached out again to feel Lorenzo's pulse. Although the pulse was very weak, the previously violent and domineering aura had indeed disappeared.

"Is it really neutralized? How is that possible?" Elijah was both astonished and delighted, finding it hard to believe.

For ten years, he had researched and tried various methods but couldn't solve the mysterious ailment. Yet, a young man in his twenties had managed to do it?

Could this kid be so extraordinary?

Elijah swallowed hard, and to avoid any mistake, he carefully examined the situation several times. In the end, he had to admit that Dustin had indeed neutralized the overwhelming aura, relieving Lorenzo of his suffering.

Despite his disbelief, he had to acknowledge that Dustin excelled in the field of mystic arts.

A young man with such abilities was truly remarkable.

"Young man, your medical skills are truly mystical and miraculous. I greatly admire you," Elijah said sincerely.

"You don't need to be so polite, Dr Grantwood. As I mentioned before, Sir Lorenzo saved my life. I'm just repaying a debt of gratitude," Dustin waved his hand.

"In that case, are we fellow practitioners now?" Elijah chuckled and said, "Twelve years ago, my entire family was pursued and almost wiped out by enemies. It was Sir Lorenzo who happened to pass by, drawing his sword to help, and saved my family. Speaking of which, I owe Sir Lorenzo more than one life."

"Dr Grantwood, you have been wholeheartedly taking care of Sir Lorenzo for ten years, and you have paid off your debt," Dustin replied.

"I owe him a life-saving favor that I can never fully repay. Unfortunately, my medical skills are not proficient, so I couldn't cure Sir Lorenzo's illness. I feel ashamed," Elijah shook his head and sighed. "On the other

hand, you, young man, used mysterious techniques to save Sir Lorenzo's life. You're truly remarkable."

## Chapter 1288 Recipe for a Divine Pill

"Speaking of saving lives, it's still too early."

Dustin's expression became serious. "Although I neutralized the true energy in Sir Lorenzo's body, his bodily functions have been severely damaged, and his extraordinary meridians have been heavily injured. Right now, he's no different from a living corpse. To make him regain consciousness, we must rebuild his meridians and give him a fresh start."

"Rebuild his meridians? Give him a fresh start?" Elijah furrowed his brow upon hearing this. "To achieve that, we would need the legendary Bone Cleansing Pill, but the formula for the Bone Cleansing Pill has long been lost. Where can we find it?"

The Bone Cleansing Pill, as recorded in ancient texts, was a miraculous medicine. When consumed, it allowed one to cleanse their meridians, shed their old self, and be reborn anew. It could treat meridian ruptures and congenital disabilities. However, the Bone Cleansing Pill was extremely rare, and Elijah had only heard of it; he had never seen one.

"Dr Grantwood, to be honest, I happened to have read the formula for the Bone Cleansing Pill, and I've memorized it all," Dustin unexpectedly said.

"What?" Elijah's eyes widened in disbelief. "Y-you...you know the formula for the Bone Cleansing Pill?"

"I've seen it in my family's collection of ancient books. I read it when I was young, and I still remember it," Dustin nodded.

The library in the West Lucozia Royal Residence (aka King's mansion) contained an abundance of extraordinary books. Each book in there was a priceless treasure. Dustin had loved reading since he was a child and had an exceptional memory. Most of the knowledge from those books was now stored in his mind.

"I didn't expect that, I didn't expect it at all. Young man, you're so knowledgeable that you even know the formula for the Bone Cleansing Pill. That's truly amazing!" Elijah exclaimed in astonishment.

After his initial surprise, Elijah couldn't help but be overjoyed. The most challenging problem they faced now seemed to have a solution.

"Wait a moment..."

As if he had suddenly realized something, Elijah added, "Young man, while you know the formula for the Bone Cleansing Pill, where can we find an alchemist? Throughout the entire world, alchemists capable of refining the Bone Cleansing Pill are incredibly rare. They are like a needle in a haystack. Where can we possibly find one?"

Treating a patient was one thing, but refining pills was another. Elijah might be skilled in medicine, but when it came to alchemy, he only had

limited knowledge. A divine pill like the Bone Cleansing Pill could only be successfully crafted by a top-tier alchemist.

"Dr Grantwood, you don't need to worry. I'm quite proficient in alchemy as well. Making a Bone Cleansing Pill shouldn't be too difficult," Dustin reassured him.

"What? You know alchemy too?!" Elijah was shocked. "Young man, you...are you kidding me?"

"When it concerns a matter of life and death, I wouldn't joke," Dustin replied solemnly. "I used to read a lot of books, and I'm well-versed in alchemical knowledge. I can't guarantee a one hundred percent success rate, but I should be close to ninety-nine percent."

"..." Elijah's mouth twitched, and he found himself speechless. A success rate of ninety-nine percent? Even the most exceptional alchemists in the Dragonmarsh probably couldn't achieve that, right?

Where on earth did this kid come from? He excelled in martial arts, was proficient in medicine, skilled in mystic arts, and now, he claimed to be proficient in alchemy as well.

Did the Dragonmarsh really have such an extraordinary talent? It was beyond belief.

If Elijah hadn't witnessed it with his own eyes, he wouldn't have believed that such a person existed.

He was simply a monster!

Elijah swallowed hard, and after struggling to process the situation, he finally managed to ask, "Young man, may I dare to ask if there's anything you cannot do?"

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"What? You know alchemy too?!" Elijah was shocked. "Young man, you...are you kidding me?"

"When it concerns a matter of life and death, I wouldn't joke," Dustin replied solemnly. "I used to read a lot of books, and I'm well-versed in alchemical knowledge. I can't guarantee a one hundred percent success rate, but I should be close to ninety-nine percent."

"...", Elijah's mouth twitched, and he found himself speechless. A success rate of ninety-nine percent? Even the most exceptional alchemists in the Dragonmarsh probably couldn't achieve that, right?

Where on earth did this kid come from? He excelled in martial arts, was proficient in medicine, skilled in mystic arts, and now, he claimed to be proficient in alchemy as well.

Did the Dragonmarsh really have such an extraordinary talent? It was beyond belief.

If Elijah hadn't witnessed it with his own eyes, he wouldn't have believed that such a person existed.

He was simply a monster!

Elijah swallowed hard, and after struggling to process the situation, he finally managed to ask, "Young man, may I dare to ask if there's anything you cannot do?"

#### Chapter 1289 Bit of Knowledge

Elijah's words had left Dustin somewhat speechless. Was there anything he cannot do?

Martial arts, medicine, alchemy, mystic arts, Taoist secrets, southern witchcraft, and all sorts of other strange and exotic skills—all of them seemed to be at least somewhat familiar to him. He had dabbled in so many different fields that there were very few things he couldn't do.

"Well... I've read a variety of books, so I have a bit of knowledge about many things," Dustin modestly replied.

"A bit of knowledge?" Elijah's face twitched, and his expression became increasingly peculiar.

A young man who could unleash internal energy, making him at least a rare innate martial artist? And this was just a “bit of knowledge”?

The energy residue within Sir Lorenzo’s body had left Elijah helpless for ten years, but Dustin had effortlessly dispelled it with a single finger. And this was just a “bit of knowledge”?

Having access to top-quality pill recipes and being able to refine a Bone Cleansing Pill that rivaled the top alchemists in the Dragonmarsh—this was just a “bit of knowledge”?

Proficient in multiple extraordinary skills, excelling in each of them.

If this was just a “bit of knowledge,” then ninety-nine percent of the world’s population should commit suicide.

This young man’s modesty was quite terrifying.

“Dr Grantwood, although I can refine the Bone Cleansing Pill, it would still require your assistance with the medicinal ingredients,” Dustin suddenly said.

“No problem, when it comes to medicinal ingredients, I have an extensive collection at Healwell,” Elijah replied confidently.

“I’ve written down the medicinal ingredients needed to refine the Bone Cleansing Pill; you can take a look,” Dustin said as he handed over paper and pen.

Elijah took the list and quickly looked it over, but soon his brow furrowed, and he wore a solemn expression. "Young man, while I can obtain most of the medicinal ingredients you've listed, there are three rare ones that will be quite difficult to find."

He had always enjoyed collecting rare medicinal ingredients and believed that his medicinal herb repository was comprehensive and contained everything needed. However, three of the ingredients listed presented him with a dilemma.

"Oh? May I ask, Dr Grantwood, which three medicinal ingredients you find challenging to acquire?" Dustin inquired.

"Ice Heart Lotus, Dragon Blood Ginseng, and Golden Marrow Jade," Elijah said, pointing to the corresponding parts of the recipe. "These are all top-grade medicinal ingredients and can be considered priceless treasures. Even my Healwell, let alone other medical establishments in Stonia, would struggle to gather them all."

"Dr Grantwood, these three medicinal ingredients are essential and cannot be replaced with substitutes. Please inquire around to see if you can find any information on them. If they cannot be located, I will explore other options," Dustin explained.

"That's the only way," Elijah agreed, deep in thought.

Even if he had to sell Healwell, he would be willing to do whatever it took to save Sir Lorenzo.

"Grandpa, something happened downstairs..."

At that moment, a clear voice suddenly sounded at the door. When the two men turned to look, they saw that Roselyn had somehow arrived at the entrance.

"Grandpa, why is he allowed to come up here when I'm not? Didn't you tell me that I shouldn't come to the third floor?" Roselyn pointed at Dustin with a surprised and suspicious expression on her face.

The third floor was off-limits to her, and there had been one instance where she couldn't resist her curiosity and had sneaked up. When her grandpa found out, he had sternly scolded her and warned her not to tell anyone about it. Since then, the third floor had been strictly forbidden.

"Roselyn! Why are you here?" Elijah's expression darkened. "I warned you not to come to the third floor without permission!"

"But, Grandpa, why is he allowed to be here?" Roselyn pointed at Dustin, looking both surprised and puzzled.

Even she wasn't allowed on the third floor, and yet he was.

"Roselyn, I've explained this to you before. The third floor is a forbidden area for you. You mustn't enter," Elijah admonished her.

"Grandpa, I understand, but why is he allowed to be here?" Roselyn continued to question, her eyes filled with curiosity and confusion.

## Chapter 1290 Scar-faced Man

Roselyn couldn't understand why her grandfather had revealed this secret to someone he had just met.

"Well..." Elijah hesitated, feeling a bit embarrassed.

He couldn't exactly tell her that the young man had forced his way in, could he?

"I am the Lord's nephew, and I came to visit my Lord," Dustin explained.

"That's right, this young man is Sir Lorenzo's nephew, and it's only natural for him to visit his uncle," Elijah said solemnly.

"Nephew? Uncle?" Roselyn looked Dustin up and down with suspicion.

"Grandpa, are you sure you're not being deceived? Sir Lorenzo has been in a coma here for ten years, and suddenly, there's a nephew? Do you really think that's possible?"

"Roselyn, you're overthinking it. I believe in the character of young Mr. Rhys," Elijah said seriously.

"But..." Roselyn was about to say more when Elijah raised his hand to stop her. "Enough already, what happened downstairs just now? Tell me."

"Oh, that thug Lenny Mazer is here again. He said that the medicine you prescribed last time not only didn't cure his injury but made it worse. If you don't give him an explanation today, he's going to tear down our Healwell!" Roselyn complained indignantly.

Upon hearing this, Elijah furrowed his brows. "I thought we would have a bit more time, but it seems trouble has arrived sooner than expected."

"Dr Grantwood, what's going on?" Dustin asked, trying to find out more.

"Well, you see, Healwell is in a prime location, has a prominent reputation, and there was a pharmaceutical company that has been trying to buy us out. After multiple refusals from me, they've been causing trouble and tarnishing Healwell's reputation," Elijah explained.

"Oh? They're trying to use forceful means?" Dustin raised an eyebrow. "Is the government here really that ineffective? Aren't there any authorities to handle this kind of situation?"

"Sigh... Going to the authorities won't do much good. Those troublemakers are pretty crafty. They stir up chaos, and as soon as the patrol officers show up, they vanish like smoke. Even if they get caught, they're out in a few days, thanks to some powerful backers," Elijah said, looking utterly frustrated.

Dealing with officers and soldiers is quite a hassle for someone like Dr. Elijah. While he's a well-known physician, he's at a loss when it comes to handling these situations. After several months of dealing with all this chaos, he's completely worn out, both physically and mentally.

"Dr. Grantwood, want to head down there with me and check it out? I've dealt with folks like this before, and maybe I can lend a hand," Dustin suggested.

"You? What's your game plan?" Roselyn raised an eyebrow, her face oozing skepticism. "Lenny's a big-shot local gang leader, and he's got some heavy hitters backing him. As an outsider, how do you plan to go up against that?"

"Well, Mr. Rhys, taking on Lenny might be a tall order. Let me handle this," Elijah chimed in, his expression a mix of emotions.

"Grandpa, no need to fret too much. I've already given Big Brother the heads up, and once he shows up, he'll handle Lenny no problem. Right now, we can just try to buy some time," Roselyn reassured with confidence.

"Sounds like we can count on Carlos then," Elijah agreed with a nod. "Let's go, we'll head downstairs and meet them."

With that, he took the lead, and the three of them made their way downstairs.

Down on the ground floor in the Healwell clinic, a rugged-looking man with a scar on his face was perched on the counter, casually munching on an apple. He had a knife in hand, and he peeled the fruit with a nonchalant demeanor.

Behind him, a bunch of henchmen were causing a ruckus, driving all the patients out of the clinic.

Inside Healwell, all the doctors and apprentices had gathered in a corner, their faces etched with fear, and they shook nervously, afraid to utter a word.

"Hey, hey, where's Elijah? Tell him to get out here right now! I'll give him till the count of three, and if he's not here, I'll wreck that Healwell sign of yours!" Scar-faced Lenny grew increasingly impatient, grumbling, "One, two, three! If he's not here right this instant, that Healwell sign is history!"