

An Understated Dominance [On-Going]

Chapter 2583

The vehicle sped along the road.

After driving for over an hour from the airport, they finally arrived at **Yangliu Village**, the epicenter of the plague.

The village sat on the outskirts of Pucheng, bordering Wugang City. Only about two to three hundred people lived there.

At this point, every road leading into the village had been sealed off.

Villagers were ordered to stay inside and fully cooperate with the investigation.

The twenty-three infected individuals had been isolated together, with soldiers assigned to guard them closely and prevent any mishaps.

When Logan and Grace arrived, it was already **9:30 p.m.**

Their vehicle pulled up in front of a two-story house with a small courtyard.

Temporary surveillance cameras had been installed around the property, and armed soldiers—each wearing a gas mask—stood guard.

Strict disinfection protocols were in place for everyone entering or exiting.

“Boss, here—put this on.”

Before getting out of the car, Stevie handed gas masks to Grace and Logan.

“Alright,” Grace said, taking the mask and putting it on.

“No need,” Logan replied, declining politely.

His body was naturally immune to toxins. After reaching his current level of cultivation, he no longer had to worry about things like this.

A regular plague was nothing. Even the ten deadliest poisons in the martial arts world wouldn’t harm him.

“Mr. Rhys, this plague is serious,” Stevie said, concerned. “For your safety, I strongly recommend—”

“Mr. Rhys is a miracle doctor,” Grace interrupted. “If he says it’s fine, it’s fine. Let’s go.”

She didn’t explain further and walked directly toward the courtyard.

Stevie was puzzled but didn’t press the issue.

She trusted her boss’s judgment—if Grace believed in someone, there was usually a good reason.

The three of them entered the courtyard, passed through the living room, and arrived in a bedroom where a man lay on the bed.

He looked to be in his early thirties—gaunt, pale, and restrained with ropes. He couldn’t move.

His face was flushed, breathing labored—obviously running a high fever.

Red blotches covered his arms, neck, and face.

Classic plague symptoms.

“Logan, take a look,” Grace said, turning to him.

Logan nodded and stepped forward to examine the patient.

The man’s vital signs were dangerously weak, and the infection had already progressed significantly.

If left untreated, he wouldn’t survive more than two or three days.

“This is definitely the plague,” Logan said. “He’s already unconscious and near death.”

“Can he be saved?” Grace asked, her tone tight.

Enrique, the patient, was in no condition to answer questions. They’d have to stabilize him before attempting an interrogation.

“It’s treatable,” Logan confirmed, “but it’ll take effort.”

“Whatever you need, just tell me—I’ll have it arranged immediately,” Grace said.

“This plague burns hot and fast. It drains true energy and blood. Symptoms include high fever, extreme thirst, pounding headaches, rashes, vomiting, and nosebleeds,” Logan explained calmly. “I have a prescription that clears heat and toxins, cools the blood, and stops diarrhea.

It should stabilize him for now. After that, I'll use acupuncture. He should regain consciousness by morning."

"Thank you." Grace exhaled deeply.

She'd been worried Logan might not be able to cure the man. If that were the case, the consequences would be disastrous.

This kind of plague spreads fast. Without the right treatment, casualties would pile up.

Bringing Logan had clearly been the right move.

"It's no trouble," Logan replied.

He quickly jotted down the prescription and handed it to Grace.

"Stevie, send someone to get these herbs—fast," Grace said, passing the note to her.

"Yes, ma'am!" Stevie responded and left immediately.

Right now, every second counted. Containing the plague early could save countless lives.

Within an hour, all the required herbs had been delivered.

Next came the brewing process.

To speed things up and strengthen the formula, Logan used his pure mystical energy to enhance the flame, drawing out the herbs' full potency.

A decoction that would normally take two hours was ready in just thirty minutes.

After feeding the medicine to Enrique, Logan immediately began the acupuncture treatment.

His current cultivation was so advanced that he didn't need to physically touch the patient—or even the needles.

With a simple flick of his fingers, the silver needles flew forward, piercing precise acupuncture points and spinning rapidly, drawing out the toxic blood bit by bit.

Grace wasn't surprised—she'd seen Logan's skills before.

But Stevie, standing beside him, was completely stunned.

At first, she hadn't thought much of Logan.

How could a man in his twenties call himself a miracle doctor?

Now she realized how wrong she'd been.

Controlling needles through the air and hitting exact acupuncture points?

That wasn't medicine. That was a miracle.

She'd met many well-known doctors in her time, but she'd never seen anything like this.

It was beyond anything a regular person could achieve.

In that moment, Stevie understood one thing clearly:

There really are gods walking among mortals.