

My System 80

Chapter 80: I must be hallucinating!_3

Cheng Liunian pondered for a moment, and Bai Shuxuan seemed to have concocted the Spiritual Medicine.

It was said to be concocted.

In fact, it was just a mix of many precious blood-nourishing Spirit Foods and miraculous medicines, all turned into a pitch-black, cloyingly sweet paste.

Just sniffing it, Cheng Liunian found the smell pungent, and that much could have been bearable.

The key problem...

It also emitted a strong, foul odor.

Just a sniff caused Cheng Liunian's face to turn pale as he covered his mouth and held his nose, fearful that one more whiff would make him vomit.

"This... Miss Bai..."

"Is this the concocted Spiritual Medicine? Is it really effective??"

Cheng Liunian was hesitant to believe it.

Quite dubious.

It wasn't that he distrusted Bai Shuxuan, but rather, he distrusted that lump of foul-smelling black paste claimed to be Spiritual Medicine in front of her.

His body instinctively resisted this substance.

Yet Bai Shuxuan remained composed, with a slight purse of her red lips and a faint smile.

"It's effective."

"Come, eat it all."

Bai Shuxuan placed the concocted black paste of Spiritual Medicine before Cheng Liunian.

Cheng Liunian wanted to retch, but seeing the ever-calm expression on Bai Shuxuan's face, which also bore some concern, he found it difficult to reject.

Miss Bai...

She wouldn't possibly harm him, right?

Thinking this, Cheng Liunian clenched his teeth, steeled his heart, stamped his foot, and without further thought, gulped down the entire serving of the foul-smelling black Spiritual Medicine.

Cheng Liunian dared not savor the taste.

He swallowed it straight into his stomach.

He was afraid that if he savored it any longer, the nauseating feeling would force him to vomit everything he had just swallowed.

At that point, his image in Miss Bai's heart would be completely ruined.

At this moment, Cheng Liunian's main concern was no longer whether his lingering injury could be cured.

After all these years, even with the injury, hadn't he just carried on?

Whether it could be cured or not was no longer a matter of concern.

Now, Cheng Liunian just wanted to hastily deal with the situation and escape from this place.

If he stayed any longer, he really feared he might suddenly throw up everything in his stomach.

Meanwhile, after swallowing that black paste of Spiritual Medicine, Cheng Liunian found his body heating up, his complexion turning rosy, his blood flowing faster, and a faint mist rising from the surface of his skin.

These were all genuine effects of Spiritual Medicine.

Its blood-nourishing power was formidable.

Before Cheng Liunian could react, he felt warmth at his nostrils.

Touching it, his fingertips came away bright red.

It was blood.

He was bleeding from the nose...

It wasn't long before Cheng Liunian felt an unbearable heat inside his body and fresh blood pouring from his nose, unstoppable.

Akin to a little fountain, blood kept spurting out relentlessly.

Copious amounts of fresh blood flowed from his nostrils.

Even his skin began to flush with a ruddy hue at this time.

Cheng Liunian was inexplicably frightened.

"Miss Bai, this... this..."

"Isn't the medicine a bit too potent..."

Cheng Liunian held his nose as the blood trickled through his fingers, falling onto the ground.

He glanced nervously at Bai Shuxuan, with his heart pounding as if it would burst from his chest.

“Stretch out your hand.”

From nowhere, Bai Shuxuan produced a sharp knife, and with a gentle and tender smile on her face, she faced the somewhat flustered Cheng Liunian.

“Don’t be afraid.”

Seeing Bai Shuxuan as calm as ever, not flustered by his nosebleed, it seemed everything was as expected.

After all, with so many blood-nourishing Spiritual Medicines, it would have been strange if he didn’t have a nosebleed.

Cheng Liunian slowly extended his hand, reaching out his arm toward Bai Shuxuan, ready for her to make a cut.

The so-called Bloodletting Therapy...

Was simply releasing blood...

It sounded so unreliable...

Even now, having boarded Bai Shuxuan's ship, Cheng Liunian still instinctively doubted her words.

After all, the idea that a bit of bloodletting could cure his years-long ailment was incredible.

But at this moment, he seemed to have no other options.

He trusted Bai Shuxuan.

Trying it out wasn't much of a problem.

Cheng Liunian sat quietly in the chair, heart racing, and in the silence of the night, he could almost hear the sound of his heart pumping blood.

The sound was thunderous, like a tremor.

Approaching Cheng Liunian, Bai Shuxuan reassured him to relax before holding the sharp knife, motioning as she searched for the place to cut.

Bai Shuxuan was quite close to Cheng Liunian now.

Cheng Liunian felt he could catch the faint scent of flowers on Bai Shuxuan, which eased his nervousness somewhat at that moment.

Suddenly, he experienced a sharp pain, followed by a cold sensation.

That was the feeling of a blade slicing across the skin.

Cheng Liunian took a deep breath, feeling the cold blade cut through his skin and pierce his blood vessels.

Then, he felt the flow of blood.

It streamed out from his arm, dripping into the jade basin prepared beside him.

Each drop carried his pain and fear, pooling into that cold basin.

His heartbeat quickened, each throb accompanied by the loss of blood.

He felt his strength waning, but at the same time, he sensed an odd relief.

Something within him that had always felt out of place seemed to be leaving his body with the blood.