



Chapter 15: Cursed poison

Caleb frowned, his voice turning cold. "Charlotte, mind your manners!"

"But father, Elizabeth's life at stake and we can't be too careful!"
Charlotte retorted.

"I understand," Caleb said in a calmer tone. "But there is no need to doubt Sir Reid's capabilities."

"To get his contact, I had to reach out to Mr. Parker of the Arcadian Southern Region Chamber of Commerce, who personally assured me of Sir Reid's competency. If it weren't for the favor I once did for him, he wouldn't have been willing to reveal any information about Mr. Reid at all."

Hearing that, Charlotte still looked unconvinced.

This was her precious daughter's life on the line, she couldn't just trust some stranger easily.

Turning to Alistair, she asked coldly. "Are you sure you can cure my daughter?"

"I think so, but who knows?" With a shrug, Alistair calmly replied.

"How fearless," Charlotte said with a frown, clearly displeased. "Young man, every doctor who's ever set foot in this house came from the top hospitals in the country and even they couldn't do anything. And you, someone who probably knows nothing, dare to come here?"

"Charlotte, watch your tone!" Caleb snapped.

"Father, I can't be at ease." Charlotte cried out, her voice full of defiance and doubt, "What if he ends up killing Elizabeth?"

"What nonsense?! Mr. Reid is truly capable, he will definitely save her."

Just as Charlotte was about to retort, Donald anxiously stepped in to mediate. "Charlotte, why not let Mr. Reid give it a try?"

"No way, unless he can prove he's capable." Charlotte remained stubborn, her gaze cold as she glared at Alistair.

Alistair's lips curved slightly, a faint smile playing on his face. "Mrs. Bolton, are you sure you want me to prove it to you?"

"Of course! What's wrong? Afraid? If you are not capable of curing my daughter, then please leave, we don't have time to waste.

Charlotte's aged yet beautiful eyes narrowed, her face frosty.

"Then please don't take offense," he said evenly.

Managing a smile, Alistair studied Charlotte briefly before remarking. "Have you been feeling feverish lately?"

"... Somewhat."

"Dryness of the mouth and throat and getting upset at the slightest provocation? I'd reckon you've consulted a few doctors about it."

Charlotte furrowed her brows, a trace of unease flickering in her eyes. "How do you know about that?"

"A simple observation." Alistair casually replied. "If I'm not mistaken, Mrs. Bolton... It's been over six months since you've shared a bed with your husband, hasn't it?"

At these words, Charlotte's expression froze instantly.

Before she could respond, Alistair shifted his gaze towards Donald. "I can see you are a busy man, but you should try not to neglect your wife."

"What?" Donald gawked at Alistair's words, completely taken aback.

"Try to be more intimate with her. Believe it or not, it's the best way to bring emotional comfort and it also helps regulate the body."

"That..."

"Avoiding it for too long can negatively affect your wife, which is the reason for her current state."

By the time Alistair was done, an awkward silence hung in the air.

Due to his bold assessment, Donald and Charlotte were too stunned to speak.

Coughing awkwardly, Caleb remarked while gesturing at Elizabeth on the bed. "Sir Reid, if you would please..."

"Of course." Alistair nodded in understanding as he walked over to the bed.

Although Charlotte still harbored doubts, she was far too shaken to voice them.

It felt as if Alistair could see right through her.

So this time, she held her tongue.

Alistair approached the bedside and examined Elizabeth carefully, his expression tightening into a deep frown.

After reaching out and placing a single finger on Elizabeth's arm, his

suspicion was instantly confirmed.

It was clear.

Elizabeth wasn't suffering from an illness at all.

She had been poisoned!

And not by any ordinary toxin, but by a unique fusion of course and compound poison.

Such a concoction would drive even low-ranked Cultivators into unbearable agony.

For this girl to still be alive, he had to admire her sheer willpower.

Fortunately, it was discovered in time.

If it had been even a day later, not even her fighting spirit could have saved her.

Retracting his finger, Alistair's expression remained grim.

Noticing the change on his face, Caleb's heart tightened. "Is something wrong, Sir Reid?" he asked anxiously.

"Unfortunately, yes," Alistair replied.

Caleb's heart lurched as both Donald and Charlotte could barely remain calm.

"What do you mean?" Charlotte pressed, her face paler.

"Your daughter has been poisoned."