

## Substitute B 253

Chapter 253: Serena Sterling's Rebirth

There was a moment of silence on the other end.

"Sir, shall we continue to follow them?"

"No, we're heading back to the City of Aethelgard."

"Yes."

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The Concordiat Research Institute.

Vincent Terry, the director, was utterly shocked upon seeing the critically ill Serena Sterling, "Serena, what happened to you?"

As he spoke, he checked Serena's pulse, "Serena, you've been poisoned, and the poison has spread throughout your body. Your heart veins are all severed. Not even the greatest of immortals could save you now!"

Serena was acutely aware of her condition, and the only thing keeping her going was the treasure chest her mother left behind. She felt she would be unfilial if she couldn't open that chest before her passing and see what her mother left her. How would she face her mother in the afterlife otherwise?

"Director, don't waste any more effort on my body. Please bring out that chest. I want to try one last time." Serena said weakly.

"Alright."

Vincent Terry quickly brought out the chest and placed it in front of Serena.

Serena took out a silver needle and inserted it into the lock hole.

Last time she tried to unlock it, but failed by the third stage. Her medical skills couldn't reach that level; it was impossible to open.

However, she later obtained her mother's medical tome, and she had been diligently studying and pondering over it. She felt she was on the verge of a breakthrough.

Serena closed her eyes, shutting out all external noises and distractions. The intricate acupuncture techniques from the medical tome vividly appeared before her, slowly integrating together.

In that instant, she surpassed her own limits.

With a "click," as her delicate white fingers twisted, the last stage was broken through, and the chest opened in response.

Vincent Terry's eyes lit up as he looked at this young 20-year-old girl, nodding in admiration and satisfaction, "Serena, congratulations, you've surpassed yourself and entered a deeper level of medical expertise."

If only we didn't consider her current physical condition...

A faint smile appeared on Serena's pale face. She set down the silver needle and slowly opened the chest.

Inside the chest was the second volume of the medical tome and a small brocade box.

Serena flipped open the second volume. The techniques detailed within were far more enigmatic than those in the first, and just by looking at them, one could sense the immense power contained within.

Now that she had surpassed herself, it seemed this second volume was made just for her. She treasured it dearly.

"Serena, now that you've opened the first chest, you should seek out the second one." Vincent Terry said then.

Serena's long eyelashes trembled, "There's a second chest?"

"Yes, the second chest is in the City of Aethelgard, located in the Academy of Sciences. But the academy is no place you can enter at will. You'll have to find a way to get in and open the second chest."

The Academy of Sciences is the heart of all medical knowledge, currently occupied by the giants of the medical world, those esteemed academicians. Among them, the youngest is Zane Crawford, known for his unmatched talent. Getting into the academy and integrating into the center of medical science is as difficult as ascending to the heavens.

Holding onto the second volume, Serena thought she was running out of time.

Just then, Auntie McCoy quickly said, "Miss Serena, quickly open that brocade box and see what's inside!"

Serena nodded and opened the brocade box.

Inside the box was a black pill.

"Miss Serena, what kind of pill is this?" Auntie Mccoy asked curiously.

Vincent Terry said, "When the box was opened, I caught a whiff of a herbal scent, but I couldn't identify what herb it was. However, just smelling it brings a sense of serenity and clarity. Whatever my master left behind must be something rare in this world. Serena, with your heart veins severed, maybe you should try taking this pill!"

Like Vincent Terry, Serena couldn't discern what herbs were used in this pill. It was probably something so rare and valuable that it isn't even recorded in medical history. Perhaps it could save her life.

"Miss Serena, quickly take this pill!" Auntie Mccoy urged eagerly.

Serena raised her hand and placed the pill in her mouth.

Soon enough, Serena's eyes closed, and she fell directly.

Auntie Mccoy was horrified, "Miss Serena!"

Vincent Terry quickly placed Serena on a rattan chair and checked her pulse; there were no signs of life.

She... was dead?

Vincent Terry was shocked, stepping back in disbelief, "How could this happen, how?"

"Miss Serena!" Auntie Mccoy placed a finger under Serena's nose, and indeed there was no breath.

Auntie Mccoy collapsed to the ground; she couldn't believe that Miss Serena had just gone like that.

It couldn't be!

"Director, please save Miss Serena; she can't die so easily. She must still have a chance!" Auntie Mccoy pleaded, looking at Vincent Terry.

Vincent Terry was helpless, sorrowfully shaking his head.

Suddenly, Auntie Mccoy exclaimed, "Director, look quickly!"

Vincent Terry looked up hastily, witnessing the most astonishing scene of his life.

Serena still lay on the rattan chair, but her deathly pale face gradually regained color. Her cold body warmed, and shallow, long breaths came from her once breathless form. She had come back to life!

Not only that, in that moment, she seemed like a pearl dusted off. Originally as fair as snow, she now exuded an ethereal celestial aura, her beauty becoming even more captivating.

"Director... director, look, what's that?" Auntie Mccoy said in shock.

Serena seemed to be sleeping peacefully, but below her beautiful butterfly spinous process, a vibrant flower slowly emerged, its allure enchanting.

Vincent Terry stepped back two steps, having seen this flower before. His mentor, Seraphina Linden, had such a flower beneath her spinous process. He once read in ancient literature that this flower was known as the Imperial Daughter's Flower.

Vincent Terry looked at Serena in terror as if she were a stranger. What on earth was she?

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Hayden Crawford felt like he had a very long dream. He slowly opened his eyes; the place was familiar. He had returned to the Orchid Court, lying in his bedroom.

He sat up and strained to recall the dream he had, but nothing came to mind.

"Hayden, you're awake. How is your body feeling?"

Hayden glanced sideways; the old lady had come, and he met his grandma's loving and concerned eyes.

"Grandma, I'm good. I feel especially revitalized now."

The old lady nodded, muttering to herself absentmindedly, "That's good, that's good."

"Grandma, what's wrong?" Hayden noticed his grandma's strange manner because her eyes were red, as if she had been crying.

The room was quiet; the old lady's face was unclear, but her steps were unsteady, showing her age. She approached and hugged Hayden, "Hayden, a hug. If she were still here, she'd surely give you a big hug."

Hayden didn't understand, "Grandma, who is she?"

The old lady shook her head, her eyes suddenly moistening, "Your father has come, Hayden, it's time we returned to Aethelgard."