

## An Understated Dominance (Dustin Rhys)

Chapter 2689

The vehicle sped down the road. After more than an hour’s drive from the airport, Dustin and Grace finally arrived at the source of the outbreak-Ashwillow Village.

It was located on the outskirts of Reedcrest, bordering Harbortown, with a population of 300 residents.

Every road into the village had been barricaded. All residents were confined to their homes under orders to cooperate with the ongoing investigation. At the same time, the 23 people who had contracted the plague had been quarantined together under strict military supervision to avoid any mishaps.

When Dustin and Grace arrived at Ashwillow Village, it was already 9:30 pm. Their vehicle stopped in front of a two-story house with a courtyard.

Its perimeter bristling with hastily installed surveillance equipment and guarded by a full squad of soldiers who wore medical masks over their faces.

The security protocols demanded that every person entering or leaving the premises undergo thorough decontamination procedures. It was to create an atmosphere of strict containment that left no room for error.

“Ms. Linsor, put this on.”

Before they even stepped out of the car, Sadie handed medical masks to Grace and Dustin.

“Sure.” Grace nodded and took the mask, slipping it over her face.

“I don’t need one. Thanks, though,” Dustin politely declined.

His body was naturally immune to all poisons, and now that he had broken through to the next realm, he had even less reason to worry about such threats. Even the ten deadliest poisons in the martial world couldn’t harm him, let alone a mere plague.

“Mr. Rhys, this outbreak is spreading fast and should not be taken lightly. For your safety, you really should wear the mask,” Sadie urged.

“He’s a skilled doctor,” Grace said calmly. “ If he says he doesn’t need to wear it, then he doesn’t. Let’s go inside.”

She didn’t offer much explanation. After calling out to the others, she walked into the courtyard.

Though Sadie was puzzled, she didn’t press further. She understood Grace’s personality well. When the princess made a call, she was rarely wrong about anything.

The three made their way through the courtyard and into the house. They passed through the living room before reaching the bedroom, where they found a man lying on the bed.

He appeared to be in his early 30s with an extremely gaunt frame, and his entire body was strapped down so he couldn’t move.

His cheeks were flushed red as he breathed heavily, clearly running a high fever, while red rashes were on his arms, neck, and face. Those were the unmistakable symptoms of the plague.

“Dustin, take a look at his condition first,” Grace said, turning her head toward him.

He nodded and stepped forward to examine the patient.

The man’s vital signs were extremely weak, and the plague symptoms were already clearly visible on his body. At that rate, he would be dead within two or three days.

“Yes, it’s definitely the plague. The man is barely conscious. He’s not going to hold on much longer.” Dustin quickly delivered his diagnosis.

“Can he still be saved?” Grace asked with a grave expression.

Looking at Callan’s condition, he obviously couldn’t answer questions normally. They would need to save his life first and relieve his symptoms before conducting any proper questioning.

Dustin nodded and replied, “He can be treated, but it will take some effort.”

“Whatever you need, just say the word. I’ll have people arrange it immediately,” Grace replied.

“The plague toxins have reached critical levels. His body is burning from the inside out-high fever, dehydration, severe headaches, and internal bleeding with skin lesions,” he said matter-of-factly.

He went on, “I have a prescription that can neutralize the toxins and cool his system. It should stabilize him temporarily. After that, I’ll use acupuncture to restore his energy flow. He should regain consciousness by tomorrow morning.”

“Thank you so much.” She breathed a sigh of relief.

She had truly feared that he might say the case was untreatable. That would have made the situation extremely serious.

The plague itself spreads incredibly fast. Without proper medicine to control the symptoms, it would inevitably cause massive casualties.

Grace felt that bringing Dustin here this time was absolutely the right decision.

“I’m just doing what parts,” he replied tersely.

He immediately fetched paper and pen, scrawled out a prescription, and handed it to her.

Grace took it and thrust it toward Sadie, who was standing behind her. “Get someone to fetch these herbs now,” she ordered.

“Got it,” Sadie responded with a respectful gesture before hurrying away.

The situation demanded immediate action, as every moment saved in controlling the plague could prevent countless deaths. Within an hour, all the medicinal herbs Dustin required had been delivered.

Next was the brewing process, where he employed an unconventional method to accelerate it. He channeled his mystical pure energy directly into the flames beneath the cauldron, intensifying the heat while simultaneously activating the herbs’ healing properties.

What would typically require two hours of careful preparation was completed in just 30 minutes under his enhanced technique.

Once Callan had consumed the tonic, Dustin immediately began the acupuncture treatment, using precise pressure point techniques to expel the plague toxins from his patient’s body systematically.

His current level of cultivation allowed him to work without physical contact. He could control both the patient and the needles entirely through spiritual manipulation.

With delicate finger movements, Dustin directed each silver needle to fly with perfect accuracy into the designated pressure points, where they spun rapidly to draw out the toxin that had been poisoning Callan’s system.

Grace observed that display with her usual composure after having witnessed Dustin’s abilities before, but Sadie stood transfixed in amazement.

Initially, Sadie had harbored doubts about Dustin’s credentials, questioning how someone barely past 20 could legitimately claim to be a skilled doctor.

Now she realized the magnitude of her error as she watched him control needles through the air alone while hitting pressure points with flawless precision.

She considered herself well-traveled and knowledgeable about renowned doctors throughout the realm, yet she had never encountered anyone capable of such extraordinary mastery.

That transcended the boundaries of mortal medicine entirely, reaching a divine level of healing that she had never imagined possible. The world truly did contain miracle workers beyond ordinary understanding.

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