

An Understated Dominance (Dustin Rhys)

Chapter 2690

Ten minutes later, Dustin waved his hand. More than a dozen silver needles lifted from Callan's body and returned to his pouch in an orderly manner.

His mystical pure energy instantly vaporized the contaminated blood on each needle, which essentially served as an alternative form of sterilization.

As the needles were withdrawn, a peculiar suction force drew the toxins rapidly from Callan's body. Dark blood began flowing from where the needles had been applied. This thick, black liquid gave off a putrid stench, and the sight was deeply unsettling.

Grace and Sadie instinctively stepped backward. They were unwilling to risk even the slightest contact with the toxic discharge.

After all, this plague was unlike anything they had encountered before. Even with such a skilled doctor like Dustin present, neither woman dared take unnecessary chances.

The dark blood seeping from Callan's body began to lighten and gradually turned deep red before finally returning to its usual color.

His fever-racked body cooled to normal temperature while his labored breathing settled into a steady, peaceful rhythm. All signs indicated that the plague had been successfully contained.

"He's out of danger for now," Dustin said. " But the toxin really did a number on him. He'll likely remain unconscious until tomorrow morning."

"Just getting him back from the brink is a miracle. The other doctors I consulted all said it was hopeless," Sadie said with a sigh.

"Mr. Rhys possesses unmatched medical skills. If he can't cure this plague, then no one else can." Grace was quick to sing his praises.

"I appreciate the compliments, but you still need to pay my consultation fee," Dustin said with a faint smile.

"As long as you can help me solve this plague outbreak, you'll be compensated accordingly," Grace assured him.

"Treating one person is manageable, but treating a group of people is not easy," he said, shaking his head.

He went on, "My medicine can only stabilize the condition and provide some preventive benefits, but it won't cure the disease. To fully heal those afflicted with the plague, the medicine must be combined with my acupuncture techniques."

If the infection had spread to dozens or even a few hundred people, he could work through each case individually. It would take several days of intensive treatment, but it was still manageable.

However, if the plague spread to thousands of victims, even his abilities would prove insufficient. He wasn't a miracle worker who could heal an unlimited number of patients.

"I understand what you're trying to say," Grace said seriously. "I'll do everything I can to contain the outbreak and prevent it from spreading further."

"The key to controlling this epidemic involves more than just prevention measures," Dustin explained with a weary sigh.

He went on, "We must also locate the Skull Covenant, the one responsible for creating this plague. Otherwise, we'll face an endless cycle where new outbreaks emerge as soon as we contain the current one."

"I've already dispatched investigators to track them down, but our best lead right now is Callan," Grace replied. "The sooner he regains consciousness, the better our chances of success."

"Good to know you've got it handled. Just let me know if there's anything else you need me to do."

"Mr. Rhys, we have 22 other patients besides Callan. Why don't you treat them all together?" Sadie asked tentatively.

Although the village was under quarantine, any remaining sick individuals would pose an ongoing source of infection. If left untreated, the situation could easily spiral out of control.

"Sure. Ms. Linsor is paying for my services, so I'll get it done." Dustin stretched lazily. "Guess we're pulling an all-nighter."

"Thank you for your dedication, Mr. Rhys," she said respectfully.

"Show me where they are," he said with a nod toward the path ahead.

"Right this way, please," Sadie responded.

Without hesitation, she guided Dustin toward the area where the patients had been gathered.

The makeshift medical facility was located in an abandoned warehouse. Though it lacked many amenities, it was large enough to accommodate everyone. The 22 patients lay on makeshift bedding arranged in rows across the floor.

Military personnel in full protective gear moved between them. They provided basic care to the patients, like offering sips of water and spoonfuls of broth. Since they had already administered all available medications, supportive care was all they could offer at the moment.

"Mr. Rhys, it's only been two days since we discovered the outbreak, and these people are already too weak to stand," Sadie explained, referring to the patients' condition.

"It's spreading fast," Dustin observed as his gaze swept across the rows of patients.

He continued, "Get someone to prepare the medicine according to my earlier prescription, then reduce three cups of water down to one. Once it's ready, make sure each patient takes a full dose. After that, leave the rest to me."

"Got it," she responded before turning to leave.

Fortunately, her earlier foresight in ordering medicinal herbs in bulk had paid off. Now they had more than enough ingredients to treat all 22 patients.

Soon, the strong scent of brewing medicine wafted throughout Ashwillow Village. When the concoction finished brewing, Sadie had her soldiers distribute it to the patients

Once everyone had taken their medicine, Dustin stepped in to treat them one by one. Before his breakthrough, treating 22 people would have drained him completely, but now it was manageable.

Whenever his mystical pure energy was depleted, the spiritual energy of nature around him would rapidly replenish his reserves, so he didn't have to worry about running out of internal energy.

At his current pace, he could cure one person every ten minutes, which was remarkably fast by any standard. Still, healing all 22 patients would take roughly four hours without a break.

If 22 people demanded such enormous amounts of time and energy, the situation would become hopeless should the plague spread to thousands or tens of thousands of victims.

Dustin knew he couldn't possibly treat that many patients alone. It hit him that the absolute priority wasn't saving lives but preventing the outbreak from spreading further and hunting down the remnants of the Skull Covenant.