

and that he wanted to buy out our stocks. I was just being kind and gave him a pail of dog food, but who knew that this rascal didn't know what's good for him and hit me. It's great timing that you're here, Dad. Get your subordinates to hold him for me. I want to break his limbs.”

“My subordinates?”

Forest immediately felt chills down his spine. Standing around him were all top-class figures in Khanh City. But this blind fool of a son had thought of them as his subordinates.

Forest immediately turned around and bowed to Drake and his group in apology, saying that his son had had too much to drink last night, that he was not sober, hoping that these prominent figures would not mind him. As for this wretched beggar, they would immediately take care of him, so his existence would not disrupt them.

However, Drake and his group ignored Forest completely. Instead, they fearfully went over to

Tyr.

“Brother Tyr.”

“Brother Tyr.”

“Brother Tyr...”

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## Chapter 176 Does the Little Mister Have Medical Skills?

Prominent figures, one after another, showed Tyr respect like how servants from ancient times would when they saw the emperor.

In an instant, the air in the pharmacy seemed to have frozen. Forest was stunned. The shopkeeper was stunned. The two executives Travis had brought over, and the security guards around them were all stunned as well.

Was something wrong with their ears? All the Khanh City prominent figures present were addressing Tyr Summers as 'Brother Tyr'. As they watched these great men humble themselves before Tyr, the Jensen father and son felt as if a bolt of lightning had struck them on their heads.

“What’s going on? Isn’t Tyr Summers the Zea family’s live-in beggar of a son-in-law? How

...”

While Travis was still perplexed, Khanh City's underground king, Noah Lee, had come over to Travis.

With a lift of his leg, Travis was kicked to the ground by Noah. “You dared to call Khanh City's king a beggar and made him eat dog food. How many lives do you think you have?”

Travis was completely shocked while beside him, Forest was quivering from shock. Out of rage, he kicked his son. “B\*stard! Are you trying to harm our Jensen family?”

After that, Forest ran over to Tyr and fell to his knees with a loud thud. “Brother Tyr, my son was too blind to recognize a great man like you and has offended you. Please don't mind him and forgive us this time.”

Tyr stood up and then pointed to Drake and his group. “Only they have the right to call me Brother Tyr. You're still not worthy.”

Forest froze up like ice. His face was pale from the fright.

Travis's mouth was filled with blood as he wore an incredulous expression. How was this possible? Was there a mistake? This was not logical. Travis could feel his world views taking colossal damage. No matter what, he could not believe that this wretched son-in-law who married into the Zea family as a beggar was the king of Khanh City gossiped about a lot in the upper-class society.

However, seeing is believing. The scene he was watching right now could not be fake. Travis suddenly recalled everything that happened in the Zea family. The Castle in the Sky, the city center's merchant investment event, the loan from Golden Peony Bank, Autumn Field's opening ceremony... One after another, these events resurfaced in Travis's mind.

Immediately, he froze.

In fact, these prominent figures from Khanh

City had been respectful toward Tyr Summers from the start. Only, back then, Travis and the Zea family members thought it was just a coincidence. Who knew that Tyr Summers was truly a prominent figure from the start.

At the thought of how he kept going against Tyr time and again, Travis's body went limp. "Tyr, I'm really sorry. It was all my fault. I'm sorry. Those incidents before happened because I was too much of a snob, and I have offended you. Please forgive me. I'll prostrate before you, I'm sorry."

Travis knelt on the ground and prostrated before Tyr with his forehead covered in sweat, knocking his head loudly on the floor until blood appeared.

Tyr remained indifferent as he spoke coldly, "Gather all the medicine in the prescription. As for the seven-petal lotus, I'm giving your Century Herb one day to locate it. If you can find it, the grudges I have with you will all be forgotten. If you can't, Century Herb will

disappear from the face of the earth.”

For the rest of the day, Tyr drove to all of Riverdale Province’s traditional medicine market searching for the seven-petal lotus. However, this ingredient was too rare that many medicinal merchants say they have never even heard of its existence. Even after Regal Palace had mobilized all their strength to search worldwide, there was no news of the plant in such a short time.

Around three in the afternoon, Tyr’s phone rang.

“Mr. Summers, I’m Forest Jensen. We’ve got some news about the seven-petal lotus you’re looking for.”

Just this one sentence was enough to make Tyr’s heart ripple with emotion. To be frank, he never had any hopes for Century Herb, but who knew that in the face of such urgent disaster, Century Herb was the one who showed the greatest potential.

“Where is it?” Tyr asked immediately.

“Mr. Summers, it’s a little complicated. Where are you now? I’ll come over and meet you.”

“No need, I’ll be at your Century Herb main branch soon.”

Half an hour later, Tyr was at Century Herb Pharmacy’s main store. Forest immediately went to receive him.

“Mr. Summers, you’re here. Come in and sit, I’ll pour some tea for you.”

“No need.” Tyr asked directly, “Where’s the medicine?”

Forest quickly answered, “Mr. Summers, we’ve used all of our connections in Century Herb this morning and finally got some news of the seven-petal lotus’s whereabouts. We’re also fortunate that it’s right here in our Riverdale Province.”

“Really?” Tyr was delighted.



“Yeah.” Forest nodded. “How could I dare to joke with you, Mr. Summers? However, while we have news about the item, obtaining it will not be as simple.”

Tyr frowned. “What do you mean?”

Just then, a middle-aged man, seeming to be in his fifties, came out of Century Herb.

Forest immediately introduced him. “Mr. Summers, this is Mr. Zinke, Jameson Zinke. He knows where the seven-petal lotus is.”

“Huh?” Tyr’s heart jolted, and he quickly asked, “Mr. Zinke, do you really have the seven-petal lotus? Please state the price. I need this seven-petal lotus urgently to save my daughter. I can pay you any price.”

Tyr asked Jameson directly without beating around the bush, indicating that money would not be a problem.

However, Jameson shook his head with a smile.

“The seven-petal lotus is not with me but in my father’s hands. Moreover, a rare mythical medicine like this is not something money can buy.”

Tyr was stunned. “Mr. Zinke, you mean...”

Jameson massaged his temple as he studied Tyr’s appearance. “Little Mister, since you know of the seven-petal lotus. Do you have medical skills?”

“I do.” Tyr nodded. “And my skills are not inferior to top-class veteran traditional physicians.”

A distinct delight appeared on his face, but his hand was still subconsciously rubbing his temple. It must be a tiny habit of his.

“Then, Little Mister, can you treat complex conditions?”

Tyr nodded again. “I specialize in treating complex conditions.”

“For real?”

Tyr said, “Whether or not it’s true if this seven-petal lotus is related to my medical skills, we will see once I’ve tried.”

Jameson nodded. “Of course, it’s related.”

“Please elaborate.”

“Sure.”

## Chapter 177 The Little Mister is Godlike

Jameson organized his thoughts before saying, “Over a year ago, the mistress was diagnosed with liver cancer. By the time we realized it, it was too late. My master loved his wife dearly, and to treat her, he searched the world for medical experts. However, things have not gotten better.”

Upon hearing this, Tyr frowned. “It’s been over a year but she’s still alive? At the last stage of cancer even if you spend more money into chemotherapy, a person wouldn’t last this long.”

Jameson nodded. “You’re right, Little Mister. This is extremely abnormal, so my master suspected that the mistress doesn’t have cancer at all. Her illness was very peculiar, so the diagnosis from hospitals all came out, saying that it was liver cancer. But it’s been

over a year and she is still alive. Only, she's living in severe pain every single day. Hence, my master has invited many veteran traditional physicians to treat my mistress and even spent a great fortune in getting that legendary seven-petal lotus. Still, it couldn't cure this odd illness.”

Tyr was silent for a few seconds before saying, “The main properties of the seven-petal lotus is to detoxify. It's normal to not have an effect in treating other illnesses. What happened after that?”

“After that, hoping to get better doctors, my master offered the seven-petal lotus as a reward to invite all the renowned doctors in the world to cure my mistress. Whoever can cure his wife, not only will my master present him with the seven-petal lotus, but he will also offer fifty million dollars as a consultation fee. However, this reward has been out for almost half a year, and many famous doctors indeed came forward because of it, but none of them

could cure my mistress's illness. They can't even find the source of the virus. So, Little Mister, if you want to obtain the seven-petal lotus, the only condition is to cure my mistress. Otherwise, you can't have the item."

Tyr took a deep breath and fell silent for a brief moment. "Sure, take me to her."

Jameson was doubtful. "Little Mister, you're very young. Do you have the capability to do so?"

"Medical skills shouldn't be judged by age. Whether or not I have the capability, we'll know when we get there."

By now, Tyr could not be bothered anymore. They would talk after Tyr tried to cure the odd illness Jameson had mentioned. If it was curable, he would do it. If it was not, he would take the seven-petal lotus by force. Tyr could not be blamed for robbing them. With Blair's life on the line, he was not in the mood for talks of justice. I, Tyr Summers, will get the

seven-petal lotus. If you won't give it to me, I'll just have to snatch it.

However, Jameson was looking suspiciously at Tyr without proceeding further.

Tyr immediately understood and asked him, “Mr. Zinke, you don't believe that I have the medical skills for it, do you?”

Jameson smiled awkwardly. “Little Mister, the main reason is that you look too young. Could you...”

Before Jameson could finish, Tyr interrupted him, “You have a severe migraine, don't you? And it hurts a lot right now.”

Jameson was stunned. “How could you tell?”

“It's simple. Migraines happen on one side, and the pain's focal point is the temple's acupuncture point. From the moment we met, you have been rubbing that spot and your expression was odd. Even if this room is air-conditioned, you're still sweating. Also, sun

exposure is the easiest way to cause a migraine, so I can conclude that you're feeling very uncomfortable now.”

Jameson took a deep breath and nodded. “Little Mister, you really do have some skills. This migraine of mine is an old problem. I’ve had it since I was a child. Winters are fine, but when summer comes, I can’t be exposed to sunlight at all. If I do, my head will hurt a lot. But Little Mister, even physicians with average skills, can easily diagnose this illness of mine. This doesn’t mean anything.”

However, Tyr’s lips curved upward. He took out three silver needles from his Bian Que Needle set that he carried around with him and swiftly pierced them into Jameson’s temple and somewhere near it.

“Have you heard that migraine can be cured?”

Jameson shook his head. “It’s an incurable disease. I’ve tried every method throughout the years, but it’s useless. And once it starts, it’



ll only go away when the sun sets.”

“So, how do you feel now?”

Tyr’s three needles were starting to tremble in Jameson’s head. The older man felt a shock wave on his temple followed by numbness. Two seconds later, a chill ran through his body as he shuddered.

Tyr retrieved the needles. “How do you feel now?”

At first, Jameson could not seem to grasp what was happening. He was stunned for a full three seconds. After that, his expression was filled with shock and disbelief.

“It doesn’t hurt. It actually doesn’t hurt anymore! Little Mister, what kind of acupuncture technique is this? How did you do it?”

Tyr calmly answered, “You wouldn’t know even if I told you, right?”

“That’s true.” Jameson was excited

nonetheless.

Tyr had just shown a glimpse of his skills, and it was enough to take Jameson's breath away. By now, the older man had complete faith in Tyr. His instincts told him that he had found a true expert.

In fact, even Forest Jensen, who had been standing beside this whole time, was shocked by Tyr's skills. He was the owner of Century Herb Pharmaceutical, so he, too, was also educated in traditional medical skills.

If he had not known that Tyr and Jameson were strangers to each other, Forest might have suspected that it was just a show.

Migraine was a stubborn illness. Once the pain started, it was impossible to soothe it in such a short time. But Tyr had done it. Even Forest could not tell what technique Tyr had used. His technique seemed simple, but it was well-executed. Even Forest was impressed.

Tyr walked over to Century Herb's countertop

and swiftly scribbled a prescription. He put the prescription in Jameson's hand. "Gather the medicines according to this prescription, and in one month, at most, it'll cure your illness completely."

Jameson took the prescription with great excitement. "Little Mister, you're truly a godly being!"

"Let's not waste time and gather the medicine later. I'm in a hurry. Bring me to your father-in-law."

Jameson nodded. "Alright, Little Mister. Please get into my car."

And so, Jameson drove Tyr to Riverdale Province's Prime City. The bumpy journey took about two hours before they finally arrived at a village in Prime City. It was a place with clear waters and fresh air. By the time Tyr and Jameson reached the place, it was almost evening.

"Why is your master staying in such a remote

area? He should be quite wealthy and is probably able to afford a butler,” asked Tyr curiously as he scanned the surroundings.

Jameson answered, “The master’s family has always been doing business in Prime City, but since my mistress has been sick, my master decided to focus all his attention on his wife. This is my master’s old house. They used to stay here when they were young. Now that my mistress is gravely ill, she might return to the earth at any given time. For her final days, she wanted to return here to revisit the memories of her younger days. And so, my master specifically had this house built to keep her company every day.”

Tyr nodded briefly. “In this world today, being able to have a relationship like your master and mistress’s is something to be envious of.”

Jameson replied with a smile, “The older generation are more loyal to their relationships, unlike the younger generation today who are fickle. Little Master, since you

already have a daughter, how is your relationship with your wife?”

“We’re okay.”

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## Chapter 178 Carson Yorke and Old Halbert

Soon, Jameson drove the car into one of the courtyards in the village. It was a tiny two-story building with a beautiful garden in front of the door. It was not considered luxurious, but it looked tasteful.

Two men were having tea at a small stone table in the garden.

Both men seemed to be in their sixties. One of them was dressed in plain clothing, but he exuded a unique aura. His gestures gave off a sense of authority. This man was Carson Yorke, Jameson's master.

The other man looked highly educated and was full of energy. This was a man with a prominent background. His surname was Halbert, chairman of the Celestial Empire Traditional Physician's Association and an

extremely accomplished veteran in traditional medicine. The traditional physician's community addressed him as Old Halbert. There were even rumors saying that he was a descendant of the great Chinese Physician, Hua Tuo.

Carson and Old Halbert were old pals. Since his wife, Heather Quelch, had fallen ill, Carson had invited Old Halbert to treat Heather. However, even Old Halbert could do nothing about Heather's illness nor cure it completely. He could only use his skills to help Heather soothe the pain and prolong her life.

Old Halbert played a big part in Heather's life as he was able to keep her living for over a year even with this severe illness. In addition, Old Halbert obtained the seven-petal lotus through his connections and network. Even the idea of using the seven-petal lotus as a reward to attract renowned doctors in the world to cure Heather was from Old Halbert.

The only pity was that even though there were

tons of doctors in this half a year, most of them were incompetent. Even if there were talented ones, no one could cure Heather's illness.

At that moment, Carson was looking at the sunset like he was watching his wife's time slowly coming to an end. His expression was filled with sorrow.

“Jameson isn't back yet. He called just now to say he went to Riverdale Province's Khanh City and found a divine physician who cured his migraine. The man might be able to cure Heather's illness. Who knows if it'll work this time.”

Old Halbert immediately frowned. “Housekeeper Zinke's migraine is a stubborn and incurable disease. How can it be cured? It might just be like before where he found a trickster who was just fooling around. Khanh City is such a small city. How could there be a divine physician there?”

Old Halbert's words were hard to hear, but he



made sense. During this period, he had seen too many incompetent tricksters who tried to con them. This made him furious because these tricksters ended up ruining the reputation of traditional physicians. Thus, when he heard that this divine physician could cure Jameson's migraine, fury burned in his heart. It was clear that he refused to believe this newcomer's capability.

Carson sighed. "Old Brother Halbert, you've said that Heather's days are numbered. Now, we can only try even if there's not much hope. It doesn't matter if he is a conman, we should let him try."

Just then, Tyr and Jameson walked in.

"Master, Old Halbert," Jameson greeted the two men upon entering.

Carson quickly stood up and said, "Jameson, where's the divine physician you've found?"

After saying that, Carson saw Tyr standing

beside Jameson. His expression immediately froze.

Old Halbert frowned immediately. There was fury laced in his tone as he spoke. “Jameson Zinke, is this the divine physician from Khanh City that you’ve mentioned?”

Jameson quickly nodded. “Yes, Old Halbert. This young man is really capable. Just earlier, this young man showcased a glimpse of his abilities and stopped my head...”

“Preposterous!” Before Jameson could finish, Old Halbert interrupted him. The older man was furious. He would still accept if Jameson had gotten a physician from Khanh City under special circumstances, but why did he bring a brat that was no older than thirty-years-old?

Jameson quickly explained, “Master, Old Halbert, this young master is really capable. It’s true.”

“Nonsense! For traditional medical skills, the

older is always better. How capable can a young brat like this be? The nerve of you to try and con the Yorke family. Do you have any idea how prominent the Yorke family is?”

Tyr frowned as well. He already knew his appearance and age would cause disdain, but did this guy have to be so aggressive upon the first meeting?

Tyr was about to retort when a maid hastily rushed out of the house.

“Master, the mistress’s illness is acting up again.”

Carson’s expression instantly changed, and he dashed into the house. Beside him, Old Halbert too quickly went after him.

Jameson wore an awkward and apologetic expression as he said to Tyr, “Sir, Old Halbert is actually a good man, but meeting so many quacks during has made him agitated. Please excuse his behavior.”

Tyr paid it no mind. He was here for the seven-petal lotus, so everything else was not important.

“Take me inside for a look.”

“Alright, sir, this way please.”

Under Jameson’s lead, Tyr came to the room on the second floor.

Inside a clean and tidy room, Heather was currently in bed with her face yellow and covered in sweat. Her abdomen was protruding greatly like she was pregnant for a few months.

With just a look, Tyr could tell that her abdomen was filled with ascites and flatulence, which caused her stomach to become so bloated. Such circumstances were extremely unbearable for the patient.

However, Heather remained strong. She was gripping the bed sheets, and even if she was covered in sweat, she tried to hide the pain. She

was trying not to worry her husband, but beside her, Carson's heart ached when he saw his wife like this. The older man was gripping his wife's hand tightly with his head turned away. His eyes were filled with tears instead of his wife's.

Old Halbert was performing acupuncture on Heather, probably trying to use a unique method to soothe Heather's pain. This acupuncture was indeed effective. Soon, Heather's pain was reduced, and her body relaxed. However, the protruding stomach showed no signs of reduction; instead, it grew slightly bigger.

Tyr walked up quietly to Old Halbert to look at what he was doing and then studied Heather's physical reaction. After that, he spoke.

“This method of yours isn't helping her. Instead, it's harming her.”

Upon hearing this, everyone present was stunned. Old Halbert's expression instantly

darkened. He turned abruptly to glare at Tyr. “Ignorant youth, what nonsense are you spouting?”

Tyr scoffed and said, “To combat a flood, one requires dredging instead of intercepting the outlets. A big part of the reason this woman’s condition is worsening is you.”

## Chapter 179 Startled Old Halbert

The air immediately turned cold. If he were not in the midst of performing acupuncture on Heather and was not allowed to stop, Old Halbert would have slapped Tyr hard across the face. He was a descendant of the great Hua family, the chairman of Celestial Empire's Traditional Physician's Association, and a nationally famous doctor. How could he allow an ignorant youth to ruin his reputation this way? If it were anyone else, they would be just as furious.

Not only Old Halbert, even Carson was irked.

“Jameson, why did you find this ignorant brat for me? Old Halbert has given his best effort for over a year to treat my Heather. How could this brat just humiliate him like that?”

Jameson was pale from shock. When he looked at Tyr, his voice was trembling as he spoke, “

Mis-... Mister, you...”

Tyr remained indifferent and continued, “This is the Hua Needle Technique from Hua Tuo Script, isn’t it?”

Upon hearing this, Old Halbert, who was initially seething, thinking that Tyr must be a trickster, was stunned. “Do you actually know of the Hua Needle Technique?”

Tyr answered, “The Hua Needle Technique is said to be passed down to Hua Tuo’s descendants. The technique is extensive and exquisite, and it is extremely difficult to learn it. Those who can master this technique are considered elites in the traditional medical world.”

These words from Tyr sounded more pleasant to the ears. Old Halbert scoffed as a cheeky look flashed in his eyes. “At least you have some knowledge.”

However, Tyr’s next sentence almost made Old



Halbert vomit blood. “Your acupuncture technique is subpar, and your skills are amateur at best. You’re still miles and far from mastering it.”

Old Halbert was this close to vomiting blood. His hands were even trembling slightly from anger.

Tyr smiled instead. “But this trembling needle of yours is quite nicely done.”

Old Halbert was seething. This was blatant humiliation and mockery. The trembling needle was a legendary technique in the acupuncture field of study. Those who knew how to use such a technique were said to be a mythical existence in the acupuncture world.

Old Halbert started studying traditional medicine at the age of five. Today, in his sixties, he had never met anyone who could perform such a technique. He even suspected that it was just a legend. However, Tyr was now using the trembling needle as a way to mock

his trembling hand. How could he not be furious?

Old Halbert could no longer resist it. He abruptly stood up and pointed at Tyr, his body trembling. “You brat, how dare you to continue to insult me? Kneel and apologize to me, or else I won’t forgive you.”

However, Tyr smirked. “Stopping in the middle of acupuncture is the greatest disrespect to the patient. Not only are you reluctant to admit what I’ve said, but you’re even stopping in the middle of the Hua Needle Technique. This could be fatal to the patient.”

Old Halbert’s expression abruptly changed, and he turned. Sure enough, Heather’s body was starting to tremble, and her complexion was becoming pale. She even seemed to be in pain.

Old Halbert gasped. He had no time to reprimand Tyr now. Because he had been agitated earlier and stopped the treatment, he

had now caused a crucial situation, and it required immediate correction.

Tyr was shaking his head as he stood aside. “This madam has ascites and flatulence in her stomach. Ascites can’t be drawn out by acupuncture, but flatulence can direct the flow. However, your method has been wrong from the start. Just like a great flood, if its flow is deliberately intercepted, it would cause overflow from all directions. Dredging is the only way.”

As he spoke, Tyr went over to Heather and said to Old Halbert, “Your Hua Needle Technique seriously lacks, so I’ll do it.”

Old Halbert wanted to shout at Tyr to scam out of reflex. Even Carson and Jameson came over, wanting to pull Tyr away. However, Tyr’s hands were fast. By then, he had removed the needles Old Halbert had pierced onto Heather’s body.

“You ignorant brat, what are you doing to my

wife? Quick...”

Before Carson could finish, Old Halbert’s expression suddenly changed. “Wait.”

“Old Halbert?”

“Be quiet; let this little brother perform his technique.”

Carson and Jameson were shocked beyond words. They were completely baffled by Old Halbert’s sudden change in attitude toward Tyr.

By now, Old Halbert was utterly stunned. His mind exploded as a buzzing sound resonated in his head. His eyes were wide as saucers as he stared at the trembling needles Tyr had pierced in. Old Halbert’s tone changed.

“This... this is actually the trembling needle!!!”

“What?”

Beside him, Carson and the others froze in place, looking incredulous.

Tyr chuckled gently and continued applying the

needles. His technique was exquisite. In an instant, more than ten needles were trembling slightly on Heather's abdomen.

Old Halbert felt as if he had met a deity. That impact of incredulity was getting stronger and stronger.

“Tail of the dragon, head of the tiger, the probing turtle, and the guidance of the phoenix. This... this is the Sky Soaring needle technique!” exclaimed Old Halbert. He could not fathom how a young man, barely in his thirties, would have such excellent acupuncture skills. The young man had even perfectly combined the Sky Soaring needle technique with the trembling needle technique—two of the most profound techniques. How was this possible? How did he do it?

“Little Brother, just what method did you use to combine these two high-level acupuncture techniques?” Old Halbert asked impatiently, unable to contain himself.

Tyr continued to perform his excellent

acupuncture skills on Heather as he answered, “I didn’t combine it. It comes in a pair.”

Old Halbert was perplexed. “What... what method is this?”

Tyr swiftly took up three needles and pierced them into a few of Heather’s acupuncture points in her abdomen. There were another three, then another three, another three again ...

“Nine to return to the darkness, eighteen to draw out the light, thirty-six resonating together.”

At last, Tyr had pierced thirty-six needles on Heather’s body. After he was done, he turned to Old Halbert with a half-hearted smile. “This method is called the Wandering Dragon Trembling Needle. It’s from the Bian Que seventy-two needle technique.”

Old Halbert abruptly stood up, looking fearful. He immediately clasped his hands together in

great salutations. “Little Brother, who knew that you actually know of the legendary technique, the Bian Que seventy-two needle. Today, you’ve really opened my eyes. I’m ashamed. If I’ve offended you in any way earlier, please don’t take it to heart. I would like to apologize to you.”

By now, the thirty-six silver needles were each trembling slightly. The buzzing sounds intertwined, resonating like the flutter of a honey bee’s wings. The pain on Heather’s face was visibly reduced, and her greatly protruding stomach was even showing signs of deflation. It was a miracle!

## Chapter 180 Can Be Saved

For the next half an hour, Old Halbert, Carson, and the others stood aside obediently and stopped disturbing Tyr while the latter focused on treating Heather with the Wandering Dragon Trembling Needle, helping soothe her pain.

At last, once Tyr had retrieved his needles, Carson rushed over immediately.

“Heather, how do you feel?”

Surprisingly, a relaxed smile appeared on Heather’s face. “Although my stomach is still a little uncomfortable from the protrusion, it doesn’t hurt as much everywhere else. I’ve never felt this relaxed for over a year.”

Carson was overjoyed as a trace of lament appeared on Old Halbert’s surprised expression.

“Mr. is truly a divine being. Do you have



confidence in curing Madam Yorke's illness?"

Tyr answered, "That will have to wait until I've performed a thorough check-up."

"Then please, Mr., please save my wife."

Carson was excited beyond words. Finally, after over a year, he saw hope.

"Leave the room first. After the check-up, I'll call you back in."

"Sure."

Carson and the others had now entrusted all their hope unto Tyr. The group obediently left the room until Tyr and Heather were the only ones left.

"Madam Yorke, please lay down," said Tyr.

Heather immediately nodded as a kind smile appeared on her face. "What is your name, Mr.?"

"Tyr Summers," answered Tyr as he felt Heather's pulse.

“You are so young, but you have such amazing medical skills. It’s really impressive. My daughter is about your age, but she can barely compare to you.”

Tyr smiled. “Madam Yorke, please don’t speak too much. Let me perform a check-up for you.”

After that, Tyr gathered some energy in his fingers and pressed down on Heather’s abdomen with a unique technique. This inspection lasted about two hours. Finally, Tyr retrieved his hand with a faint smile.

By now, Heather had fallen asleep from Tyr’s gentle treatment. She was sleeping soundly. Ever since she was plagued by her illness, she was torture by pain every single day and had never slept as deeply since.

Tyr proceeded to call Carson and Old Halbert in.

“Mr., can my wife be saved?” As soon as he entered, Carson asked impatiently with great expectations.

“She can.”

Two simple words instantly delighted Carson and Old Halbert. Carson immediately bowed at Tyr.

“Mr., please save my wife. If my wife can be healed, I, Carson Yorke, will be able to comply no matter what request.”

“I want the seven-petal lotus. Before I see the seven-petal lotus, I won’t start the treatment.”

Carson quickly nodded. “The seven-petal lotus, no problem. Old Halbert, please bring the seven-petal lotus over.”

However, Old Halbert was being cautious as he asked, “Mr., please excuse my rudeness, but before I retrieve the seven-petal lotus, can you tell this old man what illness is troubling Madam Yorke?”

Tyr did not mind and answered, “A section of her small intestine was damaged, causing liver

cirrhosis. The treatment is simple. I need to perform a surgery on Madam Yorke, locate the damaged intestine, cut it out, and reconnect the organ. Paired with the medicine I'll prepare, it'll take at most half a year to make a full recovery. As for the liver cirrhosis, you just have to send her to the hospital for treatment, and there won't be any issues."

Old Halbert was first stunned before traces of disbelief appeared on his face. "Mr., I've thought of this possibility before, but after exhausting every method, I can't find the damaged section in the intestine. Mr., how did you locate it?"

However, Tyr answered impatiently, "I'm in a hurry. Let me see the seven-petal lotus."

"Sure. I'll bring it over right now."

Old Halbert hurried to the medicine vault and took out the seven-petal lotus. Upon seeing the seven-petal lotus, the weight on Tyr's chest was finally lifted. The seven-petal lotus looked

quite similar to Paris polyphylla except it was in dark gold color. Of the seven golden petals, there were only four left. The other three might have been consumed by Heather previously.

Nevertheless, it was fine. According to the old beggar's prescription, only one petal was needed to save Blair.

“Mr., if you can save my wife, I'll gladly present you this seven-petal lotus and a hundred million dollars in addition as consultation fee.”

The consultation fee Carson had previously offered was fifty million. But now that he saw hope, excitement took over his heart, and he decided to raise it to one hundred million instead.

Tyr answered, “I don't lack money. I only need the seven-petal lotus. The surgery I'll be performing will take some time, so you guys wait outside. One other thing, during this

surgery, I'll need Madam Yorke to stay conscious the whole time to give me feedback on the changes and senses in her abdomen. This way, I can accurately locate the damaged section in her intestine. So no matter what you hear during this process, you can't come in to disturb me. Otherwise, it won't be my fault if the surgery fails."

Upon realizing that Tyr meant no anesthetic would be used for Heather's surgery, Carson's expression immediately changed.

"Mr., can't we send my wife to the hospital where the sophisticated instruments can assist in this surgery?"

Tyr snorted. "Even the greatest instruments at the hospital can't diagnose the problem. Otherwise, wouldn't your wife have been saved at the hospital by now?"

Carson was about to ask more, but Old Halbert quickly pulled him outside. As a national level traditional physician, Old Halbert understood

Tyr's meaning. The young man was not spouting nonsense. Only a true elite physician would dare to declare something like this.

Once the door was locked, Tyr took out the Bian Que needle set. He laid the tools out and started to disinfect the scalpels and needles. After the preparation was done, Tyr woke Heather up.

When she opened her eyes, Heather had never felt this energetic in a long time.

“Are you well-rested?” Tyr smiled as he asked Heather.

Heather nodded with a smile. “Mr. Summers, thank you so much. It's been over a year since I've slept so well. I feel very energetic now.”

“Okay.” Tyr nodded slightly. “Since you're awake now, we can start the surgery.”

Tyr briefly explained to Heather her current condition and the coming surgery process. After hearing him, Heather looked astonished,

but there was not much fear in her expression.

Tyr smiled. “It’ll definitely be painful but I’ll use a special method and the trembling needle to serve as an anesthetic so the pain wouldn’t be unbearable.”

Heather nodded. “For over a year I’ve experienced all kinds of pain. Go ahead, Mr. Summers. I leave my life in your hands. But I believe that you can definitely cure my illness!”

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## Chapter 181 Great Success

Tyr said no more. He began using the trembling needle method to apply simple anesthesia for Heather. After that, he used the silver scalpel to open up her abdomen carefully. Although the trembling needle provided an anesthetic effect, it was far from the effects given by an anesthetic injection. Hence, this process was no doubt akin to Tyr stabbing Heather in the stomach.

The pain... was inevitable!

“Madam Yorke, you can scream if it hurts. It’s okay.”

“Okay... Ahh!” Sweat was starting to form on Heather’s forehead. “Mr. Summers, I’m older than you by several cycles, so you can just call me Aunt Quelch. To be honest, when I first saw you, I find you extremely pleasant.”

Tyr smiled. Who knew that Heather would use

conversations as a way to distract herself.

“Sure, Aunt Quelch. Next, I’ll need you to give me feedback on what you’re feeling at all times.”

Tyr did not reject addressing her that way. In fact, when he first saw this woman, he felt a sense of familiarity as well. This woman had a kind and gentle personality, so even if there was a sense of intimacy, it was only expected.

After that, Tyr continued performing surgery on Heather while he chatted with her from time to time. Only Tyr Summers could afford to multitask this way.

“Mr. Summers, for you to be so capable at a young age, you must have had a hard time when you were a child.”

Tyr answered, “Aunt Quelch, you can just call me Tyr. I’ve never actually had a hard time as a kid. But after something happened at home, I did have a hard time after.”

Heather was stunned. “What happened at home?”

Tyr shook his head. “I don’t feel like bringing up the past. How do you feel now? Is it bearable?”

“Yeah... Hng...” Heather hummed as her body trembled slightly.

Tyr quickly added a few more trembling needles. “It’s really impressive that Aunt Quelch can endure up until now.”

“I’m used to the pain. Did you come to treat me for the fifty million dollars consultation fee?”

Tyr shook his head. “It’s for the seven-petal lotus. My daughter has been poisoned, and her life is in danger. Only the seven-petal lotus can save her.”

Heather was shocked. “Little Tyr, you have a daughter? How old is she?”

“Five years old.”

“What kind of monster would do something like that to a five-year-old little girl?” Heather was getting furious and a little agitated.

Tyr quickly said, “Aunt Quelch, don’t get too excited. This will affect the surgery. It’s a long story. Do you feel better now?”

“A lot better.” Heather nodded. “But it’s a pity that you, Little Tyr, are married. You and your wife must be very affectionate with each other.”

“Yeah.” Tyr smiled. “Our relationship is still romantic.”

“Oh.” Heather seemed to be a little disappointed. “My daughter is almost your age. Sigh, it’s a pity, she...”

“Ahh!!” Heather suddenly screamed in pain. Tyr had found her damaged intestine section and had gently cut it out.

The severe pain was unbearable for Heather.

Her body convulsed, and Tyr immediately added needles to control it. After that, Heather fainted.

By the time she regained consciousness, Tyr was stitching up her wound. In the porcelain bowl beside him was a section of damaged intestine about the size of a thumb. It looked horrifying.

“How long did I sleep?”

“Almost three hours. How do you feel now, Aunt Quelch?”

“It doesn't hurt as much. How did the surgery go?”

“It's a huge success, and it's over.”

Tyr took a deep breath and stood up, using the handkerchief beside him to wipe the sweat on his forehead. This three-hour surgery had exhausted Tyr. It was not an easy surgery. Other than requiring Tyr's profound medical skills, Heather's cooperation was also crucial.

Tyr held up a thumb at Heather. “In the past, a mighty warrior had had to scrape his bones to remove poison. Today, there’s Aunt Quelch, who opened up her stomach and had her intestine taken out. I, Tyr Summers, am rarely impressed by anyone, but Aunt Quelch, you’re one of them. A heroine among women!”

“Haha!” Heather laughed out loud. “Then, Little Tyr, will I make a full recovery from this illness?”

“You can,” Tyr answered without hesitation. “The damaged intestine has been removed and once the swelling goes down, paired with the medicine prescription I’ll be giving you, you can make a full recovery in half a year. As for your liver cirrhosis, it’s still in an early stage, so treating it won’t be difficult. In one year, at most, Aunt Quelch, you’ll be fit as a fiddle.”

Heather took a deep breath and smiled happily. “Little Tyr, thank you so much. I’m not actually afraid of death, I just don’t want my