

Mr. Gu, Your Replacement Bride Is A Big Shot!

Chapter 5: A Relapse!

Qiao Nian released Gu Zhou's wrist. She didn't see how Gu Zhou was slightly reluctant to part from her fingers. With a serious expression, she said, "The toxins in your body were absorbed from your mother's womb. It's already in its late stages."

In its late stages?

A murderous glint flashed in Gu Zhou's eyes. He retracted his gaze and stood up to leave.

"Mr Gu." Qiao Nian didn't know what Gu Zhou was doing. She immediately stood up. Faced with Gu Zhou's back, she spoke. "But your illness..."

Before Qiao Nian could finish her sentence, Gu Zhou fell like a puppet with its strings cut, collapsing onto the sofa.

His eyelids fell, and his breathing quickened. He could no longer control his body.

"Gu Zhou!" Qiao Nian hurried over and flipped his body over. His face was pale, and it was as if his entire body was covered in a layer of frost.

Zhao Qian ran into the room. She had initially wanted to tell Gu Zhou about Little Qi fainting and being sent to the hospital, but she hadn't expected Gu Zhou's illness to flare up.

"Get away!" Seeing that the woman was still refusing to leave Gu Zhou's side, Zhao Qian ran over and reached out to pull Qiao Nian away. When she saw that Qiao Nian was holding a silver needle, she trembled in fear and said in a panic, "What are you doing? Get up! Brother Gu Zhou doesn't like it when other people touch him!"

Other than Little Qi and his snake, Lan, Brother Gu Zhou didn't allow anyone else to touch him. Zhao Qian had grown up with Brother Gu Zhou and they had been friends since childhood, but not even she was allowed to touch Brother Gu Zhou.

At the thought of this, Zhao Qian stepped forward and continued trying to pull Qiao Nian away, saying, "Brother Gu Zhou is having a relapse. I'll call the doctor over in a while. Get out of the way!"

Qiao Nian was just about to insert the needle. Upon hearing Zhao Qian's words, annoyance flashed across her face. Angrily, she spoke. "Stop holding me back! I'm trying to save him!"

It was very dangerous for a patient whenever their illness flared up. If she could help the patient resolve this danger in time, the patient would recover from his illness very quickly.

"Get up! Now!" Zhao Qian kept on trying to drag Qiao Nian away. However, Qiao Nian shook off her grip.

Glancing at Lan, who was resting on the sofa not far away, Qiao Nian commanded, "Lan, keep an eye on her!"

Just as Zhao Qian was about to step forward again to drag Qiao Nian out of the way, the python shot in front of her, its tongue flickering. She was so shocked that she took two steps back.

Lan only obeyed Brother Gu Zhou. Zhao Qian had never thought that Lan would obey this woman's commands as well.

She tried to step forward, but Lan opened its jaws, ready to bite.

"Ah!" Petrified, Zhao Qian stumbled back. She just wanted to test Lan. She hadn't expected Lan to really attack her. She often prepared food for Lan!

Lan's tongue flickered out. Casually, it moved in front of Zhao Qian, preventing her from getting close to the sofa.

Zhao Qian did not dare to move. She could only see the woman holding a silver needle and inserting it into Brother Gu Zhou's head.

Gu Zhou was still conscious. He glanced at the needle on his head. He wasn't sure if it was his imagination, but the pain actually seemed to lessen.

Zhao Qian watched in disbelief as Gu Zhou held on to the woman's clothes. One had to know that Brother Gu Zhou had never been willing to touch other people.

Qiao Nian swiftly removed Gu Zhou's clothes, revealing his muscular chest. She guessed he had been exercising regularly for a long time, for there was a distinct eight-pack below his chest.

Gu Zhou's breathing was very erratic, and his forehead was drenched in cold sweat. It was as if he was in a freezing cellar, so cold that he was chilled to the bone. His life-force seemed to be draining away bit by bit.

Yet, the places where Qiao Nian's silver needles had been inserted seemed to bring some warmth. That slight warmth seemed to inject vitality into him, filling up his cold body, giving him the illusion that he could survive.

Qiao Nian lowered her hands slightly. Her hair had fallen to the side of her face, and her long, curly eyelashes half-covered her beautiful eyes. With a serious expression, she inserted the last needle and looked up at Gu Zhou, saying in a low voice, "Blink once if you're conscious."

Gu Zhou blinked.

Qiao Nian heaved a sigh of relief. She grabbed Gu Zhou's hand and inserted the last needle skillfully.

That would do.

Qiao Nian's forehead was now also covered in cold sweat. Just as she was about to stand up to get a tissue, she found that her left hand was trapped. She looked down and saw that Gu Zhou had grabbed her left hand.

Qiao Nian couldn't push Gu Zhou's hand away, so she could only sit by the sofa and wait.

Gu Zhou's eyes were closed. Warmth flowed through his veins, warming his entire body...

A trace of joy flashed in Zhao Qian's eyes. Could it be that Gu Zhou was now amenable to touching other people?

Glancing at the time, Qiao Nian began to remove the silver needles from Gu Zhou's body. When she removed the last needle, she saw that Gu Zhou had regained consciousness.

Qiao Nian swiftly retracted her left hand and sat down on the other side of the sofa. She took out a tissue and wiped the sweat off her forehead.

"Brother Gu Zhou!" Zhao Qian immediately stood up and ran over to the sofa. She reached out to grab Gu Zhou's hand, but Gu Zhou dodged her grasp.

"Lan!"

Gu Zhou called out coldly.

At that moment, a phantom figure glided through the air. With its tongue flickering, Lan moved to sit next to Gu Zhou.. It glared threateningly at Zhao Qian, intent on forcing her to leave.