

MY FGB 201

**Chapter 201** To restore one's vitality, one needed to extract the juice with special techniques and supplement it with other tonics,

Hugh's vitality was severely damaged. Although most of his external and internal injuries had recovered, he could not wake up, as he needed to recover his vitality,

A few hours later, after Kayson finished extracting the ingredients, he mixed them proportionately, and there were some ingredients left over after he finished concocting the tonic

Michael had been waiting for him to bring him lunch. Therefore, after he finished everything, he emerged from his room.

Michael was not familiar with Skyspring, so he consulted Noella about what to eat. He still needed to deal with some official business after lunch. Kayson had him help inquire about the largest drugstore in Skyspring and go there alone. Since he had decided that he would train Noella to be a fighter, he had to keep his word.

However, Noella needed to bathe in the medicinal bath since she had never been trained in combat before.

Omnicare Drugstore was the largest drugstore in Skyriv. It was said that the drugstore was owned by someone with an important background. As long as the buyer could afford it, they could get any kind of ingredients or herbs.

As soon as Kayson stepped into the drugstore, he was welcomed by the smell of herbs. He had a good nose, so he took a sniff and murmured, "Impressive. All of the herbs here are of excellent quality..."

Kayson took a bag and started to walk around the drugstore to look for the herbs he needed.

When he went to the front desk to pay, a man and a woman emerged. The man had an arrogant expression on his face, while the woman kept her head low with her eyes glazed over.

Kayson glanced at the woman and frowned.

This was because the woman seemed like she was hypnotized.

After hesitating for a moment, Kayson flung three silver needles toward the acupoints on the woman's back.

The hypnotized woman trembled and said groggily, "What... What am I doing here?"

The arrogant-looking man walking in front of her was stunned. The woman let out a scream and turned around in an attempt to run away. A hint of coldness crossed the man's eyes as he growled, "Trying to run? Have you forgotten about your father? I'll make sure your father does not see the sun rise tomorrow! Do you believe me?"

The woman froze and stopped running. Her eyes were red around the rims, and her face was

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Kryson walked forward and told the woman, "Come with me I promise that you won't have to live in fear anymore."

The woman was stunned. Her eyes glowed for a moment, but the light soon went out. Sobbing, she said, "Thank you, sir. But if I go with you, my father..." Initially, Kayson had been worried that he was just being nosy. After all, there were some people who volunteered to be hypnotized and controlled,

Therefore, he had decided to undo the hypnosis first to see what had happened. Since this woman was in trouble, he had to take action,

After all, his master had told him before that he had to take action if he ran into someone who tried to do evil by using hypnosis.

Regardless of who they were, anyone who controlled others with hypnosis was rotten to the core. They were the worst and the most evil people in the world!

"Where is your father?" Kayson asked, "He's in Clouspring..." the woman replied, "Clouspring? What a coincidence," Kayson said. "I come from Clouspring too. This is easy. I can help you save your father." Before the woman could say anything, the man who controlled her with hypnosis chimed in gloomily, "Brat, how dare you get in my way? Do you have a death wish?" Kayson looked at him and replied calmly, "Well, you can have the person that backs you up come at me. I'll never forgive you for using hypnosis to control women." Harold's pupils constricted, and he hissed coldly, "So you're the one who undid the hypnosis!" His face sank and contorted out of shape. "You want to play the hero? I'm afraid you've picked the wrong target! Tell me your name, you ignorant fool! I'd like to see who the hell had the nerve to poke his nose into the affairs of the Killicks." The cashier was dumbfounded when he heard what the man had said. He had not expected that the man in front of him would be one of the Killicks as well. To prevent things from getting out of control, he decided to call his manager,

This was a task given to him by the person behind him. Even though the person behind him had given him a lot of help to complete his task, he still hadn't completed it, and that person

Suddenly, someone knocked on his door. Cayden frowned tightly and said, "Come in." The cashier walked into the room and said worriedly, "Mr. Lane, a young master who claims to be a member of the Killicks has run into trouble. He's downstairs right now." Cayden froze and replied, "Take me there."

Downstairs, Kayson felt that the Killicks' name sounded familiar. He asked, "Do you know Keagan?"

Keagan was the fighter that Noella's senior had sent to protect Hendrick. However, he had been killed by Atticus with one hit.

Harold was stunned for a moment, and then a cold smile appeared on his face. "So you know Mr. Yale. Alright then. Since you know Mr. Yale, I'll do him a favor.

"You just need to get down on your knees and beg for my forgiveness. If you do, I'll forget about everything that happened here today." "The people of the Killicks are truly arrogant." With that thought in mind, Kayson said flatly, "I don't know him." Harold was stunned again. "You don't know him? Are you messing with me? Mr. Reed, get him!" Suddenly, a figure leapt through the door and darted straight toward Kayson as fast as he could

Kayson had long sensed that there was someone watching them from the shadows. However, he had ignored him because that person was not particularly powerful. He turned around at once and kicked the incoming figure. That man was dumbfounded, and before he could do anything, a shadow loomed over him.

Then, a loud thump echoed in the air. He flew backward through the air and rammed into the trash can outside.

"Mr. Reed. "Harold's face was filled with disbelief.

"This... This can't be "Blood spurted out of Mr. Reed's mouth as he fell unconscious.

Harold still couldn't come around as he said incredulously, "You're a grandmaster..."

However, his expression changed, and he added gloomily, "Even if you're a grandmaster, you have no right to poke your nose into the affairs of the Killicks!"

So what if he's a grandmaster? If he dares to mess with the Killicks, only one end will be awaiting him-death!

"Really? That means I can't let you off the hook, "Kayson said. Then, he brandished his arm and flung a few silver needles at Harold. "Hold it right there!" A wave of energy burst forward and deflected Kayson's silver needles. Then, an old man wearing a green shirt emerged and stood in front of Harold. At the same time, Cayden had come downstairs as well. He wiped the cold sweat off his forehead when he saw that Harold was safe. He was not able to complete the assignment given to him by the people above him. If Harold died in his drugstore at that moment, he was certain that he would be fired immediately.

He hastily walked forward and glared at Kayson gloomily. "Do you know who he is? How can you attack him? Do you have a death wish?"

Kayson replied calmly, "Are you taking his side?" Cayden was stunned for a moment. He did not know if he should get angry at Kayson or laugh at him. He said, "What a cocky brat. Do you think you can have it your way here in Skyspring just because you're a highly skilled fighter?"

Kayson did not want to talk to Cayden anymore and turned his head to look at the old man. Then, he asked, "Are you sure you want to protect him?"

The old man was also another skilled fighter hired by Omnicare Drugstore. After all, there were a lot of precious herbs in the store, so they needed a powerful fighter to keep the thieves and bad guys at bay. "As a fighter, don't you think you shouldn't go around attacking people on the street? Let alone an important member of the Killicks. I'm Urias Boyle. I hope you can do me a favor and

"He used hypnosis on this girl." Kayson interrupted. "And threatened her with the safety of her father. As a fighter, I can forgive you if you chose to turn a blind eye to an evil deed."

Chapter 202 Cayden had not been in a good mood since he had gotten into trouble. This was a task given to him by the person behind him. Even though the person behind him had given him a lot of help to complete his task, he still hadn't completed it, and that person was not happy about it.

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"He used hypnosis on this girl." Kayson interrupted. "And threatened her with the safety of her father. As a fighter, I can forgive you if you chose to turn a blind eye to an evil deed."

Chapter 203 "But how could you help the wicked perpetuate wicked deeds? You're *not* worthy of calling yourself a lighter!"

Urias frowned slightly.

"He hypnotized the girl? I didn't know that!"

"Since you want to protect him, take a punch from me." As soon as Kayson finished speaking, he circulated his energy around his fist and took a step **forward**.

**Urias was shocked** by the strength that Kayson portrayed. He was confident that even *some well-seasoned* fighters wouldn't be able to match the power of the young man in front of him.

Urias's fist collided with Kayson's and a surge of energy shot across his body, causing him to spit out a mouthful of blood.

**Kayson's attack was more powerful** than he had expected. "Mr. Boyle!" Cayden said, his face pale with fright. He could not believe that even Urias was no match for Kayson. Harold's face was filled with fear as Kayson approached him. Kayson punched Harold, who let out a scream and fell to the floor twitching. After that, Kayson turned around and looked at the woman. He said, "Let's go. You're not safe here."

"Okay..."

The woman's heart was pumping fast in her chest. Never in her wildest dreams had she imagined that she would be saved by a highly skilled fighter. She had only heard about them from her father. Cayden did not dare stop them. After Kayson left, he walked over to Urias and helped him get to his feet.

“Mr. Boyle, what happened just now...” “That young man is great. I’m afraid he’s half-way into the god stage.”

Cayden was stunned.

‘He’s so young, yet he’s already at the god stage? How is that possible?’ As if he could read his mind, Urias shook his head and continued. “Never judge a book by its cover.

“Right now, even ordinary people are able to preserve their youth through plastic surgery and various skin care products, let alone a powerful fighter like him.”

Cayden felt that he was right. He nodded and asked, “So he’s actually not that young, right?

Urias nodded. “Throughout history, I’ve never heard of anyone stepping into the god stage before the age of 30.” Suddenly, a pained scream erupted and interrupted their conversation. Cayden looked at Harold, who was rolling on the floor, and his face sank.

“You, get someone to take Mr. Killick home. Remember to tell the Killicks everything that happened here.”

Urias’s expression was dark as he chimed in, “I can’t believe that he had the nerve to control a pretty young lady with hypnosis. Does he not know that it’s forbidden?” Cayden gritted his teeth and added, “He’s wicked. He deserved to be punished!” Meanwhile, on the street outside... “Thank you for saving my life. I’m Wanda. What’s your name?” It was only then that Kayson discovered her name. “I’m Kayson.” Wanda froze. “What did you say?” Kayson replied flatly, “My name is Kayson Yarde.” Wanda was dumbfounded.

‘He’s Kayson Yarde? He has the same name as the guy that Sadie told me about! But this guy is a highly skilled fighter.’ There were a lot of questions on Wanda’s mind that she wanted answers to. However, she was stumped, and the words were stuck in her throat. “Mr... Mr. Yarde, where are we going?” Kayson replied, “We’re going back to my hotel, The Killicks will certainly not let us go so easily. I’m going to get rid of them before returning to Clouspring.”

The reason he had done that to Harold was to force the Killicks to come and look for him, He did not care about anything else, but he couldn’t ignore his master’s instructions,

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Amer Wanda entered her room, the first thing she did was change her phone

She did not have any memories of what had happened after she had been hypnotized

As soon as her phone was restarted many text messages came through Whatsapp, and she also had a few missed calls.

She replied to the text messages one by one before clicking on the chat box she shared with

She sent a voice message to her. "I fell asleep last night and forgot to charge my phone, Did Kayson make you angry again."

Very soon, Sadie replied: (That's right. Wanda, can you believe that he's still in touch with Zachary's granddaughter?) Wanda answered: (So? Have you forgotten that your marriage isn't real?!

After a long while, Sadie replied: (But Zachary is my grandfather's friend. What if we get busted?)

Wanda said: (Oh please, you're just worrying too much. There can't be such a coincidence.. You don't have a crush on him, do you?)

Sadie replied: (What? I'm the general manager of Wolfenden Corp. How is there any possibility I'd have a crush on a poor roughneck like him?!

Holding her phone, Wanda edited her message several times before sending it.

(You're right! Tell me where he is. I'll punish him for having the guts to make my best friend angry!)

Sadie said: (He's at Skyspring now. When he comes back, we'll prank him together.)

"It's really him..."

A mixed expression took over Wanda's face. She found it hard to believe that the Kayson who had saved her was the same Kayson that her best friend had told her about!

Even though she had only been in contact with him for a short while, she had noticed that Kayson was not as bad as Sadie had said.

Meanwhile, in a Skyspring mansion, an old butler rushed up to an old man who was watering a plant.

"Master, bad news! The young master has been injured!"

The eyes of the old man who was watering the plant widened as he jerked his head around." Who did it? Quick! Take me to Harold!"

He was Jules Killick, the patriarch of the Killicks.

inside the living room, Harold's face was pale with pain, "Grandpa, help me... It hurts... *My whole body hurts!*"

Jules was both upset and angry. He shouted, "Bring me Master Chandlier!" Very soon, a middle-aged man dressed like a pastor walked into the living room. "Please save my grandson, Master Chandlier!" Master Chandlier nodded slightly and said, "Don't worry. Let me check Mr. Killick's condition first."

As soon as he finished speaking, he leaned forward and put two fingers on Harold's forehead.

Immediately, his eyes glowed and he mumbled, "What a precise way to control energy. Whoever did this to Mr. Killick must be a skilled inner energy user!"

Everyone in the living room was stunned. "Can you save him, Master Chandlier?" Jules asked. Master Chandlier gave him a faint smile and said confidently, "Of course! After all, I've already entered the god stage. Curing this kind of injury is just a piece of cake for me!"

Everyone else let out a sigh of relief after they heard what he'd said. Harold's father chimed in, "If you save him, I'll reward you handsomely, Master Chandlier." "Alright!"

Master Chandlier pointed his finger at Harold and injected some energy into him. Very soon, Harold calmed down. He sat up and said respectfully, "Thank you for saving me, Master Chandlier." "Don't mention it. But who did this to you? If I wasn't here, you would have been in danger." Harold then told everyone what had happened in the Omnicare Drugstore. "What an insolent fighter! How dare he hurt my grandson!" Jules growled angrily. Harold added, "Not only that, Master Chandlier, but that brat said that if you dared to go near him, he'd crush you with three punches!"

Chapter 205 Harold added the last sentence himself. After all, he was certain that as a pre-celestial fighter, there was no way he would be able to swallow a humiliation like that.

As Harold had expected, his face sank as he said, "In that case, it seems like I have to meet him in person and see how he's planning to crush me with three punches." Jules chimed in and said gloomily, "I'll send someone to get his location."

He wanted to get rid of this person who'd had the nerve to hurt his grandson as well.

Michael was still busy with that official matter by the time Kayson returned to the hotel.

"If you want to drink something, go get it yourself from the fridge."

"It's okay. I'm not thirsty right now." Michael nodded and continued to do his own stuff.

Kayson returned to his room and took out the medicine that he hadn't used up last time. There were three levels when it came to energy training. The first level was known as energy allocation, the second level was energy release, and the third level was energy domination.

One could be known as an energy master once they reached the third level. Above the energy training was the pre-celestial stage, otherwise known as the god stage or immortal stage by the world.

The pre-celestial stage could also be known as the energy-building stage. There were three levels: energy condensation, mind enhancement, and mind expansion. He was now in the mind enhancement stage. His spiritual senses were extremely sharp at this point, and no spirit energy or mental attack could harm him.

However, he hadn't entered the mind expansion stage. Once he entered the mind expansion stage, he would be able to expand his mind to cover a range of 30 feet, and nothing would be able to hide from him.

"I'm afraid that the person who hypnotized Wanda specializes in mental power. To be on the safe side, I should improve the power of my mind as well." After saying that, Kayson swallowed the medicine and pushed it to every inch of his body through his energy. Roughly an hour later, a wisp of energy drifted out above Kayson's head as he gave off a different vibe.

Kayson opened his eyes while a smile appeared on his lips.

"I didn't expect that I would step into the mind expansion stage... This is unexpected..."

He closed his eyes and expanded his mind. He was able to see what Michael was doing even though there was a wall between them.

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Suddenly, Kayson felt a strong mental power. "Are they here already?"

Kayson got to his feet and exited the room.

"Uncle Michael, someone is here for me. You should back up a little."

Michael was stunned. As he put away his laptop, he asked, "Is it someone sent by the Wolfendens?"

"Nope."

Just as Michael was about to ask another question, Kayson pulled his phone out to call Wanda and ask her to come upstairs.

Very soon, Wanda came. This was the first time she visited such a luxurious hotel suite as well. However, she found it normal since Kayson was a highly skilled fighter.

As soon as Wanda went inside, she was stunned when she saw Michael.

'Isn't he Michael? The second greatest person in Clouspring? What is he doing here with Kayson?'

Wanda walked over fretfully and hid behind Kayson.

Very soon, a group of people appeared at the door. When Harold saw Kayson, he pointed at him and snarled, "That's him, Master Chandlier!"

Master Chandlier looked at Kayson and said calmly, "You have an immense amount of energy. It seems like I underestimated you. I didn't expect you to be a true pre-celestial practitioner as

well."

As soon as he finished speaking, the expressions of Jules and the others changed. However, since they had Master Chandlier on their side, they were not worried about anything.

After all, Master Chandlier had defeated a pre-celestial practitioner before. Master Chandlier squinted his eyes and scoffed, "I heard that you're going to crush me with three punches. Come, let me see if you will live up to your claim or not."

Chapter 206 It was a pre celestial fighter one whose focus was on mind attack too. A fighter like this usually killed invisibly because he could attack one's mental state directly. Regular people aside, even a pre-celestial fighter could hardly beat him.

"I never said that I'd kill you with three punches, but it's true that I'm not planning to let you go alive."

Kayson pushed two fingers together and activated the lightning energy he had harvested at the tips of his finger. Two rays of the power shot out immediately.

Master Chandlier was astonished. "That's pure lightning energy!" He countered with a palm strike, making visible milky energy turn into billowing power that crushed Kayson's lightning energy. A bang resounded so loudly that the reverberation flipped and shattered the couch and **furniture around them.**

Michael's gaze was fervent. This was the power of pre-celestial fighters. Even the lingering **force of their attacks contained such power.**

Wanda stared at Kayson in shock. The man Sadie hated so much was actually very skilled!

Master Chandlier smiled. "Young man, you're quite skilled. Too bad you're a tad too young.

"Your lightning energy must have just been harvested and practiced. It's lacking too much to fight me."

Kayson smiled and asked calmly, "Is that so? You can keep trying then."

Kayson gathered the same power and hurled it at Master Chandlier. The latter scoffed upon seeing that he was relentless. With a quick jerk, he struck Kayson's ball of energy off.

Master Chandlier moved speedily like a flash of lightning, approaching Kayson in the blink of an eye and striking the top of the latter's head with a palm.

**Kayson was composed** as he avoided it breezily, but he suddenly froze! He felt like the world had turned dark, as he could not see anything anymore. It was a mind attack!

Master Chandlier smirked and sent Kayson flying with another strike. "Yes!" Harold cheered, looking thrilled. Jules praised him as well. "Master Chandlier is really a pre-celestial fighter. He's **extraordinarily** skilled."

"That kid is dead! I'll ask Master Chandlier to keep him on the brink of death so I can torture him, though!" Harold's gaze was vicious as he stared at Kayson.

Michael and Wanda were startled when they saw that Kayson had actually failed to hold up against Master Chandlier. What should they do in that case? Kayson only stopped when he backed into the corner of the wall. He remained calm and

unruffled, though.

Master Chandlier frowned, looking a little confused. The kid should at least be incapacitated, if not dead, after his strike. Why did he seem like he was fine? He did not go closer to check. Instead, he launched an air attack.

The motion felt easy to Kayson, as he countered with the force of thunder, making crackling noises while he did.

The whole hall felt like it was crumbling.

Kayson was immensely composed as he kept attacking. It was when his lightning energy began to look grayish that he smiled. Master Chandlier snarled when he saw that. "You're practicing your lightning energy through my power!"

He was enraged. He was a pre-celestial fighter at the level of mind expansion, yet Kayson had mistaken him for a sparring partner. "How dare you! Die!" Master Chandlier's arms jerked. A stream of mind

power jetted toward Kayson, attacking him. He was not actually good at fighting face to face. In terms of physical combat, he was the least capable of the pre-celestial fighters. What Master Chandlier was good at was direct mind attacks. A light attack would make one mentally challenged, while a serious attack could kill the brain on the spot. No matter how good a pre-celestial fighter was, they were bound to show a weakness when they faced his mind attack—and that would guarantee their death!

As expected, Kayson jolted before his gaze went blank. He stopped attacking, acting as though he was immobilized.

Now was the time! A glint flashed across Master Chandlier's eyes. He sprang up on his feet, light as a sparrow, and bent his fingers into claws, aiming them at Kayson's throat. "Kayson!" Michael cried in alarm, not knowing why Kayson had just frozen so suddenly. "He's dead!" Harold cackled. "Master Chandlier's hypnotized him, and he's at his mercy right now!"

Michael widened his eyes in rage. How despicable!

Then, a loud bang was heard.

Michael felt his heart turn cold. They would all be done for once Kayson died.

"Ugh! Why aren't you affected..."

Michael was surprised as he looked over dumbly and exclaimed, "Kayson, y—you're... fine?"

"Of course I'm fine." Kayson grinned. It was fortunate that he had used the extra juice from Juvena Frux in advance, or it would have been hard to say if he'd win. The mind attack of this pre-celestial fighter was truly impressive. Michael and Wanda were over the moon. They had just thought that they were screwed.

"Impossible... How did you regain consciousness..." Master Chandlier was coughing blood, and there was a burn hole in his chest that was spurting blood. It had been created by Kayson's force of thunder. Kayson replied nonchalantly, "It's simple. As long as my mind power is strong enough."

"Y—you've practiced the same art..." Kayson shook his head. "No. I'm just stronger than you mentally." Master Chandlier looked angry as he cursed. "You'll pay ... a heavy price for killing me!" His head lolled to the side, and he died right after saying that. "Master Chandlier..." Jules paled as he took in everything in disbelief. Then, Harold fell to the floor and soiled himself. Kayson glanced at them, ignoring them for now as he went over and patted Master Chandlier. He took out two bank cards, two small porcelain vials, and a picture.

Kayson opened the porcelain vials and took a sniff before his eyes glowed. This was good stuff! As for the picture, he took a look and furrowed his brows slightly. It seemed to be an odd chunk of a cursing spell. It had to be incredibly important for a pre-celestial fighter to carry it around, though. It was after taking the loot that Kayson took the time to look at the Killicks.

Jules was pale as he braced himself, walking up to Kayson and getting down on his knees.

"I've been blind. Please forgive me!" Kayson asked, "Do you know that your grandson controlled Wanda with hypnotism?" "... I do..." Jules dared not lie, or he might not get to keep his life. Kayson's gaze turned frosty. "You can't be let off the hook then," he said before he pulled out three silver needles.

Harold's father, Ivan Killick, begged him. "We know we made a mistake. Please have mercy. Don't kill my son!"

Chapter 209 Tyrone, who was pale and unconscious, lay on the bed in a spacious room in the Tinsleys' house.

Several old men in their 50s and 60s surrounded the bed, all of them famous doctors from across the country. "Dr. Larson, have you managed to figure out what's wrong?" An old man in his 50s looked at another old man. "Forgive my incapability. I don't understand why Mr. Tinsley Sr. has weakened all of a sudden either."

The old man addressed as Dr. Larson shook his head with a bitter chuckle. This trip to Skyriv felt traumatic to him. First, his hand had almost slipped in Clouspring, and now he was powerless to help Tyrone here in Skyspring. Dr. Larson was Joaquin Larson, the celebrated doctor of Metrocity who had gone to Clouspring to treat Yulene previously! Two nights ago, he was supposed to have a meal at Shengville Hotel with Kayson, but the latter had left first because Lincoln had targeted Sadie and her family. He had planned to go back to Metrocity as well and had come to Skyspring on the way to meet a few friends for old time's sake.

It was a coincidence that he had run into Tyrone's health crisis and had been invited over. It was just that Tyrone's issue was a tricky one. Despite his extensive experience and knowledge, he had no idea what kind of illness the old man had contracted.

A girl in a pleated skirt dashed into the room. "Grandpa!"

The girl had rosy cheeks and wet, shiny eyes. Her cherry lips quivered, making her look pitiful. This was Tyrone's granddaughter and Jeremy's daughter, Shyla Tinsley. The moment she had heard that her grandfather had collapsed, she had left school and rushed back despite the hour – long journey it had taken to get to the area. Shyla sobbed upon seeing Tyrone lie on the bed looking pale as a sheet. "Please save my grandpa!"

Joaquin, who saw that she was about to get on her knees, stopped her and sighed. "Sweetheart, it's not that we don't want to. What we can do is limited." Despair struck Shyla as she sobbed. "You're the best doctor in Metrocity. Can't you do anything?"

Her grandfather was the best person to her in this world. She could not accept losing him so suddenly. Joaquin sighed. "I'm sorry. I've really done my best..." Jeremy entered the room upon finishing a call. "Dad..." Shyla was teary-eyed.

Jeremy told her solemnly, "Don't worry. Your grandpa has one last chance." "Really?" A glimmer of hope sparked in Shyla's wet eyes. The other prominent doctors looked surprised, and one of them said, "Since even Dr. Larson can't help... did you manage to get the Living Reaper, Mr. Tinsley?"

Jeremy chuckled dryly. "Those who are close to him can barely find him given how elusive he is. Besides, is it only me?"

"I asked another miracle doctor to come. He's coincidentally in Skyspring, so I'd like to make one last attempt."

The old doctor sighed. "I'm not trying to discourage you, but it seems that anyone would be trying in vain unless the Living Reaper himself came."

It was grating to the ears, but it was the truth. Joaquin stayed silent, but his mind went to the young Dr. Yarde in Clouspring. Shyla asked worriedly, "Dad, is there hope that this person you mentioned can help?" "I don't know." Jeremy looked grim. "I'm betting on it." Shyla widened her eyes. "Dad, you didn't get some illegitimate doctor, did you? Grandpa can hardly go through anything harsh now."

"He's not like that. At the very least, his skill is higher than the skill of Clouspring's Zachary Ewell. He's the one who helped when your grandfather fell ill last time," Jeremy replied.

That placated Shyla a little, but she was still worried and skeptical. After all, Joaquin was the third-best doctor and even he was powerless! Over half an hour later, their home helper came upstairs.

Chapter 210 "Sir, we have two guests downstairs." Jeremy hurried downstairs, thrilled when he saw Kayson. "Dr. Yarde, you're finally here!"

Kayson nodded. "Where's Mr. Tinsley Sr.?"

"Upstairs! Here, I'll lead the way!"

Kayson followed him to the room.

When Shyla saw her father bringing in a young man who was not much older than her, she was speechless. Why was he so young? It probably had been less than two years since he had graduated from medical school!

"Dad, have you lost your mind?" If she had not known that her father had always gotten along well with her grandfather, she would have suspected that he was trying to kill the old man. "Dr. Yarde!" Joaquin exclaimed before Jeremy could reply. Kayson was surprised as well. "Dr. Larson, you're here too?" Joaquin winced. "I was just wondering if I should ask you to come, and here you are!" "We'll talk in a bit. I'll check on Mr. Tinsley Sr. first." Kayson chuckled.

Joaquin nodded. "Sure."

There was a pause before he asked carefully, "Can I stay and watch?" Kayson did not mind. "Of course! Just treat it like a consultation. We should learn from each other to keep improving." The old doctors standing behind Joaquin frowned. The young man sounded arrogant! However, they could not say much considering how courteous Joaquin was to him. They watched in silence, anticipating Kayson's abilities.

Kayson went over to check on Tyrone. Jeremy looked and felt nervous. He had been unable to get the Living Reaper, so Kayson was his last hope.

Shyla asked with unshed tears, "Dad, can he really do the job?"

"I'm not sure, but we have to bet on it," Jeremy answered.

Shyla nearly fainted. Bet on it... Her father had a big heart! Kayson frowned with an icy glint flashing across his eyes. "Has Mr. Tinsley Sr. offended anyone?"

“Uh... That’s for sure...” Jeremy answered. “Has he had any physical contact with someone he has a grudge with in the past two days?” Jeremy recalled and replied, “I don’t think so... Dr. Yarde, what’s wrong with my father?” “Mr. Tinsley Sr. has been poisoned. Osteosepsis-toxin. The victim’s bones will turn soft and the spine will be damaged, as if it’s gotten rusty.” Jeremy was horrified. “Can my father still be saved?” “Yes.” Kayson nodded. “Luckily, Dr. Larson has taken some effective measures to repress it, or it’d be futile even if I was here.”

Joaquin chuckled. “Shame! That’s all I could do! You’re still the skilled one, Kayson!” “Dr. Larson, come help,” Kayson said. Joaquin quickly went forward. If someone else had dared make such a request, he would have slapped them. Kayson was different, though! He was willing to be his assistant! Joaquin helped Tyrone up while Kayson needled him on his back, the top of his head, and his limbs.

The celebrated doctors were shocked when they took in Kayson’s accurate, speedy needlework. The precision and speed of his application could not even be achieved by someone like Joaquin! The young man was impressive!