

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 561

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Queenie was attending a medical conference overseas, but if Vinson sent his helicopter to pick her up, she'd be back in ten hours.

He expressed his opinion. "Queenie can be back in ten hours. It's perfectly fine to stabilize the patient's condition. Now that the robotic pacemaker developed by Sann Group is implanted in his chest, he won't be in danger. We can wait until Queenie's back to find an antidote."

The other doctors nodded in agreement.

A while ago, Queenie had cured a patient who nearly died after being poisoned by a poison developed by Manchernius, a country famous for its deadly poisons. No one had developed an antidote for it yet, but Queenie managed to develop one.

It proved that no one was better than Queenie in neutralizing poisons.

Everyone reached a consensus. Before Zachary could leave to ask Vinson to give Queenie a ride back to the country, Arielle stopped him.

"Wait!" She spoke up. "Ten hours is too long. The patient can wait, but Soir Coffee can't wait that long."

The public opinion would get out of hand ten hours later. Soir Coffee's reputation would be destroyed completely, and even Nightshire Group's share prices would be affected.

Frowning in displeasure, Zachary spoke, disdain tinging his voice. "If Queenie doesn't come back, who will treat the patient? You?"

“Yes.” Arielle nodded.

He promptly snorted. “Young lady, even if you know how to insert a robotic pacemaker, that doesn’t mean you can purge a poison. They are completely unrelated,

get it?”

Only ancient Chanaean medicine physicians were able to purge poisons, especially unknown poisons that rendered normal doctors helpless.

Arielle couldn’t be bothered to argue with Zachary. “You can ask that female doctor to come back if you want to. However, before she arrives, I shall try to treat the patient.”

“Nonsense! You should find out what poison this is!” Zachary declared furiously. He stalked out and kicked the button to open the doors. After removing his gloves, he exited the emergency room.

Arielle paid no attention to him. After making sure the incision was closed, she turned to the patient’s attending doctor. “I need some stuff. I’ll prepare a list for you, so get those ready for me. If you can’t get them, ask for Vinson’s help. He’ll get them for you.”

The doctor nodded vehemently. “All right!”

He had seen with his own eyes how swift, precise, and

delicate Arielle’s actions were. She left a great impression on him, so he immediately prepared a pen and paper for her to make her list.

After Arielle listed down everything she needed, the attending doctor scanned it and realized it was a long list that included acupuncture stuff and herbs.

He had never even heard of some herbs on her list.

Thus, he asked for Vinson's help.

Arielle asked the assistant to draw two tubes of blood and took the patient's pulse.

The other doctors were surprised to see her taking the patient's pulse.

Her previous surgery made them think she studied modern medicine, but now she looked like an experienced traditional Chanaean medicine practitioner.

Did she study modern medicine or traditional Chanaean medicine? Or did she study both, just like Queenie Mill? It's hard to learn and master different approaches to medicine. Only geniuses can achieve that. Is she a medical prodigy, just like Queenie? But this is the first time we've heard of her!

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The doctors in the emergency room seemed to have a lot of questions to ask Arielle. Things like which university she graduated from, how many years she had been working as a doctor, who was her mentor, etc. filled their minds.

At this moment, Arielle closed her eyes while checking the pulse with a serious look on her face. Everyone subconsciously held their breath as they watched.

The General Hospital in Jadeborough had always faced a crisis-level shortage of beds. Despite that, the old lady was admitted to an isolation ward due to Vinson.

She had awoken as Vinson and Carter went to check on her, but she was still emotionally unstable.

Just then, a nurse delightedly entered the ward and said, “Madam, good news! Your son’s heart has started beating again, and his vital signs are stable.”

She was stunned for a moment before excitedly saying, “Really? You’re not lying, are you?”

The nurse let out a smile. “Of course not, why would I lie to you? You just have to wait until he comes round. The best doctors of Chanaea are all here to treat your son. Don’t worry.”

Upon hearing that, she heaved a sigh of relief.

She gave birth to her son at an old age. Perhaps it was the reason why her son had always been sick. That said, it was the first time his son experienced such a serious health condition.

Vinson cast his gaze on the old lady before turning to look at her eldest son, who looked hesitant upon hearing the news.

There wasn't even a trace of joy on his face.

Deep down, he had an idea.

However, it would only work after her youngest son regained consciousness.

The nurse added, "It was all thanks to the pacemaker that Mr. Nightshire bought over. Not only is the cost of the device astronomical, but it is also the only device in Chanaea, and we have used it on your son.

The old lady looked at Vinson with a grim expression after hearing that.

From what she learned from her firstborn, it was because her youngest son had eaten the food in Soir Coffee that had him ended up like that. But now, Vinson saved her son.

Despite that, she didn't thank him. "Well, I will just forget the whole thing if my son is fine."

"How can we forget about it?" Her eldest son blurted

out.

Realizing his careless remark, he then added, "It's because of his coffee shop that my brother has gone

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through all of this. Even if he regains consciousness, you all have to compensate us. Otherwise, you have to close down your damn shop."

Vinson narrowed his eyes intimidatingly.

His heart skipped a beat as he caught the change in Vinson's expression.

Right then, the door was pushed open.

Zachary walked into the room. Ignoring everyone, he went straight up to Vinson and said, "Mr. Nightshire, Mr. Morgan, we have to ask Queenie to come over. Although the patient now is no longer in critical condition, the poison in his body has not been neutralized yet. He will experience the same symptoms again in the future. Queenie is a master at counteracting the poison. She will be able to cure the patient. The problem is that she is now abroad. Would it be possible if you could send a helicopter over there to pick her up?"

His words startled the old lady. She then asked, "Poison? Did you just say that my son is poisoned? It's not food allergy instead?"

There was a slight change in her eldest son's countenance upon hearing the remark. He thought that his brother would be gone. Never would he have expected that the latter would survive. Now that they had already found his brother was poisoned, he had a bad feeling about it.

After hearing what Zachary said, Carter turned to

Vinson and said, "Queenie is a genius in the medical field. She is working in my hospital now. She has a traditional Chanaean medicine background, but now she focuses on modern medicine."

Vinson glanced at her eldest son before asking Zachary, "I got it. Could you inform her that I will ask someone to send a helicopter over to pick her up?"

"Sure!" Zachary answered beamingly before leaving the

room.

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Zachary immediately called Queenie as he walked out of the ward.

The first call was rejected.

Despite that, Zachary was not bothered by it at all. After all, Queenie had always hung up on him.

Without a second thought, Zachary dialed her number again. This time, the call was connected. However, Queenie said in an annoyed tone, “Zachary, are you done? Don’t you know that I’m having an academic conference now?”

“Queenie, You’ve got to come back now,” Zachary replied. He then immediately recounted the event that happened in Soir Coffee in fear that she would hang up. “Mr. Nightshire and Mr. Morgan already agreed to send over a helicopter to pick you up. Do you think you could request some leave and come back?”.

There was a heavy silence on the other end of the line for a few seconds. Just when Zachary thought that Queenie had already hung up, she suddenly said, “I’m going to ask for a leave now and then head straight to Reynolds Airport.”

“Okay!” Zachary was overjoyed as he heard that. Right when he wanted to share with her an update about the pacemaker, Queenie had already ended the call.

Zachary was left bewildered. He thought that the reason she agreed was that she had changed her attitude toward him. But it seemed that it wasn’t because of him that she

was willing to return.

Zachary did not think much about it. He was merely under the impression that it was for the sake of Mr. Morgan that she agreed to come back.

After that, Zachary immediately made his way back to the ward and informed Vinson that Queenie was on her way to Reynolds Airport.

Vinson nodded slightly. His fingers then flew across his mobile screen.

“Rayson, get a helicopter from Reynolds Airport and pick up a doctor named Queenie.”

He then hung up after receiving a reply from Rayson.

Rubbing his hands excitedly, Zachary said, “I didn’t know that you have a helicopter there. Awesome! The time can be shortened to five hours. After five hours, Queenie will be here.”

“It’s three hours! He has a private helicopter route, which is shorter than the ordinary route.” Carter clarified.

Zachary was even more excited upon hearing that. The thought that Queenie was going to showcase her skills made him thrill.

“Well, Mr. Nightshire, Mr. Morgan, I’ve got to go back to the emergency room.”

Zachary then left the ward.

Right after Zachary walked away, the attending doctor entered the room and respectfully handed a note to Vinson. “Mr. Nightshire, this is the list that the lady passed to me. I’ve already ticked off the things that I can prepare. As for those that are unfindable, I’ve marked them with a horizontal line. That lady told me that I could reach out to you if there is anything that I can’t find.”

His voice was getting softer as he spoke, for the man in front of him was not only handsome and tall, but the aura that emanated from him was also intimidating.

Stretching out his long and defined fingers, Vinson took the note.

He glanced at it. The ones that were marked by the horizontal line were all those pricey medicinal herbs and special devices. It was, however, easy for him to get hold of them.

“I got it, thank you!” Vinson replied. Following that, he ordered the bodyguard outside the ward to prepare the things that had been marked on the paper.

“Does Chief know how to counteract the poison too, which is why she asked you to prepare?” Carter asked.

“Yup!” Vinson nodded. He then added, “Perhaps we don’t need that well-known doctor. Arielle herself will be able to cure.”

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Carter shrugged. “Fine. But trust me, you’re gonna screw up should you continue to act like this. People who fall deeply in love with someone are often the ones who get hurt the most.”

Vinson gave Carter the cold shoulder. He then returned to the ward and talked to the elderly woman, “We’re trying our best to rescue your son and find out the truth. Don’t worry, we’ll take full responsibility, if it’s our shop that triggered your son’s illness, and compensate him accordingly.”

Upon seeing how sincere Vinson was, the elderly woman’s frown gradually disappeared.

She coughed and responded, “I just want my son to be safe. I’ll not pursue the matter as long as he’s healthy.”

Her elder son immediately interrupted her and expressed his dismay. “How can you say that, Mom? It’s all their fault, to begin with!”

“Enough!” She knitted her brows. “Can’t you tell that they felt sorry for the mishap? We don’t need any compensation from them. We just want your brother to be safe!”

The doctor, who was about to leave, overheard their conversation. He paused for a moment, turned around, and said to her. “I’m afraid he has a more severe health issue.”

A line formed between the woman’s brows. “What do you mean?”

Vinson, too, turned his attention to the doctor.

The doctor explained, “I suppose you’re not aware of his health condition. Your son has hemophilia. Even if he manages to leave the hospital this time, he will still be hospitalized because of this disorder.”

“Hemophilia? How did he contract this disease? My son’s body has always been weak, but... could it be a misdiagnosis?”

The doctor shook his head. “We’ve carried out a thorough checkup on him. We’ve also checked his medical record and realized he had come to the hospital for treatment before this. Your son knew he was sick all along.”

The woman looked at him in disbelief and asked her elder son in a trembling voice, “Do you know about this?”

Words stuck in his throat, as he did not know how to reply to her. The woman was appalled at his reaction. “So you knew all along? How could you hide this from *me?*”

“We have no choice but to keep this away from you, Mom. You have a heart condition, and we can’t agitate you further.” The son sighed.

A vortex of anger swirled inside her. “You shouldn’t have hidden it from me. You shouldn’t have done that!”

Vinson and Carter then walked the doctor out of the

ward and asked, “What else did Arielle say besides the thing she wanted?”

The doctor shook his head. “She didn’t say anything. She asked us to retrieve the patient’s blood serum and said she would know the cause once the result is out.”

Vinson nodded. “Got it. We just have to trust her judgment and give her all the assistance she needs.”

“All right, Mr. Nightshire.” The doctor nodded and left.

Carter looked worried. “It’s going to be difficult to help this man recover since he has hemophilia.”

Yet, Vinson was pleased that this had cleared one of his doubts. “This explains why he was the only customer in danger. But right now, we still do not know if someone intentionally used him to take us down.”

Carter gritted his teeth. “That person must be a psychopath with no conscience! How could he put a man’s life at risk just to get back at you? He’s no different from the man who tried to hunt us down!”

Vinson, on the other hand, was calm as usual.

Instead of panicking, he decided to wait patiently for Arielle’s update.

The truth would come to light when he regains his consciousness,

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Meanwhile, Arielle discovered a type of snake venom in the man's blood serum. "The snake venom must have come from Manchernius."

"Snake venom?" Zachary, who stood beside her, disagreed with her analysis. "It's impossible! During our blood test earlier, his blood sample didn't match with all the snake venoms in our database!"

Even the patient's doctor nodded in agreement. "Dr. Ziegler's right. His blood sample didn't match with the snake venoms in our database. Yes, there's venom in his body, but we're not sure what it is."

"It's snake venom for sure," Arielle refuted steadily. "Some snakes are bred and farmed specifically, and they're fed with poison. The farmers would then mate those snakes to produce offsprings that are one of a kind. From what I know, they had successfully bred seven types of snakes, and these snakes are called Seven Deadly Sins. The venom in the patient's body belongs to Furious Devil—one of the seven snakes."

The patient's doctor was taken aback upon hearing that name. He stuttered, "Fu...Furious Devil?"

Arielle nodded. "That's right."

The snake must be the manifestation of anger. But why? What are they angry about?

Zachary, on the other hand, snorted. "Seven Deadly Sins? The manifestation of anger? Come on. We're not shooting a psychological thriller here, so please don't

crack this kind of joke. Queenie's coming back soon. I'm sure she'll know what to do with the patient as long as we keep him stable."

Arielle shook her head. "We're running out of time. Of all the snake venoms, Furious Devil is the most powerful one, as it could destroy the platelets in the victim's blood. It wouldn't pose a threat to ordinary folks because platelets can regenerate rapidly, but it's fatal for the patient with hemophilia. He would be dead by the time the doctor arrives."

The doctor then checked the patient's latest data and realized he had a low platelet count, as Arielle had predicted

Upon seeing the test results, Zachary panicked. "What do we do now?"

"We need to clear the venom from his body," she said.

Now that Arielle had confirmed the source of venom, Arielle needed to wait for the items to arrive before she could proceed with the treatment.

Zachary cast a doubtful glance at her. "You said the venom is deadly. Are you capable of treating the patient?"

"Yes," Arielle replied without any hesitation.

Yet, Zachary had no faith in her. Can I trust her?

Before Zachary could make up his mind, the patient's

doctor immediately said to Arielle. "If that's the case, please clear the toxin from the patient's body, Ms. Moore. I'll get a few packs of platelets from the blood bank and prepare him for the blood transfusion."

Arielle nodded.

At that moment, a nurse came in with the items that Arielle needed. “Mr. Nightshire wanted me to pass this to you. It has all been sterilized.”

“Got it.” Arielle took over the items and laid them all on the desk.

First of all, she had to perform acupuncture on the patient.

In a body checkup conducted earlier, she found out there were not any snakebites on the patient’s body. In other words, he was poisoned by ingestion.

Hence, Arielle would need to perform acupuncture to purge a part of the venom from the body and then systematically remove the remaining toxic substance.

After a platelet transfusion, Arielle began her acupuncture treatment.

Inserting the first needle into the acupuncture point on the patient’s skull was a challenging task, as a slight misjudgment would lead to the patient’s death.

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Arielle prepared the needles and other instruments that she needed to perform the acupuncture, but she did not begin just yet.

She crushed some herbs and added a few drops of antibiotics. Then, she soaked all her silver-plated needles in the concoction.

After about ten seconds, she pulled out the needles, waited for the liquid on the surface of the needle to solidify. Then, she began inserting the needles at several targeted areas.

Zachary, who had studied traditional Chanaean medicine and acupuncture under Queenie's tutelage, saw that Arielle was about to insert a needle into a fatal point and quickly grabbed her arm.

"What are you doing?" he yelled furiously. "Are you trying to kill the patient? Do you even know what acupuncture point that is? If you put your needle there, it will be an instant death!"

Zachary's hand had shot out suddenly and grabbed Arielle's arm, almost scratching the patient's head in the process.

Arielle's patience finally ran out. She turned her eyes to stare straight at Zachary.

Zachary visibly shrunk away from her gaze.

"You..." Zachary hesitated, but still insisted, "Why are you looking at me like that? I'm preventing you from

accidentally committing a murder! You will kill the patient if you stick your needle there!”

Arielle yanked her hand away from him and said in a deadpan voice, “Thank you for your kind warning, but there’s really no need for that. The acupoint I’m inserting the needle in is not the fatal point. Please do not bother me while I’m performing acupuncture.”

“You...” Zachary said anxiously. “This patient is very important to us! We can’t afford to have anything go wrong!”

Arielle lost her patience and said simply to the attending physician, “He is too distracting; get him out of here.”

“Uh...” The attending physician glanced sheepishly at Zachary.

Zachary was a much more well-known doctor than the attending physician. However, this was not Rocher Private Hospital. This was a public hospital, and here, everybody answers to the attending physician.

The physician recalled that Vinson had requested him to help Arielle in any way he can and said through gritted teeth, “Dr. Ziegler, you should not be distracting Ms. Moore! Mr. Nightshire knows what he was doing when he sent her here. Even if you don’t trust in her medical

skills, you should have faith in Mr. Nightshire!”

Zachary clamped his jaw and said, “Fine! I won’t say another word, but let me make it clear that I’ll take no responsibility for what happens to this patient! I’ll have

nothing to do with this at all! It’ll all be your fault!”

Is she really going to stick that needle in there? These people are all fools! Idiots! I won't let these people drag me into hot water together with them! Zachary thought angrily to himself.

He did want to stay in the emergency room any longer. He whirled around, pressed the switch on the lower right side of the door with his foot, and strode huffily out of the room.

The attending physician turned his anxious eyes on Arielle. "Ms. Moore, do you want me to ask Dr. Ziegler to come back in? He's the top surgeon at Rocher Private Hospital. He'll be of great help if something bad were to happen!"

"No need," Arielle replied lightly, glancing at the door that was slowly swinging shut behind Zachary's retreating figure. "I can do it alone. If you have other matters to attend to, you may go as well."

The attending physician's eyes widened in surprise. Does she mean that she doesn't need anyone else's help? Is she very confident or just very arrogant?

In the end, the attending physician decided that Arielle was just very confident in her skills.

Well, since she's so sure of her herself, I should stick around and watch how she deals with this snake venom. Maybe I could learn a thing or two from her..

All eyes were trained on Arielle. Some of them wanted to see her fail, but even more of them wanted to see how she would neutralize the venom.

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They could already see that Arielle was much more skilled than Zachary. It seemed highly probable that Arielle would be able to save this hemophilic patient all by herself.

Zachary loitered around the corridor outside, waiting for them to plead with him to go in again.

After all, he was the best surgeon in there. In fact, he was the top surgeon at Rocher Private Hospital. If anything were to go wrong, they would not be able to handle it without him.

Zachary deliberately slowed down his steps, waiting for someone from inside the emergency room to come running out after him.

However, no one came, and he could hear the sound of the door slowly swinging shut behind him.

Boom! The door slammed shut. Zachary's heart sank.

He knew how important the patient was to Vinson, and if he were the one to cure the patient, Vinson would be indebted to him

Besides, Carter Morgan, who runs Rocher Private Hospital, was a good friend of Vinson. If the patient was cured by him, his promotion within the hospital would be guaranteed.

He had been so sure that they could not carry on without him and yet, they had let the door close behind him.

Zachary looked over his shoulder at the closed door in disbelief.

Even if he was unhappy about it, he could not deny the fact that he had just been rejected.

Zachary clenched his fists angrily.

However, since he had walked out on his own accord, it would be too embarrassing for him to go back inside again.

Zachary's hatred for Arielle intensified.

His eyes shone with resentment, and he secretly hoped that something terrible would happen and that brat would end up killing the patient instead.

At that moment, Vinson and Carter appeared.

Zachary quickly rearranged his expression and greeted them, "Mr. Nightshire, Mr. Morgan!"

Carter nodded back at him and asked, "Why aren't you in the emergency room? How's the situation in there?"

Zachary hesitated.

"Please speak your mind," Carter urged.

"Mr. Morgan, that girl does not know what she is doing at all! She tried to insert a needle into the patient's fatal point! This is instant death! I tried to stop her but she kicked me out of the room instead. Can you really trust

her?" Zachary blurted out.

He expected Carter and Vinson to react negatively to his outburst, but instead, they kept insisting that Arielle was extremely reliable.

Zachary felt cornered.

Why does that silly girl inspire such trust in them? Fine! So, she's very reliable, huh? I'll happily wait here for news of that patient's death!

Zachary lowered himself into a chair outside the room and waited silently.

At that moment, his phone rang.

He glanced at the screen. It was Queenie calling.

Zachary's face lit up. He walked out through the fire exit for some privacy.

"Hi, Queenie."

Queenie's cool voice sounded through the phone, "It's me. I'm on the helicopter that Vinson arranged for me. How's the patient's doing?"

Zachary gritted his teeth angrily and exclaimed, "Queenie, you need to get here pronto! The patient's heartbeat returned to normal with the help of the pacemaker. However, Mr. Nightshire has given full authority over the patient to some brat. I don't know from which godd*mn hole he found her, but she has

absolutely no idea what she's doing! Earlier, she tried to insert an acupuncture needle into the patient's fatal point. If you don't reach soon, the patient will be a

goner!"

"Brat?" Queenie furrowed her brows. Her eyes clouded over with dissatisfaction.

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Queenie was a brilliant doctor who was skilled in both traditional Chanaean medicine and modern medicine. Although she was still young, she was already well known internationally. She was also the heiress of a family of Chanaean medicine practitioners.

Besides, Queenie graduated from Maxwell University with a graduation certificate, not just a completion certificate like Donovan.

She was clearly an extraordinary woman.

However, what most people did not know was that Queenie and Vinson had graduated from Maxwell University in the same year. Although they were in different majors, they had shared several common classes.

Since their time in university together, Queenie had completely fallen head over heels with Vinson.

Although the Mills were a prominent family, they were still nowhere close to the Nightshires. Furthermore, Jadeborough was a city full of beautiful celebrities. Queenie knew she would never have stood a chance to win Vinson's attention, let alone his affection.

However, after she had become a doctor, her social status had climbed higher and higher. When she had heard from Zachary that Vinson was sending a helicopter to get her, those old feelings stirred in her heart again.

Perhaps this is God's plan! His plan for Vinson and me

to meet again, and then... fall in love!

Queenie did not ask further about the ‘brat’. She merely said, “I’ll be there in three hours. Just keep the status quo for now. Don’t let her harm the patient.”

She must be the one to save the day in front of Vinson’s eyes. She would not let him forget her again.

Queenie ended the call and turned to the bodyguard who had picked her up. “Hurry up! I want to take off immediately. I need to get there as soon as possible.”

“Sure, Dr. Mill,” the bodyguard affirmed with a nod. He could not help throwing a second glance at Queenie.

This famous medical expert is more beautiful than I had expected. She could give one of those TV stars a run for their money!

The bodyguard quickly looked away and went to the cockpit

Soon after that, the helicopter rose into the air and headed for Chanaea.

Back in the Jadeborough General Hospital, Zachary headed back into the emergency room after hanging up the call.

He had to swallow his pride and go back in there to make sure Arielle would not harm the patient. Queenie trusted me! I can’t let her down!

When Zachary reentered the emergency room, he expected the brat to taunt him for walking in with his tail between his legs, however, she did not even glance at him. All her attention was focused on performing acupuncture on the patient.

At that moment, Zachary saw her insert one of her silver-plated needles into a fatal point at the patient’s head. The needle immediately turned black.

Zachary jumped in fright. He almost wanted to rush forward to yank out the needle.

He quickly glanced at the heart rate monitor next to the patient and was surprised to see that the patient's vitals were still normal.

How is the patient not dead after she inserted that needle into the fatal point? How is this possible? Could it be that I was mistaken? Perhaps that acupoint isn't the fatal point? That's very unlikely though...

However, no matter how puzzled Zachary was, the truth was right there in front of his own eyes.

He said nothing and merely stood back, watching silently.

All the doctors in the room, including the attending physician, were gathered around the operating table.

The patient had thirty-two silver-plated needles inserted all over his body. The needles turned pitch black as soon as they entered his body.

The doctors were watching Arielle quietly as she worked. She did not seem to be affected by their presence.

After Arielle inserted the final needle, she asked the attending physician, "That thing I requested for, is it ready?"

The attending physician immediately leaped to attention and quickly went over to the cabinets. He pulled out a small glass vial.

"What is that?" Zachary asked, stepping forward for a closer look.

"This is the tonic that Ms. Moore has requested me to make. It contains the venom of three types of snakes and some herb that I've never heard of," the attending physician explained as he walked towards Arielle to hand her the vial.

RENCES

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“What?” Zachary exclaimed, his eyes widening with surprise.

All of the snakes that the attending doctor mentioned earlier were extremely poisonous. One would definitely die if serum was not injected immediately after getting bitten by any one of the snakes.

He stared fearfully at the tiny bottle filled with black liquid before turning to the attending doctor, “Don’t tell me you’re going to inject this bottle of liquid onto the patient’s body?”

The latter nodded and said, “The poison has already been diluted. As Ms. Moore said, the poison in the patient’s body is just too strong. There’s no way the serum would work now. That’s why we’re using ancient Chanaean medicine for this. We’ll be fighting poison with poison.”

“Ancient Chanaean medicine?” Zachary repeated. “Out of all the doctors in Jadeborough, I’d say only the Mills would dare to say that they know about ancient Chanaean medicine. Who the hell does she think she is? Are you telling me you believe in her words?”

His words made the attending doctor tense up before saying awkwardly, “Don’t say that, Dr. Ziegler...”

“You’ll all be dragged into a big mess if I don’t speak the truth!” Having said that, the man strode toward Arielle and questioned, “You’re trying to poison him because you couldn’t kill him with your needles, aren’t

you?”

The latter was in the midst of observing the silver plated needles when she heard his words. Without sparing a glance at him, she ordered, “Kick him out.”

He’s being too noisy.

Zachary’s face darkened in an instant as he barked furiously, “This damned woman! Have you forgotten who’s in charge here? Mr. Morgan has already given me full authority over this patient. You’re the one who should be leaving this place!”

As he spoke, he pointed at the assistant he brought from Rocher Private. “Why are you just standing there? Throw this murderer out!”

However, the assistant stood rooted to the spot. Instead, he lowered his head, afraid to meet eyes with the former.

Zachary furrowed his brows at the sight of this. “Hey! I’m talking to you. Are you deaf?”

Right then, the attending doctor walked up to him and said, “Sorry, Dr. Ziegler. Mr. Nightshire and Mr. Morgan had sent someone earlier to deliver a message. They want everyone in the emergency room to listen to Ms. Moore’s orders. So, please, Dr. Ziegler.”

He was trying to get Zachary to leave.

The man was stunned at that.

He finally managed to speak after a long moment,

“Alright. That’s great. This is just great. Don’t come begging me for help when something actually happens later. Whether this patient lives or dies has nothing to do with me.”

Having heard that, Arielle turned to him and said, “Are you saying that even though there’s a chance this case could be included in the medical history, you don’t want your name to be included, Dr. Ziegler?”

Zachary hesitated for a second before nodding. “That’s right. There’s no need to add my name anymore. That’s why it’s none of my business even if a medical accident happens.”

This patient is going to die sooner or later under this kind of treatment. I might as well cut off any relations I have with this when I have the chance.

Compared to fame and reputation, having zero medical accidents in his career was more important. Moreover, he felt that the patient Arielle was treating had no chance of surviving at all.

He could only ignore Queenie’s request for now.

At the thought of this, Zachary walked over to the operation records and crossed off his name.

This meant that he had nothing to do with this treatment anymore.

It didn’t matter if she became reputable in the country, or if she was reprimanded by the patient’s family. It was

none of his business.

He didn’t give Arielle any more chances of chasing him out as he strode out of the emergency room right after.

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The incident at Soir Coffee had spread all over the internet. Vinson needed to hold an emergency press conference to quiet down the netizens and give those who were boycotting the coffee shop an explanation.

Jordan immediately went with Vinson to the press conference venue the moment he found out about the incident.

He was tactful and charming, while the latter was straightforward. The two contrasts would complement each other well.

Seeing that Zachary was walking out of the emergency room again, Carter asked as he adjusted his glasses, “Why are you out here again?”

Embarrassed, the former bit on his lips before answering, “That b**** – the woman told me to come out. She said she didn’t need me in there.”

Then, he added, “Mr. Morgan, just who is the person Mr. Nightshire hired? Her treatment is absurd. From the looks of it, the patient is going to die sooner or later.”

Carter frowned at his words, “I don’t want to hear this from you again.”

Zachary was shocked. He had never expected that not only Vinson, but Carter was also so protective of Arielle.

Having no other choice, he changed the topic, “Queenie has already boarded the plane and is on the way back.

Why don’t we talk more when she’s back?”

“There won’t be enough time,” Carter replied while shaking his head. “Vin is already on his way to the press conference. We need to get a result here as soon as possible. Otherwise, we won’t be able to hold off the netizens.”

“But she-”

“That’s enough. I’m sure you have many other things to attend to at the hospital. You should head back first.”

Carter made it very clear that it was time for him to leave, but he didn’t want to. So he looked for an excuse to continue staying.

He wanted to wait for Queenie’s return, and for the patient’s death.

Meanwhile, in the emergency room, Arielle waited for all the needles to turn black before removing them one by one.

The other doctors had noticed something peculiar. With the needles’ removal, the blood that oozed out was also black in color.

“You guys squeeze the blood out from where the needles were earlier. I’ll go prepare the other herbs,” Arielle said.

When she was done speaking, she took the bottle of medicine from the attending doctor and headed to the

cooler filled with herbs.

Besides the poison in the bottle, she needed to add another expensive ingredient, the red ginseng.

While it was difficult to gather all the poison in a short period of time, it was also difficult to find red ginseng in the cooler.

She didn't expect Vinson to be able to gather these in such a short amount of time. It seems like I know too little about Vinson's capability.

Arielle shook her head to clear her mind of these thoughts before going back to preparing the medicine.

After cutting a piece of red ginseng, she ground it into a fine powder and measured the amount she needed. After the doctors were done squeezing out the dark blood, she used a syringe pump to infuse the medicine into the patient.

The attending doctor couldn't help but ask, "Ms. Moore, would this be enough? The time for the anesthesia to be effective is almost up."

Shaking her head, Arielle answered, "We still need to perform bloodletting therapy on the patient once we're done with the infusion. We'll only be done after that."

"Bloodletting therapy? Are we going to remove the poisonous blood?"

"Yes. But he has hemophilia, so you guys should

prepare a few bags of blood for him. Otherwise, we won't be able to stop the bleeding if blood clots don't form," she answered with a nod.

"Alright," the attending doctor complied.

It wasn't entirely because of Vinson and Carter, but also because there was a unique temperament to her. People couldn't help but trust her and listen to what she had to say.