

# **The Understated Dragon Lord**

## **Read Chapter 451 - 500**

### **Chapter 451 Why Does He Want to Kill You?**

#### **Chapter 451 Why Does He Want to Kill You?**

Daniel nodded, his response as cool as ever, "Yeah, probably."

"Probably? I'm pretty sure he was here for you!" Beauty rolled her eyes, clearly annoyed, "Country boy, who did you tick off? Why would someone be bothering you this late at night?"

"Who could I have possibly ticked off? Thanks to you, Beauty, I've gotten on the bad side of Dumbbell, that's who!"

"Dumbbell? You mean the guy from earlier was sent by Dumbbell?"

Now Beauty was picking up Daniel's way of talking, referring to Smart as Dumbbell.

"That would be my guess! But, to be honest, I'm not totally sure. Why don't we lure him somewhere quiet and interrogate him? Then we'll find out."

Beauty glanced again and noticed a concerning detail which left her stunned.

"Country boy, that guy seems to have a gun tucked in his waistband. He's not here to kill you, is he?"

"He's definitely here to kill me! You and Dumbbell hail from New York's elite families. You're well aware of how your people handle things. To them, taking out someone like me, an insignificant nobody, is nothing. They'd rub me out and vanish without a trace. No one would care about my death. No one would mourn the loss of a nobody like me."

"Get outta here with that pity party! You knew he was coming for you, with a gun and everything, and you still drove us down this deserted road? Are you asking for trouble? Get us out of here, now!"

"Are you worried about me?" Daniel teased.

"I'm worried about myself! I just don't want to get dragged into your mess. The killer's after you. Whatever happens when you're alone, I couldn't care less. But since I'm in this car, you have to get us back to the main road right away and keep me safe."

It was pretty obvious Beauty was concerned about Daniel, but she kept pretending it was all about her own safety. If the killer was indeed sent by Dumbbell, there was no way he'd dare touch her.

After all, she was one of the Matthews!

"Don't worry, Beauty. With me here, not even the sky falling down could touch you. And some lowly assassin from Japan? Not worth a second thought!"

Her suspicions piqued by his words.

"How do you know the guy behind us is an assassin from Japan? He's wearing a helmet. Can you see through it?"

"Intuition!"

"What intuition?"

"A man's intuition!"

Beauty rolled her eyes and shot back, "Get lost!"

She certainly wasn't buying that Daniel figured out their pursuer was a Japanese assassin through some gut feeling. She suspected this 'country boy' must have had prior knowledge. It couldn't just be a coincidence that Smart – she corrected herself, Dumbbell – had hired an assassin to kill him. It wasn't just about today; it was premeditated.

"Why does Dumbbell want to kill you?"

"Come on, his name is Dumbbell!"

"Stop messing around!"

Beauty gave Daniel a gentle shove.

"At one moment you're all 'me, me, me,' the next you're 'mine, mine, mine.' Is it that bad if I call you 'big sister'? It's a pretty powerful and awesome title, isn't it?"

"I'm asking you, why did Dumbbell have an assassin come after you? Did you guys have some kind of beef before?"

"It's way beyond 'beef'. He's got a grudge over a stolen love – it's a feud so deep it's unresolvable."

## Chapter 452 A Grudge Over a Stolen Love

### Chapter 452 A Grudge Over a Stolen Love

"A grudge over a stolen love? What, did you, a country boy, actually steal his wife or something?" Beauty teased Daniel on purpose, just to poke fun at him.

"Steal his wife? It's the other way around—he tried to steal my girl. Last time, my no-good mother-in-law dragged me over to the Emperor Entertainment club. I thought she was just taking me out to have fun.

Turns out she wanted me to meet Dumbbell. Right then and there, Dumbbell called a bunch of goons to beat me up. Luckily, I know a thing or two about fighting and knocked every single one of 'em flat. As for Dumbbell, I slapped him so hard I knocked out a bunch of his teeth. Bet they're all fake now!"

Just then, they reached the end of the road. Daniel stomped on the brakes and spun the Mercedes AMG around in a sharp 180-degree turn, then stopped smoothly.

Because she wasn't wearing a seatbelt, Beauty lost her balance with the sudden drift and fell right onto Daniel's lap.

"Jerk! Did you do that on purpose?"

Beauty looked furious and gave Daniel a little pinch.

"Do what on purpose?"

"What do you think? Taking advantage of me!"

"Me taking advantage of you? It's more like you're taking advantage of me. There you were, not buckling up in the passenger seat, just waiting for a chance like this to fall into my lap. Don't think I can't see right through you!"

"Me, take advantage of you? Why on earth would I need that? I oughta wallop you today!"

Beauty practically exploded, raining down blows on Daniel like a wild tigress, as he howled for mercy.

Suddenly, a bright light shone in their direction. The Harley motorcycle was closing in.

Click! The sound of a bullet being chambered filled the air as Daniel flung open the car door.

"Stay in the car and don't run around. I'm gonna go handle that Japanese hitman! A Japanese guy dares to cause trouble on US soil? I'll make sure he runs all the way back to Japan!"

Daniel stepped out of the car. He had told Beauty to stay put, but that woman never listened.

She actually opened the car door and got out too.

"Can't you listen just once?"

Faced with the capricious woman who ignored everything he said, Daniel was speechless.

"Why should I listen to you? You country boy, you can't even tell who's boss here!"

"The Japanese are not to be trusted, and you, being so beautiful—if he sees you and gets any funny ideas, it'd be terrible if he ruined you."

"Would you let him ruin me?"

"Of course not."

Daniel grinned cheekily, pretending to be serious, "If anyone's gonna do that, it should be me! No wait, that wouldn't be ruining you, it'd be cherishing you."

"Get lost! Cut the nonsense!"

"Beauty, that Japanese guy's got a gun—a Desert Eagle, by the looks of it. Huge firepower. You sure you don't want to hide in the Mercedes AMG? If I'm not mistaken, it's got bulletproof glass, right?"

"Why should I hide from a Japanese hitman on US turf? I'm an American; I'm not afraid of a Japanese guy."

.

## **Chapter 453 Arrogance**

### **Chapter 453 Arrogance**

Beauty's words made Daniel look at her in a whole new light. This dame seemed to have the spirit of a hero in her! He was starting to like her, just a bit more.

Boom! Boom!

After revving the Harley a couple of times, Kojima got off and removed his helmet, revealing a face with a classic Japanese mustache.

"Well, well, isn't it a real Japanese guy?" Daniel couldn't help but chuckle.

"Are you Daniel?" Kojima asked.

"Yes, I am." Daniel nodded and threw back a question, "And you, sir, we haven't met before, have we? You seem out of place following my car around in the middle of the night. What's your intention?"

"I'm here to kill you!" Kojima's response couldn't have been more straightforward.

"Kill me? Who hired you?"

"I'm a hitman. I have my professional ethics, so I can't tell you who hired me."

"Even if you don't tell me, I know who sent you. It was Dumbbell, wasn't it? Of The Evans' little master, Dumbbell!"

Kojima did not respond, which Daniel took as confirmation.

"If you know you're going to die, you might as well come and meet your fate. I'll make it quick," Kojima said coldly.

"Let's not talk about 'quick' just yet. How much did Dumbbell pay you to come after me?"

"50 million!"

The number caused Daniel to click his tongue in surprise.

"Dumbbell sure values me! Spending fifty million to have me killed? But let me tell you, that money won't come easy," said Daniel with a smirk. "Don't worry, I won't kill you. But since you're set on ending me and I have to send a message to Smart, I'm planning on breaking one of your arms and a leg."

"Heh!" Kojima sneered, pointing at Daniel's nose, "You country bumpkin, you're quite cocky! Today, you'll pay the price for your arrogance!"

With that, Kojima stepped forward, advancing toward Daniel.

Throughout, Kojima showed no signs of reaching for his gun, which amused Daniel.

"Hey, Japanese guy, isn't that a gun tucked in your waist? Isn't that gun supposed to be used on me?"

"There's no need for a gun to kill a country bumpkin like you! Weren't you just boasting about breaking my arm and leg? Let me indulge you. I'll start by breaking both your arms, then both your legs! I will turn you into nothing, a useless man!"

"You're pretty confident! But let me give you a friendly tip. Even if you used your gun, you couldn't beat me. Without it, you're even less of a challenge. You dare come to the US to kill? I must teach you a lesson.

But you see, I'm naturally kind-hearted. So, I decide to give you an opportunity. If you kneel right now, apologize, and vow never to set foot on American soil again, I will, as previously stated, only break one of your legs and one arm before letting you go. Otherwise, I'll have no choice but to break both your arms and legs."

## **Chapter 454 What's Your Name**

### **Chapter 454 What's Your Name**

"Arrogant!"

With a fierce shout, Kojima charged at Daniel like a wild boar gone mad. As Kojima closed in, Daniel sidestepped swiftly and, with a clever trip of the foot, sent him sprawling to the ground.

Thud!

Kojima landed face-first onto the ground—in an unfortunate stroke of fate, right into a pile of dog droppings, likely left by some stray. As his mustached mouth pushed into the dried pile, it resembled someone trying to eat a stale cookie, not overly stinky but definitely a choking hazard.

"Ptui!"

"Ah, ptui!"

Kojima scrambled up, spitting vigorously to rid his mouth of any trace of the revolting substance. Even if the droppings from an American farm dog might be more nutritious than Japanese Wagyu beef, it still was nauseating.

Upon seeing this, Daniel couldn't contain his laughter and began to taunt jovially.

"Hey, Japanese guy, you traveled all this way just to have a taste of dog poop! That pile's gone cold, hard as a rock. Want me to find you a fresh, warm one? Something steamy would be softer to chew!"

While Daniel joked around, Beauty, utterly disgusted by his remarks, gave his waist a fierce pinch.

Being pinched out of the blue, Daniel certainly had to ask, "Why'd you pinch me?"

"That's disgusting! I like eating durian."

"Eating durian has what to do with this Japanese fellow eating dog poop?"

After pondering for a moment, Daniel's expression cleared.

"Oh! I got it! It must've been my use of the word 'soft' that reminded you of the texture of durian."

"You still talking? I'll kill you, you rascal! If you keep this up, I'll stuff durian into your mouth and describe the taste of dog poop to you after we get back."

"Beauty, you're rich enough to afford durian. Poor folks like me can't afford that stuff, so I'll have to make do with stuffing dog poop in my mouth while I describe the flavor of durian to you. After all, I'm someone who knows his manners."

"You dare put dog poop in my mouth? I'll kick you!"

Enraged by his words, Beauty gave Daniel a good kick to the behind, causing him to stagger. But he managed not to fall, mindful that the Japanese man was back on his feet.

"Ptui!"

"Ah, ptui!"

After spitting out more detestable droppings, Kojima clenched his iron fists and the veins on his arms bulged with anger.

"Country bumpkin, how dare you play dirty! Are all you Americans this despicable?" he bellowed.

"Let me tell you, Japanese guy, aren't you shameless? It was clearly you who tried to sneak attack me, yet you claim I played dirty. My move was just a response to your attack, that's all!"

Grinning, Daniel continued, "Since you're here to kill me, shouldn't you at least tell me your name? Otherwise, if you manage to kill me and I become a vengeful ghost, I won't even know who to

haunt."

"Kojima!" The hitman stated his own name proudly.

At the sound of it, Daniel burst into laughter, a reaction that was particularly grating to Kojima's ears.

.

## **Chapter 455 The Number One Assassin**

### **Chapter 455 The Number One Assassin**

"What are you laughing at?" Kojima asked.

"Oh, isn't Dumbbell a character, sending an animal to take me down? Do I look like easy prey that one little animal can get the better of me?" Daniel's reply instantly darkened Kojima's face, understanding full well that 'animal' was not meant as a compliment.

Infuriated, Kojima retorted, "Country boy, I am no animal! My name is Kojima! Japan's number one assassin, Kojima!"

"Oh, so Japan's top assassin is an animal, huh? Does that mean there are no humans there, just beasts? Hahaha..." Daniel's mockery sent Kojima into a rage.

"How dare you insult Japan like that? Watch as I punch your mouth to a pulp!"

Kojima, fist raised, lunged straight at Daniel. He even gave a warning, "If you're brave enough, don't dodge! I'll ensure this fist turns your mouth into mush and your face into a pig's head!"

"Alright, I won't dodge!" Daniel accepted the challenge openly.

Whoosh!

As Kojima's iron fist cut through the air towards Daniel, he merely smiled slightly and swung his own fist to meet Kojima's.



Seeing Daniel neither flee nor dodge, but instead, ready to block his fist with his own, Kojima was secretly delighted. His fist was as hard as a diamond—capable of denting a ten-centimeter-thick steel plate.

He was sure that his punch would crush Daniel's fist into a pulp.

In the blink of an eye, their fists collided.

Thud!

The calm night was pierced by a heavy thump. As Japan's number one assassin, Kojima had honed a formidable power. Daniel, however, housed seven dragons in his body. So when their fists met, not only did it create a muffled boom, but also a blinding white light, like a meteor colliding with Earth.

Beauty, standing not far away, was temporarily blinded by the dazzling light that turned night into day. Then, a gut-wrenching scream filled the air.

"Ah! Aaah!"

The voice was concerning, and at the first "Ah!" Beauty was worried it might be Daniel. But upon hearing the second "Ah!" her fears dissipated; she was one hundred percent certain it was not Daniel, but the Japanese man screaming.

She knew Daniel's cry would carry a distinct flavor, a quality that, once heard, made her want to hear it again.

As the white light faded, Kojima's fist was visibly swollen, puffed up like a loaf of bread. Daniel stood with his hands in his pockets, smirking joyfully.

"Hey, animal, how's that hoof of yours feeling? It seems your punch just now didn't quite work in your favor. How about we go another round? After all, you've only used your right hand. Your left one's still fresh!"

"Country boy, how come your fist is so hard?" Kojima asked, puzzled.

"Not just my fists—other parts are pretty hard too! How about I send a bunch of Japanese beauties over someday to experience it for themselves?" Daniel's brazen taunt added insult to Kojima's injury.

## **Chapter 456 Making Mischief**

### **Chapter 456 Making Mischief**

Before Daniel could even finish his sentence, he felt a pinch on his backside. Beauty had sidled up next to him, her face stern as she stared him down and demanded, "Country boy, what exactly are you looking to 'experience'?"

"Uh... nothing! I don't want to experience anything! I was just saying those Japanese ladies might want to... you know, have an experience."

"You dare to spout more nonsense!"

Another fierce pinch from Beauty sent Daniel howling in pain.

"Country boy, if you ever dare to follow through with that, I'll make sure you regret it!"

"How would you do that?"

Beauty shaped her two fingers into scissors and made a snipping gesture through the air, graphically communicating to Daniel her intentions.

At the sideline, Kojima's nose flared as he grew increasingly angry. That country boy was insufferable, he thought, swaggering even after swelling up his hand, and now flirting outrageously with a beautiful woman? It was as if Kojima didn't even exist in his world.

Unable to best him with his fists, Kojima stealthily drew the Desert Eagle holstered at his waist without a single sound. With a swift motion, he aimed the barrel directly at Daniel's head. Feeling in control with the gun in hand, Kojima commanded from a position of power, "Country boy, get on your knees right now!"

"Wow! So, Mr. Animal, you think just because you've got a gun, you can take me down? Let me remind you, any man in the USA is tough stuff—you Japanese folks can't just mess with us.

You're way out of your depth here! Even if you had a cannon instead of a handgun, you couldn't beat us bare-handed Americans! We're not afraid of a tiny handgun; heck, even atomic bombs would be snuffed out by us!"

Daniel's claims were far from bluster. If he managed to fully harness the power of the seven dragons within him, even an atomic bomb would fizzle out around him.

"Country boy, I'm giving you a three-count. If you don't kneel, I'll make you," Kojima declared before starting his countdown.

"Three!"

"Two!"

"One!"

As Kojima reached "one," he swiftly shifted the aim of the Desert Eagle from Daniel's head down to his knee and pulled the trigger.

At that very instant, Daniel's figure blurred, moving with lightning speed to close the gap between him and Kojima. Just as Kojima was about to pull the trigger, Daniel seized the barrel and twisted it with force, bending the highly durable steel into a twisted pretzel.

Kojima, caught off guard, still fired the trigger.

"Bang!"

But this wasn't the sound of a gunshot; it was the sound of the bullet exploding in the barrel.

Accompanied by that earth-shattering boom, a fireball with a diameter of two to three meters erupted. And when the flames subsided, Kojima's left hand was scorched to a crisp.

"Ah! Aaaah!"

The familiar scream echoed. Kojima, clutching his blasted hand, rolled on the ground in agony.

Daniel, much like before with his hands in his pockets, stood by Kojima, chuckling and taunting as the man writhed in pain.

## **Chapter 457 Departure**

### **Chapter 457 Departure**

"Well, look at that! What happened, animal? Did you want to shoot me, aiming for my knees to force me down? Too bad the choice of your weapon was flawed. You picked a faulty gun.

Now look, you tried to shoot at me, and just when you pulled the trigger, that Desert Eagle backfired! It exploded and now your left hand is gone, hahahaha..."

As Daniel was clearly relishing the moment, Beauty couldn't help but reach out and pinch him. There was something oddly satisfying about the squishiness of his flesh. To cover up her true intentions after the pinch, she retorted sharply, "Jerk!"

Daniel was thoroughly bewildered by her action.

"Beauty, I was just dealing with the Japanese guy, why are you calling me a jerk? Whose side are you on? Aren't you an American?"

"Of course, I'm American! I'm on your side when you're taking down the Japanese guy, but that doesn't stop me from calling you a jerk! Wait, that's not an insult, that's a compliment! Because I quite enjoy watching that jerk side of yours."

"Beauty, do you really just enjoy watching?" Daniel teased.

"What else could I be doing?" Beauty asked with a mischievous smile.

"There's no use just watching; you should get involved."

"Get involved? Involved in what?"

"In doing things that you like, things that make both of us happy afterward."

"Get lost!"

Beauty rolled her eyes at Daniel and scolded without a hint of humor, "Die, you idiot!"

As their playful banter continued, Kojima, with his entirely ruined left hand and a barely functioning swollen right hand, suddenly pulled out a grenade and lobbed it towards Daniel, prepared to blow them both to smithereens in his desperation to kill Daniel.

Seeing the grenade flying in, Daniel kicked it away with precision.

Boom!

The grenade soared back like a soccer ball, landing squarely on Kojima's chest.

Boom!

The grenade detonated, reducing Kojima to a bloody pulp. He was dead.

"I had only planned to break this Japanese guy's arms and legs, but he went for a grenade on me and got himself killed instead. Serves him right!"

Wrapping an arm around Beauty's shoulder, Daniel spoke with a grin, "Let's go, Beauty!"

"We're just leaving it like this? Aren't we going to clean up here?" Beauty asked.

"This animal was sent by Dumbbell; it's only fitting he deals with the aftermath. Oh, do you have Dumbbell's number? I'll give him a heads up."

After Beauty provided Smart's number, Daniel immediately took out his phone and made the call.

Back at the Emperor Entertainment's presidential suite, Smart was living it up, surrounded by several beautiful women.

His phone suddenly rang. He picked it up and saw that the call was from an unfamiliar number. Typically, he wouldn't answer calls from strangers, but this time, he did.

"Hello! Who is this?"

"Your grandpa, me!"

## **Chapter 458 A Suicide Mission**

### **Chapter 458 A Suicide Mission**

Daniel's words threw Smart for a loop.

"You're my grandpa?" he asked.

"Yeah, I'm your grandpa!"

It didn't take long for Smart to realize the voice on the other end wasn't actually his biological grandfather—it would be bizarre to have such a young grandfather.

"It's me who's your grandpa! Who the hell are you?"

"Dumbbell, have you forgotten your granddad so soon? You sent an assassin named Kojima after me, but sadly he was amateur hour; he accidentally blew himself up with a grenade."

With Daniel laying it out so clearly, Smart realized who was on the line and asked in shock, "You're the country boy?"

"I'm your grandpa! You ingrate, you actually sent a hitman after your grandpa? Don't you realize that's utterly unforgivable? When your other grandpa Elliot celebrates his 90th birthday, I'll be sure to visit The Evans family with my regards. Then, you'll kneel down and call me grandpa!"

"Country boy, you're looking for death!"

...

Smart ranted on for quite a bit more after that. But Daniel didn't listen to a single word, hanging up.

Beauty had overheard every single word Daniel had said on the phone and asked incredulously, "Country boy, did you really say on the phone that you'll go to The Evans' on Elliot's 90th birthday

and make Smart kneel before you and call you grandpa? Are you just bragging, or are you serious?"

"Beauty, when have I ever bragged? Anything I say will eventually come true."

"Heh!" Beauty let out a cold laugh, "Country boy, do you realize if you actually did that, you'd be publicly slapping The Evans in the face? You'd be humiliating the whole family in front of everyone."

"If The Evans don't know how to raise their grandson properly, isn't it right for me to give them a couple of slaps? And besides, if I educate their grandson for them in public, shouldn't The Evans be grateful to me?"

"Grateful to you? Should they present you with a banner or something? Do you even understand what The Evans represent?"

"What do they represent?" asked Daniel, genuinely curious.

"The Evans represent enormous power! If you make Smart kneel down and call you grandpa on Elliot's 90th birthday, that would bring extraordinary disgrace upon The Evans. With their way of doing things, they would surely make sure you end up dead."

"The Evans want to kill me, and you'll just watch and do nothing to help me?"

"Help you? You're on a suicide mission, how can I help?"

"What are you talking about, suicide? I'm just asking Smart to honor a bet he made! Dumbbell bet with me and lost. People from The Evans can't just welsh on a bet, can they? Others may let them get away with it, but not with me! Not even The Evans can do that!"

Daniel, sounding sly, added, "Only a great beauty like you, Beauty, can get away with breaking a promise to me."

Beauty, left speechless by his brazenness, rolled her eyes in exasperation and scolded, "Aren't you just shameless?"

## **Read Chapter 459 Justified Reasoning**

## Chapter 459 Justified Reasoning

### Chapter 459 Justified Reasoning

"I don't mean to be like this, you know! But you said you liked when I'm cheeky, so I'm cheeky just for you!" Daniel carried on with his shameless antics.

"Get lost!"

...

In the deep silence of the night, as everyone else seemed to be at rest, Beauty was not. She tossed and turned in bed, unable to fall asleep, and finally decided to get up and head to Jessica's room.

Knock!

Knock knock!

Inside her room, a sleep-groggy Jessica was rudely awakened by the noise. She irritatingly assumed it was Daniel and barked, "Idiot, why aren't you sleeping at this hour? Stop knocking! The door isn't locked; just roll yourself in!"

Outside, Beauty was shocked by what she heard. Although she knew Jessica and Daniel were married, she always believed it was a marriage of convenience. But Jessica's words implied that Daniel must have not only knocked like that before but that he also took the invitation to 'roll in.'

This suggested that something more had happened between them after he rolled in!

Beauty, without even realizing, began to let her imagination run wild, and she could feel a peculiar twinge in her heart—as if she were jealous.

No, that couldn't be right. How could she possibly be jealous over a country boy? She wasn't jealous; she was just feeling sorry for Jessica. Why should some country boy have the chance to

take advantage of her? If he really did take advantage of Jessica, Beauty wouldn't let it slide. She'd grab a pair of scissors and, well, he'd get what he deserved!

Pushing the door open, Beauty stepped into the bedroom. There, she found Jessica lying on the side in a strappy nightgown that left much of her chest exposed, and the bedside lamp was still on. The scene was filled with an aura of intimacy.

Jessica was stunned to see that it was Beauty who entered.

"Why is it you?"

She instinctively pulled the covers up to hide her chest.

"Jessica, something's off with you! You thought it was that country boy at the door, so you purposely turned on the bedside lamp and even pulled down your covers. Then when you saw it was me, you quickly covered up. What, it's fine for the country boy to see, but I can't?"

"Just stop it! What do you want, coming to my room in the middle of the night?"

"Nevermind that for now." Beauty gave Jessica a serious look and asked, "Tell me, have you and that country boy... you know?"

"Why should I tell you? That's a private matter between him and me!"

Jessica deliberately said this to fuel Beauty's misunderstandings. She wanted Beauty to carry this false impression back to her mother and convey that Jessica had already slept with Daniel.

"A private matter, huh?" Beauty suddenly reached under the covers and gave Jessica a quick feel.

"Ah!" Jessica screamed instantly.

"What are you doing?"

Seeing Jessica's panicked reaction, Beauty couldn't help but laugh.

"Looks like nothing's happened between you and that country boy."

"How did you know?"

"If you'd been with a man, you wouldn't be scared of a man's touch, so why would my hand scare you? You said that just now to make me tell your mom that you've been to bed with that country boy, didn't you?"

With just a little probing, Beauty swiftly unraveled Jessica's lies.

.



## Chapter 460 She Believes It

### Chapter 460 She Believes It

With things already this far along, Jessica decided to lay all her cards on the table.

"I will absolutely not marry Smart! As for me and Daniel, I can get into bed with him anytime I want. We're already married, so it's perfectly justified!"

Jessica's resolute attitude sparked some suspicion in Beauty.

"Jessica, be honest with me, and don't lie. Are you really starting to have feelings for that country boy? You originally intended to have a sham marriage, using him as a shield to ward off the arranged marriage your family planned. But have you fallen for him after getting to know him?"

"I definitely like him, as for love, I can't say for sure yet."

Jessica's response was entirely truthful, which left Beauty shook.

"You... you actually like him? You've fallen for a guy like that?"

Not wanting to dwell on the topic, Jessica quickly pivoted the conversation.

"Anyway! You're here in the middle of the night, what's the matter?"

"What else? It's because of that country boy, of course!"

Beauty's words filled Jessica with confusion.

"Because of Daniel? What has he done to you?"

"What could he have done to me? Would he dare to behave inappropriately towards me? If he ever did, I'd cut his dick off!"

"Then what are you here for?"

"That country boy, he doesn't know the magnitude of his actions. Today, while we were out, we ran into Smart at Fortune antique. There, he made a bet with Smart. I'm not entirely sure, but I think he won. That's not important, though. The critical thing is he claimed he'd make Smart kneel down and call him grandpa on Elliot's 90th birthday!"

Jessica furrowed her brows at this remark.

"Maybe that idiot was just joking?"

"Joking? Do you think he was joking? He said it over the phone to Smart! I told him that if he does that, it would be a slap in the face for Smart in front of everyone, a humiliation for The Evans, a profound disgrace!

I've said what I had to say, but I couldn't persuade him. He's determined to do it. Since he's married to you, if he goes through with it, it will definitely affect The Matthews. So, you'd best get a divorce right away and draw a clear line between you and him!"

After Beauty made her point, Jessica realized what was happening.

"Heh!"

She let out a cold laugh and then responded, "Beauty, to get me to divorce Daniel, are you resorting to making up such tall tales? Whatever the case, we're sisters! Isn't this a bit too much?"

"Jessica, what do you mean? Do you think I'm lying to you?"

Beauty was visibly frustrated and quite angry as she spoke.

"Go find that country boy right now and ask him. Is he planning to make Smart kneel and call him grandpa on Elliot's 90th birthday? If what I said is true, you owe me an apology!"

"Sorry! Sorry! I believe you! I'll go find that idiot right now!"

Jessica understood Daniel's way of doing things. Seeing Beauty genuinely upset and knowing Daniel's style, she believed her.

Jessica knew exactly what kind of family The Evans were and understood the consequences of offending them.

## **Chapter 461 Do it**

### **Chapter 461 Do it**

So, Jessica knew she had to stop Daniel—she had to prevent that idiot from causing a commotion. He was such a worry! And now, thanks to him, Beauty had woken her up right after she'd managed to fall asleep.

The more she thought about it, the angrier Jessica became, deciding she needed to give Daniel a piece of her mind. And of course, she wouldn't knock; she just burst right into his room.

Both beauties stormed in to find Daniel fast asleep, peacefully unaware and completely oblivious to the fact that his bedroom had been invaded. He should be awake to greet her!

Jessica raised her hand and slapped him down.

"Slap!"

She got him right on his bottom, a firm smack. Quite a solid piece of flesh, enticingly resilient.

"Ah!"

Startled awake, Daniel opened his bleary eyes to find two beautiful women at his bedside, his gaze finally resting on Jessica.

"Was that you who hit me?"

"Who else would it be?"

"I thought we had a ghost. Turned out it was just you!"

"A ghost? What do you mean by that? Are you trying to say I'm a ghost?"

"Ghosts aren't as beautiful as you, but they're more gentle."

"What? You're saying ghosts are gentler than me? Then marry a ghost instead!"

As she spoke, Jessica slapped him again.

"Slap!"

"Ah!"

Daniel let out another yelp.

"Why did you hit me again?"

"You're my man; I can do whatever I want!"

"You..."

"What 'you'?"

"You're being unreasonable!"

"Unreasonable? You dare call me unreasonable? I'll kill you, you idiot, and we'll see if you keep saying that!"

With that, Jessica slapped him again.

"Slap!"

And with a fervor this time, she followed up with several more.

"Slap slap!"

"Slap slap slap!"

...

Beauty, unable to watch anymore, intervened, "Are you two going to flirt like this as if I'm not here? Should I excuse myself?"

"Yes, yes, yes! You go ahead," Daniel replied eagerly.

That response made Beauty feel that something was off.

"What are you planning, country boy, by telling me to leave so quickly?"

"What can I plan? What would I dare to do? With you here, I can only passively take a beating! If you weren't here, maybe I'd get the chance to slap Jessica back."

At those words, Jessica's brows knitted together.

"Country boy, you dare to hit me?"

"Yes, I dare! I'll do it—and not just that, I'll even grab your chest!"

Daniel wasn't just saying it—he was reaching out his hand. But before he could touch her...

"Slap!"

Jessica had him with a stinging slap across his hand.

With his hand reddening, Daniel winced and questioned Jessica, "Why did you hit me, honey?"

"Because you're being obscene!"

"Isn't your body meant for me to touch? Do you want some other guy to touch you?"

"Get out! I'm not in the mood!"

After giving Daniel another shove, Jessica asked, "Do you even know why I came to your room in the middle of the night?"

## **Chapter 462 A Command**

### **Chapter 462 A Command**

Daniel had no idea why Jessica would visit his room in the middle of the night, so he made an offhand remark.

"If it was just you, honey, I'd have a guess as to why you're here. But you brought Beauty along, so I wouldn't dare speculate. That thought might be just a little too bold."

Jessica sensed something off in his response and shot back with a scowl, "Too bold? Where exactly are your thoughts going?"

"Of course, towards happiness! Isn't that what life's all about?"

"Happiness? You idiot, what joy are you seeking? I'll beat you to death, see if you're still happy then."

As she spoke, Jessica pinned Daniel to the bed to give him a piece of her mind. In front of Beauty, it felt like she was asserting her territory.

Daniel cried out as Jessica dealt with him, rolling around, but his hands were far from idle, managing to sneak in a few successful attacks.

Jessica, of course, didn't mind. It wasn't the first time this idiot had taken his liberties with her. No, that's not right—since they were married, his actions were legal, not taking advantage.

"Have you had enough?"

"A lifetime wouldn't be enough."

"Idiot! You're incorrigible!"

After scolding Daniel, Jessica said with irritation, "I came here because there's something I need to clear up with you."

Seeing Jessica get serious, Daniel asked curiously, "What's that?"

"Are you planning to cause trouble at Elliot's birthday banquet?"

Her question flummoxed Daniel.

"Who's Elliot?"

"Smart's grandfather!"

"Oh, Dumbbell's granddad? I'm not looking to cause trouble at his birthday banquet, only asking him to do the honorable thing and make his grandson honor the bet."

"You are not allowed to go!" Jessica commanded quite fiercely.

"Why shouldn't I go? Dumbbell lost the bet to me fair and square! He should honor his wager!"

"Do you understand that by doing this, you'd be humiliating the entire Evans family?"

"If The Evans are humiliated, is that my fault? If they feel disgraced, it's because of their own grandson's actions. If Dumbbell is willing to honor the bet—comes and kneels before me to call me grandpa before his grandfather's 90th birthday—this can all be forgotten.

But if he doesn't, I'll have no choice but to ask him to fulfill the bet at the birthday event! The Evans may have their power, but I have my principles. I'm not afraid to offend The Evans for the sake of my principles!"

Daniel was confident. No matter how powerful or influential The Evans were, he wasn't afraid of them. In this entire world, there was no one whom Daniel feared!

If anyone dared provoke him, he would respond in kind, tooth for tooth, blood for blood!

Jessica knew it was useless to talk further since he wouldn't listen to her. Annoyed, she grabbed his ear, demanding, "Idiot, are you going to listen to me?"

"Ow! Ow! Honey, that hurts! My ear's about to come off, can you be gentler?"

"Are you going to obey or not? If you won't listen, there's no point in having ears; I might as well twist them off!"

"I'll listen! I'll listen! I always listen to you, honey!"

## Chapter 463 Daniel Is Shocked

### Chapter 463 Daniel Is Shocked

Despite Daniel's usual defiance, he was at Jessica's mercy with his ear in her firm grasp. And with his honey holding onto him, how could he dare not listen?

"You're listening? Then repeat after me what I said!" demanded Jessica.

"Honey, you said if 'Dumbbell' doesn't honor his promise and come to kneel before me, calling me 'grandpa' before his granddad Elliot's 90th birthday, then I have to ensure justice is served at The Evans during the birthday celebration."

"You... you're still not listening to me!" Jessica exclaimed in frustration, pinning him down on the bed and proceeding with her own form of punishment. Such was her annoyance that Daniel was left wailing with each impact of her fists.

But as she carried on, Jessica realized something wasn't right—the idiot was getting aroused.

With Beauty still in the room, Jessica didn't dare to get up. Instead, she turned to Beauty and pleaded, "I'm just disciplining my man here, could you please give us some privacy?"

"Of course! Take your time; I'm not sure if you're punishing him or rewarding him. Look how pleased he seems with all that shouting!"

After a teasing comment, Beauty left the room enviously.

"Close the door, please."

As Beauty reached the door, Jessica reminded her again.

"Sure."

CLANG!

The door closed behind her, and Jessica hurriedly got off of Daniel.

"What's going on?" she asked.

Completely bewildered, Daniel looked at the blushing woman before him, seemingly happy yet pretending to be furious, and countered, "What do you mean 'what's going on'?"

"Still playing dumb?" Jessica pointed out the obvious, asking Daniel for an explanation.

"What else could it be? It's a natural response, okay? It belongs to you, after all! You were teasing it just now; wasn't it supposed to show some sign of life?"

"You're incorrigible! Put it away now!"

With that, Jessica poked it gently, and Daniel was shocked.

He obediently lay back down.

"Honey, I'm right here, at your disposal. I swear to the heavens, I promise on my honor that no matter what you do to me next, I won't resist at all."

"Get lost! Beauty is right outside!" Jessica hit him again, then reluctantly started heading for the door.

Suppose Beauty wasn't outside, perhaps Jessica might not have been able to resist any longer. After all, she was a normal woman and legally married to Daniel. And most crucially, she had truly started to like him.

With the mood set, why couldn't they just do what both would enjoy, all legal and pleasurable?

Seeing Jessica leave, Daniel was naturally dejected.

"What are you doing, honey?" he shouted after her.

"What am I doing? You little rascal, stop with your nonsense! Don't even think about it! Stay in line! If you dare disobey me, see how I'll deal with you!"

"And how will you 'deal' with me? You've punished me enough for one evening."

"Punished enough? If you upset me again, I'll make it worse. I'll suffocate you!" Jessica huffed.

She was almost suffocating herself with frustration, so naturally, she wouldn't let this idiot off easily —she wanted to smother him!

As she opened the door, Jessica paused intentionally, creating an opening for Daniel. A woman couldn't be too forward, after all.

## **Chapter 464 Grandfather Is III**



## Chapter 464 Grandfather Is III

But to Jessica's surprise, Daniel didn't react at all after a few seconds of waiting. When she turned to look at him, the idiot had fallen asleep? He was already snoring, just like a dead pig in quiet repose.

Little did Jessica know, Daniel wasn't actually asleep; he was practicing "The Seven Dragon Scriptures." Jessica's actions had ignited a fire in him that he needed to quell with "The Seven Dragon Scriptures." Otherwise, that small flame would consume him, propelling him into madness.

And of course, besides "The Seven Dragon Scriptures," there was another way to resolve it— Jessica could have handled the consequences of her own actions with more direct measures. But it seemed she wouldn't do that.

Daniel found himself in an awkward position, left to practice "The Seven Dragon Scriptures" on his own in his frustration.

Jessica emerged from the room carrying a face full of minor grievances. The ever-curious Beauty couldn't help but inquire, "That was quick, what happened with the country boy?"

Annoyed by the insinuation, Jessica pinched Beauty, eliciting a surprisingly melodious yelp.

"Ah!"

"Stop making stuff up! I was just disciplining that idiot. Don't let your imagination run wild!"

"I shouldn't let my imagination run wild? You say you were disciplining him? How exactly were you doing that? When I was in the room, you were already on top of him. Who knows what you would be capable of when I'm not there?"

"Do you want me to try it on you, you brat?"

Jessica's hands got to work playfully tormenting Beauty until she fled laughing and running.

Their boisterous laughter reached into the room where Daniel was trying hard to train, now disturbed by the ruckus outside.

The next morning, bright and early, Daniel, who had spent the night practicing "The Seven Dragon Scriptures," had just entered dreamland.

"Slap!"

A firm smack on his rear end woke him up. As he opened his sleepy eyes, he found Jessica by the bed, dressed provocatively in a fiery red dress that accentuated her curves.

"You disrupted my sleep in the middle of the night, and now you're at it again. Do you ever let me sleep?"

"Sleep? You've got no time for sleeping! Get ready; we're heading back to New York."

"Back to New York? Isn't your grandfather's 80th birthday a few days away? Why are we going back now?"

"My grandfather suddenly fell critically ill; he's in the hospital receiving emergency care. Hurry and come with me, and bring your plastic bag. Maybe you can save him."

"Are you asking me to save your grandfather?"

"I'm not asking you, you fool—I'm ordering you! You have to bring him back to life!"

"And if I manage to save your grandfather, shouldn't you give me some kind of reward?"

"What kind of reward are you expecting?"

"We've been married for so long, yet we've never done what a husband and wife are supposed to do. Despite being married, I feel like I'm not."

"Get lost! In your dreams!"

Of course, Jessica would refuse. No matter when or how Daniel posed the question, her answer was the same.

She wasn't about to give in so easily. Indeed, she wouldn't cooperate willingly. No matter what, as a woman, she had to offer some resistance before giving in halfway.

.

## **Chapter 465 The Country Boy**

### **Chapter 465 The Country Boy**

As the flight landed at New York International Airport, Jessica, Beauty, and Daniel walked out of the terminal. Parked curbside was a two-tone Rolls-Royce awaiting their arrival. A man with slicked-back hair, garbed in Armani, exited the luxury car. It was Pork Matthews, Beauty's older brother.

When Pork caught sight of Daniel, his face revealed a tinge of doubt. What were his two sisters doing, walking alongside a seemingly unremarkable country boy, carrying nothing but a plastic bag? It had to be a coincidence; they couldn't possibly be together.

"Jessica, Beauty, quick, get in the car. Grandfather is at 108 Hospital receiving emergency care. We must hurry; we might not make it in time to see him."

As Jessica opened the car door, she called to Daniel, "Idiot, get in the car!"

Jessica's gesture left Pork confused, causing him to doubt what he was seeing. Pointing at Daniel, he asked, "Jessica, who's this country bumpkin?"

Before Jessica could finish replying, Beauty jumped in with an explanation, "Assistant! This country boy is Jessica's assistant! He might look a bit rough around the edges, but he's an amazing driver. We brought him back to serve as a driver; it's more convenient to have someone for driving and running errands."

"Assistant? Driver? Well, if he's just a driver, he doesn't deserve to sit in this car. Give him the address, and he can take a cab there!" Pork declared.

Daniel pointed at Pork and asked Jessica, "And who might this gentleman be?"

"He's my cousin, Beauty's older brother," Jessica introduced him briefly.

"Oh, so you're my big brother-in-law!"

Daniel extended his hand enthusiastically, "Brother-in-law, how do you do! I'm Daniel!"

Pork rudely interrupted Daniel's self-introduction, "What did you call me? Brother-in-law? How am I your brother-in-law?"

"Well, aren't you Beauty's real brother? So of course, you're my brother-in-law."

Daniel's reasoning forced Pork to turn to Beauty with a question, "What's going on? What relationship do you have with this country boy?"

Beauty was speechless and immediately, hands on hips, she roared at Daniel, "Country boy, quit your babbling and baseless claims! How dare you call my brother that? I have absolutely nothing to do with you!"

"Beauty, how can you deny knowing me like that? You're my Beauty! You loaned me out for two days, worked me to the bone, and now you say we have nothing between us? Doesn't that seem a bit heartless?"

"How did I work you to the bone? What did I use you for?"

"You know what you used me for, and you didn't even give me a tip. That's so stingy!"

Unable to listen anymore, Jessica twisted Daniel's ear in frustration and commanded, "Shut up!"

"Yes, honey!"

Daniel's calling Jessica "honey" further stunned Pork, prompting him to ask, "He calls you 'honey,' and you're okay with it?"

"Why would I object? I'm married to him!"

.

## **Chapter 466 An Unexpected Development**

### **Chapter 466 An Unexpected Development**

Jessica's response caused Pork's jaw to drop in amazement; he also realized belatedly what was going on. No wonder this country boy had called him brother-in-law—he was Jessica's husband.

But that couldn't be right. How could this country boy possibly be Jessica's husband? Jessica was supposed to align herself with The Evans by marrying Smart. This development had to be corrected promptly; Pork couldn't allow Smart to find out that Jessica was already married, and to such a seemingly ordinary man, no less.

The more Pork thought about it, the more it didn't add up. Jessica was a proud goddess, a queenly figure—how could she stoop so low as to marry a country boy? Daniel must be some kind of decoy Jessica was using.

As someone with some scheming abilities, Pork didn't plan to lash out at Daniel directly. Instead, he said, "Since this country boy is Jessica's husband, let's all go and visit grandfather."

This wasn't an invitation out of goodwill. Avery was at the hospital, and bringing Daniel along would surely result in his dismissal.

Soon, the Rolls-Royce pulled into 108 Hospital. Under Pork's guidance, the trio arrived at the emergency room entrance, where Avery was pacing anxiously.

"Cousin, how's grandfather?" asked Pork.

"They're still trying to save him," Avery responded.

Then, Avery caught sight of Daniel and her face instantly filled with displeasure.

"Why are you here?" she snapped indignantly.

"Mom, I missed you," Daniel retorted facetiously.

"Don't call me mom! I'm not your mother!"

Avery was infuriated. It was one thing for this country boy to call her 'mom' in private, but in front of so many people?

Their conversation left everyone present stunned.

Jessica couldn't believe it and asked, "Idiot, what are you doing?"

"Yeah, mom hasn't shown me any affection yet! I just called her 'mom' and look at me, making us a proper family already."

"Shameless!"

The word "shameless" echoed in unison from the three women's lips.

Pork was the most shocked. He couldn't believe Avery had met this country boy and that Daniel even dared to call her 'mom' with such ease, as if it wasn't the first time.

"Yes! The first time we met in New York, he called me 'mom.' My own daughter, in her twenties, rarely ever calls me that, but this chap seems to do it all the time. It's so frequent that I'm starting to get confused—whether Jessica is my own child, or this rascal is."

Avery's answer, though meant for Jessica, got Pork thinking. It seemed like Avery actually enjoyed being called 'mom' by this country boy.

Determined to avoid any complications in the alliance between the two families, Pork quickly reminded her, "Cousin, remember that Jessica is supposed to marry Smart!"

## **Chapter 467 A Wrong Decision**

### **Chapter 467 A Wrong Decision**

"Who said my Jessica must marry Smart? The Evans might be the second-ranked family among The Eight, but I didn't really like what I saw with Smart," Avery declared, still disconcerted by the previous events where Daniel ended up overpowering Smart. If

Smart couldn't even handle a country boy, then he certainly wasn't fit to marry her daughter. He just wasn't worthy.

Pork was taken aback by Avery's words. He looked at her incredulously and asked, "Cousin, are you seriously considering marrying Jessica off to this country boy? Jessica is the granddaughter of The Matthews. Marrying her to a country boy would be a disgrace to the entire Matthews family! As the eldest grandson of The Matthews, I absolutely refuse to accept this!"

Avery's face turned stern at Pork's response, and she demanded, "Pork, are you trying to teach me a lesson here?"

"Of course not! I wouldn't dare. I'm just kindly reminding you, cousin. Jessica is your only precious daughter; please don't make a wrong decision."

"What do you mean by a wrong decision? It's my daughter; she'll marry whoever I want her to marry!"

Daniel caught onto the conversation and immediately interjected with enthusiasm, "Mom, so you agree to give me Jessica in marriage? You'll bless our union, won't you? And you'll even provide a generous dowry! Oh dear mom, I love you!"

"Get lost! If I married Jessica off to a dog, it wouldn't be to you, you rascal! You even think you have a chance at marrying my daughter?"

At that moment, the door to the operating room opened, and a man with gold-rimmed glasses, followed by a group of doctors, walked out. His name was Bright Kim, the youngest chief of 108 Hospital and the most prized disciple of USA's top doctor, Joshua.

As Bright emerged, Avery rushed forward anxiously, "Doctor, how is my grandfather?"

"The patient is very old and has a long-standing injury from his younger days on the battlefield, complicating his condition. This sudden illness is due to excessive consumption of his physical strength, and it's difficult to turn around. We've done our best, but there's nothing more we can do. Grandfather only has a day or two left; you should spend more time with him."

"Bright, please think of something else," urged Pork in desperation.

"Mister Zhao, I've tried all possible treatments. Given his age and poor health, surgery isn't an option—we can only resort to conservative treatment."

As they spoke, there was a commotion at the far end of the corridor. A figure in a Givenchy custom suit, unmistakably sharp and stylish, approached with several doctors in tow. This man was Down Perkins, the eldest son of New York's leading family, The Perkins.

Upon spotting Down, Avery greeted him with warm enthusiasm, "Down, what brings you here?"

"Avery, I heard about your grandfather's illness and immediately arranged for Professor John to be flown in from overseas."

## **Chapter 468 Professor John**

### **Chapter 468 Professor John**

"Professor John?" Avery inquired because she wasn't familiar with the name.

"Professor John is not only the dean of Harvard Medical School but also a world-class, Nobel Prize-winning physician. He has treated the President. If Professor John can't cure someone, then no one can." Down praised the professor effusively.

Daniel couldn't help but snort derisively and interjected, "The most powerful medicine in the world is not in his practice, but within our own USA's shamanic healing. Modern medicine is just scratching the surface. It's akin to butchery—cutting here, slicing there. Wherever there's a problem, they use their surgical blades to cut it out. Though those methods may treat illness, they don't get to the root of the problem. Our USA shamanic culture pursues divine intervention. Our shamanic ways are a continuation of USA's cultural heritage. Instead of just cutting and excising, we aim to eliminate the root cause of the illness."

Daniel's critique prompted Down to respond with a contemptuous laugh before sizing up the seemingly rustic Daniel. To Down, Daniel appeared unimpressive and unfamiliar—a clear outsider from a village.

Accordingly, Down turned to Avery and asked, "Avery, who is this country-looking fellow?"

"Just a country boy spouting nonsense. Pay no attention to him," Avery dismissed.

Down was Avery's choice for a son-in-law—the future head of New York's top family, The Perkins, was a suitable match for her.

Daniel, however, took exception to this and quickly retorted, "Mom, your lack of conscience is showing. I just called you 'mom,' and now you're disowning me? The prettier the woman, the more fickle, they say!"

Down was perplexed by Daniel's words and sought clarification, "Avery, is he your illegitimate son?"

"Down! How can you speak like that? How could I possibly have an illegitimate son? This country boy came from the mountains. I helped him with his education out of goodwill, and he recognized me as his godmother. But I never acknowledged him as my godson. That's why he calls me 'mom.' Just ignore him as if he were air."

As Daniel started to speak again, Avery shot him a fierce glare and roared, "Shut up!"

Even the fierce Jessica was wary, so of course, Daniel was also frightened of Avery, the formidable tiger mother.

He quickly clammed up and stayed quiet.

As the group entered the emergency room, they saw Kind lying in bed, surrounded by tubes, hovering on the edge of consciousness. The medical equipment monitoring his vital signs indicated his condition was dangerous though not yet devoid of hope.

After a brief glance at the data, Professor John spoke, "The patient's condition is grave. I need his medical records and all diagnostic reports immediately."

Bright promptly handed over the required documents, and Professor John perused them seriously.

## **Chapter 469 Rich**

### **Chapter 469 Rich**

After reviewing the medical records, Professor John made his decision. He addressed Bright, "This hospital's medicine certainly won't save the patient."

Avery, somewhat flustered, urged the professor, "Professor John, please think of something!"

"Don't worry, Avery. Since I'm here, I will definitely help save your father-in-law. He needs the new medicine we've recently developed at Harvard University. That medicine is the only solution that can save him."

"Well, if we have the medicine, then use it quickly, Professor!" Avery implored, desperately hoping for a solution.

"Avery, that medicine is extremely precious; it's taken my team twenty years to develop. As such, it's quite expensive. It costs one hundred billion dollars to inject your father-in-law with just one dose. Three doses should make him healthy and bring him back from his deathbed."



Professor John had come from far away with the intention of making a profit. The biggest difference between modern medicine and shamanic healing is that modern medicine is about making money; it's driven by profit. Shamanic healing from the USA, on the other hand, aims to save lives and heal the sick with a focus on divine blessing.

When Daniel heard the professor's price, he was flabbergasted. One hundred billion per shot, three hundred billion for three shots? This professor clearly came to fleece them rather than to heal.

Unable to stay silent any longer, Daniel hastily urged Avery, "Mom, I can treat grandfather's illness, and it's not going to cost three hundred billion. If you can't figure out how to spend that money, you can give it to me as a wedding fund. After all, I've called you 'mom' so many times now."

"Go away! Don't interfere here! If you keep spouting nonsense, I'll kick you out!" Avery scolded Daniel, clearly agitated.

After being reprimanded by Avery once more, Daniel knew it was best to remain silent.

"Professor John, please administer the medicine right away, and as for the price of a hundred billion per shot—it's not an issue. If you can really save him, The Matthews will give you five hundred billion," Avery announced, showing just how 'rich' she was. For The Matthews, the third-wealthiest family in New York, five hundred billion was almost like a mere five hundred dollars to a common household.

"Avery, my medication requires payment upfront before administration. So, you'll need to pay the first hundred billion for us to inject the first shot. Once it takes effect, you can then transfer the remaining four hundred billion," insisted Professor John.

Avery found this demand infuriating. How could a doctor be so unreasonable?

Professor John clarified, "You misunderstand, Avery. This isn't about debt; it's simply my policy. If you want my treatment, you have to pay first. If you're not willing to proceed, I'll leave right now."

Witnessing this, Down quickly stepped in to mediate, "Avery, I went to great lengths to bring Professor John all the way from abroad. Saving the old man is the top priority—let's address the payment."

Despite her strong resentment, Avery managed to suppress her anger and transferred the first hundred billion to Professor John's account.

## Chapter 470 Alive

### Chapter 470 Alive

"Professor John, the one hundred billion has been transferred. Are we ready to begin?" asked Avery with an impatient tone.

"Yes," Professor John nodded and stated, "I can now commence." He then looked to his attractive assistant and instructed, "Bring out our university's latest medicinal breakthrough for the patient's treatment."

"Certainly, Professor John!"

His assistant opened a refrigeration unit and retrieved a vial containing the medicine, encased in glass and labeled in a foreign language.

Daniel, fluent in foreign languages, even from a distance and despite the small print, could clearly make out the text on the vial due to his excellent vision. He immediately recognized the components inside the vial and had to admit—it was indeed a high-quality medicine that only top scientists could have developed.

But, this medicine was utterly unsuitable for Kind and would have no effect on him. Motivated by a desire to heal and help, Daniel kindly warned Avery.

"Professor John, your newly developed medicine indeed has distinct qualities. However, it is not suitable for the patient. Injecting him with this particular drug will immediately result in his death."

At Daniel's warning, Professor John became furious and rebuked, "Nonsense! If I administer this medicine to the patient, he will be revived on the spot."

Seeing the commotion, Pork quickly tried to diffuse the situation, "Professor John, don't take offense at the words of a country boy, he's nothing but a driver hired by my cousin. Besides driving, his only skill is odd jobs. You are a renowned physician—don't let the words of this man bother you."

After trying to soothe the visiting doctor, Pork turned to Daniel and scolded sharply, "Country boy, if you continue to spout nonsense, I'll toss you out instantly!"

"Nonsense? Am I the kind to talk nonsense? I'm just saying the truth! When Professor John administers the shot and kills our grandfather, you'll be to blame. You're complicit even if Professor John is the one who does it," Daniel retorted earnestly, turning to Avery with a serious reminder, "Mom, you are also an accomplice! If grandfather dies because of this, you bear responsibility too!"

"Shut up! Keep talking nonsense, and I'll hit you!" Avery raised her hand threateningly, her posture and tone remarkably similar to Jessica's – evidently, the apple didn't fall far from the tree.

Since this was a hundred-billion-dollar drug, it was not something for the assistant to handle. Professor John himself prepared the syringe and said to her, "Get all the preparations in place; I'm going to begin the injection."

"Right away, Professor John!"

The assistant and a team of workers bustled about, attaching various instruments to Kind. From the actions of these foreign doctors, it appeared they were indeed highly professional. Even Bright, the most esteemed doctor at 108 Hospital, had to nod in approval, recognizing that despite the excellent qualifications of his hospital staff, they did not match the skill level of the foreign medical team.

## **Chapter 471 The Person in Charge**

### **Chapter 471 The Person in Charge**

Although Bright's hospital staff could perform the same tasks, their attention to detail was far behind that of the foreign doctors working now. The precision, meticulous care, and accuracy displayed by these professionals were nothing short of flawless. Despite their exemplary performance, however, Daniel viewed their emphasis on protocol as mere formalism that served little purpose in actually healing patients. After all, genuine healing requires targeted remedies, not an overreliance on pomp and procedure.

Modern medicine, from Daniel's perspective, is all about using a series of devices to possibly determine a diagnosis, which can result in exorbitant costs even before a condition is effectively treated. Unlike shamanic medicine, which relies on intuitive and direct methods for illness detection, modern treatments often lead to interminable tests without guaranteed results. It seems the underlying motive is to bill for the machinery used rather than focusing on the patient's recovery. This usage of equipment appears similar to less athletic children who rely on expensive sporting gear to compensate for lack of natural ability.

Professor John prepared the syringe to inject Kind with the precious medicine. Since Daniel knew further intervention was futile, he simply stood by with his hands in his pockets, quietly observing.

Avery, already gravely concerned, saw Daniel's seemingly careless posture and was further agitated—like a mother distressed by her son's disrespect during a solemn occasion.

"What are you doing, you country boy?" Avery scolded.

"I'm not doing anything. Since you won't let me speak, I have to stand quietly here, pretending I don't exist," Daniel replied.

"Don't just call me 'mom'! Act more respectfully!"

"Correcting me for no reason, mom, you must be scared, right? You're afraid my prediction will come true, that the moment Professor John gives the injection, grandpa will die. Then you'll lose your father."

"Talking nonsense! Let's hope Professor John's injection brings grandpa back to life!"

Avery found herself inadvertently veering off-course by Daniel's words.

"What's the use of words if they can save lives? Do we need doctors then if just words can heal severe illnesses?"

"Stop arguing with me. If grandpa isn't saved later, I'll deal with you," Avery threatened.

"Mom, we need to talk reasonably, right? Even if you're a beautiful woman like yourself, we should still be logical."

"And what 'logic' do you want to talk about?"

"Like I said, I can save grandpa, so don't waste that five hundred billion. But you trusted Professor John over me! If he fails to revive grandpa, it should be his responsibility, not mine. Mom, isn't it entirely unreasonable to blame me? Even if you're my mom, you can't do that!"

.

## **Chapter 472 Shut Up**

### **Chapter 472 Shut Up**

"Shut up!" Avery chastised Daniel once more, then turned her attention back to Kind's bed, deciding to ignore what she regarded as Daniel's inane chatter. After all, having a playful and mischievous 'son' like Daniel was proving to be quite entertaining.

By this point, Professor John had already injected the entirety of the medication into Kind's bloodstream and removed the needle. Avery watched anxiously and asked, "Professor John, how is he now?"

"Rest assured, Avery," the professor assured her confidently. "The new medicine I developed is nothing short of miraculous. In less than a minute, you will see the patient wake up and open his eyes."

As soon as Professor John finished speaking, numbers on the display screens started to change. The steadily rising figures indicated that Kind's condition was beginning to improve.

Down was ecstatic, seeing the numbers as a validation of his efforts to impress Avery. He had brought Professor John here to prove his worth, ensuring a chance for Avery to consider him as a worthy suitor for her daughter. Three years ago, a single glance at Jessica had left Down utterly smitten; since that day, she haunted even his dreams.

"Avery, look at the screens. He's being saved. Professor John truly deserves his title as the finest healer on the planet!" Down declared triumphantly.

"Down, you really are despicable," Daniel spat out with disdain. "Crowning him the world's greatest doctor? His first attempt is about to kill the patient. How could that qualify him as the finest doctor out there?"

"You country boy, stop talking nonsense," Down retorted. "What do you mean he's going to kill the patient? Open your eyes and look at the screens. Can't you see all the numbers are improving?"

Down pointed at the screens with a confident smile, while Pork chimed in with a disdainful glance at Daniel.

"You country bumpkin, keep quiet and stop behaving like an idiot," he admonished.

"Being an idiot? What do you mean?" Daniel inquired.

"My cousin is a rare beauty, the jewel of The Matthews family. Not only does The Evans's young master seek her hand; so does the head of New York's finest family, The Perkins. So, it'd be best if you understand your place. Otherwise, be careful not to play with fire and get burned to ash."

"And here I realize, my dear brother-in-law, you're threatening me. You're asking me to back down? Jessica is my wife, and I will never step aside," Daniel responded resolutely.

Upon hearing Daniel's assertive words, Pork became agitated and countered, "You country boy, don't make absurd claims! How could Jessica possibly be your wife? With your peasant look, and no qualifications to speak of, what right do you have to marry someone like Jessica? Could you summon a world-famous doctor like Professor John? I doubt you could even secure his contact details!"

Daniel retorted with a cold laugh to Pork's accusations.

"The world's number one doctor? By jabbing someone and sending them straight to their demise? Does that make him deserving of the title?"

"You're talking rubbish! Grandfather has clearly come back to life, not been killed," Pork shot back, refuting Daniel's accusations.

.

## **Chapter 473 Kind Died**

### **Chapter 473 Kind Died**

As Pork finished speaking, a cacophony of alarms echoed throughout the room; the monitors connected to Kind began blaring their loud warning tones. The figures on the screens that had just started to rise plummeted back to zero. Everyone present was shocked.

"What... what happened? He was alive just a moment ago!" A look of panic crossed Down's face. Having invited Professor John, he felt a measure of responsibility if Kind's condition worsened on his watch.

Professor John stood, dumbfounded, staring at the digital readout. His large blue eyes flitted back and forth between the screens and Kind in disbelief. "No, this can't be! We had just revived him; how could he suddenly die? Those numbers were rising just a second ago. Why did they all drop to zero?"

"Professor John, save him, please!" Avery urged frantically.

"Quickly! Revive the patient, give him a shock!" The professor was clearly in a state of panic.

Defibrillation is modern medicine's last-ditch effort to resuscitate a patient, using electric shocks to jolt the heart back into beating. Whether this method can revive a patient is mostly a matter of luck. Moreover, even if it does work, the electrical assault can significantly impact the patient's physical condition.

Unable to restrain himself further, Daniel chimed in, "Defibrillation won't bring him back. The patient's body is already too weak; more shocks will only overtax it. This next shock might even trigger a complete physical collapse."

"Country boy, keep quiet! Stop spouting your nonsense," Pork roared at Daniel.

"Brother-in-law, I'm not talking nonsense; I'm telling the truth," Daniel insisted, wanting to explain further. However, Avery shot him a warning look.

"Shut up!" she thundered.

While Daniel would typically disregard Pork's words, Avery's command carried sufficient weight to compel his silence. Even if his mother-in-law wasn't his biological mother, her maternal authority instilled fear within him. Every bit as fearful of her as anyone could be, Daniel complied when she raised her voice.

Content with silencing Daniel, Avery's mood remained grim. The state of her father was precarious, to say the least, and the prospect of his passing weighed heavily on her heart. In recent years, her father's health had been in constant decline, and though he had managed to hold on, Avery had hoped he would at least make it to his eightieth birthday, just days away.

Meanwhile, at Kind's bedside, Professor John had administered several electric shocks. There was a brief spike on the monitors after the first couple of shocks, but the numbers soon flatlined again. After multiple attempts, even with increased voltage and frequency, there was no effect. The screen steadied into a continuous line.

Kind was dead.

.

## **Chapter 474 Not Dead Yet**

### **Chapter 474 Not Dead Yet**

Professor John couldn't believe the outcome. His painstakingly developed drug, which had earned him the Nobel Prize, had failed to be effective and instead, appeared to have resulted in the patient's death. There was no way the professor could admit any fault with the medication; he had been awarded the most prestigious acknowledgment for it. Acknowledging an error would not only damage his own reputation but would also mar the credibility of the Nobel committee members.

He had to pin Kind's demise on the patient's own health condition. After organizing his thoughts, Professor John spoke up, "Avery, I'm sorry! I did everything I could! While my newly developed drug is indeed effective, your father-in-law was simply beyond saving. At his age and with his health, not even God could have saved him."

Professor John and his team bowed three times toward Kind in a display of respect for the departed. Daniel, who found the entire scene unbearable, stood up and called out, "He's not even dead, why are you bowing?"

Daniel's assertion stunned everyone present, like a bolt of lightning from a clear blue sky. Professor John froze for a moment before he glanced at the screens displaying various readings. To confirm Kind's state, he even lifted Kind's eyelids to check his pupils. Finally, Professor John verified Kind's death: "The patient is dead. There is no heartbeat or respiration. How can he not be dead?"

"When heartbeat and respiration cease, does that mean death? Death is not determined by the body but by the soul. As long as the soul has not yet departed, even if the body appears dead, it's only 'apparent death.'"

Hearing Daniel mention the soul, Down let out a derisive laugh. "Hahaha! Country boy, do you think this is your village? Talking about the soul and religious beliefs? That stuff might fool the gullible in your village. Do you think the descendants of New York's top families are simpletons like you? Do you think they are as naïve as country bumpkins?"

"Religion has been passed down by priests, and only the ignorant would question it," Daniel replied, undeterred by the ridicule.

Even if everyone else doubted him, Jessica would choose to believe in Daniel. She had witnessed his medical skills firsthand and knew his nature well. While Daniel often seemed unreliable, when it came to healing the sick, he never joked around.

Therefore, Jessica looked at Daniel intently and seriously asked, "Is grandfather really not dead?"

"Of course he's not dead! But I'm the only one who can save him."

"Well, what are you waiting for? Go ahead and save him! And if you can't, you'll have me to answer to!"

"Honey, don't worry, your grandpa is my grandpa too. Not only can I bring him back, but I can also make him healthy again."

## **Chapter 475 Needle Of Seven Dragon**

### **Chapter 475 Needle Of Seven Dragon**

Daniel's words were not an exaggerated claim; he truly possessed the ability to revive the ill. "Stop talking and start saving him!" Jessica urged the self-proclaimed proficient healer.

Daniel opened his plastic bag and began rummaging through it under the gaze of everyone present. Professor John watched with furrowed brows, shaking his head before inquiring, "What exactly are you planning to do?"



"You managed to kill the patient, didn't you? I'm getting ready to bring him back," Daniel replied nonchalantly.

"Bring back the dead? Stop boasting! When someone dies, they are dead. Look at these screens; every reading is zero. Look at the patient's pupils — they show clear signs of death. You can even feel his hand; it's already ice-cold. Once a person dies, blood circulation stops, and the body quickly turns cold. This is basic medical knowledge. Don't talk nonsense and disrespect the dead!"

"Professor John, your 'basic medical knowledge' is that of modern medicine, not our shamanic medicine. The common sense of modern medicine is not always correct. From a modern medical perspective, the patient might be dead, but from a shamanic perspective, he is still alive and can be saved."

"And how do you propose to save him?"

As Professor John asked, Daniel had already retrieved his needle from the plastic bag. Inside, there were Seven Dragon Needles — a total of seven.

Daniel twirled the needles in his hand and declared, "With this."

"This?" Professor John looked on, filled with confusion, "And what is that supposed to be?"

"Needle Of Seven Dragon!" Daniel announced, showing the Seven Dragon Needles.

These seven gold needles looked dingy, even rusty. Although gold shouldn't rust, the gold used to create these needles went through a special process not typical to standard gold. The black and rust-like spots were not actually rust but rather dragon scales.

The Seven Dragon Needles were alive; they were seven fledgling dragons that required nurturing and nourishing. They looked dark and dirty because they had yet to mature into dragons. Once they did, they would turn bright gold and dazzlingly radiant.

Observing these seemingly filthy needles, Professor John's frown deepened. Pointing at the Seven Dragon Needles, he asked Daniel, "And what do you plan to do with those things?"

"Acupuncture, of course! In the patient's current state, only my Seven Dragon Needles can revive him through acupuncture."

"Acupuncture? You mean to say you want to stick those dirty needles into Kind's body?"

"If it's acupuncture, then obviously, the needles have to go into his body!"

Hearing this, Pork quickly stepped forward to intervene, "Country boy, what are you doing? Stop messing around! Sticking those dirty needles into my grandfather's body is disrespectful!"

"Disrespectful? How am I being disrespectful? Get it right, brother-in-law, your grandfather is my grandfather. Why would I disrespect my own grandfather? What good would that do me? I'm trying to save him because I'm the only one who can!"

Daniel's assurance that he could indeed bring the elderly man back from the brink of death left everyone in a state of suspended belief. Would his unconventional method truly breathe life back into the fading patriarch?

.

## **Chapter 476 "Joshua is My Student"**

### **Chapter 476 "Joshua is My Student"**

Pork scoffed with disdain. "You, a country bumpkin, dare to call me Grandpa? And you think you can save him? Claiming only you can bring him back to life? You might not have any real skills, country boy, but you sure know how to blow your own horn!"

Daniel paid no mind to Pork's mockery and got ready to use the "Seven Dragon Needle" on Kind's wrist.

But before the needle could reach its target, Pork grabbed Daniel's wrist.

"What do you think you're doing, country boy?" Pork snapped.

"Uncle, have you forgotten what I just said? I told you, I'm going to save Grandpa's life!"

"You think you can fool us with your nonsense, bringing magic tricks here? And you believe you can revive Grandpa? I bet you've got some ulterior motive. What do you think you're doing, poking around on his body with those needles? Are you up to something bad? Are you planning a sacrifice?"

The accusation was wild and far-fetched, but Pork was sure Daniel was up to no good.

"A sacrifice? You think I'm planning to sacrifice Grandpa? Even if I were into sacrificing people, I'd pick someone young. But Grandpa? He's a war hero, a man of great honor and spirit. Not exactly prime material for a sacrifice."

"Aha! Got you, didn't I? You're clearly up to no good, trying to offer Grandpa to the demons!"

Daniel just rolled his eyes in frustration, staying quiet, which made Pork all the more triumphant.

"Look Avery, the country boy's gone silent – must've hit the nail on the head! How dare he bring such evils to The Matthews' doorstep? If I don't show him his place and teach him a lesson, he

might think we're pushovers!"

Avery turned to Daniel with a fierce look. "What's your actual plan, country boy? Are you seriously trying to sacrifice Dad with that tiny needle?"

"Mom, do you really think I would do that? Didn't I explain before? I'm going to save Grandpa with acupuncture!"

"Do you actually know medicine?" Avery asked, still skeptical.

"Of course, I do!" Daniel replied, then added confidently, "That famous doctor Joshua from the US even wants to be my apprentice! He's called me 'master' before, but I haven't formally agreed to take him on as my student yet."

To prove his medical skills, Daniel had no choice but to bring up Joshua.

Down burst out laughing. "You're saying what now? Joshua called you 'master'? Aren't you exaggerating a bit too much? You do know Bright is Joshua's student, right? If you were Joshua's master, wouldn't Bright have to call you Grandmaster? But you've been here all this time, and I haven't heard Bright call you that. In fact, Bright doesn't even seem to recognize you!"

Down's words seemed logical, making everyone in the room believe his version.

Immediately Avery glared fiercely at Daniel and reprimanded, "Country boy, if you're going to boast, at least make it believable, okay?"

## **Chapter 477 "I Wasn't Boasting"**

### **Chapter 477 "I Wasn't Boasting"**

"Mom, I wasn't boasting!" Daniel insisted.

"You weren't boasting? Do you have any idea who Joshua is? He's the head of The Grants, one of New York's elite Eight Families. It's not like he would even know you, much less call you 'master'!" Avery couldn't fathom the possibility of Joshua knowing someone like Daniel, and she didn't hesitate to express her skepticism.

"Joshua is my student, if you don't believe me, ask Jessica!" Daniel turned towards Jessica and said, "Honey, tell her, will you?"

Jessica rolled her eyes and addressed Avery. "Mom, Joshua really does know Daniel. He's even been quite polite and asked him some questions about traditional medicine. Sure, Daniel might be overstating it by calling Joshua his student, but his medical skills are definitely impressive. Let's not delay any longer, let's just let the fool try and save Grandpa."

Upon hearing Jessica's words, Pork let out a cold laugh. "Haha," he scoffed, then turned to Jessica with a scornful tone. "What are you suggesting, Jessica? You want to leave the life of our patient in the hands of a country boy?"

"Pork, Grandpa has already been declared dead by Professor John. Even if it seems hopeless, shouldn't we let Daniel give it a try?"

"How can you speak like that, Jessica? What do you mean by 'hopeless'?" Pork was getting agitated.

"Pork, stop stirring up trouble! Grandpa no longer shows any signs of life. We have to let Daniel treat him right away, or it really might be too late."

"The likes of a country boy have no business treating my Grandpa! If we're looking for treatment, we should call Joshua. Didn't this country boy just claim Joshua is his student? If that's true, then one phone call should be enough to bring Joshua here, right?"

Pork was posing a tough challenge for Daniel; Joshua wasn't so easy to summon. Even Pork himself couldn't call on Joshua at a moment's notice.

"Fine, I'll call Joshua right now," Daniel said, pulling out his phone and dialing Joshua's number.

"Hello! Master! What's going on?" came the voice from the other end.

"I'm at 108 Hospital. I need you to come over immediately."

"Got it, Master! Hang tight; I'll be there in no more than ten minutes!"

...

After ending the call, and because Daniel didn't use the speakerphone, nobody else heard what Joshua said.

Thinking Daniel was only pretending to talk to Joshua, Pork laughed mockingly and asked, "Country boy, was that call really to Joshua?"

"Of course!"

"You told him you're at the 108 Hospital and he agreed to come?"

"Absolutely!"

"And how soon will he be here?"

"I don't know where he is, but he said he would arrive immediately, in no more than ten minutes!"

Pork chuckled derisively. "Country boy, even if you aim to boast, you should have given yourself more time, don't you think? You're saying Joshua will arrive within ten minutes. What will you say if he doesn't show up after that time?"

Daniel knew Pork was intent on setting him up, but Daniel wasn't concerned. In fact, he was curious to see what Pork was plotting. So, he cheerfully responded, "Uncle, what would you like me to say?"

## **Chapter 478 "Betting Again"**

### **Chapter 478 "Betting Again"**

"I won't take advantage of you! If Joshua doesn't arrive within ten minutes, then you'll have to get down on all fours like a dog and bark three times," Pork challenged Daniel, simply aiming to humiliate him a bit.

"Uncle, are you proposing a bet?" asked Daniel with a chuckle.

"A bet?" Pork looked at Daniel with a dismissive sneer and mocked, "Someone like you thinks you can bet with me?"

"Well, if you're not brave enough to make a bet with me, why should I act like a dog and bark?" Daniel taunted. He was trying to goad Pork into setting his own trap.

After considering for a moment, convinced that Daniel could never get Joshua to come, Pork decided to take the bait in order to shame Daniel even more. "Fine! I'll take that bet!"

"Uncle, there are so many witnesses here! If you lose the bet later, you know you can't back out." Daniel warned.

"Back out? Do I, Pork, seem like someone who backs down from a bet? But let's see if you, country boy, don't try to wimp out when you lose!" Pork said, then quickly shifted the conversation. "Since you want to bet, let's raise the stake."

Pork was already hatching a new plan in his mind, aiming to add insult to Daniel's injury.

"Raise the stake?" Daniel, hands in his pockets, asked nonchalantly, "Uncle, what exactly do you have in mind?"

"Two minutes have already passed; there are eight left. If Joshua doesn't come, or if he comes but doesn't call you 'master', you lose. Then, you'll not only have to bark like a dog but also wiggle your

butt like a little puppy wagging its tail. Moreover, while you're wiggling, you'll have to lick my shoe soles clean, just like a dog!" Pork declared.

Stunned by Pork's proposal, Daniel blurted out, "Whoa, Uncle, are you sure you want to go that far? Aren't you afraid you can't handle it?"

"What's the matter, country boy? Chicken? If you're scared, just crawl on the ground, bark three times, admit your lie, and confess that you were boasting," Pork taunted. He wouldn't let Daniel off the hook; he had to humiliate him, even if Daniel refused the bet.

"I could never be a chicken. Alright, Uncle, if you want to play big, let's play. Just remember, it's you who will have trouble handling it, not me! I'm warning you upfront, if within ten minutes, Joshua arrives and calls me 'master', you lose. Then, you'll have to crawl on the ground and bark, wiggle your butt and wag your tail. And you, Uncle, will also have to lick my shoes clean—I want them spotless!"

While speaking, Daniel showed off the soles of his shoes, which hadn't been cleaned in two months and were filled with mud.

"Fine!" Pork replied, confident of his victory since he believed it was impossible for him to lose. Without a second thought, he agreed to the bet.

Seeing the two men making their bet, Jessica grew anxious. She knew Pork was scheming against Daniel and was worried that Daniel might lose.

## **Chapter 479 Humiliation**

### **Chapter 479 Humiliation**

Jessica knew that Joshua was acquainted with Daniel, but she didn't believe that he would actually consider the fool his teacher. Besides, six minutes had already passed. With only four minutes left, could Joshua really make it in time? Worried, she quickly stood up to intervene, "No betting! How childish can you get? What are you even wagering on? Our priority should be saving Grandpa's life."

"Honey, I want to save Grandpa too! But Uncle Pork won't let me; he insists on making this bet. If he wants to bet, then I'll bet with him. Otherwise, I'll look like a coward who can't play along. Besides, you never clean my shoes anyway, so why not let Uncle Pork and his nimble tongue do it? If he wants to play the dog, we shouldn't disappoint him. We should let him enjoy the freedom of being a dog, right?" Daniel responded, a touch of mischief in his voice.

Avery chuckled coldly at Daniel's answer. After her laugh, she turned to Jessica and said, "If this country boy is so eager to make a fool of himself, let him."

"Mom, why are you like this?" Jessica asked, visibly upset.

"What did I do?" Avery retorted.

"It's a shame, especially since Daniel even calls you 'Mom.' He really shouldn't have bothered."

"Who cares about him calling me 'Mom'? It's his own boasting that got us here. He wanted to bet. Whose fault is that? As a man, even a country boy should act like one and be responsible for his actions!"

Just then, a hurried set of footsteps approached. A small, elderly man rushed into the emergency room. Who else could it be but Joshua?

Bright saw him and hastened to greet him. "Master, why are you here?"

Joshua didn't pay attention to Bright but went straight to Daniel, gripping his hand warmly. "Daniel, I've missed you!" Not satisfied with just a handshake, Joshua also gave Daniel a hearty hug.

Everyone in the room, except for Jessica, was astonished. Joshua really knew this country guy? He even called him Daniel?

After exchanging a few brief and friendly words with Joshua, Daniel turned to Pork with a beaming smile and said, "Uncle, you lost the bet! So, please be a good sport and honor it."

"I lost? Hah! How exactly did I lose?" Pork was not ready to concede.

He was a scion of The Matthews—how could he lose to a country boy? It would be so embarrassing to lose to such a person.

"We bet that he would show up here within ten minutes, and now he's here. That's why you lost."

"True, one condition of our bet was that Joshua would arrive within ten minutes. But remember the additional condition? You claimed that you were Joshua's teacher and that he'd call you 'Master.' However, when Joshua came in, he did not call you 'Master.' Everyone heard it clearly; he called you 'Daniel!'"

Pork might believe that Joshua simply knew this country boy and perhaps even had a slight friendship with him. After all, Joshua was always friendly and approachable. It wouldn't be too surprising that he would be friends with this country boy. Moreover, another possibility was that Daniel could become friends with Joshua because of Jessica.

## **Chapter 480 The Untouchable Person**

### **Chapter 480 The Untouchable Person**

You have to understand that Joshua's Healthy Land is conducting its business in New York in partnership with TMO. With that in mind, Pork was convinced that Joshua knew Daniel because of Jessica! So, in Pork's eyes, the country boy remained nothing more than that—an unworthy, filthy country boy boastful because of a woman's connections.

Joshua, being the smart old man that he was, immediately understood what Pork had been talking about. It turned out the whole debate was about a bet with Pork. He quickly turned to Daniel and exclaimed, "Master, now can I finally openly call you 'Master'?"

Joshua's words shocked everyone present like a bolt of lightning from a clear sky. Avery was the first to snap out of it, and she looked at Joshua in disbelief, asking, "Joshua, what did you just call this country boy?"

"He's not a country boy; he is my Master! The medical skills of my Master can only be described as divine. I've never respected anyone as much as I respect him in my entire life!"

Joshua's declaration dumbfounded Avery. She stared wide-eyed, unable to believe it.

Beside her, Pork was completely taken aback. Even though Joshua had already addressed Daniel as 'Master,' he refused to believe it. He suspected this was just an act, that Daniel had hired an actor to play Joshua.



So, Pork let out a cold sneer, and his confidence quickly returned. "Joshua, I know your Healthy Land has expanded operations into New York and has a partnership with TMO. So it's true, you do know this country fellow. But even if you know him, you shouldn't be playing along with his act, right?"

I understand that The Grants might rank at the end among New York's The Eight Families, just barely making it into the group. But calling a country boy 'Master,' aren't you belittling yourself?

Aren't you tarnishing the reputation of The Grants?

With the way you just acted, how could you face The Grants' ancestors in heaven? If word gets out you took a country boy as 'Master,' aren't you afraid of The Grants becoming a laughing stock?"

Pork's mockery visibly darkened Joshua's mood. However, instead of lashing out at Pork, Joshua turned to Avery. "Is this the way The Matthews raises their younger generation?"

Avery, a woman who knew propriety, also knew that The Grants, as part of The Eight Families, were not merely for show; they had real power. Even being at the bottom of that elite list, The Grants were not a family that anyone could afford to slight without consequence.

"Pork, apologize to Joshua right this moment! What are you saying?"

Though Pork was reluctant inside, he dared not disobey Avery's command. Angry as she might be, she could genuinely lash out at him. A wise man does not fight when he's at a disadvantage; under Avery's stern gaze, Pork hastened to bow to Joshua.

"I'm sorry, Joshua!"

"Forget it! I can't be bothered to argue with a younger person," Joshua dismissed, then turned to Daniel and asked, "Master, what did you call me here for?"

Daniel pointed to Kind on the hospital bed and asked, "Do you think you can treat this patient's condition?"

.

## **Chapter 481 Acupuncture**

### **Chapter 481 Acupuncture**

After contemplating for a moment, Joshua realized what was happening. "Master, are you testing me?" he asked.

"Test you? Just see if you can treat him already!" Daniel replied.

"Give me a moment, let me examine him first," Joshua said, as he grabbed Kind's wrist to check his pulse. This examination took a full five minutes.

Once he was done, Joshua turned to Daniel and explained, "Master, I've figured it out. According to modern medicine, he could be declared deceased. But in the realm of traditional healing, there's still a sliver of hope. However, it's one in a million."

"Then get to work and treat the patient!"

"Master, that's a tall order! When I say there's a one in a million chance, it means that only you would have the possibility of bringing Mr. Zhao back. My medical knowledge isn't enough to even know where to begin."

"Since I've officially taken you as my student today, I can't let you call me 'Master' for nothing. I'll teach you a set of needle techniques called The Seven Dragon Divine Needles. If perfected, it can bring the dead back to life."

No sooner had Daniel finished speaking than Pork let out a scoff. "Ha! There you go, boasting again! The Seven Dragon Divine Needles? Resurrecting the dead? You're really pushing the limits of tall tales."

Daniel ignored Pork's mockery and picked up the first of the Seven Dragon Needles, aiming for an acupoint on Kind.

"This first needle will awaken the senses of a patient in a state of suspended animation. He will kick his legs vigorously, much like a frog leaping out of water."

Daniel's explanation immediately set Pork off into a tirade. "You're the frog, country boy! You're disrespecting my Grandpa!"

Jessica, also irritated, gave Daniel a sharp twist on the waist without saying a word. After her firm pinch, she scolded, "Idiot, if you don't know how to speak properly, keep your mouth shut!"

"What do you mean, 'not speaking properly'? I'm not making this up! The needle technique I learned is explained just like that. Straightforward and easy to understand – it's like a frog kicking!"

With that, Daniel assured, "If you don't believe me, just watch. Once I insert this needle, I guarantee the patient will kick!"

Without further ado, Daniel inserted the needle. To an outsider, the technique seemed unremarkable, but to Joshua, an expert, it was astonishing. Although he understood the technique, he absolutely could not perform it with such refined skill. Such mastery of the first needle would normally take decades to perfect, yet his Master was only in his twenties. With such young age, to possess such skill?

The more Joshua observed, the more humbled he felt, as if he had lived his life in vain.

After Daniel had inserted the needle, Kind's legs did not move. Pork seized the opportunity to sneer once more.

"Heh," he chortled before pointing at Kind and taunting Daniel, "Country boy, you've only inserted the first needle and already it's a bust, right? Has the patient moved?"

## **Chapter 482 Avery**

### **Chapter 482 Avery**

No sooner had Pork's words left his mouth than Kind's legs suddenly jerked like a frog's, vigorously kicking once. His body even leaped a bit. Had it not been for Daniel's anticipation and quick hold on him, Kind's kick would likely have sent him flying off the bed.

"Uncle, how about that? Frog's kick, huh?" Daniel said cheerfully.

Irritated, Jessica reached out and twisted Daniel's waist forcefully.

"Ah!" Daniel let out a cry of pain and then took a sharp breath.

"Honey, why'd you twist me?" he asked.

"For your frog's kick! Go ahead and give me one!" she demanded, giving him a stern look and threatening, "Idiot, if you spout nonsense again, I'll twist you to death!"

"I'm not talking nonsense. The first needle is really called 'frog's kick.' The second one I'm about to use is called 'dead fish eyes roll.' If you don't let me proceed, then I'll just have to stop and not save Grandpa. We'll just leave him here to... pass."

Daniel's words had an underlying message that the perceptive Professor John immediately caught on to. He jumped into the conversation mockingly.

"You country bumpkin, you're just a little scam artist, aren't you?" scoffed the professor. "That needle you stuck in earlier, this 'frog's kick,' was just stimulating the patient's

nerves; you haven't actually revived him. If you did bring him back to life, requiring vital signs to reappear, why are all these monitor readings still showing zeros?"

Professor John's statement was a wake-up call, snapping all those present back to their senses. Pork, who had been confused, now suddenly understood.

Professor John had declared the old man dead, and the machines were corroborating his judgment. This country boy claimed the old man wasn't gone yet, that he could actually save him? Pork surely didn't believe Daniel's words, convinced that this country boy must be lying, putting on some trick.

To reverse the embarrassment of his earlier defeat, Pork allowed himself a cold chuckle. "Heh," he sneered condescendingly. "Country boy, you're bringing your village tricks here, thinking we the Matthews are fools? Let me tell you, my aunt is the smartest woman in the world; you can't deceive her! Disrespecting her father's body in her presence, she won't let you off lightly!"

Pork, cunning as he was, deliberately brought Avery into the mix. He was attempting to use Avery to tackle Daniel!

Although Avery realized her nephew was up to no good, she felt the need to defend her dignity. She frowned and turned to Daniel.

"Country boy, didn't you say you could revive him? What's going on then? Why are all the numbers on the monitor still zero? And the lines, why are they all flat without any waves?"

"Mom, don't panic! You women always get anxious so easily. I've only done the first needle; I haven't even started the second one yet! There are seven needles in The Seven Dragon Divine Needles technique. After all seven are inserted, I assure you Grandpa will quickly regain his health!"

"Dead fish eyes roll? You despicable thing, if you disrespect the old man again, I'll do more than twist you!"

.

## **Chapter 483 Conclusion**

### **Chapter 483 Conclusion**

As Avery was not the type of woman to only talk, she impulsively grabbed a hanger and swung it at Daniel, hitting him squarely on the backside.

"Ow!" Daniel yelped playfully before turning to Avery. "Mom, did you actually hit me?"

"You're calling me 'Mom,' so isn't it my right to discipline you? You good-for-nothing, get to treating my dad right now. And if you fail, I'll make sure you regret it!" Avery was fierce, more intimidating even than a tigress. She might not have truly believed that Daniel could revive Kind but given that the patient was already declared dead, she was willing to make one last attempt. If a miracle happened and he was saved, great; if not, she'd take out her frustrations on this country bumpkin!

Pork was stunned when he realized that Avery was actually allowing Daniel to continue treating their father. He hastily stood up to protest: "Aunt, you can't seriously mean that! This country bumpkin is disrespecting Grandpa's body! As his own daughter, you're allowing a nobody to insult him. Grandpa won't rest easy in heaven if you let this happen."

"Uncle, I forgot to tell you something. Though the patient's vital signs may be gone according to modern medicine, his spirit is still inside his body, and his consciousness is present. So, he can hear every word you say very clearly. And after my first needle, the patient is already aware that I'm trying to save him. If you continue to stop me from treating him, it means you don't want him to live! When the patient wakes, he'll be the first to slap you for this!"

"You country fool! You have no shame; corners have been cut and you're still putting on airs?"

"Bragging? In other matters, I may indulge, but not when it comes to healing the sick. A doctor's heart is compassionate. All I've got is a pure intention to heal. As long as there is the faintest thread of life, I will do everything in my power to save it. Even if you forbid me, I must save the patient!"

With those words, Daniel flicked his finger.

Whoosh! The second needle of The Seven Dragon Needles, glinting with a flash of golden light, struck precisely into one of Kind's acupoints.

His action left Joshua astounded. Eyes wide with disbelief, he turned to Daniel, "Master, was that move you used 'Flying Needle'?"

"Merely a trifle, not worth mentioning," Daniel said modestly.

Jessica, not understanding what had transpired, curiously asked, "Joshua, what's 'Flying Needle'?"

"It's an old technique. Back when male doctors were not allowed to touch female patients, they developed the skill of 'Flying Needles' to perform acupuncture without physical contact."

Then Joshua, expressing admiration, held out his hand, "To master the 'Flying Needle' technique to such a divine level, you could probably count such individuals on one hand. At my Master's young age, to use the 'Flying Needle' to such an extent, he must be the first person ever. It's safe to say, my Master is the greatest healer of all time, past or present!"

## Chapter 484 The Charlatan

### Chapter 484 The Charlatan

Joshua's compliments rendered everyone present speechless, including Jessica.

"Heh," Pork offered his signature cold laugh, breaking the silence. "Joshua, how much did this country bumpkin pay you to act? You're really praising him to the skies. Don't you feel any shame in praising him so falsely?"

"Pork, every word I said about my master came from the bottom of my heart. I stand by what I said, and my conscience is clear. Unlike you, who has tried to stop my master from saving your grandfather several times. Are you hoping your grandpa doesn't get revived? Even if he passes, as his grandson, you wouldn't be next in line for The Matthews' headship, would you?" Joshua revealed his biting wit, leaving Pork speechless.

"Joshua, please stop spreading nonsense! How could I want my grandpa to die? The thing is, this country bumpkin is obviously a charlatan! He's not treating; he's disrespecting my grandpa's body! He claimed his second needle would make my grandpa's eyes roll. Look at him, did his eyes roll?"

No sooner had Pork made his point than Kind's eyes indeed rolled back, leaving no face for Pork as Kind's grandson.

"His eyes rolled! Grandpa's eyes rolled!" Beauty exclaimed, dancing with excitement. Everyone knew that Kind was especially fond of his granddaughter Beauty, the most beloved grandchild in The Matthews family.

"Only dead people's eyes roll; that's not a good thing!" Professor John added, seemingly undermining the possibility of recovery. He was considered the world's leading doctor – how could someone he declared dead be revived? He had spent decades developing a new drug and yet failed to save Kind. How could a country boy haphazardly sticking needles bring him back? Impossible! That was absolutely out of the question.

As for traditional healing, he viewed it as charlatanism, mere trickery used by con artists to deceive the naive.

Regarding Daniel's comment directed at him, Professor John retorted: "Daniel, is your jealousy or worry showing? Are you afraid that I might actually revive the patient, humiliating you if I bring him back to perfect health?"

"You little charlatan, your petty tricks are just for show," the Professor shot back. "Healing is about science! It's not about randomly sticking needles into someone and bringing them back to life. As for this 'eyes roll' business, it's nothing but you using some unknown and despicable methods to trigger the patient's nerves, making his eyelids twitch."

To prove his point and to fully expose Daniel's lies, Professor John once again pointed to the monitors, urging everyone to take heed.

## **Chapter 485 Reputation**

### **Chapter 485 Reputation**

"Look, every vital sign on the monitor is still zero. What does zero represent? It means the patient still doesn't have any sign of life! To put it plainly, the patient is still dead!" Professor John asserted forcefully.

"Professor John, data isn't everything! These scientific instruments, though not liars, are lifeless machines. They lack emotion and can't sense human feelings," Daniel retorted.

"In our USA, even after someone is declared dead, the body is observed for seven days, and a gap is left in the lid of the coffin – just in case the person is not truly deceased. Professor, you claim to adhere to science, yet you hastily declared him dead after only a moment. Is that truly respecting science? Or are you just trying to preserve your own authority? It seems like fishing for fame!"

"You smooth-talking charlatan," the professor shot back. "It doesn't matter how eloquent or skilled at sophistry you are, the patient is still lying on that bed with no sign of life. If you insist he's not dead, the best way to prove it is to revive him, not by arguing with me here."

"Of course I'll revive him!"

With that, Daniel continued with the treatment, inserting four needles in rapid succession. Despite showing no outward signs of change, Kind's blood vessels were becoming unblocked from within. After these four needles, Daniel was visibly strained and gasping for breath.

Seeing this, Jessica showed concern, "Idiot, are you okay?"

"I'm fine! Just a bit out of balance," Daniel replied, "The yang energy in me is too strong. So, when I use The Seven Dragon Divine Needles, it takes a lot of effort to suppress it."

Although Daniel spoke the truth, Jessica found his way of speaking less than serious.

"Idiot, be serious for once! One more ridiculous word, and I'll twist you to death!"

And yet, before Daniel could spout any nonsensical claims, she had already twisted his waist fiercely, making him cry out.

"Ah!"

The cry seemed to bring Daniel some relief, replenishing his vitality. It wasn't masochism but rather the presence of seven dragons within him — beings associated with powerful masculine energy that required the essence of women to balance. To be blunt, Daniel constantly needed interaction with gorgeous women, whether through speech or physically. Nevertheless, he had his standards; he couldn't muster interest in interactions with unattractive women.

His outcry left Jessica blushing with embarrassment, wishing she could vanish into thin air.

"Idiot, aren't you ashamed of yourself?" she scolded.

.

## **Chapter 486 Shut Your Mouth**

### **Chapter 486 Shut Your Mouth**

"You twist me and accuse me of embarrassment? You cause me pain and I'm not even allowed to scream? Even though you're my honey, that doesn't give you the right to deny me the ability to speak out!" Daniel defended himself with logic.

"Shut up! If you keep arguing with me, I'll twist you to death!" Jessica threatened menacingly, resembling an enraged tigress.

Daniel stopped talking and focused on Kind, quietly observing the patient for signs of change. A faint energy began to emanate from Kind; it was a sign that the first six of The Seven Dragon Divine Needles had taken effect, working surprisingly well.



Seeing that Daniel was just watching and not doing anything else, Pork immediately concluded that this country bumpkin had no way of reviving Kind. Seizing another opportunity to interject, Pork mocked Daniel further.

"Country boy, have you finished with The Seven Dragon Divine Needles? Look at the monitors — still no change! Not only the monitor data but also my grandpa isn't fully healthy like you promised. He's not even waking up; he hasn't even opened his eyes..."

Before Pork could continue, Daniel interrupted with a grin, "Uncle, are you unable to count?"

"Unable to count? How exactly am I unable to count?"

"The Seven Dragon Divine Needles require seven to complete the set. I've only applied six needles. There is still one more to go. If you can't even count right, you shouldn't be so quick to embarrass yourself."

Pork responded with his habitual cold scoff. "Heh," he said with a know-it-all tone, "Country boy, don't think I can't see right through your plan!"

"My plan? What plan? I don't know of any plan!"

"You said The Seven Dragon Divine Needles require seven needles, but after the first six, you realized it wasn't working and had no effect. So you know you can't save grandpa, and you left one needle intentionally unapplied. That way, you can claim that until the last needle isn't inserted, you haven't failed. Are you playing the ostrich game? Thinking we're all ostriches like you? Are you that foolish to think you can get away with such a clumsy trick?"

With Pork already attacking Daniel, Down couldn't simply stand by silently. He took his stand.

"Country boy, aren't you boasting too much? Weren't you confidently claiming you could revive the patient? Well, do it then! And what about that promise of full health?"

The patient's lying on the bed like a dead dog, with no sign of coming back to life! I thought you were some impressive doctor. After all that boasting, is this all you've got?"

After this tirade, Down turned to Joshua. "Joshua, you are the head of The Grants, a member of New York's The Eight Families! Additionally, you're supposed to be the number one doctor in the USA!"

.

## Chapter 487 Dead End

### Chapter 487 Dead End

"What are you trying to say, Daniel?" Joshua asked coolly.

"What do I want to say? Joshua, you just made some comments. Surely you haven't forgotten, have you? You wouldn't have us believe your memory is failing because of your age!"

"My memory is just fine!" Joshua retorted.

"Since your memory is good, then you should remember how you praised this country boy, right? What did you call him? The greatest healer of all time?"

"My master is the greatest healer of all time. Is there a problem with that?"

"If he's the greatest healer of all time, as you say, then this country boy should be able to revive the patient. Look closely, Joshua. Has the patient been revived? If it weren't for your endorsement of this country boy, I'm sure The Matthews family would never have agreed to let him randomly stab needles into the patient!"

Joshua didn't respond to Down but instead looked at Daniel and asked, "Master, may I examine the patient again?"

"Of course."

Joshua wanted to examine Kind once more because he had noticed a change in Kind's complexion. It was a positive change, not negative, but Joshua wasn't entirely sure, so he needed to check again.

He placed his fingers on Kind's wrist, conducting a thorough check. At first, there was no expression on his face, but soon a hint of joy appeared, which then turned into concern, and his brows knotted in confusion.

"How odd! This patient's condition is so bizarre!" Joshua turned to Daniel with a puzzled expression. "Master, what's going on?"

Daniel asked instead of answering, "What seems strange?"

"The patient's body... at first, it felt like he had come back to life. But after checking for a while, it seemed like a dying flash, as if he were close to passing away. That's why I'm uncertain!"

"Life and death hang on a single thought, depending on the patient's own will. I've done what I can. Whether he makes it through depends on Kind himself. If he survives this ordeal, I'll administer the final needle. If not, then it is his fate! We can only say he has reached a dead end."

Hearing Daniel's explanation, Jessica became anxious. "Idiot, didn't you say you could bring Grandpa back? Now you're talking about a dead end. What do you mean?"

"I've done my best, and naturally, I want to save him and will do everything in my power. But if he doesn't want to live, no amount of effort on my part can save him!"

"Why wouldn't Grandpa want to live?"

"With a grandson who wishes him dead, even if he wanted to live, he could very well be angered back to death!"

To Pork, Daniel's words sounded like an excuse, a way to shift the blame for Kind's potential death onto him. Pork was not a good man; he would deflect responsibility whenever he could and certainly not accept blame that wasn't his, much less for something caused by a country bumpkin like Daniel.

So when Daniel finished speaking, Pork became enraged.

## **Chapter 488 Timing**

### **Chapter 488 Timing**

"What do you mean? Are you trying to pin the murder of my grandpa on me?" Pork lashed out.

"Don't be hasty, Uncle. I'm saying if the patient does end up dead, it will most definitely be because you angered him to death. But if the patient is saved, then of course it's because of me," Daniel retorted without the slightest effort of keeping up the pretense of civility.

"Avery, listen to him! You trusted him so much that you allowed him to treat Grandpa. And now? Does he even sound human? He's accusing me after killing Grandpa, trying to shirk responsibility in front of everyone?" Pork was indignant.

Avery's face darkened as she glared at Daniel, issuing him a stern warning, "Country boy, if you manage to save the patient, then fine. But if something goes wrong, if the patient doesn't recover, I'll hold you responsible!"

Avery wasn't trying to be harsh on Daniel. Her intuition told her that this country boy might indeed have the ability to save the patient. If he doesn't, it would mean he didn't take it seriously, and thus she would naturally hold him accountable.

"Mom, don't worry. Grandpa will be fine. Once I administer the seventh needle, he will immediately recover fully. If I fail to save Grandpa, I am at your mercy. Even if you beat me to death, I won't utter a word of complaint. If I do make a single peep, I am not worthy to be your son-in-law!"

"Stop blathering! Get on with the seventh needle already! It's been ages; stop dilly-dallying. What are you waiting for?"

"Mom, please, no rushing! The seventh needle is crucial for Grandpa's life; it must be given at the perfect moment."

Daniel turned to Jessica with a grin, "Honey, go pull open the curtains."

"For what?" Jessica asked, puzzled.

"Just go open them," he urged.

"You're bossing me around now, idiot?" she replied with a frown.

"Brittany isn't here, so who else am I supposed to boss around? Surely you don't expect me to boss Mom around? I'd never dare!"

"Idiot!"

Despite her complaint, Jessica did as Daniel asked and opened the curtains, revealing a sunny sky with no clouds in sight.

Daniel remarked, "This weather isn't right. To revive Grandpa, we'd need a bolt of shocking thunder! It's a clear sky without a cloud; it doesn't look like it's going to thunder at all."

"Country boy, are you making excuses?" Beauty asked.

"Beauty, do I look like the type to make excuses?"

"Yes! You're not a man; you're a country bumpkin, a rascal!"

"And how would you know if I'm a man or not? You've never tried!"

Although Daniel spoke in a whisper, Jessica overheard him and pinched his waist yet again.

"Ah!"

Daniel cried out cheerfully once more.

"Idiot, if you don't keep that mouth of yours shut, if you spew nonsense again, I'll tear your mouth apart!" Jessica warned fiercely.

"But honey, you didn't tear my mouth; you pinched my waist," Daniel cheekily corrected.

.

## **Chapter 489 Proper Etiquette**

### **Chapter 489 Proper Etiquette**

"Hurry up and save Grandpa! Stop making excuses! If by the end of today you haven't saved Grandpa, see how I'll deal with you?"

"Saving Grandpa is easy, but the weather is wrong now. We need to create the right conditions," Daniel replied.

His remark utterly confused Jessica. She looked at him with a puzzled expression and asked, "Create weather? How?"

"To awaken Grandpa, we need to shock his soul, and that requires a bolt of lightning! For the ceremony I need to perform, I require a hen. So, I need a hen, and it shouldn't be too much to ask for – just three years old will do. Additionally, the hen must be free-range, not raised in a coop."

"Idiot, are you bossing me around again?"

"If I don't boss you around, who will I boss? I can't boss Mom, and Uncle Pork isn't someone I can order around. And Beauty? I wouldn't dare boss her around."

"You..."

Jessica glared at Daniel and warned with a growl, "I'll get someone to find your hen, but if you can't save Grandpa later on, see how I'll deal with you."

"And how will you deal with me?" Daniel asked curiously.

"How? I'll cook you and the hen together in a pot!"

"Cook us together? Honey, are you craving chicken soup?"

"Stop yapping and act serious. If you aren't serious, I swear I'll twist you to death!"

After threatening Daniel once more, Jessica made a phone call. Soon after, a hen was delivered to the emergency room.

Daniel took the hen and scrutinized it closely.

"This hen isn't ideal, but it'll have to do."

Seeing Daniel fussing over the hen instead of getting down to business, Jessica couldn't help but kick him sharply on the backside.

"Idiot, get to work!"

"Just having a hen isn't enough. I need one more thing, so, honey, please help me once more."

"Idiot, why can't you ask for everything at once? I'll twist you to death!"

Jessica was fuming – she wasn't like Brittany. As his wife, she had more than enough leverage over the idiot.

"I forgot, okay! I was thinking about you making me chicken soup."

"So, what else do you need? Tell me everything now!"

"I need a pen and paper, and vodka too."

"You..."

Jessica was speechless.

Still, she managed to ask patiently, "Are you treating someone or doing something else?"

"I'm not playing any tricks! I'm appealing to the heavens! If we don't pay proper respect, how can we expect the angels to help us? Angels are not so easy to deal with. If I want the angels to do us a favor, these rites are necessary."

Daniel's explanation, naturally, provoked another cold sneer from Pork.

"Heh," Pork scoffed.

## **Chapter 490 Angels**

## Chapter 490 Angels

After laughing, Pork spoke with derision, "Country boy, what's this about angels? You think you're in 'Genesis'? Parading around here pandering to the gullible, do you really think I'd buy into that? This is a hospital, not a place for religious worship!"

"Uncle, you may disrespect me, but you should never disrespect the divine. If you insult the sacred, the angels might not heed my call. Then, there will be no thunder, and we won't be able to save the old man."

"Divine? I don't believe in any of that superstitious stuff! And anyway, it's you, country boy, who would be disrespecting them!"

"Me? How is appealing to the angels disrespectful?"

Unable to stand more of their exchange, Jessica aimed a slap at Daniel's backside.

"Whack!"

The hanger hit its mark perfectly.

"Ah!"

Daniel yelled again, his tone as lively and passionate as ever.

"One more peep from you, and I'll beat you to death! Here's your hen, and your pen and paper too. Start now! I want to see how you're going to get the angels to work for you. If there's no lightning strike soon, I'll be the one to strike down this idiot!"

"Honey, don't be so fierce! If you keep this up, I might have to let you go," Daniel playfully responded.

"What did you say? You, an idiot, have the guts to talk about divorce?"

Jessica grabbed Daniel's ear and twisted fiercely.

"Ow! Mercy, honey! I was wrong! I won't ever dare it again!" Daniel was crying out in pain, begging for mercy.

"Hurry up and save Grandpa!"

"Don't rush, my dear. First, dilute the ink," Daniel ordered, indicating the pen. "You have to use vodka, not water, to dilute the ink. The effect is a million times better than using ordinary water."

"What a hassle!"

Jessica remained patient, although she complained and rolled her eyes at Daniel. She then assumed a genteel appearance, diluting the ink with tenderness and virtue sparkling in her demeanor.

Daniel caught hold of the hen and plucked a bunch of feathers from its backside, eliciting a cacophony of squawks.

"What are you doing?" Jessica asked.

"I need some chicken feathers for the prayer!"

"Why chicken feathers? You have a pen."

"Feathers work better!"

Then Daniel whispered something in Jessica's ear that turned her face beet red with embarrassment. Swatting at Daniel's back and cursing, she said, "Get lost! Shameless! I'll beat you to death!"

Avery was completely confused by their interaction and curiously asked Jessica, "What did the country boy say to you?"

"He's shameless! You ask him! No! Don't you dare ask him! And even if you asked, he better not say anything inappropriate!"

## **Read Chapter 491 Summoning Lightning**

### **Chapter 491 Summoning Lightning**

#### **Chapter 491 Summoning Lightning**

Jessica had diluted the ink, and Daniel took some using a chicken feather to draw on the paper. Soon he had completed a circle and drew a turtle with three characters on its shell—Pork. As soon as Pork saw his name on the turtle, he felt insulted.

He glowered at Daniel, demanding an explanation. "What do you mean by this, country boy?"

"There's no deeper meaning," Daniel replied cheerfully.

"No deeper meaning? You write my name on this turtle and claim it's innocent? Are you cursing me? Yes, you must be!"

Rather than responding directly, Daniel prodded further, "Are you your grandfather's biological grandson?"



Pork, perplexed by Daniel's question but still adamant, declared, "Of course I'm his biological grandson! Could you possibly be his grandson?"

"How could I be your grandpa's grandson? If I were, how would I marry your cousin? I'm his grandson-in-law."

"What does being his biological grandson have to do with you drawing a turtle and writing my name on this paper?"

"Of course, it's related!" Daniel said with a smirk. "Since you are the patient's biological grandson, you need to play the part of the turtle. I'm preparing to conduct a ritual, and I need to summon Xuanwu to call forth lightning."

"What's this 'summoning Xuanwu' nonsense?"

"Uncle, you went to school, didn't you?"

"I'm a graduate of Oxford University. Do you think I just attended elementary school?"

"Since you're such an educated man, you should know that Xuanwu is a turtle, right?"

"Obviously, I know that Xuanwu is a turtle!"

At that moment, something clicked for Pork. "What are you getting at, country boy? You want me to play the role of the turtle to summon lightning?"

"Exactly! Uncle, you are the old man's own grandson, and to save him, we need to bring down the lightning. To do that, we need a turtle, and you, Uncle, are the most suitable candidate."

"Stop talking nonsense, country boy! Summoning lightning? Acting as a turtle? I see through your game; you can't really save the old man. This is just a ploy to humiliate and disrespect me! I'm not falling for it! I absolutely refuse to be the turtle!"

"Uncle, if you play the turtle, and we manage to save the old man together, I'll call off our bet. Otherwise, you'll have to crawl on the ground, bark like a dog, wiggle your butt, and lick my shoes clean!"

"When did I bet with you? When did I lose? Don't spout nonsense and lie through your teeth, country boy!"

Pork shamelessly denied the bet outright.

Daniel knew that among those present, only Avery had the authority to rein in Pork. So, he turned to her with a grin, "Mom, you were here when Uncle and I made the bet. Now that Uncle wants to weasel out of it, I'm counting on you to make things right!"

## Chapter 492 Helpless

### Chapter 492 Helpless

"What do you want me to do? I'm not your mom! I have no idea what bet you're talking about!" Avery, naturally, would never admit to it. After all, Pork was her nephew, and she certainly wouldn't side with a country boy like Daniel.

"Mom, you're lying!"

"What lie?" Avery countered.

"You know very well the lie you're telling. By doing this, you're not only opposing me, but you're opposing Grandpa too! You're acting just like Uncle, wishing Grandpa's death!"

"Country boy, don't you dare spout any more nonsense!"

"I'm serious. If we want to save Grandpa, Uncle has to play the turtle today. If he's unwilling, then I'm helpless. You'll have to find someone else, Mom!"

Daniel meant to abandon the treatment. He was intent on seizing this rare opportunity to assert himself over Avery.

Avery was a clever woman; she saw through Daniel's little ploy instantly.

"Country boy, are you threatening me?"

"How dare I! Where would I get the courage to threaten you, Mom? Besides, you wouldn't stand for it—your hanger wouldn't agree! All I want is to save Grandpa. If you insist on opposing me, preventing Uncle from cooperating, then I truly am out of options. We'll just have to watch Grandpa pass away, full of resentment.

Oh, and I should remind you, Mom. Though Grandpa hasn't woken up yet and looks just like a dead man, his spirit is still in his body. That means he's aware of every single thing you do and every

word you say."

Furious, Avery picked up the hanger and struck Daniel hard.

"Whack!"

With a loud sound, his backside stung fiercely.

"Ow! Ow ow!" Daniel winced, clutching his backside.

"Mom, you hit me again!"

"If you so insist on calling me 'Mom,' then it's right for me to hit you!"

After scolding Daniel, Avery asked him earnestly, "Country boy, are you sure you can save my father?"

"Absolutely sure! If I wasn't, would I let Uncle play the turtle?" Daniel replied confidently. "If Grandpa isn't saved, explaining it to Uncle wouldn't bother me too much. But if I can't explain it to Jessica, she'll divorce me, right?"

Avery still did not fully trust Daniel. She turned to Jessica and asked, "Do you believe this country boy?"

"Yes!" Jessica replied firmly.

"You're that confident in him? You really think he can save Dad?"

"Yes!"

"Fine. Since you've chosen to trust, I'll give you the opportunity. However," Avery continued with a twist in her tone, "if this country boy fails to save your father, you must break it off with him. Then, I'll

find a suitable husband for you."

"And if he saves Grandpa?"

"Then he won't be punished."

"If he fails, I'll leave Daniel; but if he saves Grandpa, Mom, you have to give your blessing for us to get married!"

"Whatever, we'll see when it's done. Want to marry my daughter? It won't be that easy."

.

## **Chapter 493 Do As He Says**

### **Chapter 493 Do As He Says**

Avery didn't agree immediately. Marrying off her daughter to a country boy like Daniel seemed like a complete waste. Even if Daniel managed to save the patient, she had no intentions of letting him get away with it so easily. She would certainly present new challenges for him.

Seizing the opportunity presented by Avery's softened stance, Daniel quickly ordered Pork, "Uncle, Mom has agreed to let me try and save Grandpa. So, from now on, you'll do as I say."

"Why would I listen to you, country boy?" Pork retorted.

"Mom, Uncle won't listen to me. You need to exert your authority and keep him in line! I trust that your commanding presence will certainly do the trick!"

Although Avery knew Daniel was scheming to tease Pork, her curiosity got the better of her. She wanted to see what mischief the country boy was up to. Most importantly, some instinct told Avery that Daniel genuinely had the ability to save the patient. Her father was the pillar of The Matthews family; if he were gone, the family would crumble. She had to grasp at any chance for hope.

Seeing this as a perfect opportunity to put Pork's arrogance in check, Avery made up her mind. She sternly instructed Pork, "To save Grandpa, we have to take a chance and trust this country boy for once. So whatever he tells you to do, you'll do it."

"Pork, you may feel hard done by but indulge him. If he can't save Grandpa after your cooperation, I assure you, I'll help you make him pay. He'll suffer just as he made you suffer."

"Pork, you might heed my words, but this country boy might not."

"He will!"

"Well, alright then."

Despite his strong reluctance, Pork had no other choice but to consent. After all, he was Kind's biological grandson and genuinely hoped to bring his grandfather back.

Daniel pointed to the window and commanded Pork, "Uncle, get over there and lie down like the turtle I drew. Your posture has to be exactly the same."

"Don't push it too far, country boy!" Pork barked, his face darkening.

"If you don't lie down, Uncle, I won't be able to summon the thunder."

Avery glared at Daniel, threatening him, "You'd better not cause trouble!" Afterward, she gently told Pork, "Just do as he says, Pork. If he dares to go too far, I'll be the one to deal with him!"

After grabbing the hanger and giving Daniel a swift strike, she added, "Ah!"

Daniel yelped out in pain once more.

"Mom, why did you hit me again?"

"That's what you get! If you bully Pork again, I'll beat your backside till it blooms!"

.

## **Chapter 494 Thunder and Lightning**

### **Chapter 494 Thunder and Lightning**

Avery, a clever woman, was playing a balancing act. She desperately wanted to save her father but also didn't want Pork to suffer too much. Therefore, she made a decision—if Daniel teased Pork even a bit, she would whack him with the hanger. Having been a mother for over twenty years and unable to bring herself to strike her daughter, Avery found gratification in smacking this willing scapegoat. There was something satisfying about disciplining her "son," especially someone as resilient and thick-skinned as Daniel.

At the window, Pork had begrudgingly laid down. His reluctant posture was significantly different from the turtle Daniel had drawn. Daniel approached with the hanger and swung it with a flick of his wrist.

"Whack!"

The hanger landed heavily on Pork's backside.

"Ah!" Pork screamed, then turned and shouted at Daniel, "You damn country boy, you've got some nerve hitting me!"

"My mom's always been bold. If she's not afraid to hit me, why would she hesitate to hit you? Now, lay down right, stick your butt up higher—just like the turtle I drew."

"Why should I?"

"Do you want to save your grandpa or not?"

"Country boy, make no mistake. If you don't save my grandpa, you'll see what I do to you. But even if you do save him, I'll still settle the score. I'll make sure mom uses that hanger on you, blooming your backside and beating the crap out of you!"

As Pork spat out threats, he complied with Daniel's instructions. Daniel picked up a brush, muttered under his breath, and began drawing on Pork's face.

"What are you doing?" Pork asked.

"I've got to make you look the part. Your face may not be much to look at, but I still need to turn it into a turtle's snout. Only then can we potentially make this work."

After finishing his artwork, Daniel took on an exaggerated gait, his swagger so flamboyant it would make any woman jealous. Jessica couldn't help laughing, even as she mentally accused the idiot of shamelessness.

Dancing around, Daniel suddenly shouted, "Wind rise!"

Out of the clear blue sky, a strong wind began to howl.

"Clouds gather!"

Another shout from Daniel, and the once-blue sky was rapidly covered with dark clouds. In an instant, day turned to night, pitch black to the point of seeing nothing.

"Lightning flash!"

Following this roar, a bolt of lightning streaked down from the sky, ripping through the heavens.

"Thunder roar!"

With this last command, thunder boomed, reverberating across the sky, deafening everyone present. Even Pork, cowering on the ground in a turtle pose, instinctively covered his ears.

Daniel took out the last of The Seven Dragon Needles and gently raised his hand.

## **Chapter 495 It Was Me**

### **Chapter 495 It Was Me**

Whoosh! A streak of golden light flashed as the Needle of the Seven Dragons firmly pierced Kind's body. Kind woke up; his eyes opened. Everyone in the room was collectively stunned. Was Kind truly saved?

"He's alive! The old man is alive!" Avery danced with joy.

Professor John, heralded as the world's foremost healer and known for looking down on others, felt a surge of dissatisfaction. Unable, despite his best efforts, to save Kind but seeing a country boy accomplish the feat struck a nerve. Instinctively, he turned his eyes to the monitors expecting them to confirm his doubts.

Elation filled him as he saw what he had hoped for — the monitor's numbers were all zeros, and the lines were flat, without a hint of fluctuation.

"Kind hasn't been revived. You see, the monitor's numbers haven't changed. This country boy is deceiving us, he's playing tricks. I don't know how he made Kind open his eyes, but he's definitely not alive," Professor John declared triumphantly.

"Professor John, are you so unwilling to accept that Kind has been saved? You say the monitors show zeros, of course, they're supposed to!" Daniel pointed at the unconnected instruments and reminded everyone cheerfully.

"To make it easier to administer the needles to Kind, I disconnected all these devices. Naturally, their readings would be zero, and the lines would remain flat since they aren't connected."

Upon closer inspection, Professor John indeed noticed the disconnected lines. Even with Kind's eyes opened, he refused to believe that he had been revived.

Hastily, he commanded his assistant, "Lena, quickly reconnect the instruments. Kind certainly hasn't come back. We'll use science to disprove this country boy's lies!"

Lena and the other staff members hurried to reconvene all the devices to Kind. As soon as they were connected, the monitor's data began to change. The flat lines turned into undulating waves, and the curves were prominent.

Witnessing the data on the monitor and the arcs of the waveforms, Professor John was dumbstruck. He couldn't believe his eyes.

"Kind's really been revived? His bodily functions have returned to those of a normal person. No, they're even better—judging by the numbers, it's as if he's rejuvenated by twenty years, showing the vitals of a healthy sixty-year-old."

Down, not pleased with giving Daniel any credit, quickly jumped in to remind the still-shocked Professor John, "Professor John, could this country boy's haphazard needles

really have revived Kind? I'd say it's more likely that your wonder drug did the job, right?"

Down's suggestion sparked a newfound excitement in Professor John, who had initially felt he'd lost face. "Yes, yes, yes! Kind was saved by my wonder drug! It must have been my miracle medication. Those random needles this country boy stuck in didn't do a thing to Kind."

Professor John unabashedly tried to take credit for the recovery. Deep down, he was well aware that it wasn't his medication but the needles administered by Daniel that had saved Kind.

## **Chapter 496 The Patient Wakes Up**

### **Chapter 496 The Patient Wakes Up**

"But Professor John would never admit it," he thought. There was no way he would concede that what he represented — modern medicine — was inferior to the practice of a shaman. Modern medicine was the embodiment of civilization; it represented progress, unlike the supposed backwardness and ignorance attributed to shamanic practices. How could something deemed regressive and ignorant triumph over modern medicine? If modern medicine couldn't cure the patient, how could a shaman? Professor John's refusal to admit defeat caught Daniel by surprise.

"Professor John, given your age, you should at least understand what shame is," Daniel chided, causing the professor to explode with anger.

"Country boy, who are you calling shameless? I think it's you who is without shame! You shameless little con artist! It was my emergency medication that revived Kind, not your random needle pricks. To think you'd dare claim my achievement as your own, then have the audacity to accuse me of lacking shame! All you American shamans do is deceive and trick people! You shy away when it comes to saving lives, only to claim credit after the fact!"

Professor John's outburst shocked everyone present. Jessica, defending her partner, stood up and argued confidently, "Professor John, you were the one who announced my grandfather was dead. You used all kinds of data from these devices to prove it. It was Daniel who said my grandfather wasn't dead and then revived him with his needles. Now he's back, although he can't speak yet, but all his vitals are recovering. Yet here you are, trying to take credit and slandering Daniel. For a renowned doctor and professor at Harvard University, do you not feel embarrassed by such behavior?"

Suddenly, Kind, lying on the bed, coughed twice and then sat up. Jessica rushed to his side.



"Grandpa, you're awake? How do you feel?"

"Much better! Let me get out of bed and walk around. Let's see if I can move," Kind responded.

Jessica helped Kind out of bed, but he quickly insisted on walking by himself.

"Let go, I want to walk on my own!" Kind was a man forged in battle, with stubbornness in his bones. He refused to lean on his granddaughter, wanting to walk independently.

"Grandpa, be careful," Jessica said cautiously.

"I've faced artillery on the battlefield; do you think I need to be careful taking a few steps? Am I that fragile?" Kind retorted and began to walk on his own. Although he wasn't striding vigorously, he walked steadily.

"Grandpa, try jumping and see how high you can get," Daniel suggested from the side.

Jessica heard him and, without hesitation, twisted Daniel's ear, "Shut up!"

Before she could finish her scolding, Kind crouched slightly, then leaped from one end of the bed to the other. Avery was startled by her father's action.

"Dad, what are you doing?"

"That boy told me to jump, so I jumped to show him," Kind replied, amused by Daniel's request.

"Why are you listening to that idiot? He's just nonsense," Avery admonished.

Despite her reproach, Kind had already demonstrated that not only was he very much alive, but also surprisingly spry for his age.

.

## **Chapter 497 Don't Need Your Permission**

### **Chapter 497 Don't Need Your Permission**

Avery, after speaking her mind, casually swatted Daniel with the hanger again.

"You're a scoundrel. If you spout more nonsense, I'll beat you to death!"

"Mom, I was not spouting nonsense. I just wanted to gauge the recovery of Grandpa's health. With an accurate assessment, I can develop a treatment plan for his recovery," Daniel explained.

Professor John, still eager to assert his role in the situation, interjected. "Kind, lie back down, and I'll perform a full-body examination on you. Despite my special medicine having revived you, we must be cautious and should do a comprehensive check to ensure your well-being."

Kind scoffed back at him coldly, "Professor John, your so-called special drug almost sent me packing to the afterlife! If Daniel hadn't stepped in on time and stuck me with those seven needles, pulling me back from the gates of hell, I would be checking in with Lucifer right now."

"Kind, it was really my special drug that saved you, not this country boy!"

"Get out! Now! Or else, I won't be polite!"

Although Kind was approaching his eightieth birthday, his mind was clear, and he clearly remembered everything that had happened. He knew it was Daniel who had saved him, not Professor John.

The professor walked away disheartened, and Down slipped out with him. Well aware of Kind's fiery temper, Down wanted no part of a scolding.

Meanwhile, Daniel had already jotted down a treatment plan.

"Mom, take this. Just get the medicine prescribed here for Grandpa. One course of treatment, just three days, and his health will be as if he were fifty again."

"Don't call me 'mom'! I'm not your mother! And he's not your grandpa either, you shameless thing!"

Despite her words, Avery took the treatment plan Daniel handed her.

Kind turned to Daniel, "What did you just call me, boy?"

"Grandpa! Since you're Jessica's grandpa and I'm her husband, naturally I should call you Grandpa too!"

"You brat, I haven't agreed to marry Jessica off to you just yet. Calling me Grandpa is premature."

"Grandpa, you need to understand the situation. It's Jessica who wants to marry me, not you. As long as Jessica agrees, we don't need your permission!"

"Jessica is my granddaughter. Without my approval, she can't marry you. If you want to marry into my family, it won't be easy."

Kind's statement gave Daniel a whiff of opportunity. It seemed the old man wasn't entirely opposed to the idea of Daniel marrying his granddaughter. Seizing the chance, Daniel cheerily inquired, "Grandpa, what should I do to marry Jessica then?"

"At my birthday banquet, I'll hold a contest for Jessica's hand. Normally, you wouldn't have stood a chance, but considering you saved my life, I'll give you an opportunity to compete with the young masters from other prominent families."

"Does that mean we're going to compete in martial arts?"

"Martial arts? You must understand that it's not just fighting skills that will be assessed. As Jessica's guardian, I'll evaluate candidates in all aspects through comprehensive testing."

.

## **Chapter 498 Inconvenience with You**

### **Chapter 498 Inconvenience with You**

Avery swatted Daniel lightly with the hanger once more. "Scoundrel, if you talk nonsense again, I'll beat you to death!"

"Mom, I wasn't talking nonsense. I just wanted to see how well Grandpa's recovered. I need an accurate judgment to set up a treatment plan for his recuperation," Daniel defended himself.

Professor John, again, saw an opportunity to assert himself. "Kind, lie back down. I'll conduct a thorough full-body examination. While my emergency medication saved your life, we must proceed carefully with an in-depth check to ensure nothing's amiss."

Kind responded with a cold laugh and a stern rebuke. "Professor John, your emergency drug nearly had me pushing up daisies! If Daniel hadn't stepped in on time with seven needles, pulling me back from the brink, I would be reporting to Lucifer by now."

"Kind, it really was my emergency drug that saved you, not this country whelp!"

"Get out! And don't make me say it again!"

Despite Kind nearing his eightieth birthday, his mind was sharp, and he held a clear recollection of the recent events. He knew it was Daniel who had saved him, not Professor John.

The disappointed professor left, and Down quickly slipped away, too, not wanting to face Kind's temper.

Daniel, meanwhile, had written a treatment plan. "Mom, take this, get the medicine listed for Grandpa. Just three days for one course, and I guarantee Grandpa will feel like he's fifty again."

"Don't just call me 'mom' at will! I'm not your mother! And my dad isn't your grandpa, you shameless thing!" Despite her harsh words, Avery took the treatment plan from Daniel.

Looking at Daniel, Kind asked, "What did you call me just now, boy?"

"Grandpa, of course! Since you're Jessica's grandfather and I'm her husband, I logically should call you Grandpa."

"You little scoundrel, I haven't committed to marrying Jessica off to you yet. It's too soon to be calling me Grandpa."

"Grandpa, please get it right. Jessica wants to marry me; it has nothing to do with you. As long as Jessica agrees, we don't need your permission."

"Jessica is my granddaughter. Without my blessing, she can't marry you. To win my granddaughter, it's not going to be easy."

Kind's words provided Daniel with a sliver of opportunity. It seemed there might be a chance to secure his relationship with Jessica. With potential leverage, Daniel asked eagerly, "Grandpa, what do I need to do to marry Jessica?"

"At my birthday celebration, I will organize a contest for Jessica's hand. Normally, a rascal like you wouldn't stand a chance, but I'll grant you an opportunity to compete against the scions of other prominent families."

"So you want us to compete in martial arts?"

"Martial arts? Don't be narrow-minded, boy. What will be required goes far beyond mere combat skills. I will personally vet the candidates for Jessica, assessing them in every aspect."

With that, Daniel's thoughts fluttered to the future, the hurdles he would have to overcome, and the chances he had of truly becoming part of Jessica's world.

## Chapter 499 Instructions from the Butler

### Chapter 499 Instructions from the Butler

Logan paused before continuing his explanation. "I advised you not to come to New York because you, Young Master, have not fully matured. Once you have full control over the seven dragons within you, then you can make your presence known in New York. At that time, I will certainly support you in assuming the position of head of The Perkins, the number one family in the USA!"

"What number one family, what position of head? I'm not interested," Daniel flatly rejected.

"Since you're already here in New York, you're already in danger. Whatever you do, do not reveal The Ring of The Seven Dragons you possess. I'm giving you a Dragon Token to use if necessary. The Dragon Token is the symbol of The Perkins family, who control the Flying Dragon squad. Only the highest commander of the Flying Dragon squad has a Dragon Token. With it, you can command the Flying Dragon squad as you see fit."

After receiving the Dragon Token, Daniel suddenly remembered something that piqued his curiosity. He gazed at Logan and asked, "Do you know someone named Down?"

"He is your cousin, the chosen successor of The Perkins family. Young Master, you must avoid meeting him at all costs! He is at the peak of his power now, and if he discovers you're around, he will surely try to eliminate you to secure his position as the successor."

"Eliminate me? But isn't he my cousin? Why would he want to get rid of me?"

"Even though you are also a potential successor, the seven dragons inside you could take The Perkins to new heights once you become the head of the family. As the eldest grandchild, convention dictates that he should succeed the leadership, but clearly, his abilities are not on par with yours. Hence, this leads to the struggle between the heirs, a fight to the death over succession rights, known to occur in powerful families throughout history. I do not wish to see such a calamity; therefore, I implore you to avoid conflict for now. Also, when your time comes to rise, I beg you not to kill him. I will secure the headship for you, but I hope you will ensure his well-being."

"Don't worry. I understand that family blood is thicker than water. Since Down is my cousin, I would never kill him. But if he goes too far, I won't be soft-hearted either. I'll teach him a lesson he won't forget and let him learn some sense!"

"There should be no problem, then! He's been pampered since childhood, always acting high-handedly with no one to rein him in. If you can put him in his place, making him become more discreet rather than arrogant, it will be good both for him and for The Perkins."

"Rest assured, I'll handle my own cousin. After all, we're family, and I certainly can't allow Down to tarnish the reputation of The Perkins."

"I won't disturb you further, then. If you need anything, just call me. I am at your service 24 hours a day."

Logan then got into his Rolls-Royce and drove away, leaving Daniel to ponder the revelations he had just received. While Daniel was nearly certain that Logan hadn't mistaken his identity, there was still that 0.001% chance of it being an accident, and so he decided not to flaunt his status as the heir of The Perkins family just yet.

.

## **Chapter 500 Persistence**

### **Chapter 500 Persistence**

"No way — I'm a man of integrity!" Daniel thought to himself. All these years, his parents hadn't come looking for him, nor had The Perkins, so why would a simple instruction from a butler make him want to return to his family? What a joke!

Just as he was contemplating this, Daniel's phone buzzed with an incoming call. Fishing the phone out of his pocket, he found it somewhat surprising to see Beauty's name on the display. This woman only calls when there's trouble brewing.

After a quick thought, Daniel promptly hung up the call. However, Beauty immediately called back. After hanging up three consecutive times, her persistent dialing was evident. Resigned, on the fourth call, Daniel answered the phone.

"Hello?"

A lazy "hello" from Daniel was immediately met with a sharp shout from the other side.

"What in the world are you doing?" demanded Beauty.

"Do I have to report my activities to you? After all, you're not her."

"What did you just say? Say that again."

"I don't have to report my activities to you."

"Not that part."

"Then what part?"

"Tell me what part."

"That's all there is. There's nothing else."

Daniel became fearful; he didn't dare to speak further, knowing full well that Beauty was not someone to take his casual words lightly.

"Where are you?"

"I am... uh... I'm..."

Daniel wasn't hesitating, but genuinely unsure where exactly he was in New York.

Within moments, Beauty hung up and forwarded a location to Daniel's phone. Starbucks.

She was at Starbucks and wanted Daniel to join her — maybe for a coffee?

While Daniel wasn't particularly enthusiastic about coffee, he guessed chatting with Beauty wouldn't be too bad — other than her fierce nature, she was quite pleasant, not to mention good-looking and curvy.

Intending to grab a taxi, Daniel found none after waiting ages. He decided to walk to Starbucks instead. Entering the coffee shop, he spotted Beauty sitting alone by a floor-to-ceiling window, sipping coffee.

"Beauty, why only one cup? You planning to share with me? Want an indirect kiss or something?"

"Get lost!" Beauty rolled her eyes and asked, "What time is it now?"

"How would I know the time?"

"When I called you, it was half-past five. Now it's quarter past six."

"Oh."

"Oh? Do you realize how big a blunder you've made? I told you to get here in ten minutes, and you made me wait for forty-five?"

"Why should I do everything you ask? Am I really such a spineless, unprincipled man? That I would rush over at your command? It's already a privilege for you that I deigned to show up."

"I gave you a privilege? I'll twist you to death, you country bumpkin!"