

# The Understated Dragon Lord

## Read Chapter 971 – 980

### Chapter 971 An Expensive Price

Damian paused for a moment before continuing. "As for who did this to Aaron? I can't say for sure right now. But I can tell you that my treatment can cure his illness."

The moment he heard Damian say this, Aaron completely lost it. "What? I'm infested with parasites? Who did this?"

"Aaron," Damian said, "right now, it's not about who did this to you. What matters is that we need to get rid of those parasites in your body as soon as possible. They're vicious and will keep multiplying inside you. The longer we wait, the more parasites there will be, and of course, the more pain you'll feel."

Aaron felt a wave of panic wash over him. No wonder his stomach felt like it was being torn apart-he actually had parasites in there!

"Doctor, please treat me now!"

"Aaron, treating you involves my golden needles, which are not cheap. Let's put it this way: if you want my treatment, you need to prepare enough gold to cover the entire floor of a room."

Cover an entire room? Hearing this made Aaron feel like a sheep walking into a slaughterhouse. But with no other options available, he had no choice but to ask Damian, "Damian, I don't have that much gold right now. How about this-you treat me first, and once my stomach stops hurting, I'll pay you back with gold."

Instantly, Damian sensed that Aaron was trying to pull a fast one on him. There was no way he would fall for that empty promise. He wanted the gold upfront because gold in his hands meant security. Without it, no amount of Aaron's future promises mattered; they were just JOUS.

"Aaron, it's fine that you don't have gold right now. I do. All you need to do is transfer \$1 million to me, and I'll treat you. But I'll be clear-this \$1 million is just for the use of my golden needle; it's separate from your treatment fee." "Separate from my treatment fee? Damian, are you saying if I want you to treat me, I need to pay you another million?"

Damian smiled slightly. "Aaron, that

\$1 million is just the price for one treatment. I can't tell you right now how many parasites are in you. If there aren't many, maybe one needle will do the trick and eliminate the toxins. But if there are a lot, one treatment won't be enough. Since parasites keep reproducing, even if there's just one left in your body, it'll keep causing trouble. So if you've decided to use my golden needles, I believe you want to put an end to this once and for all."

Aaron felt something was off but now had no other choice. He mustered the courage to ask, "Damian, can you tell me how many treatments I might need to eliminate all the parasites inside me?"

## **Chapter 972 A Famous Doctor**

Aaron knew he was about to spend a lot of money, so he wanted to get a clearer picture of how much Damian was going to take from him. Even though making money was as easy as drinking water, it still took effort! His money didn't come from thin air; he definitely wanted to spend less if possible.

"How many treatments will you need, Aaron? Honestly, I can't predict that right now. We'll have to assess things after the first treatment to get a clearer idea," Damian replied.

Aaron recognized that Damian's answer amounted to nothing. He wasn't naïve; he knew that Damian was withholding the number of required treatments to find a way to make more money off him.

Noticing Aaron hesitate, Damian suddenly had an idea. He stroked his beard and said, "Aaron, if you think it's too expensive, you're free to look for another doctor! I can just leave!" Aaron panicked at those words. "Wait, Damian! Don't go!"

He'd been waiting for Aaron to shout. As soon as Aaron called out, Damian stopped in his tracks and turned back. "So, Aaron, have you decided? Are you willing to pay the million to get treated? Oh, I misspoke! It should be \$2 million considering the use of my golden needles you still haven't paid for!"

Aaron's stomach pain was escalating, making it almost intolerable. He pleaded, "Damian, please treat me! I can't take this anymore!"

Of course, Damian didn't jump to treat him immediately. Instead, he grinned and revealed his payment details. "Aaron, I can treat you, but at Eternal Spring, we have rules that can't be changed. You'll need to pay me \$2 million first, and then I'll give you the injection."

With his pain becoming unbearable, Aaron reluctantly took out his phone and transferred \$2 million to Damian. In the face of excruciating pain, \$2 million didn't seem like such a big deal anymore.

Once Damian received the money, he immediately took out a golden needle from his ornate case. He swiftly injected it into Aaron.

To Aaron's surprise, the treatment worked instantly. "Damian, you really are the best doctor! I'm not in pain anymore!"

Seeing Aaron's excitement, Damian

cautioned him. "Aaron, hold on! You

shouldn't be too quick to celebrate. You actually don't have a parasite infection you're suffering from divine punishment. This treatment doesn't resolve your stomach pain. The reason you don't feel pain now is that my treatment has numbed your nerves. But this numbing effect is temporary; in about three seconds, your pain will return, and it might be worse than before."

## **Chapter 973 Another \$1.5 Million**

When Damian heard Daniel say this, his face darkened in an instant. He pointed at Daniel and shouted, "You country doctor, don't spout nonsense here!"

Daniel looked at Damian and chuckled. "You think I'm spouting nonsense? Are you saying Aaron's pain has been cured?"

"Of course, it has!" Damian confidently thumped his chest.

As soon as he said that, before Daniel could respond, Aaron doubled over in pain, clutching his stomach. "Ah... what's wrong with me? It feels like someone's stabbing me with a knife! Damian, you said you cured me! Why does my stomach hurt more than before?" Aaron's reaction left Damian dumbfounded. Logically, his treatment should have helped relieve some pain. After all, he needed to keep making money off Aaron!

If Aaron felt even worse after treatment, how could Damian justify asking him for a second round of treatment? How could he keep conning Aaron?

"Aaron, don't panic. Let me check you out again," Damian said, grabbing Aaron's wrist to assess his condition.

After three minutes of checking, Damian looked surprised. Aaron's body seemed chaotic in a way he had never seen before. Though he

didn't know what was her

that wouldn't stop him from

continuing to take Aaron's money. After all, Damian was in this for the profit, not necessarily to Cure anyone.

As he pondered how to placate

Aaron, Damian crafted his next plan. He looked sincerely at Aaron and

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said, "Aaron, your situation is serious. You'll need at least two more treatments to eliminate the parasites. After you paid me the \$2 million, I'll give you a 20% discount on the next two treatments. Oh, wait, make that a 25% discount! Just give me another \$1.5 million."

\$1.5 million? Hearing that figure nearly made Aaron spit blood.

"Damian, are you serious? Even more money?"

Although Aaron was used to dealing with shrewd clients in his stone business, this was a whole new level of deceit!

But with no options left, Aaron

responded, "So if I give you \$1.5 million for two more treatments, will my stomach pain finally go away? What if you can't cure me?"

"Aaron, don't worry! If you give me \$1.5 million, I guarantee I'll cure you and eliminate all the parasites. You won't have to deal with this pain again."

## **Chapter 974 Not One Cent**

"What if my stomach still hurts after these two treatments?" Aaron asked, anxiety creeping into his voice.

"If your stomach still hurts after two treatments, I won't charge you a single cent for any additional treatments!" Damian replied confidently.

Hearing this made Aaron feel a bit more at ease. He nodded and said, "Alright, then I'll send you another \$1.5 million."

As soon as Aaron agreed, Damian displayed his electronic payment details. With tears in his eyes, Aaron pulled out his phone to transfer the money, feeling like his heart was breaking with every tap.

By the time he finished, he had paid Damian a total of \$3.5 million. That was a staggering amount!

For an average person in Washington, D.C., making just over \$1,000 a month, \$3.5 million was equivalent to nearly thirty years of salary! Despite this hefty sum, he still wasn't sure if it would actually cure his stomach pain. What if he spent all that money and didn't see any results? That would be a disaster.

Once the money was sent, Aaron noticed Damian wasn't making any move to treat him. Panic set in.

"Damian, I've sent the money. When are you going to treat me? My stomach keeps getting worse! I can't take the thought of these parasites in my belly any longer! If you don't hurry up and get rid of them, your reputation as one of D.C.'s top doctors will be on the line!"

Damian didn't seem rushed. After all, he wasn't the one suffering-Aaron was.

He calmly adjusted his goatee and said with a smile, "Aaron, don't rush. The treatment I just gave you did significant damage to those parasites inside you. We need give it a little time before moving on to the next treatment; it'll be more effective that way."

Damian was saying this because he didn't want to reveal that he was still figuring out what was going on with Aaron. He was stalling for time, hoping to uncover the root of

Aaron's pain by reading his

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expressions.

He watched Aaron's face shift from pale to dark, then blue and purple, shifting through colors like a chameleon. This confused him even more.

At that moment, Aaron felt an

unbearable wave of pain. Clutching his stomach, he curled up in a way that slightly eased his discomfort "Damian, please, treat me! If you don't do something fast, I might just die from this pain!"

"Hang on, Aaron! I'll give you treatment right now," Damian said.

He picked up his golden needle again and injected it into Aaron's body, hoping to provide some pain relief.

Sure enough, after the needle went in, Aaron felt a noticeable decrease in the pain. For a brief moment, he could breathe easy.

But just as he began to relax, the pain shot back even stronger.

"Ah... oh no..." Aaron cried out in agony, his voice echoing through the room as he shuddered in discomfort.

After his scream subsided, he looked at Damian, clutching his stomach. "Damian, what's going on? Your treatment didn't help at all; it made my stomach hurt even more!"

## **Chapter 975 Stalling for Time**

"Damian, what's going on? The treatment you gave didn't just not help my stomach; it made it hurt even more!" Aaron felt panic rising in his chest as he clutched his stomach, writhing in pain. Damian realized things were getting out of hand. He started to panic a little, but quickly put on a calm front, trying to appear confident as ever. "Aaron, don't worry. I've got everything under control." "Under control? It feels like my stomach is completely out of control! It's like those parasites are eating me alive! I can't take this anymore! Are you seriously saying everything is okay?"

"Aaron, you're just feeling worse because my treatment is working," Damian replied, trying to sound reassuring. "The pain is a sign that those parasites are sensing danger. They know they're in trouble, so they're struggling and fighting back. They're going all out to survive, which is why it hurts so much. But don't worry! Once I continue the treatment, those parasites will stop attacking. They'll die off, I promise."

"Hang on, Aaron! The parasites are reacting to the treatment I already gave. I need to give them a little more time to fight before I can proceed with the next round. If I jump into another treatment now, it could be too much for your body to handle. We have to be careful; this kind of situation is dangerous!"

Hearing this, Aaron felt the weight of desperation pressing down on him. "Damian, you need to treat me right now!"

Damian said all this to stall, hoping to buy himself some time to figure out a plan. Deep down, he was completely unsure of what to do next. He had boasted about being able to control everything, but if his follow-up treatment didn't work, his reputation as one of D.C.'s top doctors would be at stake.

In the

al field, especially for a

doctor

for a

Damian, reputation was everything. If he lost that, there was no way he could keep being a doctor.

"Aaron, let me check you again," Damian suggested after some thought. He knew this check-up to be perfect-he couldn't afford to mess it up.

With everything on the line for his honor, he needed to fix Aaron's pain this time. There was no room for mistakes; he had to succeed without fail.

Without hesitation, Aaron extended his hand. "Go ahead; just do it!" he urged, desperate for any relief.

Taking a deep breath, Damian prepared to examine Aaron again, determined to turn this situation around.

## **Chapter 976 Just You Wait**

Damian pressed his fingers against Aaron's wrist, checking his pulse, but after what felt like ages, he couldn't find any useful information. Aaron's condition was just too chaotic. Noticing Damian's furrowed brow and silence, Daniel chimed in, "Damian, are you starting to believe that Aaron is under divine punishment and not dealing with some parasite?"

Damian's anger flared up at Daniel's unwelcome interruption. "You're just a country doctor! What gives you the right to challenge me? With your skills, you should be tending to the pets of old folks in your village, not diagnosing serious illnesses. Do you even know what a parasite is? Can you treat that type of sickness? If you don't know anything, you should really just keep quiet!

You think Aaron is being punished by God? Is every illness you can't cure just divine punishment in your little village? That's a convenient excuse for failure!"

"Ha!" Daniel scoffed.

Then he turned to Damian with a teasing smile, "So, Damian, is it safe to assume you know what illness Aaron has? And that you have a plan for the next treatment that will finally take care of that stomach pain?"

"Of course, I know!" Damian declared, confidently puffing out his chest. "I'm a top doctor in D.C.! If I can't handle a simple parasite infection, then what am I even doing here?"

"Since you're so sure of yourself, then let's see it. I'm all eyes!" Daniel said, challenging him.

Feeling backed into a corner by Daniel, Damian decided to take a gamble. He didn't have many options left. It was time to roll the dice and hope for the best.

After hesitating for a moment, he made a decision. Even if this treatment couldn't completely eradicate the parasites inside Aaron, it should at least bring some temporary relief from the pain.

If he could get Aaron to stop hurting, even if just for a little while, his reputation would be safe for now. So, without further ado, Damian picked up the golden needle and injected it into Aaron's body.

This time, the effect was immediate-Aaron's pain vanished right away.

Seeing the relief on Aaron's face, Damian beamed and asked, "So, Aaron, how are you feeling now?"

Aaron felt his stomach and realized the pain was indeed gone. With gratitude in his voice, he exclaimed "Wow, Damian, you really are amazing! No wonder you're one of the top doctors! After that shot, my stomach feels great. You've really fixed it!"

"Ha!" Daniel interrupted with an inappropriate chuckle, eyeing Aaron. "But don't celebrate too soon, Aaron."

## **Chapter 977 Divine Punishment**

Daniel continued, "What Damian just did was still numbing you. This time, the effect might last a little longer, but because you're facing some serious divine punishment, Aaron, your stomach is going to hurt again soon." "Who do you think you are, talking about divine punishment? I don't feel any pain!" Aaron protested, tapping his stomach



proudly. "I'm telling you, my stomach feels perfectly fine. Whatever Damian did seems to have fixed me!" Just as he said that, a sharp pain shot through his belly. [SEARCH THE FindNovel.net website](http://FindNovel.net) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

He yelped in agony and rolled on the ground, squirming like a wheel in distress. "Ah... it hurts so bad! Why, Damian? You promised me that after this shot, I wouldn't feel this pain anymore! You said you'd get rid of the parasites but now it feels like someone is stabbing me with a knife. What's happening?"

Damian was stunned, caught completely off guard. He genuinely had no idea why the pain had returned so swiftly.

Seeing Damian at a loss for words, Daniel couldn't help but tease, "What do you think is going on? It sounds like Damian is the one facing divine punishment here!"

"Hey! What do you mean, I deserve divine punishment? Why should I get that?"

Aaron's frustration boiled over, and he started shouting, "What's with divine punishment? It's because you're accusing me of something that isn't true! If I'm punished, then what about Damian? He's the one who claimed he could cure me!"

"Damian isn't feeling any pain because he was lying to you and not to me," Daniel said, explaining his reasoning.

Aaron shot back, "Ha! So if I'm lying

to you, I get punished, but Damian gets a free pass? That's a

convenient story, isn't it? So, does that make you some sort of chosen one? Are you the favorite child of the universe? That's the implication, right?"

"Sure, if that's how you want to see it. I guess must be the most honest person in the world. There's nobody more trustworthy than me," Daniel said with a smirk.

## **Chapter 978 No Lies Allowed**

Daniel paused for a moment before adding, "You know, God loves honest people, and I'm one of those honest guys. So, surely God must look out for me! That means, if anyone tries to cheat me, they're gonna face God's wrath. That's God's way of protecting good people like me. After all, this world seems to pick on honest folks, and I think God can't stand it. So, He takes extra care of someone like me!"

Hearing Daniel brag like this, Aaron couldn't help but scoff, "Ha!"

After his little laugh, Aaron replied, "You think you're the only honest guy? Come on, there are plenty of dishonest people in this world!"

"I'm telling you, I'm the honest one! Just take a look at me every part of me is as honest as can be, no matter how you look at me!"

Aaron's stomach started to ache again. The pain hit him in waves, making him double over. He clutched his stomach and began to moan, rolling around on the floor.

"Damian, help me out here! I can't take this pain anymore! You've got to keep treating me!"

Damian just stood there, frozen without a clue about what to do next.

But Daniel jumped in again, grinning as he suggested, "Well, Damian's got his own problems. He just lied to Aaron and got caught by God. Now he's about to pay for it because his stomach's gonna start hurting too. But hey, God's giving Damian a chance to redeem himself. If he answers honestly, maybe God will spare him. But if he lies again-even just a little-God won't let that slide. He'll make his stomach hurt like it's being torn apart by a thousand insects, even worse than Aaron's pain!"

Daniel turned to Damian with a bright smile, "So, Damian, are you really a good doctor?"

"Of course! Who'd dare question

skills?"

Damian shot back, "I'm a

genetic

Castor doctor! That's a fact you

can't argue with!"

"Make sure you think carefully! God's watching. If you lie, your stomach will hurt just like Aaron's," Daniel warned. "You've seen Aaron rolling on the ground in agony. You wouldn't want to go through that too, right? But hey, if you really want to experience that pain, be my guest. It's your stomach suffering, not mine!"

Daniel was getting a kick out of this. "Let me ask you again, are you sure you're a good doctor?"

## Chapter 979 The Cost of Lying

Daniel continued, "If you lie about being a good doctor, you'll face God's punishment. God hears every word you say!" "Ha!" Damian sneered, brushing Daniel off. "You're just some small-town doc. I'm not buying into your wild tales!"

But the moment he finished speaking, his stomach suddenly hurt, catching him off guard.

"Oh... ow!" Damian clutched his belly and began to wail.

Seeing this, Daniel hurried over, chuckling as he asked, "So, how's that lying working out for you? Your stomach's hurting now, right? Feels pretty awful doesn't it?"

"What did you do to me? This has to be your fault! Are you some kind of witch? Did you send worms into my stomach?!"

"Come on, Damian! You need proof to make those claims! If you believe I sent worms, then show me the worms! If you can't, that means you're just spreading lies and slandering me!"

"If you hadn't done something, how could my stomach be hurting so much?"

"Your pain is because you lied,

Damian! told you lying brings God's punishment! You pretended to be a good doctor, but let's be

honest-you're just a fraud!"

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"Stop it with your nonsense! I'm a good doctor!" Damian shot back.

"Well, if you're such a great doctor, then you should easily be able to treat your own pain. How could you call yourself a good doctor if you can't fix your own stomach ache?" Daniel challenged. "Doesn't that sound a bit humiliating?"

"Who says I can't treat myself? It's just a stomach ache! I can handle it!"

Damian grabbed his acupuncture needles and started pricking himself on the elbow. He jabbed three times in a row. Instead of relief, the pain in his stomach only intensified with each needle.

"It feels like my insides are being shredded! What's going on?" he cried out in agony.

"Damian, it's not me; it's God's punishment you're dealing with. To end this punishment, just tell the truth: are you really a good doctor?"

## Chapter 980 A Tough Question

"If I say yes, will everything go back to normal?"

"Who knows? You'll only find out once you say it!" Daniel said with a friendly grin.

"You're making yourself suffer for no reason, Damian! If you just admit it and tell the truth, God might let you off easy, and then your stomach won't hurt anymore. Wouldn't that be great? But hey, if you want to keep feeling this pain, that's up to you. Remember, it's your body that hurts, not mine."

After a moment of hesitation, Damian finally decided he couldn't take it anymore.

"My... my bad, I'm not a good doctor."

The moment he admitted this, the pain in his stomach vanished.

"It doesn't hurt anymore?! Really, it doesn't hurt!" Damian exclaimed, astonished and dancing around with excitement.

"You see? I told you this was God's punishment! Now do you believe me?"

"I believe! I believe! I won't lie again! If I do, I'm going straight to hell!"

Damian finally gave in. Daniel turned [Search the Find\\_Novel.net website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

to Aaron and asked with a smile, "Hey Aaron, now that Damian admitted he was lying, are you still going to hold out? Your stomach can't take much more! Just because you haven't died yet doesn't mean you're off the hook. God's initial punishment was a lesson, and lessons are meant to correct mistakes. You're being stubborn, and if you keep it up, God might not be so lenient next time. You have one last chance to straighten things out."

Daniel pointed to the piece of jade in his hand and asked Aaron, "Is this really jade? Does it actually worth eight million dollars?" Aaron's stomach pain was excruciating. There was no way he'd lie now. After all, he could handle pain but only had one life. "Okay, okay! It's golden jade, worth over eight million!" he quickly admitted.

"Great!" Daniel exclaimed, turning to Grant with a grin. "Did you hear that? Aaron just confirmed it! So, you and Aaron lost the bet. You both need to bow down and show me some respect, or else you'll be feeling more pain!"

"Ha!" Grant scoffed, rolling his eyes. "Just because you say it's worth eight million doesn't make it so! Even if this is really jade, you still need someone willing to pay that price for it!"