

An understated Dominance – Dahlia and Dustin Chapter 1093

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Chapter 1093: The Miraculous Effect

The Old Drunkard had no intention of refilling their cups at all.

The three of them exchanged glances, rendered speechless.

In the end, the Old Drunkard finished an entire jar of wine, not leaving a single drop behind.

“Refreshing!”

After finishing the wine, the Old Drunkard let out a satisfied belch, feeling rejuvenated and in excellent spirits.

Only after feeling completely satisfied did he pick up the Life-Prolonging Pill and swallow it in one gulp.

Gulp.

As soon as the Life-Prolonging Pill entered his throat, it transformed into streams of golden energy that instantly permeated his body, coursing through his limbs and bones.

These energies were imbued with immense vitality, like a fountain of life, continuously nourishing the Old Drunkard’s body.

His withered meridians began to come back to life, and his pale complexion gradually regained its radiance. In his cloudy old eyes, a flicker of gold seemed to shimmer.

His limbs, organs, skin, muscles, hair—everything began to change slowly.

At this moment, the Old Drunkard, who had been frail, listless, and hunched over, appeared as if he had undergone a complete transformation, shedding his old self like a snake shedding its skin.

“What an incredible medicinal effect!”

Dustin and the others were utterly amazed. The effects displayed by the Life-Prolonging Pill were not merely therapeutic; it was more like a metamorphosis, a rebirth.

The Old Drunkard, who was originally weak, feeble, and decrepit, looked like a dying old man.

Now, his physique had become robust, his appearance youthful, and his aura powerful.

His entire presence had undergone a qualitative change, and even without taking any action, just standing there, he exuded a tremendous pressure.

“Hahaha... Feels great!”

The Old Drunkard stretched lazily, and his joints crackled like popping beans.

There was no denying that the Life-Prolonging Pill was truly miraculous, worthy of being called a legendary herbal medicine. Not only did it alleviate the Five Signs of Aging, but it also granted him a new lease on life.

“Granpa Gregory, how do you feel?” Dustin asked cautiously.

“What’s there to say? I feel fantastic!” The Old Drunkard was overjoyed, feeling invigorated. “After just one Life-Prolonging Pill, I not only saved my life but also cleared my blocked meridians. Though I may not be back to my peak state, I now have about seventy percent of my strength.”

“That’s great, as long as you can recover,” Dustin sighed in relief, his long-held anxiety finally dissipating.

The heavens had not forsaken those with determination. After so much effort, he had finally fulfilled one of his long-cherished wishes by curing the Old Drunkard’s terminal illness. Now, it was time to avenge his mother.

He would not only challenge the strongest expert in the whole kingdom but also uncover the truth behind what happened all those years ago.

No matter who the mastermind was or what kind of background they had, he would not give up easily.

One day, he would use the head of the mastermind to pay tribute to his deceased mother.

Ring Ring Ring...

Suddenly, a cell phone rang.

Dustin answered, and Shiela's voice quickly came through the line.

"Dustin, big brother! Something terrible has happened! My father has suffered a severe injury and is on the verge of death. All the doctors are helpless, and now only you can save him! Please, you must save my father!"