

Chapter 217

At that thought, Arielle's gaze turned icy and menacing.

Yvette wants to destroy my reputation, huh? Well, it shall backfire on her!

Nonetheless, Arielle kept her real feelings hidden, so others only saw how concerned she was about Yvette.

She patted Yvette's shoulder and assured her, "Yvette, don't worry. I know some basic first aid knowledge. Let me try it on Mr. Actonward. Perhaps it's not too late to save him."

Instantly, Yvette snapped back to reality.

She slapped Arielle's hand away forcefully and screamed, "B*tch! Leave my house now!"

Her reaction caused the others to shoot disapproving looks in Yvette's direction.

The young lady offered to help Russell, but Yvette was rude to her. Does she want to save her dad or let her dad die?

It's bad enough that Shandie became mad after going to the monastery. Has Yvette

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It's bad enough that Shandie became mad after going to the monastery. Has Yvette

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gone mad, too?

Does she want her father to die so she can inherit the Actonwards' wealth?

That's crazy!

At that point, Clara couldn't take it anymore. She grabbed Yvette's hand and wailed, "Ms. Yvette, please let this young lady try and save Mr. Actonward."

The rest chimed in, "Yes, Ms. Actonward. Don't be heartless. Your dad is in danger!"

"If something happens to him, you will need to bear some sort of responsibility!"

"That's right! It doesn't hurt to give it a try. Miss, please help Mr. Actonward!"

Yvette hung her head low upon hearing the crowd's voices.

She trembled in anger and tamped down the urge to give Arielle a forceful slap.

Everyone was staring at her like she was a madwoman, so she dared not stop them from inviting Arielle to save Russell.

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Arielle was certain that Russell knew nothing about Yvette's scheme. Otherwise, he wouldn't have died in a fit of fury.

Thus, she wanted to save Russell for he was innocent.

Besides, saving Russell's life would help her to gain a firm foothold in Jadeborough.

At that, she had made up her mind. Her adoptive parents wanted to develop traditional Chanaean medicine, but they were foreigners and couldn't open a traditional hospital here.

After saving Russell, she would proceed to open a hospital that practiced traditional Chanaean medicine and bring her adoptive parents over so they could reunite.

But, can I save Russell?

Arielle then took Russell's pulse without hesitation as her gaze turned serious.

It was worse than what she had imagined.

Not only had Russell collapsed out of shock, but he also suffered from serious cardiovascular disease.

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Now, Russell had stopped breathing without warning, causing sudden death.

"Miss, how is Mr. Actonward doing?" asked Clara in concern.

Arielle shook her head. "He's not faring well. Can you ask someone to bring Mr. Actonward to the waiting room? I need to treat him using acupuncture."

In modern medicine, doctors would have to operate on someone who had sudden death. The chance of a successful operation was extremely slim, though.



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In traditional Chanaean medicine, the doctor would only need to let out blood to decrease the blood pressure.

Still, it was a risky procedure. If she slipped up, it would only speed up Russell's death instead of rescuing him.

Arielle was certain that no one could save Russell for the medical industry wasn't that developed locally yet.

Hence, she could give it a try.

At that, Clara immediately ordered a few bodyguards to bring Russell to the waiting room beside the living room.

Arielle stood at the door and stopped the Actonwards and Yvette from coming in. "I need a quiet environment to carry out my treatment. Clara can stay. The others, please remain outside," she announced coolly.

One of them asked, "Are you capable of treating him? You look young. What if something happens to Russell because of what you did?"

Meanwhile, Yvette had never trusted

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Arielle.

"Don't get tricked by her! I know her well. She's a vicious and lying b*tch! She killed my dog previously. I know she's trying to delay treatment for Dad as she hates me. Don't trust her. Kick her out now!" Yvette declared.

Instantly, the others began losing trust in Arielle.

"That's true. She's around Yvette's age. How skilled can she be?"

"I think we should wait for the ambulance. I checked Russell's breathing earlier. He can breathe in but can't breathe out. He can't handle more stress!"

"Young lady, we know you're kind enough to offer help, but this concerns a person's life. This isn't a game."

"That's right!"

The people who initially wanted Yvette to save Arielle started having doubts after hearing Yvette's words and told her not to butt in.

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Right then, Arielle gazed at Yvette. "Is your reputation more important than your dad's life? Is it more important to defeat me now than saving your dad? Yvette, you know well why your dad collapsed without warning, right? Do you want me to tell everyone about it?"

Right after Arielle had said that, everyone cast dubious stares at Yvette.

Yvette panicked instantly. Without warning, a daring thought appeared in her mind.

If Arielle can't save Dad and causes his death, she will be a real murderer!

As that thought occurred to her, she made up her mind. "Since you're confident, go ahead and try. But if you can't cure my dad, I shall sue you for intentional homicide!"

Arielle frowned at the unexpected statement. After pondering briefly, she nodded. "Okay!"

Even if it wasn't for her hospital, Russell was her relative. She couldn't just watch him die and do nothing about it.

Hence, as soon as she finished speaking,

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she spun on her heels and entered the waiting room.

Arielle then ordered Clara to lock the door and started examining Russell thoroughly.

She made sure her initial diagnosis was right before opening her bag.

Clara peered at her bag curiously and saw a row of gold needles. The shortest needle was around half an inch, while the longest was three inches long.

Shocked, Clara queried, "Miss, why did you bring this to Ms. Yvette's birthday party?"

Arielle took out her tools one by one and replied calmly, "Doctors would bring these everywhere they go."

Actually, she had brought her stuff along just in case Yvette set up a trap for her.

Turned out they really came in handy.

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Clara wasn't an educated woman. So fortunately for Arielle, she thought Arielle was a doctor who was used to bringing her medical equipment out, so she didn't press on.

Rubbing her hands nervously, she asked, "Miss, do you need me to help you?"

Arielle pushed her needles into various acupoints on Russell's body and replied, "Get me a towel."

Clara immediately handed her a towel. She thought she was about to help Arielle in her treatment, but to her surprise, Arielle's request was to let Clara wipe her sweat.

At that, Clara was confused.

"My sweat will affect my vision. Your job is to keep my vision clear," explained Arielle.

When she was focused on her treatment, it was as if there was a halo above her head. Thus, Clara dared not go against her order.

Soon, Russell's body was full of needles that had been soaked in special medication earlier. He looked like a hedgehog.

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Arielle started needling manipulation.

Compared to inserting the needles, it was tougher to do so.

A few seconds later, beads of sweat formed on her forehead.

Arielle was focused on the manipulation of the needles and directed all her energy to her fingers. It was an action that would use up all her energy.

Soon, her whole body was soaking wet as though someone had doused her body in a bucket of water.

Clara immediately wiped the sweat on Arielle's brows to prevent the sweat from trickling down her face and blurring her vision.

Finally, Arielle finished the needling manipulation process and heaved a sigh of relief.

After that, Clara glanced at Russell, expecting him to wake up immediately.

Alas, the man remained motionless.

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She reached out to check his breath. Russell was still breathing in but not out.

Clara panicked instantly and demanded, "Miss, why is Mr. Actonward still unconscious?"

"That was just the first step," Arielle responded and brought out another tool from her bag to carry out the bloodletting procedure.

Clara parted her lips in astonishment when she saw Arielle cutting Russell's arm using a sharp scalpel.

The minute she regained her composure, she yelled, "What are you doing?"

"Bloodletting. Mr. Actonward will regain consciousness after this step," said Arielle.

Immediately, blood gushed out of Russell's arm.

It was the first time Clara had witness such a horrifying procedure. She flung her arms around Arielle to stop her. "Stop it! I've never heard of this procedure. Stop right now! He'll die of excessive blood loss!" she screamed.

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Upon that, Arielle steadied her hands and whipped her head around to warn Clara. "Your rash actions might cause Mr. Actonward to die right here!"

Clara froze immediately. She had no idea whether she should stop Arielle from going further.

Still, Arielle's calm gaze gave her some assurance.

Clara hesitated for a moment before finally yielding. Then, she released her grip and stared at the blood puddle on the ground.

Placing her palms together, she began praying fervently, "Dear Lord, please let this young lady be a doctor and not some crazy person."

Resigned, Arielle pursed her lips and continued the bloodletting treatment.

It wasn't just a simple treatment, for Arielle wanted to find out the blood clot's exact location and removed it once and for all.

In order to do that, she had to drain out some blood.

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It was even trickier as it was a form of ancient medicine which existed before traditional Chanaean medicine.

Most people had no idea that this form of treatment existed. Even if they do, they couldn't carry it out as they might kill the patient accidentally.

Hence, Arielle didn't blame Clara for panicking.



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Time ticked by. Arielle was so focused that she didn't even know what time it was.

Finally, the last acupoint which was on the brain remained.

In modern medicine, doctors would draw blood to treat stroke patients. It was rare to draw blood in traditional Chanaean medicine, though.

Drawing blood from the brain was the hardest part of all.

With that, Arielle took a deep breath. She quickly located the acupoint and was about to draw out some blood when someone pounded on the door.

"Clara! Open the door! The ambulance is here!" It was Yvette's voice.

As Clara was Yvette's nanny, she adored the latter and spoiled her a lot.

This time, she glanced at Arielle to gain her approval.

Despite that, Arielle didn't look up and remained fixated on Russell's bleeding arm.

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Sensing Clara's gaze, Arielle ordered, "Stop them from coming in!"

Clara hesitated. "But..."

As Clara didn't open the door as ordered, Yvette realized something was wrong. She pounded even louder on the door.

"Open the door now! Otherwise, we shall break in now!"

Right then, Clara was starting to pace around anxiously.

"What should we do? Oh, no..."

As the door showed no signs of opening, Yvette got the key from Edmund. When she placed the key in the keyhole, she realized it was locked from the inside.

Clara had betrayed me!

Yvette's gaze turned icy as she commanded a bodyguard, "Kick the door open!"

"Yes!"

The bodyguard stepped back before

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kicking on the door forcefully.

Thump! The door trembled from the force and was about to fall from its hinge.

Inside the room, Clara was flustered. "What should we do? They..."

"Stop them!" Arielle raised her voice. "If you want Mr. Actonward to survive, listen to me!"

Strangely, Clara could only hear Arielle's voice as though she was bewitched.

Glancing around, she spotted a wooden table and pulled it to block the door.

Thump! Thump!

The people outside continued kicking on the door forcefully.

Nonetheless, Arielle ignored the commotion and focused on her treatment.

Thump! Finally, the door was kicked open.

Luckily, the table behind the door stopped it from crashing onto the ground. It hung on its hinge precariously.

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Still, everyone could see what was happening inside.

Instantly, Yvette and the crowd could see Russell lying in a pool of blood. It was a shocking sight, as the pristine bedsheet was stained with his blood.

At that moment, Arielle was holding a knife to Russell's neck, cutting it open without hesitation.

Blood trickled out immediately in a horrifying manner.

Yvette and the others were stunned into silence.

Meanwhile, Clara was wailing, "Ms. Yvette, please give this young lady some more time. Please..."

Her wails caused Yvette to snap back to reality.

"Clara, are you crazy? How could you allow Arielle to kill my dad? Hurry and get in there!" she ordered.

Everyone else was gasping in horror, too. "Murder!"

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Thump!

After a few attempts, the table blocking the door was kicked out of the way.

The door immediately crashed onto the ground, which trembled from the tremendous crash.

Yvette was the first one to rush in.

She dashed toward Arielle and screamed bloody murder. "Arielle, you need to pay for taking my dad's life!"



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Yvette wanted to grab Arielle's hair and hit her head against the wall.

But before Yvette could lay a hand on Arielle, the latter grabbed Yvette's arm instead and pinned her facedown.

Thud! Yvette was forced to kneel.

"Ah!" Yvette let out an ear-splitting scream. "You murderer! How dare you hurt me? Help! Help!"

Before the bodyguards realized it, Arielle had already forced Yvette to get on her knees.

They finally came back to their senses and rushed ahead to save Yvette.

The others started hurling accusations, too. "I can't believe I trusted that vicious woman! Beat her up! Kill her!"

Suddenly, a voice rang out. "Stop!"

It was a weak voice, but everyone immediately stopped in their tracks and whirled around in disbelief.

Russell, who had been unconscious in his

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own puddle of blood moments ago, had regained consciousness. He opened his eyes and was trying to sit up.

Yvette was stunned as she blurted out, "Dad?"

*After losing so much blood, Dad didn't die?
He is still alive?*

What's going on?

Arielle glanced at Russell and let out a sigh of relief. She immediately released her grip on Yvette.

After regaining freedom, Yvette scurried over to Russell and wailed, "Dad! Dad, you're okay?"

"Why? Do you want something to happen to me?" Russell glared at Yvette. His gaze was no longer gentle and adoring.

Everyone was afraid of dying.

Russell had regained consciousness a while ago, but he couldn't open his eyes yet.

Hence, he overheard the entire exchange.

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If Clara hadn't blocked the entrance, Yvette would've rushed in to stop the young lady from saving him.

There was a possibility that he might die in the middle of the treatment, so his affection for Yvette disappeared into thin air.

A chill ran down Yvette's spine. Russell's frosty glare seemed to insinuate that he had seen through her trick.

She gulped and asked guiltily, "Dad, why are you staring at me like that?"

Russell's voice was icy. "If you had entered earlier, I would've died on the spot! This young lady had saved my life. How could you call her a murderer? Are you even my daughter?"

Yvette had guessed that Arielle was the one who saved Russell's life. Still, when she heard it from Russell's own lips, her mind went blank.

Arielle saved dad. Our family now owes her a favor. Then, what am I now?

Everyone else began murmuring in wonder

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when they heard it was Arielle who saved Russell's life.

"She drained out that much blood to treat him. I've never seen such a bizarre treatment.

"She's a miracle doctor!"

"I wonder which family she is from. My son is single."

"What a coincidence. My son is also single. He's a handsome bachelor!"

They were all planning on introducing Arielle to their sons!

However, Arielle ignored the flattery and went to Russell. "Mr. Actonward, how are you feeling?"

Upon seeing Arielle, Russell shoved his daughter away and gestured for the former to come to him.

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He took Arielle's hand and expressed his heartfelt gratitude. "I'm fine now. I even feel much better. Miracle doctor, can I know your name?"

Arielle took Russell's pulse and introduced herself. "My name is Arielle Moore. Henrick Moore's my father."

Russell's eyes lit up excitedly.

"Oh, you're my cousin's daughter! That's great news!"

Upon hearing that the miracle doctor was Russell's first cousin once removed, the crowd grew increasingly envious.

They might be rich, but money couldn't buy health. Russell was lucky today for the miracle doctor was here to save his life.

At once, everyone in the Actonward family came to strike up a conversation with Arielle warmly.

As Arielle had stolen the limelight, Yvette was burning in jealousy.

Her jealousy overwhelmed her entire being until she didn't even feel happy that her

father was still alive.

She gave Arielle a menacing glare and spoke. "Dad, do you know she's from the countryside? I have no idea where she learned the crazy treatment. Perhaps it was a coincidence that you could regain consciousness. The doctor is here, so you should let him examine you."

She refused to believe that it was Arielle who saved her father.

It must be a coincidence!

However, Arielle merely smirked upon hearing her words. Clearly, she was confident in herself.

She was worried that people would think of Russell's recovery as a coincidence, so Yvette's suggestion came just in time to dispel everyone's doubts.

At the same time, Yvette promptly regretted her suggestion when she saw the smirk playing on Arielle's lips.

It was too late, as Russell's private doctor, Ford Jangler, and a specialist had arrived at the scene.

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They were taken aback to see the blood in the room.

Ford immediately asked, "W-Why is there so much blood? Didn't Mr. Actonward lose consciousness from severe shock?"

The other guests hurriedly chimed in, "The miracle doctor, Ms. Moore, did it!"

"Yes! Ms. Moore is a miracle doctor. She saved Mr. Actonward's life!"

"That's right. We've never heard of the bloodletting treatment. It was really fascinating!"

Ford's expression darkened. "Nonsense! Only uneducated witches would resort to pseudoscientific treatments like this!"

Yvette's expression brightened. She rushed over to agree to Ford's statement. "You're right, Dr. Jangler! Yvette is from the countryside. She didn't save my dad. It must be a pure coincidence that my dad regained consciousness!"

Ford nodded in agreement. "Yes, it's just a coincidence. Bloodletting is a dangerous practice. You're a person of influence in

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Jadeborough. How could you believe in that sorcery? You must've gone crazy."

Yvette was thrilled for she finally found someone who sided with her.

"Dad!" She turned to Russell. "Did you hear what Dr. Jangler said? Arielle isn't your savior."

She refused to regard Arielle as her father's savior. The more she thought about it, the more she felt disgusted.

Still, Russell didn't believe Ford's words as he trusted his own intuition.



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