

Chapter 843 Diagnosed With Poisoning

Frank contacted Brandon and learned that Brandon was in the hospital. Frank immediately rushed there, dragging his suitcase.

The anger at Brandon started to wane along the way.

Brandon was a cold guy, yet he was kind to Frank. Frank felt a pang of sadness as he reflected on the many years spent with Brandon. When Brandon was young, he lost his mother. He was just two years into his happy marriage, but now...

Frank could not suppress a sigh.

He arrived at the hospital quickly and saw Brandon standing outside a ward.

Frank approached him quickly and gave Brandon a pat on the back. "You must have faith in the state of medicine today. There is no problem that cannot be solved..."

Frank hurriedly took out the flashlight from his suitcase, lifted Brandon's eyelids, and proceeded to check him as soon as he finished speaking.

Brandon could not respond to that. He pushed Frank to an appropriate social distance and inquired, "What are

you up to? I'm perfectly fine. The sick person is there." He pointed to the man who was laying in the hospital bed.

Frank was taken aback, but quickly gathered his calm and inquired, "What's going on?"

Janet's eyes welled up with tears as she approached Frank. "Actually, I have no idea what went wrong. I can only provide a general description of the problem. His breathing was becoming increasingly difficult, and his organs were weakening, but the physicians could not determine the cause."

Just now, after Brandon knocked Draco unconscious, Brandon requested that the doctor check Draco again and again, but to no avail. All said and done, Draco's predicament worsened rapidly.

"Okay, I'll take care of it," Frank said seriously.

Immediately, he spoke with the physician treating Draco. Lots of hospitals in Barnes, including the one they were in now, worked together with Frank's private hospital and that he was quite well-known. When other physicians saw Frank, they came to consult with him.

Frank looked at Draco's arm for a while before discovering the tiny puncture in which a micro syringe had entered.

"The pinhole is really tiny since the culprit must have

used a micro syringe. You won't be able to find it until you examine it very closely." From Draco's arm, Frank drew blood and said, "Test his blood and we should know what poison it is."

As this was happening, the electrocardiogram showed an abrupt change; Draco's heart rate dropped significantly. The situation with him was dire!

"Get moving! Come on! Quick, get the patient to the emergency room!" Draco was hurriedly pushed into the emergency department by the doctor and nearby nurses.

Janet hurried after them as they left the ward, but Brandon stopped her.


"Please relax. Even if you go there, you can't be of any use to him. Leave it to Frank."

Janet asked, a little bewildered and shocked, "Right now, things weren't all that bad. What caused his condition to change so drastically?"

Later, Frank explained the results of Draco's blood test, "It appears that Draco was indeed poisoned. It's not the first time I've encountered this particular poison. The poison of a woodland viper. When bitten by this species of viper, the symptoms the victims showed are identical to those of Draco." Frank scratched his jaw and blinked. "However, I am baffled as to why the poison moved so slowly. Presumably, the poison contains a secondary

agent that slows its effects."

To put it simply, it was a puzzle!

Though Frank had been a doctor for many years, he had just lately come across these unusual poisons. He could not help but curse. "Damn it! Why do some people seem to have a compulsion for creating extremely harmful pharmaceuticals these days? I wish I could get my hands on one of those people!" 

With his voice down, Brandon approached and said, "What should we do now?"

On hearing that, Frank scowled and considered reprimanding Brandon. Brandon was a major source of trouble. He had already been struggling to figure out what to do about the poison someone had used on Brandon, and then Brandon presented him with yet another problem.

Frank internally groaned, but since Brandon was a close buddy, he just had to help. So he said, "First, we need to find the syringe. This kind of syringe is minuscule, and it was injected quickly. The fact that it will leave residue is a drawback. Find it and extract the residue so we can examine its components. With that, I believe I can develop an antidote."