

Chapter 744 Increasing The Dosage

The Duncan family's fighters collapsed one after the other, terror evident in every gaze.

Within the group was the doctor. As Julie aimed her gun at him, a shiver of dread overtook him.

"Don't shoot. You want to save him, right? I can help," he pleaded with a shaky voice.

Julie hesitated, her gun still aimed at him but held her fire.

Seeing this, the doctor quickly proposed, "I can help him, but once he's stable, you need to let me live."

Without a word, Julie pulled him by the collar, dragging him to where Liam lay.

"Listen closely. No tricks. If he doesn't make it, your fate will be grim," she warned.

With trembling hands, the doctor adjusted his spectacles, gave a fearful nod, and began assessing Liam's condition, connecting numerous devices to him to monitor his condition.

Liam's heartbeat was worryingly faint, teetering on the brink

of life and death.

With a furrowed brow, the doctor used an endoscope to inspect the area around Liam's heart, discovering a significant fissure.

Given the wound on Liam's chest, it was evident that the crack was the aftermath of the intense combat earlier.

The doctor set aside the endoscope, conveying the dire state Liam was in to Julie, adding, "Performing surgery given his current state is impractical."

Julie's anxiety surged. Pressing her gun to the doctor's temple, she spat, "Regardless, you will save him today."

The doctor, trembling, responded, "His injuries are so profound that even the best hospitals might deem it hopeless. There's only one possible solution if you're intent on saving him."

Impatient, Julie demanded, "Spit it out. Or I'll end you for making me wait."

The doctor rose from his seat, retrieving a vial from a green container in the laboratory, placing it before Julie.

He said, "This is our only hope. You're aware of its effects, but I must caution you. This drug's potency and corrosive nature demand a high level of human tolerance. Most individuals would simply succumb, perishing instantly. However, his build is sturdier than Rohan's. He might endure

it. Once he stabilizes, we can proceed with a surgery to mend his heart, offering him a fighting chance."

Julie paused, mulling over his words, then finally agreed.

As the doctor had pointed out, grappling for a slim chance was preferable to resigning Liam to his fate.

The doctor then administered the drug to Liam.

Remarkably, within a couple of minutes, its effects began to manifest. Liam's heart rate began to climb, but this hopeful development was short-lived as it soon plummeted.

The doctor's brow furrowed. "The dosage was insufficient," he murmured.

Quickly, he procured another vial, injecting its contents into Liam. With the augmented dosage, Liam's state began to stabilize.

Witnessing the progressive readings on the monitor, Julie breathed a sigh of relief.

But that respite was momentary. Almost immediately, the numbers on the monitor changed erratically. Liam's vital signs nosedived, his heart rate dwindling, deteriorating beyond its initial state.

His form began to bloat, emanating a green light, as if he teetered on the brink of a fatal rupture.

Panic gripped Julie. "What have you done? Did you harm him further?" she demanded.

Without hesitation, she thrust the gun to the doctor's temple.

Her quivering fingers rested on the trigger, inciting palpable dread in the doctor, who feared an inadvertent discharge.

With a voice trembling with anxiety, the doctor responded, "I assure you, I've done no harm. I warned of the drug's peril, especially given his grave injuries! To counteract his deteriorating condition, I had to increase the dosage before full absorption, causing a concentrated surge. His fate now hinges on sheer fortune!"