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Harrison's expression changed, and he immediately fished out his phone to call Hannah .

However, no one answered.

Lauren glanced at the time. "It's 15 minutes past five. Hannah should be picking up her nephew at this time!"

"She usually brings her phone along..." Harrison replied in a deep voice.

After saying that, he called another nanny. "Maria, where's Hannah?"

"Oh... She..." On the other end of the line, Maria sounded like she was choking on her sobs.

"What is it..." Harrison asked anxiously.

"Just now... the school called. Hannah... She got into a car accident..."

"Is it serious?" Harrison's face was increasingly gloomy.

"Hannah and her nephew died on the spot!" On the other end of the phone, Maria burst into

tears.

Harrison put down the phone slowly.

He turned on the speakerphone so everyone could hear.

With a pale face, Lauren said, "Nashy, you and Hera take care of Mr. Lewis. We'll go back to have a look!"

Hannah had been a nanny to the Lewis family for more than 20 years, after all.

In those 20—

plus years, she had worked hard and devoted herself to her duties. Now that something had happened, of course, they could not sit idly by.

Nash asked Mr. Dean to help the old man through the discharge procedures before taking him

back home with Hera.

Just as Nash and Hera departed, three luxurious Rolls—Royces rolled by and parked in front of the hospital.

The doors opened, and a group of bodyguards dressed in suits and leather shoes exited the

vehicles.

They were then followed by a lively-looking old man with gray hair.

Mr. Dean was shocked to see the old man but greeted him respectfully, “Mr. Watson, what brings you here?”

Brian also quickly stepped forward. He put a hand over his heart and said, “Mr. Watson ...”

This person was Walter Watson, the richest man in Jonford who owned eight listed companies and whose assets exceeded 14 billion dollars.

Walter smiled and responded, “I heard you were back. Of course, I came to visit...”

Brian laughed and said, “I’m flattered that you remember me, Mr. Watson.

Walter’s chain of business involved an extensive range of fields. He had investments in the

vast pharmaceutical industries of differing origins in Jonford.

Walter sighed. "To be honest, I came looking for you two because of my wife's **illness...**"

As soon as he said that, both Brian's and Mr. Dean's expressions darkened.

Mrs. Watson suffered from a strange disease.

She showed a healthy body index but was unconscious despite there not being any sign of brain death.

Brian had already come looking for the Watsons as early as three years ago.

They tried their best but still failed to find out the cause of Mrs. Watson's ailment.

Walter understood everything from both their expressions and was not angry. He just smiled and said, "I heard that your teacher is the imperial doctor of Capiton, Miracle Doctor Tanner. I wonder if I can ask the revered teacher for help?"

Brian smiled wryly and said, "The old man has not cared about worldly affairs for so many years..."

His teacher was already 90 years old and reached retirement age. Yet, he had been taking care of a certain political figure.

His teacher would definitely not help unless it was the few political figures in Capiton who reached out.

"Forget it... Perhaps it's God's will!" Walter said bitterly.

Mr. Dean turned to Brian and whispered, "Why don't you ask Nash to help?"

Brian was slightly taken aback, but after thinking about it for a moment, he said, "Mr. Watson, my grandmaster has come down the mountain. Maybe he can cure Mrs. Watson's illness!"

"Your grandmaster?" Walter was a little dazed.

Dr. Tanner's master was already over 90 years old.

If he was Brian's grandmaster, would that not make him over a hundred years old?

He thought of Thomas King, Dr.

Tanner's master's master, who could also be found in the annals of medical history.

The man's ability must be beyond doubt for him to be part of the same cohort.

"Then, might I trouble you to request him for help, Dr. Tanner? If my wife can be cured, I'm willing to pay 11 million in consultation fees!"

Copter