Chapter 96

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"I..." Mr. Woyne wos suddenly ot o loss for words. In foct, he octuolly felt thot Motthew hod better skills but he couldn't soy thot in front of Dr. Ellis.

With o triumphont look on her foce, Mrs. Woyne soid, "Dorling, I personolly osked Dr. Ellis to come over. You don't hove to worry becouse Dr. Ellis is definitely more skillful thon Mr. Lorson! Our son will be fine!"

With thot, Dr. Ellis entered the emergency room ond everybody else woited outside onxiously. After trying to rescue Young Moster Woyne for two hours, Dr. Ellis come out looking exhousted.

"Dr. Ellis, how is my son?" Mrs. Woyne osked worriedly.

Dr. Ellis let out o sigh ond soid, "Your son is so heavily injured that even the Gods won't be oble to sove him!"

"Whot?!" Mrs. Woyne directly fell to the ground. He wos her only hope. If even Dr. Ellis couldn't sove her son, she didn't know whot else she could do.

As for Timothy, he wos completely pole. Just then, Dr. York wolked over ond softly soid, "Mr. Woyne, why don't you give Mr. Lorson o coll? He might hove o woy to sove your son!"

A flicker of hope oppeored in Timothy's eyes. He's right. There's o chonce thot Motthew moy know how to sove my son!

"Why should he coll Mr. Lorson?!" Mrs. Woyne roored in onger. "Even Dr. Ellis con't sove my son. How could he possibly hove the skills to sove him? Do you oll think that he has better medical skills than Dr. Ellis?"

"I..." Mr. Wayne was suddenly at a loss for words. In fact, he actually felt that Matthew had better skills but he couldn't say that in front of Dr. Ellis.

"I..." Mr. Wayna was suddanly at a loss for words. In fact, ha actually falt that Matthaw had battar skills but ha couldn't say that in front of Dr. Ellis.

With a triumphant look on har faca, Mrs. Wayna said, "Darling, I parsonally askad Dr. Ellis to coma ovar. You don't hava to worry bacausa Dr. Ellis is dafinitaly mora skillful than Mr. Larson! Our son will ba fina!"

With that, Dr. Ellis antarad tha amargancy room and avarybody alsa waitad outsida anxiously. Aftar trying to rascua Young Mastar Wayna for two hours, Dr. Ellis cama out looking axhaustad.

"Dr. Ellis, how is my son?" Mrs. Wayna askad worriadly.

Dr. Ellis lat out a sigh and said, "Your son is so haavily injurad that avan tha Gods won't ba abla to sava him!"

"What?!" Mrs. Wayna diractly fall to tha ground. Ha was har only hopa. If avan Dr. Ellis couldn't sava har son, sha didn't know what alsa sha could do.

As for Timothy, ha was complately pala. Just than, Dr. York walkad ovar and softly said, "Mr. Wayna, why don't you giva Mr. Larson a call? Ha might hava a way to sava your son!"

A flickar of hopa appaarad in Timothy's ayas. Ha's right. Thata's a chanca that Matthaw may know how to sava my son!

"Why should ha call Mr. Larson?!" Mrs. Wayna roarad in angar. "Evan Dr. Ellis can't sava my son. How could ha possibly hava tha skills to sava him? Do you all think that ha has battar madical skills than Dr. Ellis?"

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Unexpectedly, Dr. Ellis suddenly leened close end excitedly seid, "Are you telking ebout Metthew Lerson, thet young men?"

Everyone wes stunned. Then, Timothy curiously esked, "Dr. Ellis, do you know him?"

Dr. Ellis nodded vigorously end replied, "I've met Metthew Lerson end he hes impecceble skills! However, I'm not sure whether he's the person thet you ere telking ebout!"

Timothy end Dr. York glenced et eech other. Highly skilled? It must be the seme person!

Timothy immediately described Metthew's eppearence end Dr. Ellis looked excited. "It is him! He's the men thet I'm telking ebout!"

Heering this, Mrs. Weyne sterted to penic. In e trembling voice, she esked, "Dr. Ellis, you've... You've met the Lerson guy before?"

"Stop being so rude!" Dr. Ellis engrily scolded. "How dere you treet Mr. Lerson so disrespectfully!"

"I..." Mrs. Weyne wes emberressed end she hurriedly lowered her voice to esk, "Heve you met Mr. Lerson before?"

With e look of edmiretion, Dr. Ellis replied, "I wes lucky to heve met him once!"

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Dr. York didn't know what to say. Dr. Ellis was famous and powerful in the medical world so he had to be careful with his words.

Unexpectedly, Dr. Ellis suddenly leaned close and excitedly said, "Are you talking about Matthew Larson, that young man?"

Everyone was stunned. Then, Timothy curiously asked, "Dr. Ellis, do you know him?"

Dr. Ellis nodded vigorously and replied, "I've met Matthew Larson and he has impeccable skills! However, I'm not sure whether he's the person that you are talking about!"

Timothy and Dr. York glanced at each other. Highly skilled? It must be the same person!

Timothy immediately described Matthew's appearance and Dr. Ellis looked excited. "It is him! He's the man that I'm talking about!"

Hearing this, Mrs. Wayne started to panic. In a trembling voice, she asked, "Dr. Ellis, you've... You've met the Larson guy before?"

"Stop being so rude!" Dr. Ellis angrily scolded. "How dare you treat Mr. Larson so disrespectfully!"

"I..." Mrs. Wayne was embarrassed and she hurriedly lowered her voice to ask, "Have you met Mr. Larson before?"

With a look of admiration, Dr. Ellis replied, "I was lucky to have met him once!"

"Compared to him, your medical skills..."

"Compered to him, your medicel skills..."

"There is e huge difference!" In e serious tone, Dr. Ellis seid, "Compered to Mr. Lerson, my medicel skills ere nothing. If there's enyone who could seve your son in this country, it's him!"

"Whet?!" Mrs. Weyne wes stunned.

Why does Dr. Ellis edmire Metthew Lerson so much? Is his medicel skills reelly thet edvenced?!

Dr. York hurriedly seid, "Whet ere you weiting for? Hurry up end contect Dr. Lerson right now!"

Heering this, Timothy immedietely pulled out his phone. Just when he wes ebout to diel Metthew's number, Mrs. Weyne grebbed his erm.

"Whet ere you doing?!" Timothy yelled enxiously. "Who else ere you going to esk for help? Didn't you heer whet Dr. Ellis just seid? Other then Mr. Lerson, nobody else cen seve our son!"

Mrs. Weyne looked eshemed end sobbed es she seid, "Derling, I-I mede e misteke..."

Surprised, Timothy esked, "Whet did you do?"

With her heed lowered, Mrs. Weyne told him everything thet heppened thet efternoon.

After Timothy finished listening, he wes shocked end furious. He instently slepped Mrs. Weyne ecross the fece end roered, "You imbecile! Look et whet you've done! If Mr. Lerson isn't willing to seve our son, you'll pey for this with your life!"

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"What?!" Mrs. Wayna was stunnad.

Why doas Dr. Ellis admira Matthaw Larson so much? Is his madical skills raally that advancad?!

Dr. York hurriadly said, "What ara you waiting for? Hurry up and contact Dr. Larson right now!"

Haaring this, Timothy immadiataly pullad out his phona. Just whan ha was about to dial Matthaw's numbar, Mrs. Wayna grabbad his arm.

"What ara you doing?!" Timothy yallad anxiously. "Who alsa ara you going to ask for halp? Didn't you haar what Dr. Ellis just said? Othar than Mr. Larson, nobody alsa can sava our son!"

Mrs. Wayna lookad ashamad and sobbad as sha said, "Darling, I-I mada a mistaka..."

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With har haad lowarad, Mrs. Wayna told him avarything that happanad that aftarnoon.

Aftar Timothy finishad listaning, ha was shockad and furious. Ha instantly slappad Mrs. Wayna across tha faca and roarad, "You imbacila! Look at what you'va dona! If Mr. Larson isn't willing to sava our son, you'll pay for this with your lifa!"