

Zeke Williams 41

Chapter 41

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Now that Susan was back, Emily could not wait to get in touch with her and be in her good books once again.

Although Susan Raynor's family was not among the top four prominent and respected families, her family was still considered respectable. It was to Emily Clemons' advantage to be close to Susan.

She heard that Susan's father suffered from a severe, intractable headache and for a long time, had sought treatment in vain.

So, she contacted Lawrence Herbert, asking him to try and treat Mr. Raynor.

Whether he could be treated successfully or otherwise, at the very least, it would show that she cared. Susan would surely be grateful.

Susan spoke, worriedly, "Emily, my dad has seen many famous doctors, including some from abroad. None of them could help. Can this doctor you've recommended... really cure him?"

Emily consoled her. "Don't worry. The doctor I've recommended is a leader in the medical industry, not just in Oakheart City but in the whole of Rivermouth province. Even if it can't be cured completely, there will at least be some curative effect, which can relieve Uncle Raynor's suffering."

Susan sighed, "I guess trying is better than not trying at all."

At this moment, William and Lawrence had walked up to meet them.

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He looked at Susan with fascination, feeling as if he was about to drool.

Susan was quite put off by his gaze.

When Emily introduced them to one another, William wanted to shake Susan's hand, but she ignored him. "Come, let's go. I shall bring you to meet my father."

William was a bit embarrassed, but he did not say anything. As he followed her lead, never once did he take his eyes off her buttocks.

While on the way, Emily suddenly received a call from Jackson Hamilton. There was something urgent he had to discuss with her at the office.

So, Emily had to leave.

Susan brought Lawrence and his son to her father's room.

Although Mr. Reynor was just in his early sixties, his illness had changed him into an old man looking like someone in his seventies or eighties, with grey hair and a listless spirit.

Even now, he held his head with both hands, hitting his head with his fists and groaning in pain every once in a while.

Apparently, his headache was back again.

Susan rushed forward and messaged her father's head, feeling sad for him. "Father, I've invited Rivermouth's best doctor in this field to come and visit you. Let him treat you. Your headache will be gone in no time."

Mr. Reynor sighed sadly, "Oh, my illness, I know it well. There is no cure. You mustn't worry about me. Just take care of the hotel's business. That's all you need to do."

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Mr. Raynor was resigned. "Alright, then. Just do what you want to."

Susan quickly signalled Lawrence to begin.

Lawrence swiftly went forward, took out his box of acupuncture instruments and said, "Master, please don't move. I'm giving you acupuncture treatment now. I'm not claiming that 'when the needle arrives, illness departs', but at the very least, it will lessen much of your pain."

Suddenly, Mr. Raynor broke out in laughter.

He did not know how skilful this man was as an acupuncturist, but for sure, he was a skilful fibber.

So many brain specialists from various countries had been consulted but were unable to find a cure. It would be quite odd if a little Traditional Chinese Medicine practitioner could help.