

## The Deadly 37

Chapter 37 Wilder Lennon, Master of Holistic Medicine

"Ms. Dunn, your grandfather is calling." Amber said, handing the phone to Shirley

Shirley moved over at Robin. "Wait here. I'll take Grandpa's call"

"Go ahead," Robin replied, giving a casual shrug as he walked toward the club lobby.

He needed to leave the Dunns tonight and stay at Old Fred's in Harmonfield.

Once Shirley finished her call with Drake, he'd tell her about his plans.

"Robin, hold on a second" Lost in his thoughts, Robin paused as Shirley caught up with him.

"Grandpa asked me to go to the airport to pick up an important guest. Would you like to go along?"

Robin gave a small smile. Thanks, but no. I'm planning to leave the Dunns and head back on my own-  
Before he could finish, Daphne arrived with a group of maids and bodyguards.

Shirley nudged him into the waiting car, then instructed. "Andrew, take us to the airport!"

"Ms. Dunn, let me out. I won't go," Robin protested, trying to get out. But Amber, on Shirley's orders, chimbed in through the other door, blocking his way.

Robin looked helplessly at the two women on either side and sighed. "What's all this about?"

"No time to exin," Shirley replied quickly. "Grandpa told me that Wilder Lennon, the president of the Draconia Holistic Medicine and Health Association, just arrived in Harmonfield. He's here to treat Martin Wright, the mayor's father. "Old Mr. Wright's condition is serious. We can't dy. You'll just have toe along until we pick up Mr. Lennon

Robin shrugged, conceding. "Alright, I guess I'm in."

Amber nced at Shirley and snickered.

As they continued down the airport expressway, Robin Jeaned back, just about to rest his eyes, when he noticed something striking in the rearview mirror.

A line of luxury cars-Maybachs, Bugattis, and others followed their Rolls-Royce.

To honor Wilder's arrival, the Dunns had sent a convoy of 12 luxury cars to the airport, including four identical top-of-the-line Rolls-Royces.

As the convoy rolled grandly down the highway, other cars pulled aside, watching in awe.

-Quite. Robin marked casually.

"All this just to pick up a a

Shirley sighed. "While we may have influence here in Harmonfield, our reach is limited nationally. Mr. Lennon is a top figure in holistic medicine-someone we'd never have the chance to invite on our own.

Robin raised a brow. "If that's the case, why go through all this effort?"

"This time, Mr. Lennon came only because of Old Mr. Wright, Shirley exined. "He's one of thest living generals from Draconia's earlier days. His health is failing, and after exhausting all other medical treatments, they've turned to Mr. Lennon as theirst hope. "My grandfather saw this as a rare opportunity. He even pledged a billion toward municipal projects to show goodwill, hoping that after helping Old Mr. Wright, Mr. Lennon might also take a look at my father's condition. That's why we're covering all of Mr. Lennon's travel expenses."

While Robin didn't fully grasp the scope of such sums, billion struck him as extreme.

Noticing his expression, Shirley added, "It's an honor for the Dunns to have Mr. Lennon here, even if ites at a high price.

"Without Old Mr. Wright, no one in Harmonfield would have been able to bring in Mr. Lennon

Robin checked the rearview mirror and mented, "Two military off-road vehicles are trailing us-are they also with the Dunns?" Shirley

y nodded. "Yes, that's Mr. Wright's daughter, Freya, She's joining us on our way to the airport to see Mr. Lennon

"Freya is a deputy captain in the Draconia War Wolf Special Forces with a colonel's rank, known for her strength.

"She's taken some leave to be here for her grandfather

Robin shook his head. "Doctors should be focused on healing, not all this pomp. It just seems wasteful. Another fame-seeker, perhaps?"

Shirley sighed. "It's not that simple. Mr. Lennon's skills are highly sought after, and his reputation makes him a rarity.

"People line up for his help, and there's no way he could treat everyone who requests him. Priorities have

to be set.

"Mr. Lennon has countless top disciples practicing all over the country. He seldom treats patients himself, and even if he does, it's only for those who meet his strict standards.

"At 72, he rarely sees patients directly."

Robin chuckled.

"Don't doctors treat patients all their lives? And in holistic medicine, experience just grows with age. At 72, he's barely scratching the surface in his field. Yet he decides whom to treat based on status? That's all for the show! Shirley let it go with a smile.

When her grandfather told her those, she also had such thoughts.

After joining the Dunn Group, she gradually saw how relationships shape everything. At the heart of it all, she realized, was self-interest.

True help didn't exist in this world.

Without Martin's name as an old general, no matter if Henry was the mayor, he couldn't invite  
Lesson

If it hadn't been for Martin's close bond with the Wright, they likely wouldn't have gone to such length so invite a famous doctor to prolong his life as he teetered on the brink of death.

As long as Martin remained alive, the Wrights legacy could flourish

However, once he was gone, powerful families and rivals would begin to apply pressure, causing the Wrights influence to wane.

Martin had two sons

His eldest son, Henry, who currently served as mayor of Harmonfield, had only one daughter, Freya,

His second son, Carson was the wealthiest man in Brookhaven

The family's rising generation knew they couldn't afford to lose their foundation until they were firmly rooted.

They were prepared to use every connection and resource available to ensure Martin could stay with them for another few years.

Along with Wilder's medical team. Carson also brought a prominent Autreylian medical expert with hundreds of research publications to ensure every detail of Martin's care went as needed. Unconcerned

with theplexities, Robin slept in his seat as the convoy to greet Wilder arrived at Harmonfield Airport half an hour

The velnicles parked neatly in front of the terminal, where nearly half of the airport security staff were waiting, having been notified earlier to clear the area.

Shirley, Freya, and others exited the car, heading toward the waiting area.

Freya, sharp in her military attire, stood beside Shirley and the luxurious scene quickly drew passengers attention

Ten minutes, Wilder and his team emerged from the airport. Freya promptly greeted him, with Shirley following close behind.

"Hello, Mr. Lennon, I'm Freya. Thank you for making the trip to Harmonfield," sheid

Wilder nodded and shook her hand. "Freya, it's been years! You've grown so much.

The time I saw you, you were only three years old nestled in your grandfather's arms. How is he

now

Freya sighed. "Grandpa has been bedridden for six months, and he's been unconscious for two days

"Uncle Carson brought in Mikell Mallin, a cardiovascular and cerebrovascular specialist, from abroad for a thorough examination.

Mikell believes my grandfather might only have a few days left if his findings are unfavorable"

Wilder scoffed. "These modern doctors always rely on machines to analyze data!

Without understanding the illness's roots, they jump to conclusions. That's irresponsible!

"Modern medicine is nothing compared to real holistic medicine

know the cause of your grandfather's illness. He can live for another year or two

Freya's face brightened with hope, and she said with even more respect, "Mr. Lennon, you're the medical leader. My father believes that with you here, my grandfather's health can improve "Rest easy, Colonel Wright. My master can cure any ailment said a young woman beside Wilder impatiently.

Freya quickly nodded and asked, "Mr. Lennon, who is this?"

"Tim Mr. Lennon's closed-door disciple, Olive Singh. My master is weary. Please arrange for him to rest in

the car

"Certainly, this way, Mr. Lennon, Freya responded, originally intending for Wilder to ride in her off-road Land Rover.

However, Olive gestured toward the Rolls-Royce Shirley had taken. "My master is ustomed to these Cars; off-roaders don't suit him

Freya exchanged a look with Shirley, nodding, "Of course, Mr. Lennon, this way."

Shirley led Wilder and Olive toward another identical Rolls-Royce.

Spotting Robin sleeping in the car ahead, Olive grew irritated.

How dare he rest while here to pick up Master! It's uneptable!

She took Wilder's arm and said, "Master, you should be in that car. It's morefortable."

"Ms. Singh, Mr. Lennon, you can ride in this car-

Olive paid no mind to Shirley's polite objection and approached the Rolls-Royce where Robin stayed, opening the door.

"You! Out now. My master needs this seat!"

Robin slowly opened his eyes to see a fierce-looking woman ring at him