

The Deadly 38

Chapter 38 You'd Better Prepare for the Funeral

Robin was already irritated when he got woken up.

With Olive yelling, he became even more annoyed. "Who do you think you are? Stop yapping and get lost!"

Shirley, following right behind, was shocked to hear Robin's words. This could be a disaster!

With Robin's sharp words, Wilder would surely refuse to treat her father's illness!

Wilder instantly turned cold.

He knew the Dunns had a favor to ask, especially considering how they went out of their way to wean him.

The Wrights had already hinted at the Dunns' intentions earlier, and he'd needed to go to Harmonfield to address the Dunns' health needs as well.

But now, watching the scene unfold, he was visibly displeased.

He sneered. "I'll take Freya's car."

With that, he made his way toward her Land Rover.

Shirley panicked and tried to call after him, "Mr. Lennon, please wait..."

Without a second glance, Wilder kept walking, while Olive followed with a cold expression.

Frustrated, Shirley stomped her foot, ready to try explaining to Wilder again.

Freya gently stopped her, saying, "Don't worry. We'll speak to Mr. Lennon when we're back."

"If my grandfather can regain consciousness, I'll personally request him to help treat your father. Mr. Lennon wouldn't refuse my grandfather."

Shirley sighed and reluctantly agreed, letting most of her convoy return while following Freya's car with only one vehicle.

Freya took a quick look at Robin, still in the car, and whispered, "Is he your boyfriend, Shirley?"

Shirley blushed, unsure how to explain. Robin didn't want anyone to know how he'd saved her from robbers that day.

"No, he..."

Freya gave a knowing smile and nodded. "Alright then, I'll go first."

Watching Freya and Wilder's group depart, Shirley sighed deeply and got back into the car.

Amber hesitated, then said, "Mr. Ramsey, you've likely made Mr. Lennon angry. He might refuse to treat Ms. Dunn's father out of spite."

Shirley frowned. "Amber, don't make assumptions. Mr. Lennon's disciple was the one who was being unreasonable."

"Both cars are identical Rolls-Royces, yet she insisted on this one just to give us trouble. How is that Robin's fault?"

"If it weren't for my father's treatment, I wouldn't bother with them at all."

"Alright, Andrew, let's follow Freya's car to Wright Mansion. If things don't go as planned, maybe it simply wasn't meant to be for my father to meet Mr. Lennon. We'll find another way." Robin noticed Shirley's sadness and asked, "Is it this serious? He's supposed to be a leader in holistic medicine."

"Surely he wouldn't hold such a grudge over something this small-he'd seem too petty if he did."

Shirley gave a bitter smile. "I don't know. The choice is in their hands. If they want to treat him, they will. If not, there's little we can do. But let's not worry too much."

"Freya just told me that if her grandfather wakes up, Mr. Lennon would surely help my father because of his influence."

Robin nodded. "That's good."

They traveled quietly until they reached the city government pound, following Freya's car.

Henry lived in a cozy little courtyard at the back of the pound, specially built by the government for Martin.

It was larger than the others, with two armed guards stationed at the entrance.

Guided by Freya, they entered smoothly. Inside, several people waited in Henry's residence, each looking somber.

As Freya led Wilder and the others into the courtyard, Henry came out to greet them.

"Mr. Lennon, I appreciate your effort to travel to Harmonfield for my father. Please take a rest and enjoy some pastries before assessing his condition."

Wilder waved. "That's not necessary. I'll check your father's condition first."

"Hold on, Mr. Wright. The test results for my patient aren't completely ready yet. You can't let anyone examine him!"

At that moment, Wilder noticed a group of foreign doctors seated at a table on the east side of the living room, one of whom, a man in his 30s, looked furious. Wilder frowned slightly.

Henry quickly stepped in to explain, "I apologize, Mr. Lennon. I got so anxious that I forgot to introduce you."

"This is Mr. Mikell Mallin, a doctoral supervisor at the Clark Medical Laboratory in Autreyenia."

"Mr. Mallin is one of the leading experts in cardiovascular and cerebrovascular diseases worldwide. He was specially invited by my brother from Autreyenia, and his team is currently conducting a thorough examination of my father's health and analyzing the data. Please forgive our oversight."

Wilder sneered. "Alright."

Olive scoffed, shooting a disdainful look at Mikell. "What do they know? These so-called modern medical experts are just a bunch of robots focused on data alone."

Mikell and his colleagues were immediately offended by Olive's comments. "Miss, that's quite disrespectful. I was willing to show some respect for your holistic medicine, but you've made it personal."

"Holistic doctors are often misguided and rely on dubious practices, risking patients' lives."

"Modern doctors use precise instruments, adhere strictly to scientific methods, and base our final diagnoses on thorough statistical analyses. We then create treatments based on those diagnoses." Olive wanted to fire back but was interrupted by Henry.

"Mr. Mallin, Mr. Lennon, I'm not well-versed in your academic debates, but please, let's try to be civil."

"You all are honored guests of the Wrights, and the priority is to cure my father."

Although Wilder felt a surge of anger, as a prominent figure in Draconia's holistic medicine, he chose to hold back his words.

He nodded with a serious expression. "Fine, I'd like to see how the Autreylian experts use data analysis to diagnose and treat my old friend's illness."

Mikell smiled contemptuously. "In ten minutes, you'll see the oue of our analysis. Then you'll understand what real science is."

The atmosphere in Henry's mansion fell silent.

Shirley and Robin sat quietly in a corner, observing the tension between the two sides. Robin shook his head, smiling slightly. Shirley whispered, "What's so funny?"

"I find it amusing that none of them will be able to help Mr. Wright's father. They're just a bunch of experts full of hot air."

His voice was soft, but in the hushed living room, it cut through the tension. Both Mikell's team and Wilder red at Robin.

Henry eximed, "Who are you? How dare you talk nonsense here!"

Freya hurriedly stood up to exin, "Dad, he's a guest from the Dunns."

Shirley chimed in with an apology, "Sorry, Mr. Wright-

Before she could finish, Robin interjected, "I'm just stating the truth. None of them can save your father!"

Shirley's heart raced as she looked at Henry, fearing his explosive reaction.

At that moment, Carson, who had been silent, sneered. "Punk, do you not value your life?"

"Whether I care or not is irrelevant, but I know that if they treat your father, it'll be the end for him!" Robin shot back.

Henry, furious, pointed at Robin and shouted, "Get out of here!"

Robin stood up defiantly. "Do you think I want to stay here?"

Shirley felt deep regret, never expecting Robin to say something so outrageous. He hadn't just offended Wilder and Mikell but also deeply insulted the Wrights, leaving no chance for reconciliation.

"Stop right there! You can't just walk out after saying such things! It's not that simple!" Carson mmed on the table and roared.

At that moment, Mikell, holding the recently analyzed data, said with a heavy heart, "Mr. Wright, I'm sorry, but ording to our analysis, there's no cure for your father. You should start making funeral arrangements."