

The Deadly 39

Chapter 39 He'll Die After Three Needles

Henry's fury exploded.

At that moment, he forgot all about his role as mayor and shouted, "I've been waiting for your analysis for two hours, and now you're telling me it's hopeless and I should prepare for the worst? Did I spend 50 million just to hear this?" Carson, boiling with anger, suddenly looked at Robin with aplicated expression.

Robin hadn't said anything false.

As the wealthiest man in Brookhaven and Martin's son, Carson had a knack for judging people.

If Robin wasn't talking nonsense, it meant he had already seen the truth about Martin's illness. Could it be that he had some medical knowledge?

Mikell raised his hands in a helpless gesture. "Mr. Wright, I get how you're feeling. But life and death are natural processes.

"Your father is elderly, has a history of serious gunshot wounds, and his organs are in poor condition. Also, there are still some bullet fragments lodged in his body from years ago.

"Aggressive treatment won't help and will only increase his suffering. He should leave this world peacefully."

"Nonsense!" Wilder said with a sneer as he rose from the couch.

"If you can't cure someone, then dering them incurable is absurd!"

Henry was both furious and anxious. He had forgotten about Wilder and rushed over to shake his hand, begging, "Mr. Lennon, I'm so sorry for making you wait. I should have asked you to treat my father sooner." Wilder patted Henry's shoulder reassuringly. "Don't worry. I'll do everything I can for Old Mr. Wright."

He then took the silver needle from Olive and promptly inserted it into Martin's acupoint.

"You're killing him, not saving him!"

Robin's voice cut through the tense atmosphere once more.

"What nonsense are you talking about!"

Henry pointed at Robin in anger and instructed his guards, "Get him out of here!"

Robin snorted. "Your father was a hero, but he's going to die because of these inept doctors. With that needle, he's already close to death."

"That's ridiculous!" Wilder retorted.

Robin turned to Henry. "In three needles, your father will die!"

"You bastard! Say one more word, and I'll have you arrested!" Henry was livid, ready to give the order to the guards.

Carson quickly intervened, whispering, "Hold on, maybe this young man has some skills."

"He just pointed out that Mikell can't save Dad. Let's wait a bit and see what happens."

Upon hearing that, Henry looked back at Robin, who appeared to be in his early 20s and was exuding arrogance.

It was hard for Henry to accept that Robin had more medical knowledge.

"Kid, Mr. Lennon is a leading figure in holistic medicine in Draconia. His skills are beyond your understanding! How can you say he can't help my father? Do you understand medicine?"

Robin sneered. "Medicine? That's just balderdash. Real medicine is about understanding how the body's organs work and how blood circulates."

"Anyone who's read holistic medicine texts knows this. The real difference is how those principles are applied to treat people. It all comes down to individual expertise."

"The so-called expert you mentioned just used a needle that goes against how the body operates. Essentially, he's speeding up your father's death!"

Henry and Carson were taken aback, beads of cold sweat forming on their foreheads. They even felt a shiver.

If Robin was right, wouldn't that put Martin at risk?

At that moment, Wilder's anger boiled over as he pointed at Robin and shouted, "Do you think reading a few medical books makes you an expert? That's just nonsense!" Olive rushed forward and rebuked, "What are you talking about? My master has never failed in his medical practice! There's not a single patient he can't heal!"

Wilder felt a pang of regret. Olive's confidence was overwhelming!

There was no such thing as a true miracle doctor in the world.

Even if his master were still around, he wouldn't dare to make such grand claims.

But Olive's words had been spoken and couldn't be retracted.

Wilder gritted his teeth and took out a second needle, preparing to force it into Martin's forehead. He hoped that the needle would stimulate Martin's energy and blood flow, allowing them to circulate.

"If this second needle goes in, Old Mr. Wright should be heading toward death!"

After hearing Robin's comment, Carson hesitated. If Robin wasn't sure, he wouldn't make such a bold statement.

"Kid, you haven't seen much of the world. Come see!" Wilder exclaimed. "After I insert this needle, watch the changes in Old Mr. Wright!"

Seeing Martin's face turn slightly flushed after inserting the second needle, Wilder felt a surge of joy, realizing his gamble might pay off.

"Today, I'll show you what real medical skill looks like!"

Everyone in the room observed as Martin, who had been on the verge of death, slowly began to show signs of life. Gasps of astonishment filled the air.

"In the end, the skills of our holistic medicine from Draconia are truly remarkable!"

"Mr. Lennon is simply the miracle doctor!"

Just then, Mikell stepped forward and sneered. "Mr. Lennon, the signs of Old Mr. Wright suggest he's nearing death! His organs have already begun to fail, and you can't save him. Trying to cheat death goes against the laws of natural science." Wilder shot back angrily, "Please! According to your so-called natural laws, Old Mr. Wright should already be in the grave!"

"Your medical team spent half the day preparing and using computers to analyze the data, only to conclude that it was incurable in the end. If you can't help Old Mr. Wright, then get out of the way and stop talking!" Mikell shrugged. "Well, let's wait and see!"

"Hmph!" Wilder snorted coldly and returned to Martin's side to check his pulse.

"Don't bother checking. His heart is nearly stopping," Robin said coolly.

Wilder ignored Robin, still confident in his skills. But as he felt Martin's pulse, he started to realize that Robin was right.

His once assured expression began to falter, and his fingers trembled as they held Martin's wrist.

Henry watched as the color drained from his father's face, and his breathing became shallower. He also noticed Wilder's hand shaking and quickly asked, "Mr. Lennon, how is my father?"

Wilder wiped the sweat from his forehead but didn't answer.

Robin interjected, "His heartbeat is fading. If we don't act quickly, even the gods won't be able to save him in five minutes!"

"Be quiet!" Wilder shouted.

Robin snorted. "If you force that needle in again, you're just killing him. Old Mr. Wright still had some life left, but you've ruined it with those two needles.

"It's like trying to fan a dying ember too hard-how could he possibly survive?"

Wilder wanted to argue but couldn't find the words. Robin was correct. Martin's organs were nearly worn out, with only a faint energy keeping him alive.

Wilder had just tried to force the energy and blood to circulate, but due to Martin's age, his blood vessels were severely blocked.

Forcing the energy and blood to flow didn't have the desired effect.

Instead, it caused blood stasis in the body, preventing circulation.

It was like a narrow path where a crowd could pass through slowly.

If they all rushed at once, it would cause a blockage. If the blood stasis wasn't cleared, it could result in a heart or brain vessel bursting from the pressure. In this situation, Martin wouldn't last five more minutes. Wilder's hand shook even more as he held the needle. He wondered if the third needle could resolve the blood stasis.

There was a strong chance that, as Robin warned, it could cost Martin his life.

"If this needle is administered, you all should start preparing for the funeral," Robin warned again.

Olive was furious, shouting at Robin, "You jerk! You've been interfering with my master's treatment! What do you want?" "Enough! You should be quiet too!"

Wilder closed his eyes and swiftly inserted the third needle into Martin's back acupoint.

Robin sighed. "Alright, everything came to an end now."

"He'll start spitting blood in five seconds. In ten seconds, he'll open his eyes.

"In 15 seconds, he'll be able to speak. In 30 seconds, he'll convulse. Within a minute, he'll be dead."

With that, Robin turned and walked toward the door.