

Chapter 189

Back In

Sumeria, everyone was in shock when they heard the news **of the Crestfalls** of the East River State **coming**.

The Crestfalls of **the** East River State were more powerful than the Hendersons. They were like the main pillar of support **of the** East River State, and they were on their way **to** Sumeria. It was not an exaggeration. to say they would stir up a storm locally.

The old master of the Crestfalls, Idris, was one of the most influential figures throughout South County. One sneeze from the man, and **a** typhoon would land on Sumeria.

Therefore, many nobles and dignitaries were sleepless on this particular night as they planned how to be prepared. They were thinking about ways to hitchhike on this massive ship that was the Crestfalls from the East River State.

On the next day at Centro Hospital, inside the most luxurious ward, Idris saw Cain lying on the bed.

Cain looked pale and dead. Other than his weak breathing, there were no signs of life in him.

Idris was fuming.

Karen was on her knees, beside Idris, afraid to even move or breathe loud. She bore most of the responsibility for what happened to Cain in Sumeria.

“How’s my grandson?” Idris looked at Dr. Chen, the leader of the professional experts taking care of Cain. He sounded heavy.

Dr. Chen said, “Young Master Crestfall’s central nerves were damaged. If no effective treatment is performed within 48 hours, he might...”

His voice grew softer as he explained. He was too afraid to continue.

“Speak!” Idris bellowed.

Dr. Chen shuddered. His forehead glistened with sweat as he said, “He might be comatose for life!” Thud!

As soon as Dr. Chen’s words subsided, a loud thud sounded.

Idris had smashed his dragon walking stick onto Karen’s head.

Karen’s skull caved in, smashing her brains, and she died instantly.

Dr. Chen and his team of professionals were horrified. They had goosebumps all over their body and chills running down their spine.

“I don’t care what you do, or how much it costs. **You** have to cure my grandson, or else...”

Idris looked bitter as he pointed his broken walking stick at Karen. His eyes gleamed dangerously as he said, “You people will end up like her!”

The team of professionals sweated profusely.

One of the professionals stepped up and said softly, “Dr. Artemis of Artemis’ Clinic might be the only one who can cure Young Master Crestfall, but he has a rule. An appointment must be made a day before **seeing** him.”

The professional lowered his head immediately and dared not look at Idris’ reaction.

“Rule?” Idris grunted coldly, “My word is the rule around here. You...”

Idris turned around slightly and said, “Go **to** Artemis’ Clinic **and get this** Dr. Artemis here right away!”

Several buffed **men** went out of the ward to carry **out** the order.

Meanwhile, at Artemis’ Clinic, Dr. Artemis and Lyra were on the way **out** to run some errands. As soon as **they** stepped out, they were surrounded by several strong men.

“Are you Dr. Artemis? You are coming with **us** to cure our young master.”

The leading bodyguard then grabbed Dr. Artemis’ hand and dragged him into the car.

“Wait! What is wrong with you people? I don’t care who your young master is. You have to follow the rules **if you** want my consultation,” Dr. Artemis shouted.

“To hell with your rules!”

The leading bodyguard glared at him before the other bodyguard seized the knife at Lyra’s neck.

“If you refuse to come with us, we will kill her right away.”

Dr. Artemis clenched his teeth but was helpless in the situation. He was forced to enter the car.