Bumpkin 1282

Chapter 1282 The Real Culprit

"Come in."

Zac's feeble voice sounded from the room.

Hendrey pushed open the bedroom door and entered. He saw Zac propped up against a tall pillow, with an IV drip hanging, his face pale and weak. He no longer resembled his former self.

Emotions welled up within Hendrey. Matthew truly loved Veronica. He had actually severed one of Zac's hands because Zac had drugged Veronica.

"What's the matter?"

However, it was just past breakfast time, and Hendrey had rushed over in a hurry. Zac didn't think he had come to inquire about his condition.

Hendrey's expression turned serious. He glanced at the doctor sitting in the bedroom, then looked at Zac, gesturing something.

"Leave. I'll call you if I need anything," Zac instructed the doctor.

Hearing that, the doctor stood up and gave Zac a small nod before he left the bedroom, closing the door behind him.

Zac turned his head slightly, his gaze dim as he looked at Hendrey. "Go on. Did something happen again?"

Hendrey took a few steps forward and stood by Zac's bed. Glancing at Zac's severed hand with a frown on his face, he asked tentatively, "Have you found the culprit?"

The incident with his hand was a sensitive topic for Zac.

As soon as the question was posed, Zac's face immediately grew even more unpleasant, and his deep blue eyes brewed a storm-like rage.

"What the hell are you asking? Would I still be here if I knew who the mastermind was?"

In a fit of anger, Zac grabbed a nearby pillow and flung it at Hendrey.

Because there was an IV drip hanging on the back of his hand, he accidentally and painfully tugged on the needle, causing blood to flow back into the needle hole.

Helplessly, he raised his right hand and used his mouth to remove the needle from the back of his hand.

As the needle was pulled out, the needle hole on the IV drip began to overflow with crimson bloodstains. Zac instinctively raised his left hand to press the wound, but all he had was his arm wrapped in gauze.

In that instant, his face suddenly turned dark, and flames burning fiercely burst forth from his eyes.

"Investigate it! You must find the culprit. I am going to tear them to pieces!"

His voice gradually grew louder until he was finally roaring.

Hendrey's eyelids drooped slightly, and a faint light flickered in his eyes. "I…have an idea who the real culprit is."

"Who?"

Zac stared at Hendrey with burning eyes filled with hope.

He wished he could immediately find out the real culprit and dismember them.

"It's Matthew Kings!"