

Chapter 1392 Don't Give Up

Trevor made a phone call.

The heavily armed Klein squad soon arrived at the rented apartment to take Stephenson away.

Touching his chin, Trevor remembered what Stephenson had said. He couldn't help but worry about the mysterious contact.

He tracked down the squad's captain and muttered, "I am Dragon. I need your help now—"

Trevor didn't want to divulge too much to Sinclair because Klein was a highly secretive organization.

After hearing Trevor's code name, the captain took Trevor seriously.

After confirming that Stephenson was tightly guarded, the Klein squad withdrew and transferred Stephenson back to Klein's place.

Trevor overheard Sinclair coughing as the squad left. It had a painful, gasping sound to it.


When Trevor turned around, he noticed that Sinclair had suddenly started coughing up blood.

"Stay still and lay down! This doesn't look good. Let me examine you!" Trevor said as he frowned.

Sinclair blocked Stephenson with his own body to keep him from getting away. He did, however, pay a high price for it.

When Sinclair was the leader of the Shadow Guards, it wouldn't have been a big deal even if Stephenson had severely beaten him. However, Sinclair's body was significantly weaker than before as a result of going through the torture of drugs and his

Chapter 1392 Don't Give Up
lifestyle.

 +120 Points at most

"Don't waste your energy!" Sinclair said in a hoarse voice, sitting on the couch and looking downcast. "I know very well that I won't live very long because of my physical condition."

He gasped heavily as tears streamed down his face.

"Stephenson's betrayal is also my fault because I failed to properly supervise him. If I retired early and gave the position to him, maybe... Alas, I owe the Sanderson family. I'm at fault."

Trevor was moved and said firmly, "No! You owe nothing to the Sanderson family. Stephenson has been arrested. Just let me treat you."

Sinclair was extremely frail. He grinned sourly before slumping over on the couch.

Trevor held his breath and examined him carefully.

Sinclair was right.

His body had been damaged by drugs and was in terrible shape. He received heavy beatings during his recent fight with Stephenson, which caused varying degrees of internal organ damage.

His spleen might be ruptured if Trevor's diagnosis was right.

It was an extremely risky situation.

Even in hospitals, it had an extremely high death rate.


Spleen was an extremely fragile organ, and if it ruptured, it was difficult to stop the bleeding.

Trevor's expression grew more somber.

Sinclair grimaced helplessly and shook her head.

"Just give up. I'm satisfied with how my life has turned out. I have at least dealt with the traitor. Do you have a cigarette,

Chapter 1392 Don't Give Up

 +120 Points at most

Trevor? I just want to smoke."

He had figured out Trevor's true identity, as expected.

Trevor lacked the time to give such a thing any thought. He was unable to witness the devoted leader's demise.

He quickly pulled a piece of red cloth out of his pocket. Silver needles were wrapped in the red cloth.

He paid no attention to Sinclair's melancholy speech and quickly pierced the silver needles into his skin in an attempt to slow down his bleeding.

Each needle was inserted at a precise depth and location. But even with the most skillful acupuncture, it could only do so much to ease Sinclair's suffering.

"Don't say anything, I'll take you to the hospital," Trevor said in a low voice.

Acupuncture could not heal the ruptured spleen. Only surgery can close the wound.

Sinclair faked a smile as if bidding the world farewell.

Chapter 1393 I Need An Operating Room

Trevor drove as fast as he could to Zayden's best hospital.

"Hurry up! Doctor! There's an emergency! There's someone here who needs surgery now! It seems that his spleen has been ruptured!" Trevor shouted as the medics were rushing out with a stretcher.

The emergency doctor rushed out to have a look at the said patient. The medics took the dying Sinclair out of the car and laid him down on the stretcher.

Sinclair's face was pale and his breath was barely noticeable. Sinclair would have died had it not been for the acupuncture which slowed his blood flow.

Seeing the patient's state, the doctor shook his head.


He was the cousin of the dean of the hospital and it was thanks to his connections that he was able to become the director of the emergency department. Usually, when he had patients to treat, he would prescribe expensive drugs to make money.

Although he was not competent, he could still tell that the patient's condition was very serious and he probably couldn't be saved.

He curled his lips and said in a feigned heavy tone, "Unfortunately, we can't save this patient. But if you need the funeral home's contact details, I can help you."

Upon hearing that, Trevor frowned tightly. That wasn't what he expected.

How could a doctor make such a weighty statement just after seeing the patient, even to the point of recommending the

Chapter 1393 I Need An Operating...  +120 Points at most funeral home?

This man clearly had no medical ethics.

Trevor glanced at the doctor's ID card and saw that this doctor was also the director of the emergency department.

Trevor glared at the man and said coldly, "How could you be a doctor? Anyway, if you won't save him, I will save him myself! I need an aseptic operating theater and an anesthetist!"

Seeing that he wouldn't be able to make extra money on this patient, the director's face became cold.

He looked at Sinclair up and down again and then scolded Trevor.

"You want to borrow an operating room? What do you intend to do? And why did you bring a dying man to our hospital? Our hospital has the right to refuse to treat him. Don't try to blackmail our hospital and ruin our reputation!"

Trevor couldn't hold back his anger anymore and snapped, "Shut up! I'm here to save my friend. I don't have time to waste!"

However, the director ignored Trevor's words and shouted, "Security! Come here. Drive this man out of our hospital! He was probably sent by another hospital to make trouble. Nothing should disrupt our hospital's seminar. Don't forget a famous doctor from another city will come to our hospital for the seminar. We can't screw it up!"

Sinclair, who was lying on the stretcher, coughed heavily with blood spilling from the corner of his mouth.

Seeing that, Trevor became anxious and his anger grew.

Sinclair was dying, but this so-called doctor was only concerned about the seminar.

"I'll say it again! I need an operating room!" Trevor roared. He punched the metal plate of the emergency window which instantly bent, producing a terrifying sound.

Chapter 1393 I Need An Operating... 🎁 +120 Points at most

He glared at the director with burning anger in his eyes.

The look on Trevor's face was so terrifying that no one present dared to meet his eyes.

Sinclair was the leader of the Shadow Guards. There was no way Trevor would sit down and do nothing.

Security guards surrounded Trevor. They held rubber sticks in their hands tightly and swallowed nervously. They were so scared by Trevor's murderous aura that they didn't dare to step forward.

The director was also scared to death. He subconsciously took a few steps for fear that Trevor would hurt him.

The atmosphere was so tense that one could cut it with a knife.