

Chapter 1674 How Do You Know

Trevor's lips curved into a smile. Then he looked at Prescott up and down and said casually, "I just didn't expect that the leader of Bat faction has such a disrespectful nephew like you. I feel so sorry for him."

Prescott immediately flew into a rage. "You are fucking courting death!"

He badly wanted to beat Trevor up on the spot. But when he moved slightly, he felt the pain all over his body. This reminded him his wounds had not healed yet.

Prescott's expression froze. No matter how much he wanted to beat Trevor, he didn't have the ability to do so. In the end, he could only glare at Trevor angrily and temporarily give up the idea.

Trevor smiled. "I know you are in a hurry. But I don't think it's a good idea. Since you don't believe in my medical skills, why don't we make a bet?"

"Okay," Prescott readily agreed. "Let's make a bet. Humph! I just hope you don't go back on your word after you lose."

Trevor glanced at him indifferently. "Don't worry. You have my word. But tell me first what you want to bet."

Prescott grinned hideously. "If I can prove that you are not a doctor, you lie on the floor obediently. Then I will treat you well with my shoes."

Someone had beaten him up a couple of days ago. But until now, he still had no idea who did it to him.

His only clue was that the other party's accomplice was a beautiful woman. But she wore huge sunglasses all the time, so no one recognized her facial features. How could he look for her in Glareder?

At the thought of this, he was furious.

Now that Trevor had come to him, of course, Prescott didn't want to miss this opportunity. So he decided to vent his anger.

With his hands in his pockets, Trevor said casually, "But if I can prove my medical skills, you have to... Well, you have to slap yourself and apologize at the same time."

Prescott sneered, "Fine! It's settled, then. I assure you, you will lose this bet."

Trevor didn't immediately reply. Instead, he looked at Prescott up and down and teased, "What happened? Why do you have bruises on your face? Were you beaten up? You seem to be badly injured."

Prescott's expression froze again. He roared through clenched teeth, "It's none of your business!"

Trevor chuckled. "Honestly, it really has nothing to do with me whether you are injured or not. Even if you die, I will only applaud and celebrate."

Prescott got even angrier when he heard this.

Trevor continued, "But don't forget that this is Midnight's villa. Later, all the famous doctors in Glareder will be here. If you limp out and show up with that kind of face, others will only mock Mobius. It doesn't matter if you lose face. But if others think Mobius is easy to deal with... Forget it. You're my patient now. So just watch carefully and enjoy my medical skills."

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When Trevor was with Rupert in the black market of Glareder, he had shown his medical skills there. So he was not worried that his medical skills would arouse suspicion.

After all, he didn't actively take part in activities in Glareder as Raven. He could just explain that he learned the skills in other cities.

Prescott thought for a while. Then he said coldly, "Humph! I don't think you have any medical skills at all. You only want to use the name of treatment to hurt me secretly."

Trevor pretended to be mysterious. He smiled confidently and diagnosed Prescott in an unhurried tone, "Apart from the obvious flesh wounds, do you also feel a dull pain in your waist?"

Although it was a question, his tone was firm and convincing.

Prescott was shocked upon hearing this. He couldn't help retreating back, covering his waist with one hand, and crying out, "You... How do you know that?"

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Trevor smiled mysteriously, choosing to remain silent and retain his mysterious demeanor.

How had he assessed Prescott's waist pain?

He didn't need to guess! Trevor himself had inflicted the injuries on Prescott's body. He recalled landing several forceful kicks on Prescott's waist that day. It would be odd if Prescott's waist wasn't in pain now!

Trevor maintained a cryptic and unfathomable expression.

Prescott, taken aback and suspicious, inquired, "Are you just guessing?"

Trevor scoffed and retorted, "Is it so hard for you to acknowledge someone's talent? Identifying a patient's injury is a fundamental skill for a doctor. Find a quiet room. I'll personally treat you, and you'll witness the efficacy of my medical abilities."

Prescott swallowed nervously, growing anxious.

As Raven had pinpointed his waist pain at a single glance, speaking with certainty, Prescott couldn't help but suspect that this man might genuinely possess some skills.

However, Raven was a member of the Wolf faction and had a minor disagreement with him previously. What if he used the pretense of treatment to murder him?

Noticing his hesitation, Trevor sneered disdainfully, "Are you concerned that I'll use the treatment as an opportunity

to kill you? Ha, I must say, you truly are a fool. This is your uncle's territory. Even if I wanted to kill you, I wouldn't pick this place to do it!"

His demeanor was aggressive, and his tone dripping with malice, which oddly reassured Prescott. He snorted softly, "Fine, I'll trust you this one time. Come with me!"

The two of them came to a secluded room on the first floor of the villa.

It was either a guest room or a nanny's quarters. It was relatively small but neat and tidy.

Trevor stretched lazily and raised his chin towards the bed. He said then, "Lie face down on the bed."

Prescott's lips twitched. "You better not try anything dirty!"

Trevor frowned, clearly impatient, and shoved him forward. "Enough with the nonsense, and be quiet! Follow the doctor's orders!"

He proceeded to unbutton Prescott's clothing, revealing his lower back.

Without giving Prescott a moment to brace himself, Trevor immediately extended his hand and began an aggressive massage.

"Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!" Prescott couldn't help but cry out in pain, eyes wide with shock.

His agonized cries reverberated throughout the room, as though he was enduring some barbaric torment or sadistic punishment.

Prescott writhed in pain, shouting expletives, "Trevor! You mother fucker!"

But before he could finish his tirade, Trevor impatiently applied even more pressure, continuing his rough massage and quelling Prescott's resistance. He sneered, "Why are you screaming?! You're supposed to be Mobius' top hitman, yet you can't handle this pain. Humph! You're really making Mobius lose face!"

"Ouch!" Prescott couldn't help but shriek again.

Nevertheless, after hearing Trevor's taunts, Prescott balled his fists and stopped his struggles. He merely gritted his teeth and said, "Trevor! Just you wait! If my waist pain persists after your treatment, I'll kill you myself! I guarantee you'll meet a wretched end! I swear!"

Trevor smirked, ignoring his words and continuing to increase the strength of his massage.

The pain was so severe that Prescott's face turned beet red, and his entire body trembled. He clenched his teeth so tightly that his gums were nearly bleeding.

The therapy, or rather, the torture, persisted for thirty minutes before Trevor finally withdrew his hand, announcing, "Alright, you can get up now."


At this point, Prescott was drenched in sweat. He barely managed to stand, muttering curses under his breath, "You bastard! You're as good as dead! My waist pain... Huh?"

Midway through his grumbling, Prescott touched his waist in astonishment.

After enduring the brutal massage, he stood upright without experiencing the previous dull ache in his waist, only feeling the lingering sensation from the harsh treatment.

He tried his best to turn his head to look at his waist, but


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could barely see that the skin around his waist was red. However, the dull pain was really gone!

Could it truly be so miraculous?

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