

Chapter 1676 Prescott's Plot

Prescott was astonished. Clutching his waist, he twisted it slightly. "My waist... It doesn't hurt anymore."

Trevor wiped his hands with sanitizer and explained casually, "Your waist pain resulted from an external force, leading to congestion in the affected area. I merely massaged you to stimulate blood flow and clear the blood vessels. Once the blood stopped pooling, the pain naturally dissipated. Now, about that bet you agreed to..."

Prescott tensed up, suddenly recalling the bet.

He lay on the bed while receiving a rough massage that knocked him out, causing him to forget about the bet.

His face reddened as he stood motionless, fuming internally. Damn it! I let my guard down! I should have pretended this brat's treatment didn't work! Then I could have found an excuse to rough him up!

Yet, when Trevor glanced over, a faint smile graced his lips, as though he had read Prescott's mind. He inquired with a grin, "Prescott, are you going to go back on your word as a member of the "Bat" faction of Mobius?"

Prescott's body shook and he stared at Trevor in disbelief upon hearing this.

"Even if you don't follow through with the bet, it won't matter. The scandal will bring shame to your "Bat" faction."

A blatant threat!

Prescott's anger boiled as he realized that the villa was

under the control of Midnight, the leader of the "Bat" faction. If Prescott truly brought shame upon the faction within the villa, his uncle Midnight might become furious, making the situation difficult to resolve!

Trevor glanced at Prescott with indifference, as if he had no concern about whether Prescott was cheating or not.

Prescott's anxiety grew as he observed Trevor's expression. After a while, he couldn't take it anymore and raised his hand to slap himself twice in the face. With gritted teeth, he spoke out loudly. "I apologize, I was mistaken!"

Swallowing his humiliation, he begrudgingly admitted, "I concede that you possess some medical expertise!"

Trevor nodded, smiling in response.

Despite honoring the bet, Prescott remained skeptical and muttered, "I'm just keeping my word. Don't get too full of yourself. Your skills are nothing compared to renowned doctors! Glareder's doctors may have ethical issues, but their medical expertise is undeniable!"

The more he spoke, the more confident he became. He tried to suppress Raven. He straightened up and scoffed, "Humph! If you think your mediocre abilities will impress my uncle, I suggest you stop dreaming!"

Trevor's eyes narrowed, but he didn't take Prescott's words to heart. He calmly replied, "Since Midnight invited all of Glareder's doctors, I'm included as well. There's no reason I shouldn't give it a shot. Lead the way."

Prescott glanced at Trevor, adjusted his clothes, and sneered, "If you're so delusional, I'll take you to see for yourself. Humph, a Wolf faction member like you dares to face the Bat faction leader. Aren't you scared my uncle will snap your neck on the spot?"

Trevor shrugged nonchalantly and said, "I trust that all faction leaders are rule-abiding individuals."

Without another word, Prescott led Trevor to the actual ward.

However, the atmosphere outside the bedroom was tense. Numerous doctors in white coats appeared anxious and remained silent.

As Trevor and Prescott arrived, the bedroom door opened.

A steward in a tuxedo pushed a doctor out of the room. His attitude was bad. He even kicked the doctor's butt and scolded coldly, "You quack! Get lost! How dare you good-for-nothing cheat us here!"

The doctor who was kicked had a submissive expression and did not dare to retaliate. He covered his buttocks with one hand and ran away holding his medical kit.

The surrounding doctors displayed nervous expressions, either swallowing hard or lowering their heads to avoid the steward's gaze.

Witnessing the scene, Prescott secretly glanced at Trevor, smirking to himself. This Raven is asking for trouble! He may have been able to fix my waist pain with a massage, but if he thinks he can cure my uncle, he will be beaten up.

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Prescott snickered secretly.

He covertly glanced at Trevor once more and quickly averted his gaze, careful not to reveal his malicious intent.

"Ahem, sir." Prescott stepped forward and addressed the steward, "There's a, um, a doctor here who asked me to introduce him to my uncle. He wants to treat my uncle's illness."

Trevor stared at Prescott in astonishment, not expecting Prescott to vouch for him after the rough massage treatment.

Then, Trevor realized that Prescott still doubted his abilities. Prescott was confident that Trevor would be thrown out by Midnight and wanted to seize the opportunity for payback.


Nevertheless, Trevor was unfazed.

He calmly stepped forward and announced, "I'm the doctor he's referring to."

The crowd burst into an uproar.

Doctors from all corners of Glareder looked at Trevor skeptically, then shook their heads in unison, indicating their disapproval.

The doctors known for their questionable medical ethics had come against their will. When they saw a fellow doctor trying to make a name for himself, they refused to

Chapter 1677 The Test Of Midni...  +120 Points at most cooperate easily. They whispered insults under their breath, unwilling to give in.

"Humph, a doctor? This young man must have recently graduated from medical school, right?"

"Medicine isn't limited to textbooks. Without extensive experience, I'm afraid his skills will be subpar."

"Hmph! Such arrogance!"

Clearly, no one had faith in Trevor's medical expertise.

Even Prescott stood off to the side, hands on hips, as if watching a performance. He delighted in seeing Trevor ridiculed.

Trevor scanned the room and noticed the doctors sneering at him. He recalled how the other doctors were too scared to speak up when the previous doctor was mistreated by the steward.


Now, they dared to be so presumptuous and belittle him.

Trevor scoffed and declared, "I'm not pointing fingers at any of you in particular. I'm just stating that you're all worthless!"

His statement dropped like a bomb into still waters. The doctors gathered outside the bedroom leaped to their feet in outrage, shouting, "What did you just say?! You insolent brat! Hasn't anyone taught you to respect your elders?"

"Do you dare to repeat that?"

The clamorous voices were filled with hostility and anger, yet Trevor remained unruffled and responded composedly, "Despite the patient being right in front of you, none of you have the courage to treat him. Calling you incompetent is actually a compliment!"

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At his words, the doctors fell silent.

They wished to counter, but struggled to find a rebuttal.

In fact, when they saw Prescott voluntarily vouching for Trevor, they all secretly breathed a sigh of relief, preferring someone else to take the fall instead of them!

They were well aware that behind the closed door, a Mobius leader awaited treatment.

One wrong move, and their lives could be forfeit on the spot!

However, the steward in the tuxedo didn't care about the conflict at all. He said coldly, "Come in."

Trevor strode confidently into the bedroom, accompanied by the steward.

The bedroom was quite spacious and well-equipped with various medical instruments.

Trevor turned to face the man he had come to investigate, Mobius' leader "Midnight"!

A man in his thirties, he wore a broad white bathrobe that concealed his powerful muscles. His imposing and domineering aura made it evident that he was an expert in combat!


He was also a merciless assassin!

Trevor's muscles instinctively tensed at the sight of this dangerous target.

Then his eyes changed.

Trevor had a faint feeling of familiarity towards the figure, yet he couldn't quite recall where he had seen it before.

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Midnight had sparse hair, but it was neatly groomed. His face bore no expression, making it difficult to discern his thoughts. His eyes were sinister and intimidating.

Small pieces of porcelain and glass were scattered on the floor, suggesting that someone had recently lost their temper in that room.

This was the Bat faction leader of Mobius, Midnight!

As he sat on the chair, Midnight gave Trevor a condescending look, judging him by his young age. He had already formed a low opinion of him in his mind and spoke in a cold tone. "Begin with a diagnosis. Tell me what's wrong with my body. If you can't even diagnose my illness, then don't be surprised if I become harsh with you!"