

Chapter 1678 The Diagnosis Of Disease

Trevor's eyes didn't betray a hint of trepidation or uncertainty.

The patient, unwilling to reveal his own pain, expected the doctor to determine his physical condition through a diagnosis. Such defiance was clearly a test and meant to make things difficult for Trevor.

Yet, Trevor remained unshaken.

He had a solution for Midnight's uncooperative behavior.

He stepped forward and said with a smile, "Not a problem, but my diagnostic method may be unconventional. I don't require any medical equipment. I simply need to touch your body directly. Is that acceptable?"

Midnight gave Trevor a dispassionate glance and then nodded coldly.

He was the leader of a faction in Mobius, and also known as a killer. Of course, he was very confident in his own fighting skills. Even if the doctor before him had malicious intentions, Midnight was confident he could counter any attack before the other party could execute his plan!

Despite his ailment, he was still a formidable force!

With a slight smile, Trevor checked Midnight's pulse and occasionally touched other body parts, noting his reactions.

After some time, Trevor gained a basic understanding of Midnight's physical state and withdrew his hand.

Just as Midnight was about to question him, Trevor preemptively spoke up. "Your body has excessive internal heat, and you've been experiencing insomnia and frequent nightmares, which cause sweating at night. Additionally, you should have a canker sore in your mouth..."

When Midnight heard this, he sneered and interrupted Trevor's speech.

"Is that all? After examining me for so long, you come up with such trivial findings?"

He knew the young doctor before him was correct, but these were merely minor issues, not addressing the chronic ailments plaguing him.

An impatient look appeared on the face of Midnight. He was about to ask the steward to beat Trevor up and kick him out.

However, Trevor raised his hand and spoke slowly. "Don't worry. I'm not done yet. Your left leg seems less flexible. If I'm correct, your left knee experiences a faint ache on rainy days, right? Perhaps you were struck by a bullet or some other object? Or maybe you were shot in the knee by an arrow? Did I get anything wrong?"

For a moment, Midnight was taken aback, his expression becoming more subtle.

Trevor was spot on!

Midnight's left knee had indeed sustained an injury!

While it wasn't his most concerning ailment, it did cause him some discomfort.

Midnight's demeanor softened slightly. Supporting his face with one hand, he said lightly, "You're right, but..."

At this point, Trevor quickly interjected, "Glareder has experienced sunny weather lately, so your knee wouldn't be bothering you. The real reason you've ostentatiously invited all the doctors in Glareder is that you frequently suffer from excruciating headaches, sometimes to the point where you can't sleep. Am I correct, sir?"

Midnight was dumbfounded upon hearing this.

Surprise and astonishment colored his usually stoic face.

Trevor had hit the mark again!

Seeing the reaction on the other end, Trevor knew his diagnosis was spot on, and a relaxed smile graced his lips.

Sure enough, Midnight nodded and looked at the young doctor again, thinking to himself.

I didn't voluntarily disclose my symptoms, yet he managed to diagnose my conditions... He didn't even rely on medical equipment. Could he truly possess exceptional abilities?

His headache was the genuine affliction that had tormented Midnight for a long time!

It wasn't a typical headache, but an unbearable one. Even as a Mobius member, with their unique training in willpower, he struggled to withstand it.

Chapter 1679 The Man Of Unpredictable Moods

Midnight sensed that he had finally found a truly skilled doctor. He was overjoyed, but it only manifested as a brief, gleeful smile on his face. After concealing his excitement and anticipation, he nodded with some restraint and said, "Indeed, your diagnosis is spot on!"

Unable to contain his enthusiasm, he raised his voice and shared his symptoms. "This headache has plagued me for years. When I was younger, painkillers helped alleviate the pain. But as I grew older, the headaches grew more frequent and severe, and the painkillers became less effective. Lately, I've often woken up in the middle of the night... A few nights ago, I awoke and accidentally killed my bodyguard."

Trevor's gaze lowered, thinking to himself. So that's why he began inviting renowned doctors here a couple of days ago. He had indeed killed someone.

Once Midnight finished, he suppressed his excitement, and his expression darkened. Standing up, he fixed his gaze on Trevor and said gravely, "Young man, your ability to diagnose my ailment attests to your skills. If you can cure me, you'll be handsomely rewarded. Money, women, power, and status, I can easily provide them all. But if you can't heal me... Well, you won't want to witness the consequences."

Intimidation and enticement were commonplace but straightforward and effective.

At least such methods worked on most ordinary people.

Trevor offered a faint smile and retrieved the red cloth from his pocket. As the red cloth unfolded, a row of slim silver needles came into view.

He remained composed without any sign of fear, calmly saying, "My treatment may be unconventional. If you're willing to accept it, I'm confident I can help you overcome your disease."

Midnight stared at the silver needles for five seconds and maintained silence for another five. Finally, he said, "I accept."

Trevor nodded in secret.

As the leader of a Mobius faction, he was truly courageous.

This time, the needle treatment would take place near the head, appearing quite dangerous.

In reality, it was genuinely dangerous. A slight misstep could result in memory loss, paralysis, or even death!

However, Trevor didn't come here to assassinate Midnight. He still wanted to get important information from him.

Trevor was focused and poised as he administered the acupuncture. His movements were steady and precise, resembling that of a well-calibrated machine.

The room fell silent, with only Trevor's and Midnight's breathing audible.

Roughly fifteen minutes later, Trevor withdrew all the silver needles and wiped the sweat from his nose. Taking a deep breath, he announced, "Done."

Midnight abruptly opened his eyes and exhaled deeply, "Impressive!"

Following the acupuncture session, he felt rejuvenated and invigorated, as if his vision was much clearer.

It worked!

Relying on instinct, Midnight made his assessment and grinned with delight. "Ha ha ha, well done! Butler, write a check for eight million and hand it to the doctor!"

Observing Midnight speaking loudly to the steward, Trevor smiled and didn't object. He replied with a grin, "Sir, this was merely the initial treatment, and follow-up sessions are necessary."

Midnight laughed. "I trust you! Once you've fully cured me, I'll present you with more gifts!"

Trevor stowed away the silver needles and the check, smiling but remaining silent.


He possessed a method to fully eradicate Midnight's headache, but it wasn't the acupuncture technique he had just employed.

Trevor harbored no compassion for the nefarious leader of Mobius.

Trevor knew well that every member of Mobius was vicious, and their leader was the cruelest of all. Therefore, he had no intention of completely curing Midnight's disease from the beginning.

Just as Trevor was about to leave the bedroom, Midnight ordered in a tough tone, "Don't forget to visit here on time for my treatments. I'll warn you now, I don't like waiting for anyone."

He was tough and his eyes were cold.

Chapter 1679 The Man Of Unpre...  +120 Points at most

Moments ago, he had a bright smile on his face, but in the blink of an eye, he assumed a domineering and powerful posture, revealing his moody nature.

However, frequent trips to the villa aligned perfectly with Trevor's plans!

He pretended to be a little dissatisfied and nodded. "Understood."

In fact, Trevor was thrilled. The more he interacted with Midnight, the higher the chance of finding clues to save his grandfather and father.