

## Chapter 1680 The Warning Of Slaps

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At the bedroom door, the doctors' interactions grew more cordial.

The newfound harmony resulted from a shared interest in speculating about Trevor's fate.

"He's just a young guy. Probably read some medical journals and started conning people."

"Ha, this is Glareder! Someone's bound to put him in his place."

"I bet he'll meet a miserable end. The owner of this villa isn't someone he can mess with. I bet he'll be kicked out in five minutes!"

Prescott was also happy to see Raven being ridiculed by others. He sat in a chair by the bedroom door, puffing on a cigarette, and listened to the doctors' gossip with a grin.

At that moment, the bedroom door opened again.

For a moment, the doctors chose to shut up again, but their eyes were all focused on the door.

The steward maintained a stoic expression as he walked out of the bedroom, extending his right hand as if respectfully seeing Trevor out.

Trevor walked out of the bedroom calmly.

Even Midnight, clad in a white bathrobe, leisurely stepped out of the room.

The doctors around were confused and didn't have a clue about what happened.

However, Prescott laughed. He quickly extinguished his cigarette and guessed with ecstasy.

This Raven guy must be a terrible doctor and must have messed up! He might have even offended Midnight and is about to be publicly punished!

With this in mind, Prescott's smile widened. He quickly stood up and offered, "Ha ha, uncle, do you want to teach this guy a lesson? You don't need to do it yourself. I'm more than happy to handle it! I'll help you teach him a lesson!"

With a grin on his face, he turned around and adopted an aggressive stance towards Trevor. He even exaggeratedly moved his shoulders, as if to showcase his abilities and intimidate Trevor.

If it hadn't been for the need to avoid excessive violence in his uncle's villa, Prescott would have taken out a dagger.

Midnight frowned.

He glanced at Trevor, then at Prescott.


Trevor gave a nonchalant shrug, pretending innocence.

Had his medical expertise not won Midnight's approval, Prescott might have indeed found a reason to publicly harass him.

But since Midnight had personally escorted Trevor to the door, it was evident he valued Trevor's treatment. Prescott's interference only made him look foolish!

Midnight's expression remained unchanged as he spun



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around and delivered a stinging slap to Prescott's face.

The sudden smack of the slap left everyone in the hall stunned.

Many of the doctors were so scared that they jumped up from their feet, afraid that Midnight's fury might result in their public execution.

Prescott covered his face with his hand and was in a daze for a long time.

His mind went blank. He couldn't understand why his uncle would beat him.

Was he crossing a line by taking it upon himself to teach Trevor a lesson on behalf of his uncle?

A cold voice was heard from Midnight with a serious face, "If you weren't my nephew, the punishment would be far worse than a mere slap. Humph! Teach him a lesson? If you hurt my doctor, who will treat me? I suspect you just want me to suffer from my illness, don't you?"

His chilling tone and fluctuating demeanor conjured images of a nighttime ghost.


Prescott was bewildered.

The doctors present were also confused.

Midnight referred to Trevor as "my doctor" earlier, indicating his recognition of Trevor's medical skills.


How could that be?! Had Trevor truly found a way to cure Midnight's illness?

However, the fact that previous doctors had been unable to diagnose or treat Midnight's condition proved that his illness was quite serious and not easy to cure.

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How was it possible for Trevor to have discovered a solution?

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