

## Chapter 1682 Thrown A Wrench Into His Plans

Sumner felt flattered by the attention of the other doctors, growing more complacent. He subtly touched his bald head and the corner of his mouth, suppressing any hint of conceit and reminding himself not to appear too ostentatious in front of Midnight.

With a barely disguised look of disdain, he briefly glanced at Trevor before redirecting his focus to Midnight with a polite smile. "Mr. Midnight, allow me to conduct your examination. Each physician has their own unique approach to treatment, and I believe my methods may be simpler and more efficient," Sumner proposed.

Midnight was a little swayed by his words.

It was widely rumored that Sumner had fled to Glareder after being driven to despair by scandal. He was indeed a famous doctor.

Moreover, Sumner's long-standing association with Mobius and his extensive work with the Bat faction had earned him the trust of many of its members.

Upon noticing his uncle's hesitation, Prescott's eyes brightened. It was his final opportunity to retaliate against Trevor, and he couldn't afford to let it slip away. Hastily, he rose from his seat and exclaimed, "Uncle, even if you don't trust other doctors, you can rely on Dr. Sumner's expertise. I guarantee he is far more capable and trustworthy than that charlatan Raven."

After a brief moment of contemplation, Midnight

Chapter 1682 Thrown A Wrench I... 🎁 +120 Points at most  
acquiesced, "Very well, let us proceed with Dr. Sumner's  
examination."

Trevor couldn't help but furrow his brows at the  
unexpected turn of events.

He had worked hard to get close to Midnight in order to  
uncover any clues about his connection to his grandfather.  
Now, however, this Dr. Sumner had thrown a wrench into  
his plans.

Naturally, he couldn't allow his scheme to be foiled.

Trevor, in a low and imposing tone, stated, "If Mr. Midnight  
has consented to it, I won't object. However, as the first  
physician to propose a treatment plan for him, would you  
mind if I observe your process, Dr. Sumner?"

Sumner turned around, donning a playful expression. He  
then spread his arms and addressed all the physicians  
present, "Medical expertise thrives on communication. I  
welcome all present doctors to observe it!"

He exuded confidence and authority, agreeing not only  
with Trevor's wish to join but actively inviting other  
physicians to witness the process.

Midnight remained indifferent, sitting on the hall sofa with  
a stern countenance, coldly commanding, "Let's begin."

Sumner nodded at his female assistant, who promptly  
dialed a number and instructed the person on the other  
end, "Bring in the equipment."

Shortly after, a large physical examination apparatus was  
delivered to the hall, with six robust men cooperating to  
maneuver the trolley.

Three assistants in white coats followed them into the hall,  
standing respectfully beside Sumner, awaiting his orders.

Following a thorough examination, Sumner held the physical report in his hand and solemnly declared, "I have discovered the root cause of Mr. Midnight's ailment.

His brain is the culprit. Based on the intricate nature of the affliction, the condition is somewhat complicated."

The other doctors erupted in enthusiastic applause.

"Brilliant!" they exclaimed. "You truly are something, Dr. Sumner! Your wealth of experience shines through in everything you do."

"Indeed, you're an outstanding doctor," chimed in another. To discover the root cause of the disease from such a minuscule change in factors is a testament to your diagnostic skills. You are the embodiment of the medical community in Glareder!"

Meanwhile, a few doctors lingered on the fringes of the crowd, hurling snide comments at Trevor.

"Ha! He doesn't even have the most basic inspection instruments, yet he claims to have solved the puzzle. What a shot in the dark!"

Trevor remained unfazed by their taunts.

After all, Sumner's ability to pinpoint the root cause of the disease only served to confirm his reputation as a master diagnostician, possessing sharp observation skills and a wealth of experience.

Yet, the ultimate test lay in the treatment of the disease.

If Trevor could identify any flaws in Sumner's plan, then he could still turn the tables in his favor.

Sumner, however, wore a confident smile as he scribbled

Chapter 1682 Thrown A Wrench I... +120 Points at most  
out a prescription on a slip of paper.

He grabbed the paper with one hand, flicking it with the other while smiling.

"Surgery is the most efficacious and expedient approach, given Mr. Midnight's condition. Based on my assessment, it is likely that two surgical interventions will suffice to effect a complete recovery from the ailment. Afterward, adhering to my prescription and making necessary adjustments to your physical condition will hasten your convalescence and restore you to your former state," Sumner exclaimed with a confident smile.

Although he exuded confidence, it wasn't due to the effectiveness and safety of the remedy plan. In truth, the medicine he prescribed was extremely expensive. However, Sumner believed that his intentions wouldn't be detected.

As the representative of Glareder's medical community, Sumner was confident that no other doctor could uncover his motive of profiting from the situation.

Taking such a risk in front of the leader of the Bat faction could result in severe consequences, but Sumner was audacious.

For years, he had only learned one twisted principle, which was to be ruthless and bold to earn money.

Trevor glanced at the prescription thoughtfully before looking at Sumner with a faint smile, hinting that he had something to say.