

## Chapter 1683 Leave The Medical Industry To The...

Sumner's prediction proved to be correct.

The doctors from Glareder approved of his prescription and praised him.

"Undoubtedly, you are the finest doctor in all of Glareder, Dr. Sumner," exclaimed one of the physicians with awe.

"Your ability to develop a treatment plan with such speed is truly remarkable," added another.

"And let us not forget that only you, Dr. Sumner, possess the necessary knowledge and expertise to perform brain surgery in Glareder."

A fleeting glint of cunning flickered across Midnight's eyes. After a moment of contemplative silence, he inquired, "Sumner, how long will it take for you to finish this treatment?"

Sumner confidently replied, touching his chin, "Mr. Midnight, given your long-term exercise and good physical condition, I expect to complete two operations within four days, and the follow-up medication should be taken for a week. However, we need to observe the specific timing of medication before coming to a conclusion."

Midnight nodded, seemingly satisfied with Sumner's response before turning his attention to Trevor. "Your name is Raven, correct? A member of Mobius? I seem to have heard of you..."

Trevor met Midnight's gaze without flinching. "Yes," he

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replied simply, his voice devoid of any hint of deceit. "I belong to the Wolf faction."

At this point, denying it would be futile, as Midnight could easily investigate it if he wished.

Prescott couldn't resist a smirk.

It had been his intention all along to reveal Trevor's affiliation with the Wolf faction to Midnight, hoping that the revelation would cause Midnight to reconsider his stance.

But now, with Trevor's admission, there was no need for him to waste his breath.

Surprisingly, Midnight didn't drive Trevor away. Instead, a hint of relaxation flashed through his eyes, and he nodded slightly before asking, "How long will your treatment take?"

Trevor took a deep breath and responded in a calm manner, "It will take a minimum of two weeks, but it could last up to two months."

As soon as he finished speaking, the doctors erupted into laughter. Prescott even went so far as to give a thumbs-down gesture, filled with obvious sarcasm and contempt.

Sumner joined in on the laughter and gave his bald head a pat.

"Young man," Sumner said, still chuckling, "despite your membership in Mobius, I must tell you that becoming a doctor is no easy feat. I would advise you to go back and study more. Don't think you can cure others after reading a few medical magazines."

However, Trevor remained composed. He smiled and replied, "Is that so? I don't think I agree. In fact, I believe that as a doctor, you are much bolder than us killers. You have the audacity to deceive the leader of the Mobius!"

Trevor's words fell heavily, and for a moment, the hall was silent.

The other doctors didn't know what Trevor was talking about, and even Midnight remained quiet as he fixed his sharp gaze on Trevor.

Only Sumner appeared flustered, and he scolded Trevor harshly, "What are you talking about? If you don't want to lose face, you'd better leave as soon as possible!"

Trevor grinned, knowing that he had hit a nerve.

However, he chose not to leave the villa and appeared more relaxed as he asked, "Sumner, I must acknowledge that your operation plan does sound highly efficient. But is it really safe? As far as my knowledge goes, the operation plan you've arranged has records of relevant operations in other cities. The success rate is only around fifty percent. In case of failure, the patient might suffer from brain death!"

Sumner's face changed dramatically as expected.

Trevor pressed on, "Had the patient in question been anyone else, I might not have had to say much more. After all, surgery is inherently fraught with risks. However, Mr. Midnight is the leader of the Bat faction. Who, I wonder, would be held accountable if something went awry?"

At this juncture, Midnight's face darkened with a blend of gloom and fury. He fixed Sumner with a piercing glare and declared, "Sumner, you kept me in the dark about the extent of the risks involved in this operation. I am beginning to suspect that you have some hidden agenda for wanting to proceed with the surgery on me!"

Sumner's entire body trembled and beads of sweat formed on his forehead.

He hastily attempted to explain, "Please don't be swayed by his words, Mr. Midnight. The success rate of an average doctor's operation is only fifty percent. However, I will be the chief surgeon and the success rate will be much higher. You have nothing to worry about."

Midnight's expression softened at the reassurance.

Sumner let out a sigh of relief, his clammy palms wiped on his trousers. He gritted his teeth, glowering at Trevor.

This troublemaker is making things difficult for me. I must get rid of him.

With a heavy heart and a scowl on his face, Sumner turned to Trevor and barked, "Hey! you! It turns out that my treatment plan is better than yours. You should stick to playing the role of the killer and leave the medical industry to the professionals."

The other doctors, having learned of Raven's killer's identity, dared not challenge him directly and instead chimed in, "Yes, Dr. Sumner is absolutely right."

"Medicine is a field that requires great precision and care. One mustn't be careless," they added, nodding in agreement.

Prescott, too, fixed a stern look on Trevor and snorted, "Get out of here, and quickly at that!"

Sumner remembered how Prescott had vouched for him when he first arrived. If his treatment plan were to be rejected now, it would be a blow to both of them.

But Sumner was surprised to find that Trevor didn't seem to be the least bit fazed by the onslaught of criticism. In fact, he was smiling faintly.

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The sight of that smile sent a cold shiver down Sumner's spine, and a feeling of unease crept up on him.

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