

Chapter 1708 Sherwood Is At Death's Door

Trevor didn't offer any counter-arguments. To Eleanora, his silence felt like an admission of guilt. She believed Trevor had been bluffing about his medical expertise all along.

Given her credentials as a bona fide nurse, Eleanora believed she was far more qualified than Trevor. Her doubt spurred her to challenge him.

Raising her voice, she fired at him, "Can you stop creating a nuisance here? Mere honeyed words won't heal an injury! You're only getting in the way."

Before Trevor could respond, Dominic chimed in, "Enough! If you dare disrespect our benefactor any further, you and your brother will find no place within the Bradly Organization!"

Eleanora's eyes widened in disbelief. It was a shock to hear such harsh words from Dominic, who had always been kind to her. Betrayal welled up in her heart, yet she bit back her response, opting not to antagonize Trevor any further.

Dominic, noticing Eleanora's restraint, turned to Trevor and said, "Eleanora is a registered nurse. Let her dress the wounds first, then you may proceed with your treatment."

Trevor gave a subtle nod, hiding his awareness of Dominic's lingering doubt about his medical abilities.

Seeing that Trevor had agreed, Eleanora began to work, tending to the injured inside the room while Trevor watched her silently.

He was well aware that simple bandages would not suffice for the victims' wounds. If not treated promptly, their conditions could become critical.

Naturally, Trevor wasn't going to sit idly by. He intended to help his



father's subordinates. However, because Dominic had already made a decision, continuing to refute that decision would be inappropriate. Should anything go wrong with the injured, Trevor was ready to step in.

Eleanora, being an accomplished hospital nurse, promptly dressed the wounds. Her work was done to perfection, reflecting her professional background. Despite her efficiency, Sherwood was still in a crisis.

After he was bandaged, Sherwood's pale face worsened. He became exceedingly weak, and his forehead beading with sweat. His body shook slightly before he succumbed to unconsciousness.

This was an uncharted territory for Eleanora. Typically, she would call for doctors in such circumstances, but none were available.

Frantically, she hurried over to her brother, helpless in the face of his frailty. She tried every first-aid measure she knew, from massaging Sherwood's philtrum to chest compressions, all to no avail.

Sherwood remained motionless, his breath growing increasingly shallow.

Had Eleanora not felt for his breath, she would've believed he was dead.

Eleanora was at a loss, her face a mask of despair. She looked towards Trevor, who had previously claimed medical proficiency. With no other options, she demanded, "You mentioned having medical knowledge, right? Start treating him this instant!"

Under normal circumstances, Trevor would have brushed off such an attitude. However, Eleanora was an associate of his father's. So, he set his irritation aside and approached Sherwood for observation.


Upon closer examination, Trevor identified the problem. Sherwood had suffered massive blood loss, and his brain had sustained significant injuries. Eleanora's bandaging of Sherwood's head appeared too tight, with blood already seeping through the dressing.

Meanwhile, a fretful Eleanora saw Trevor merely looking at Sherwood and not treating him. Feeling desperate, she said, "I'm begging you, if my brother can still be saved, do it quickly!"

Trevor wasn't sure how to react. He was already committed to aiding the members of the Bradly Organization, and Eleanora's constant



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interference was not needed.

 +120 Points at most

Sighing, he said, "In that case, step aside and let me treat your brother."

Eleanora bit her lower lip and clenched her fists. She stepped back, not leaving the room, her eyes locked on Trevor, expectantly waiting for him to begin treatment.

Under her hopeful, anxious gaze, Trevor drew his silver needles and initiated his therapeutic procedures.



Chapter 1709 Show Off His Medical Skills

Trevor's treatment with the silver needle had achieved perfection, though it could be a rather daunting sight for those unfamiliar with it.

Under Trevor's expert control, the silver needle traversed through Sherwood's head, emerging from the other end. With this maneuver, Trevor also gained some insight into the inner workings of Sherwood's mind.

Witnessing the direct penetration of her brother's head by the silver needle, Eleanora was overcome with fear, her face turning pale. She instinctively shielded her eyes with her hands, occasionally stealing glances through her fingers. Doubt crept in, unsure if Trevor possessed the necessary medical expertise. Thus, she could only observe the treatment process intermittently.

Having grown accustomed to the treatment process, Trevor proceeded unhindered. The silver needles continued their descent through Sherwood's head, accompanied by a few droplets of blood.

Undeterred, Trevor persisted in administering needle injections to save Sherwood. Though his condition had stabilized, further treatment was still required.

Upon noticing Eleanora's flustered expression, Trevor's voice turned cold as he remarked, "If you can't bear to watch now, it would be best for you to leave promptly! It will only get bloodier later. You would be more of a hindrance than a help."

Eleanora snapped back to reality, her panic evident on her pallid face. Clearly, she did not wish to witness such a gruesome scene, but ultimately, the man lying on the bed was her brother, and she felt obligated to remain present.

Trevor made no attempt to stop her; he understood that interfering in

familial matters was beyond his right. He lowered his head and resumed the treatment, focusing on providing further care.

Carefully stowing away the slender silver needles, Trevor retrieved a thick needle, measuring over ten centimeters in length. As he poised to plunge it into Sherwood's head, Eleanora swiftly averted her gaze, unable to bear witness to the procedure.

When Eleanora dared to open her eyes once more, she found Trevor diligently bandaging her brother's head. By now, Sherwood's appearance had returned to normal, albeit with a slight pallor indicating anemia.

In a calm tone, Trevor assured, "I have brought him back to life. He will awaken after a period of rest."

Recalling her earlier impolite words, Eleanora swiftly bent down and humbly uttered, "I apologize. It is entirely my fault! I shouldn't have doubted your medical skills!"

Trevor, naturally, would not engage in an argument with a petite woman. Instead, he subtly indicated to her that it was inconsequential and proceeded to order the transportation of the next injured man.

Witnessing Trevor's remarkable feat of saving Sherwood, everyone in the Bradly Organization, including Dominic, was taken aback by his extraordinary medical skills.

As Trevor finished attending to the final wounded individual, Dominic rushed over to him and exclaimed, "Our boss wishes to see you!"

Immediately intrigued, Trevor's curiosity piqued. He yearned to discover the mastermind behind his father's guards. Though the members of the Bradly Organization were formidable in their own right, they were merely subordinates. The orchestrator of their various operations must be their leader.

However, based on the Bradly Organization's past actions, their leader was expected to be virtuous, devoid of ill intentions when summoning Trevor for a meeting.

Trevor nodded in agreement, expressing his consent. He requested that Dominic accompany him to meet the enigmatic figure.

Naturally, the rendezvous between Trevor and the leader would take place in the black market, not far from their current location.

Led by Dominic, Trevor treaded the streets with discretion, maintaining a low profile.

Along the way, Trevor inquired about the identity of their boss. Dominic merely smiled and cryptically replied that Trevor would soon find out.

Trevor still harbored numerous inquiries and persisted in asking, "So, how did the members of the Bradley Organization come together? I know you were originally acquainted!"

Now it was Dominic's turn to be taken aback. His countenance betrayed a hint of unease. Trembling slightly, he questioned, "Who on earth are you?"

The Bradley Organization's precursor was Ronald's covertly assembled guard team—an exceedingly confidential undertaking.

Though they were the only two present, Trevor answered in a hushed tone, "I am here to rescue Elwood Sanderson."

Dominic let out a surprised exclamation and skeptically asked, "Are you from the Sanderson family?"