

## Chapter 1876 Closing The Clinic

Madison nodded. "Alright. Let me check on her."

Trevor breathed a sigh of relief. While she was examining Luisa, he took the time to find the signal jammer, which was outside the clinic, and destroyed it.

A few moments later, Madison emerged, her face etched with worry.

Trevor's stomach churned. Judging from the look on Madison's face, she was unable to treat Luisa.

"How is she? Can she be cured?" he anxiously asked.

Madison heaved a sigh and shook her head. "It's not looking great. I've only managed to ease her dizziness and headaches for now. The medication she's on seems either incomplete or counterfeit. It's a new drug, so I don't know how to deal with it. I'll need a sample to properly analyze the drug and treat her."

A deep frown appeared on Trevor's face. As much as he wanted to help, he did not know much about the drug either.

"As far as I know, the nastiest side effect of this drug is memory loss. If we don't get our hands on the sample soon, Luisa might not remember any of us, including me. But I have no idea where to look."

When Madison and Sally heard the gravity of the situation, they exchanged grave looks.

In the room, Luisa had just woken up. Tears streamed down her face when she overheard the news of her losing her memory.

She clenched her fists and swore to herself, "Trevor, I will never forget you!"

She wracked her brain for ways to hold onto her memories of Trevor.

Just then, a group of individuals in uniform approached the clinic. "Good day, we represent the Drug Administration Bureau. We've received a

< Chapter 1876 Closing The Clinic



+120 Points at most

report about some grave malpractice here. We've been ordered to shut it down. Please cooperate with us."

Madison's eyes widened. Although anxious, she calmly explained, "Are you sure? This clinic is fully qualified and has been running smoothly for decades. What 'malpractice' are you talking about?"

A cocky young man came in and began to bark orders at the bureau staff.

"What's the hold-up? Hurry up and close this place down. What are you even saying to them?" He turned to Madison, Sally, and Trevor and sneered, "Hey! This is the consequence of your disobedience. You thought having a young man who knows how to fight would help? FYI, the director of the Drug Administration Bureau works for us. Today, I'm going to shut your clinic down. You should've just laid low, so you wouldn't have crossed the wrong people. Humph! You could've avoided all this drama if you'd just packed up for Clouauro."

Already on edge, Trevor was not in the mood for games. He took a step forward and asserted, "Haven't they made it clear enough? They aren't going anywhere, especially to that horrid place. You'd better give up! If you make trouble again, don't blame me for being rude."

The young man's eyes narrowed, and he coldly sized up Trevor.

"You're the fighter, huh? I'll tell you what: Mind your own fucking business. Tell Madison she should know better than to cross us. If they don't comply, the clinic's the least of their problems. Not only will it be closed down for good, but they'll also be pariahs in Esterham. If you interfere, you'll suffer the same fate as them."



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