

Chapter 1236 Incident In The Bar

Trevor couldn't help but shiver. Was it because of this special taste that Patrice befriended him?

But as soon as the thought entered his mind, there was a loud crash from the other corner of the bar.

"Is someone stirring up trouble?" Trevor's attention snapped to the corner when he heard a man's angry, violent roar.

He squinted against the darkness of the bar, trying to see what happened but it was useless in such dim light.

Patrice put his hands back into his pockets. He had enough of the women surrounding him. When he heard that noise, he took that as his opportunity to leave.

"I'm going to look at what that noise was."

Trevor watched Patrice carefully. The whole reason he was even in this dingy bar was to investigate the other man.

When Patrice left, Trevor followed without hesitation.

Nimrod also stood up in a hurry.

Together, the three of them navigated through the chaotic crowd. Eventually, they reached the corner of the bar where the noise had come from.

They were greeted by the sight of a young girl with tears flowing down her face. She had an elderly man cradled in her arms and they could hear her call him grandpa.

They were granddaughter and grandfather, it seemed.

Looming over the two was a fat man with a cruel and fierce glint in his eyes.

Nimrod whispered in Trevor's ear, "That's Oscar Chester. The manager of this bar."

Trevor nodded in understanding.

The old man was clutching his leg in obvious pain. He reached out and wrapped his other hand around the young girl's wrist.

"Come with me. Please, come back home. I can't believe I'd ever find you working in a place like this, Judy. How could you keep something like this a secret! Let's leave this place together and go home."

Judy, the young girl, looked conflicted at her grandfather's words. She just kept crying, unable to speak.

The rotund man, Oscar, brandished a broken glass bottle in the air.

"Damn it! You stupid, senile bastard! What kind of operation do you think I run here? The girl can leave whenever she wants? Bah! Who do you think you are? Just shut up and get the hell out of here."

With that, Oscar put one of his meaty hands on the old man's shoulder and shoved him aside with his full strength.

"Ah!"

The old man slammed into the wall with a sharp cry of pain. He trembled against it before slowly sliding to the floor.

His wrinkled face was twisted in unbearable pain.

"Grandpa!" Judy screamed. She started to run to him.

However, Oscar was quicker. He grabbed her slender wrist and held her back.

"The hell are you screaming about? Stay still and shut up. We have a distinguished guest specifically requesting your company. Change out of these clothes right now and get to work! What are you looking at? Hurry up. Or I'll take out my frustrations on this old man. I don't think he can

take much more."

Trevor scowled at the way Oscar was acting. He was about to step in when he caught Patrice's expression.

To Trevor's surprise, Patrice looked furious.

It was such an intense look that it gave Trevor pause.

He didn't know what Patrice was mad at. Was it the chaotic and messy atmosphere of the bar setting him off or was it Oscar and his treatment of Judy?

Could members of Mobius even feel that kind of sympathy?

By then the old man had collapsed. He was slumped in the corner, barely conscious but with one hand reaching out blindly for his granddaughter.

"Come home. Judy, please come home."

Oscar's fury only grew as he watched the old man. He cursed, "Give it a fucking rest, old man! Just shut up and stay down!"

He lifted his foot to kick the old man.

Right before Oscar's kick could land, his shoulder was yanked back.

The force of it sent Oscar off balance. He stumbled back, tripping over his own feet and falling into a chair.

The broken glass bottle was knocked from his hand. It fell onto the floor with a clatter, shattering into dozens of pieces.

Trevor was the one who pulled Oscar back, having had enough of his cruelty and brutish behavior.

Trevor snorted in disdain and said coldly, "If you lay a single finger on either of them again, I'll knock your fucking teeth out."

Chapter 1237 Ruckus

Oscar snapped, "Who the hell are you? How dare you lecture me?"

Standing up with a huff and glaring at Trevor, he hurled his fist and threw a punch.

Trevor didn't even flinch and easily dodged.

Oscar brought his fist to his tie and nudged it angrily, flashing a hideous sneer.

"Damn you! How dare you dodge? You have a death wish!"

More enraged, he lifted his fat leg and hurled a kick at Trevor.

Trevor snorted lazily. A ruckus seemed unavoidable at this point.

He stepped back to evade Oscar's kick.

Then he grabbed Oscar's wrist and twisted it to his back, pressing his fat shoulder with his other hand before the latter could react.

"Ah!" Oscar cried out in pain with his front slumped on the bar counter.

He felt like his arm was about to break with the sharp pain surging on his shoulder.

"You bastard! Let go of me!" Oscar demanded under the pain.

His eyes then caught Nimrod, who was standing behind Trevor and about to come up to mediate.

Oscar yelled, "Mr. Powell! This is none of your business! I'm warning you! This bar is owned by the Murray family! You have no right to meddle in their affairs!"

Nimrod's jaw clenched.

He couldn't tell Trevor to stop because he didn't have any right to order him around.

Oscar kept crying out in pain.

"Son of bitch! I said let go of me! How dare you make trouble in the territory of the Murray family? You'll be dead meat!"

Trevor sneered and picked up the half-empty bottle of whisky on the bar counter.

Bang!

The bottle shattered on Oscar's head. His blood oozed out, mixing with the whisky as it flowed onto the counter.

The people in the bar screamed at the noise, making the air more intense.

"Ah! Blood! I'm bleeding! I'm bleeding..."

Horror covered Oscar's face as he wailed.

"Oh, shut it! You're so noisy!" Trevor hissed.

How could a bar manager hit the poor old man in the name of the Murray family?

The leadership of this family was as wicked as their personalities! How preposterous!

They were one of the three great families in Corden, but they had become despicable!

Trevor couldn't help but feel sorry for how pathetic they were.

If Asho had taken over the Murray family, he would have never allowed their employees to oppress others like this.

Oscar's hysterical screams drew the attention of the security guards.

They hurriedly walked over and surrounded Trevor.

"Hey you! Release Oscar now!" one of the security guards shouted as

they got near.

Patrice stepped forward, blocking their way and regarding them coldly.

"Hey, where do you think you're going?"

Oscar glared at Patrice. "Who do you think you are, bastard? Guards! What are you waiting for? Beat them up and help me! I'm bleeding!"

Patrice pounded the table and sneered ominously. "Who am I? I'm Richard's guest."

Richard's guest?

The security guards paused and hesitated to move.

Struggling to get out of Trevor's hold, Oscar grumbled, "That's nonsense! Mr. Murray is very distinguished. Do you think you deserve to be his guest?"

Patrice snorted and didn't argue. He just took out his phone and showed his contacts to Oscar's face.

Oscar squinted his eyes at the phone screen. He knew Richard's phone number very well.

Thus, after having a clear view of the number flashed on the screen, horror covered his face.

"It's... It's true! No... You..." Oscar stammered, then came to his senses, blurting out an apology. "I'm sorry, sir! I didn't know. I'm terribly sorry!"

Trevor loosened his hold after hearing him ask for forgiveness.

Letting go of Oscar, he kicked him on the buttocks and warned coldly, "Now, get lost! If you do something like this again, I'll beat the shit out of you!"

Chapter 1238 Murder

Although Oscar got kicked by Trevor, he didn't dare fight back. He even flashed him an apologetic smile.

Trevor wiped his hands and grimaced. He found Oscar's smile utterly disgusting.

During that moment, the old man's eyes widened as he clutched his chest. His breaths were shallow as he said, "Ah... My chest hurts so much. I can't breathe!"

Judy instantly became anxious as she asked, "Grandpa! What's wrong? Please don't scare me like this! I'll come home with you! Grandpa! No!"

The old man collapsed on the floor.

Someone among the guests shouted, "Send him to the hospital! Get him to the hospital right now!"

"Hurry! Call 911!"

When Trevor looked at the old man, he noticed that his face had already turned bluish-purple and his lips were pale.

That was not a good sign.

He immediately stepped up and said, "If we wait for the ambulance, it'll be too late! He won't be able to make it unless we save him here!"

Trevor rolled up his sleeves and was about to walk up to the old man.

But just then, a young man suddenly stepped in front of him and stopped him in his tracks.

"Hold on. Are you sure you can save him? Don't you think of yourself too highly? This is a matter of life and death. I think you just want to play the hero to gain Judy's favor. And that is why you hit the manager just now."

Judy turned around. She seemed to know this man.

"Dervon? Why are you here? Can you save my grandpa? Please help me! I can't lose him like this!"

The man's name was Dervon Rosales. He looked quite pleased when Judy asked him for help.

He was the one who wanted to take advantage of the situation and have her all for himself.

That was why he purposely stopped Trevor from helping her grandfather. He wanted to attract Judy's attention by doing so.

Trevor, however, didn't have time to listen to Dervon's nonsense. He took out a small red bag from his pocket and took out the silver needles hidden inside the bag.

"Step aside! I can save him!"

Judy's eyes instantly lit up.

At that point, she was desperate. She would believe anyone who claimed to be able to save her grandfather.

"Grandpa, please! Don't leave me! Please!" Judy shouted, tears already threatening to run down her cheeks. "Sir, please save my grandpa! I beg of you! I'm willing to do anything you ask! Just save him, please!"

Dervon frowned when he saw that.

If Judy were to willingly do everything that Trevor asked, he knew that he would have no chance to have Judy.

Because of that, he clenched his fists and grabbed Trevor's collar.

"Stop! What the hell are you trying to do? Are you going to murder him? You're a fucking liar! Why do you have in your hand? Needles? I've never seen anyone try to save a dying person with needles! You don't care about her grandfather's life at all! You fucking liar!"

He was anxious.

Chapter 1238 Murder

 +120 Points at most

If Trevor could save the old man, Dervon wouldn't be able to have Judy all for himself.



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Chapter 1239 Trevor Is Right

Trevor was so angry that his eyes narrowed.

A life was at stake here. How dare Dervon stir up trouble and stop him!

Dervon also noticed Trevor's gaze, but he didn't show any sign of fear at all. Instead, he smiled complacently.

After all, his words were convincing.

The onlookers and security guards in the bar agreed with him.

"Yes, I've never heard needles being used to save lives. And who carries needles in a bar? I think this young man is a junkie."

"After all, it's a life. I think it's better to wait for the paramedics to deal with it."

"Just don't let the old man die. He is so unfortunate."

When Judy heard the discussions around, she could not help but hesitate.

Tears streamed down her face uncontrollably. She sobbed, not knowing who to turn to for help.

At this moment, Dervon smiled. He felt that he was only one last step to success.

So he took the initiative to ingratiate Judy.

"Judy, let me help you carry your grandpa to the door. The condition of the air there is better. It must be good for him. Besides, it will be more convenient to carry him when the ambulance arrives."

Trevor frowned and stopped him. "The patient just suffered a heavy blow, causing him to have difficulty in breathing. It's very likely that his heart and lungs are damaged. Even his bones might be fractured. It is not advisable to move him at this time. Otherwise, it will cause secondary

injuries to his internal organs. And in severe cases, he may vomit blood."

Dervon snorted coldly and scolded fiercely, "Shut up! You are talking nonsense!"

He turned his head and glared at Trevor. For him, Trevor must only want to seize the opportunity to gain Judy's favor, just like him.

Therefore, no matter what Trevor said, he would distort Trevor's intention.

Of course, he would never allow his "rival in love" to be outstanding in front of Judy.

Dervon opposed everything that Trevor said. He would do everything that Trevor stopped him from doing.

At this moment, Dervon asked a group of people to lift the unconscious old man.

Trevor clicked his tongue. He stretched out his hand to stop them and warned again, "Don't touch the patient. Otherwise, he will vomit blood. His condition will only worsen."

But Dervon only glared at Trevor. He even flipped up his middle finger and shouted, "Get lost!"

Trevor didn't have time to deal with Dervon anymore. He turned to Judy. However, Judy was already in a state of panic.

While she was still hesitating, Dervon suddenly raised the old man's shoulders.

And as soon as he lifted the old man up, the problem came.

The unconscious old man woke up. But he coughed violently.

Then he spat out a mouthful of blood, dyeing his collar and skinny chest red. He kept coughing violently and spitting out blood.

Everyone was shocked.

"He vomited blood! Damn! That's a lot of blood!"

"No! Grandpa! Put down my grandpa quickly!" Judy screamed hysterically. "Grandpa! Wake up! Grandpa! Please don't scare me."

Dervon and others got flustered. They quickly put the old man down.

Everyone looked at the old man, choking and coughing up blood. Then they turned their eyes to Dervon, who was at a loss. Finally, they fixed their gazes on Trevor.

The onlookers and security guards were all too shocked to say a word.

They realized Trevor was right.

The patient vomited blood after he was moved.

Now, they couldn't help wondering if Trevor was a highly skilled doctor.

Dervon turned pale with fright. His face looked strange under the pink lights of the bar.

He hurriedly wiped the blood on the back of his hands on his cloth and muttered, "No... I... I have nothing to do with it. This is the old man's own problem."