

Chapter 1304 Return To Mayfield

"Alas!"

Vida sighed. She knew there was no point in trying to persuade Trevor since he had already made up his mind.

The only thing she could do was to help him learn the martial arts as quickly as possible.

"Let's go down the mountain. I'll copy this book for you and make some preparations too," Vida said.

Trevor looked at her in confusion and asked, "What preparations?"

Vida put her hands in her pockets and said casually, "Every member of Mobius has a tattoo on their wrist. I will help you with a fake tattoo. The fake tattoo is indistinguishable from a real one and it can only be wiped off with juice. Besides, you need a voice changer. As Iron said, Raven had a hoarse voice. You can't make your voice hoarse indefinitely. I'll give you an excellent voice changer which is very easy to conceal."


Trevor was puzzled. He didn't understand why Patrice was trying to help him so much. He could only show his appreciation albeit with some embarrassment.

Once they got down the mountain, Vida got everything done as she had promised. When she was done, Trevor let her return to Mobius with the book.

After she left, Trevor was lost in thought. However, no matter how hard he pondered, he couldn't understand why she readily offered her help.

He had to give up thinking about it for the time being as he had

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more important matters to deal with. He had to contact Asho as soon as possible.

The treasures in the mountain belonged to the ancestors of the Murray family. Now that Asho had taken over the mess that was the Murray family, Trevor couldn't claim those treasures.

With these treasures, Asho might be able to revive the Murray family in a no time.

Sure enough, Asho was overjoyed when he received Trevor's call. He said he would be at the mountain shortly to take the treasures. He repeatedly expressed his gratitude to Trevor.

As for the book containing the martial arts, Asho told Trevor he could keep it for a while.

Once Trevor had finished dealing with the matters here, he wondered what he should do next. "Perhaps I should go to Mayfield and let Pearce have a look at this book. He must be able to analyze the best method of practicing the martial arts."

Having made up his mind, he immediately set out and returned to the small city, Mayfield.

Mayfield remained the same as it was when Trevor left.

When Trevor arrived at Pearce Martial Arts School, he was stunned to see a seal on the door.

Was Pearce Martial Arts School closed?

Had it been auctioned?

A deep frown appeared on Trevor's face.

Pearce and Gladys had disappeared. It was as if his experience here had never existed.

Trevor was confused and inquired about Pearce and Gladys from the locals. After some long search, he finally got some information about their whereabouts. He found them in a shabby house. Pearce was dying.

"Master!" Trevor shouted in shock when he saw the dying Pearce.

They hadn't seen each other for a while and Trevor was stunned to see Pearce was so sick.

Gladys no longer wore red clothes like she used to. She looked haggard. She forced a smile and said in a low voice, "You're back. My grandfather is very old. Two months ago, he suffered a cerebral infarction caused by high blood pressure. Ever since, he's been in a coma. I had to mortgage the martial arts school to save him and now I'm heavily in debt."

High blood pressure and cerebral infarction...

Gladys' words lingered in Trevor's mind.

He sighed inwardly.

No matter how powerful someone was, he would always be defeated by time.

Tears welled up in Gladys' eyes and she said in a low voice, "I don't know what to do to save his life now. The hospital refuses to operate him because it's too risky."

Trevor took a deep breath and said, "Let me check his condition. After I left Mayfield, I learned some medical skills."


Gladys looked at him in astonishment. She didn't expect him to be of help.

Even the most experienced doctors were powerless in the face of her grandfather's condition. How could Trevor, who had been her grandfather's student, cure him now?

Despite her confusion, Gladys let Trevor have a look. He bent down to inspect Pearce. After examination, he breathed a sigh of relief.

Pearce could be saved!

Although Pearce was old, he was in good health. He couldn't be

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treated by surgery, but he could be cured by acupuncture.

Having completed his diagnosis, Trevor was quite happy and wanted to tell the good news to Gladys.

But at this moment, a middle-aged couple broke in and pulled Gladys behind. They stared at Trevor warily.

"Hey! Who are you? Stay away from Gladys!"

Trevor raised a brow, not knowing what was going on.

Gladys looked helpless. She wanted to say something but stopped on a second thought.

Then, a young, proud-looking man, walked into the room.

He was Delgado, a coach of the martial arts school.

"Gladys, we shall finally get married." Delgado laughed wildly.
"Don't worry. I am rich enough to repay all your debts. Remember, I am the only one in this city who can help you pay off your debts!"

Chapter 1305 I Can Cure Him

Trevor stroked his chin as he was lost in thought.

Looking at the unconscious Pearce who was lying in the bed and then at the smiling Delgado, he knew right away what had happened.

Because of Pearce's sickness and their family's debts, Delgado took advantage of the situation and tried to force Gladys into marrying him.

This would explain why the middle-aged couple did not want Trevor getting in touch with Gladys.

The couple must be relatives of Gladys'.

"It's you!" Delgado exclaimed in shock when he saw Trevor standing at the bedside.

He abhorred Trevor!

Delgado had brought some masters to Pearce Martial Arts School to challenge them.

He had never expected that Trevor, who was just an apprentice, would defeat the masters.

His plan had been utterly ruined.

Delgado soon regained his composure.

"Hey, isn't this the apprentice from the martial arts school? Why are you back so late? Where were you? Oh, never mind. Get out of here! We are different. I know you have good fighting skills but what is the use? Money makes the world go round. Are you rich? No. But I am! I can pay to have Gladys' grandfather cured. Force cannot solve everything. Some things can only be solved by money."

Delgado looked proud of himself.

He had suspected that Trevor had snitched on him for breaking the vase.

Delgado was also sure that he would have had success in winning over Gladys if Trevor hadn't got in the way.

Seeing Trevor in front of him, Delgado's eyes flashed with hatred.

Trevor was calm throughout this onslaught of mockery. He asked disdainfully, "Money? You think you can cure him with money?"

Delgado was at a loss for words.

Pearce was too old to have an operation. There was no way that Delgado could guarantee Pearce's cure, no matter how rich he was.

The middle-aged couple, who were standing next to Gladys, became angry.

"Shut up! How dare you talk to Delgado like that! Who do you think you are? Money at least offers a glimpse of hope! Better to have money than not! Humph! What do you know?"

Gladys tugged on the sleeve of the woman. "Aunt, Uncle, please don't talk like that. He is my friend and also Grandfather's disciple."

Trevor frowned.

He couldn't understand why Gladys' uncle and aunt displayed such hostility toward him. It didn't feel like it was because they cared about Pearce's health.

They seemed to trust Delgado too much.

Trevor shrugged.

What did it matter?

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+120 Points at most

He was certain that acupuncture could help cure Pearce.

At this, Trevor took out a red cloth which was folded neatly from out of his pocket. Inside were the special needles required for acupuncture.

He said simply, "Your money may not work but I have something that will."



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Chapter 1306 An Unexpected Call

"You can cure him? You're not pulling our legs?" Gladys' uncle asked in disbelief. "I don't believe you! I think you're just pretending you know the cure! You're going to hurt him!"

Gladys' aunt said, "Young man, this is a matter of life and death! You cannot be so casual. If you fail to cure him or his condition worsens, it will be considered a serious crime!"

Trevor shook his head in irritation. "I'm his disciple. Do you think I would hurt him? Since my graduation, I have accomplished much. I am even famous now in Esterham!"

Gladys made up her mind.

"Please let him have a try. I trust him!" she pleaded.

Gladys knew that Trevor was not one to just talk. If he wasn't certain about his plan, he would not say it out.


Gladys' opinion was dismissed, though.

Her uncle and aunt stopped her. "Gladys! Don't say such nonsense! You are too naive. This is your grandpa we are talking about!"

Delgado, with one hand on his waist, took out his phone and held it aloft as he bragged, "Who says money can't solve everything? Using my father's connections, I've found a highly skilled doctor in Esterham! If I pay a lot of money to Dr. Scott, your grandfather will be cured. I'll call her right away!"

Delgado then proceeded to glare at Trevor. To show off his connections, Delgado put the phone on speaker.

Trevor raised his eyebrows at this.

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Esterham?

Dr. Scott?

Was Delgado referring to Madison or Sally?

After a few rings, the phone call finally connected.

"Hello? Who is speaking, please?" The voice was that of a young woman.

Trevor smiled when he heard the voice.

What a coincidence!

It was Sally!

Delgado cleared his throat and said, "Dr. Scott, I'm from the Jimenez family in Mayfield. I have a patient here that has a complicated condition. I am hoping to get your help. I will reward you handsomely for your efforts. I am certain that you will be satisfied!"

Sally was very professional and did not show any emotion.

"Mayfield? That's a little out of my way. I don't have the time in my schedule. Sorry."

Being refused, Delgado felt embarrassed and this brought out his anger.

He didn't dare offend Sally. In the politest tone he could muster, he asked again, "Please, this patient needs your help."

Sally stuck to her guns. "I am sorry, but I have no choice. There are many patients in Esterham who need my help too. I wish you luck in finding another doctor."

With no choice but to admit defeat, Delgado, embarrassed, said, "Oh, I see. What a pity."

He felt extremely uncomfortable under the other people's gaze.

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It had taken Delgado a lot of effort to get Sally's phone number. He couldn't even display his dissatisfaction at being refused.

Trevor chuckled at the situation and then reached for Delgado's phone.

Delgado was startled and shouted, "What are you doing?"

Trevor did not react to his raised voice and instead spoke into the phone.

"Sally, are you in Esterham?"

Sally sounded surprised. "Dragon? What are you doing in Mayfield?"

Trevor said with a smile, "I have a master of martial arts, the one I told you about. He's in poor health. I was going to treat him but his family doesn't trust my medical expertise..."

Sally was surprised. "But your skills have been recognized by my mother! You're qualified to be a doctor. They must be blind to question your medical skills. Have they no respect for the Scott family?"

A scream suddenly rang out through the room.

Gladys' uncle and aunt looked at Trevor with disbelief.

Delgado looked like he was seeing a ghost.

With Sally's words, they didn't dare to question Trevor's abilities now.

Chapter 1307 An Optimistic Old Man

Trevor looked like nothing out of the ordinary had happened when he hung up the phone.

Gladys's uncle and aunt wore embarrassed expressions.

Delgado had a livid face. No one knew what he was thinking now.

Trevor asked, "Is there any objection?"

No one dared to look at Trevor.

Gladys pleaded, "Dragon, please save my grandfather! I trust you!"

Trevor nodded as he gave the mobile phone back to Delgado. "Gladys, please remain here as my assistant. Everyone else, please leave."

Gladys' uncle and aunt left the room. Delgado glared at Trevor with hatred and then slowly walked out of the room.

Trevor ignored Delgado's hateful eyes. He focused on his mission at hand and returned his attention to the red cloth and the silver needles.

Trevor began to perform the acupuncture.

The silver needles pierced through the muscles one by one.

After half an hour, Pearce's wrinkled face returned to a healthy ruddy color. There was still no sign of his waking, though. The silver needles looked frightening on his body.

Trevor wiped away the sweat on his forehead, confused.

"What's going on?"

Then, an idea struck him and he slowly began to remove the silver needles.

Gladys helped her grandfather back into his clothes. She did not understand the treatment process so she asked, "And now? What will you do next?"

Trevor smiled down at Pearce on the bed.

If he hadn't seen this before, he might well have been deceived. His master was a naughty old man!

Trevor recalled the tattoo artist in Esterham that had feigned being unconscious. Was Pearce playing the same trick here?

Trevor sat down with a sigh.

"I found an ancient book which records profound martial arts. It is such a shame that your grandfather hasn't woken yet. I thought he could study it with me. I will just have to consult some other masters about it, I guess. It really is too bad..."

Before he could finish, Pearce opened his eyes and sat up. He had woken from his "coma."

"Hey! You bastard, you're back finally!"

Pearce was weak but he looked energetic.

Gladys could not believe her eyes. "Grandpa? You're awake!"

Gladys began to sob.

Pearce was quick to comfort her, saying, "Don't cry. I'm fine. Come on, dry your eyes. You don't want Dragon to laugh at you. Why don't you get me a nice cup of tea?"

Gladys nodded and wiped away her tears before going to prepare the tea.

Trevor turned to Pearce and, in a low voice, asked, "How did

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you fall so ill? You were in good condition when I left Mayfield."

Pearce stretched and sighed helplessly.

"It might be my age. I felt uncomfortable and then I couldn't breathe. I don't remember anything else after that because I must have fainted. I didn't have a chance to call the Scott family. I wouldn't be in this mess if I had."

Pearce was quick to change the topic and said anxiously, "Did I hear someone mention a book of martial arts? Come on, let me have a look at it!"

Trevor didn't know whether to laugh or cry. His master was certainly a devout martial arts enthusiast.