

## Chapter 1900 Steal Your Credit

As the awkward atmosphere lingered in the hospital ward, the door creaked open once more, revealing a white-coated doctor who entered with a calm demeanor. He addressed the room, saying, "The patient should maintain a light diet and prioritize rest. It's essential to keep stress at bay. You'll need to stay here for a few days for close observation."

The voice was familiar to Trevor, so he turned to look at the source. To his recognition, it was the private physician responsible for Jeffry's care.

His name was Weston Martinez, the attending doctor from the Central Hospital, as indicated by the name card neatly affixed to his attire.

It turned out he held a part-time position within the Archer family, offering medical expertise to Jeffry.

It was Weston who had personally conducted Ewing's surgery.

As Weston's gaze met Trevor's, there was a distinct undercurrent of resentment in his eyes. With an air of self-righteousness, he decided to take the initiative and taunted Trevor, saying, "Hey, isn't this the so-called 'credit snatcher' who doesn't know much else?"

His eyebrows knitted together.

"If it weren't for you, I would still be a private doctor within the Archer family!" His words were laced with a hint of bitterness, casting a shadow over the room.

Trevor responded with a playful smile. Leaning in closer to Weston, he whispered, "You think I stole your credit? I am to blame, huh? Well, then I'll make sure to take one from you for real!"

Having delivered this cryptic message, Trevor turned to address the room at large, his voice projecting clearly as he declared, "Ewing, I performed the surgery on you."

The declaration hung in the air, creating a ripple of confusion among the onlookers in the ward. Their brows furrowed as they tried to decipher the meaning behind Trevor's statement.

Weston, however, couldn't contain a scornful laugh.

"Do you take everyone for fools?" he sneered. "Without evidence, who would take your word for it?" His words were steeped in doubt, casting a shadow of skepticism over Trevor's assertion.

Trevor's confident gaze remained fixed on Weston as he challenged him further, "Why would there be no evidence? I have a solid witness to support my claim. Miss Archer, who is well aware of the details, can corroborate my account."

With a subtle yet firm gesture, he shifted his focus to Connie. His voice carried an air of conviction.

"Miss Archer, can you recall how you requested my surgical intervention for Ewing? And, in turn, can you confirm that I indeed performed the operation?"

Connie's initial response was defensive and dismissive.

"This is utter nonsense! What kind of evidence could I possibly provide to you?" she retorted with skepticism, doubting the feasibility of such a claim.

Yet, as the seconds passed, a flicker of realization crossed her mind.

She began to piece together the puzzle and suspected that Trevor was hinting at her role in initiating his involvement.

In a quick and calculated response, with an air of defiance, Connie quickly added, "I have indeed requested your presence at the hospital, but what of it? Do you believe I would testify in your favor in this manner?"

Trevor paused momentarily, his eyes fixed on Connie, his expression unwavering.

"Well," he continued, "I can prescribe a special beauty treatment to aid in the healing of your wounds. If left unattended, they might leave lasting scars."

Connie's interest was piqued, and her previously aggressive stance softened somewhat. She regarded Trevor with a hint of curiosity but remained assertive as she said, "Are you trying to win my favor for your testimony? Well, it won't work."

Her tone was firm, yet her curiosity about the beauty treatment remained visible.

As the tension in the room heightened, Weston's anxiety became

palpable. He was aware that Connie's testimony would be pivotal in resolving the dispute. With beads of sweat forming on his forehead, he desperately attempted to reclaim his standing.

"That's absolutely correct," he chimed in hurriedly, attempting to counter Trevor's influence. "Miss Archer can remove the scars without you."

Sensing that Connie was reconsidering her stance, Trevor took a more indirect approach. His tone softened as he addressed her with a hint of concern.

"I merely wished to remind you, Connie, that without proper care, facial scars can worsen over time. I believe it's in your best interest to address these concerns promptly."

Connie's memories stirred as she relived the painful incident in which her face had been marred. Anger welled up within her as she realized that Weston had been responsible for her injuries.

Her fury burst forth as she spoke with unwavering conviction. "Indeed, you performed the surgery on Ewing! There's no way Weston could have managed such a complex operation. He should refrain from misleading others with false claims!"

Connie's emphatic declaration solidified Trevor's position in the dispute. The room was now filled with a renewed sense of clarity and purpose.

Weston was taken aback by Connie's sudden change of allegiance.

He stammered out an explanation, his voice trembling with anxiety.

"Why are you denying? I performed the surgery! Please, trust me, Mr. Craig! I operated for you. Can't you remember?"

Ewing, however, had been under general anesthesia during the procedure and thus had no recollection of the operation. Yet he had a deep appreciation for Trevor, who had saved his life. He unhesitatingly threw his support behind Trevor and castigated Weston with anger in his voice.

"You are nothing but a charlatan!" Ewing exclaimed, his voice filled with outrage.

"How dare you attempt to steal his credit? I've experienced Trevor's medical skills firsthand, and you can't hold a candle to him."

With a resolute tone, Ewing reached for the service bell once more, demanding, "Summon your director immediately. I want to dismiss this doctor with poor character and inadequate medical skills!"



The hospital room was now brimming with tension as the conflict between Trevor and Weston escalated, and Ewing took an adamant stance in support of Trevor's capabilities.

As the news of Ewing's dissatisfaction reached the hospital director, he wasted no time in hurrying to the scene. The director, while somewhat perplexed by the circumstances, recognized the importance of maintaining the good graces of a prominent figure like Ewing from the Craig family. He dared not challenge Ewing's wishes and promptly reprimanded Weston with an air of authority.

"Dr. Martinez, effective immediately, you are relieved of your duties," the director declared firmly, sealing Weston's fate with those words.

Weston's dismissal was now official, and the weight of the director's decision left no room for negotiation.

Weston, his face a mix of resentment and frustration, shot one last forlorn look at Trevor. The bitterness that welled within him was unmistakable, but he had no choice but to depart from the room, leaving the dispute behind.