

Chapter 1901 The Information From Ewing

Trevor, having everything under control, turned to Ewing.

"Last time, you mentioned a biological medicine company. Can I invest in it?" he asked.

A hint of embarrassment washed over Ewing's face.

After a pause, he replied, "The company is run by Curtis. I can't make those decisions. Curtis, the oldest Craig son, manages most of our family's assets. But there's a glimmer of hope for your investment. They're holding a banquet for the company's official launch. Curtis will be there. You should come if you want to make an investment. The Craigs typically don't welcome outsider involvement. But given that you saved me, I'll do all I can to help you. I genuinely hope you get your investment opportunity."

Trevor absorbed the information, deep in thought.

My past issues with Curtis in Dreles could hinder my chances. I might need an alternative strategy, he mused.

During his contemplation, Connie approached.

"You promised to mix that beauty liquid for me," she prodded. "I have vouched for you."

Without hesitation, Trevor started the mix.

His knack for gauging precise proportions of ingredients was remarkable, even without measurement tools.

In no time, he produced the beauty liquid, handing it to Connie with a laid-back demeanor.

"Give it a shot. Put it directly on the wound."

With a mix of curiosity and suspicion, Connie applied the liquid to the scratch on her face.

Rather than the sting she anticipated, she felt a soothing sensation.

Grabbing her mirror, she watched in astonishment as the wound began to heal.

Connie gazed in wonder at her skin, now almost flawlessly smooth. She was in shock.

This beauty liquid, she mused, is incredible. And his medical prowess is something else.

But he's treating my brother. That interferes with my plans.

Can't the Fire Gang handle even a doctor? She internally lamented.

As the liquid soaked into her skin, her face regained its prior softness, suggesting that in due course, with care, it would be perfect again.

Luisa, noting Connie's lack of gratitude, voiced her displeasure.

"You've benefited from such an amazing remedy, and you haven't thanked him. How rude!"

Connie, with a hint of disdain, retorted, "Why should I? I'm entitled to it. His medical knowledge isn't such a big deal."

Trevor, deep in thought, paid little attention to the bickering. His main concern was gathering information about the medical company from Curtis.

Ewing, however, had been intently observing. Upset by Connie's dismissive attitude, he intervened, "Luisa's right. Why can't you show some gratitude? Say thank you."

With a cold snort, Connie turned on her heels and stormed out of the hospital. Evidently, Ewing was not on her side.

As she exited, she felt a sense of victory. I didn't give in. Let's see what they do now.

Yet, her triumph was short-lived. Mere moments later, she found herself encircled by a group of masked men dressed in black.