

Chapter 1905 The Lost Watch

Braden approached, requesting Trevor's treatment for Jeffry once more.

Braden got happier to see Jeffry showed significant improvement. The future of the Archer family was ensured.

With a warm smile, Trevor obliged. He examined Jeffry, noting the pinkish hue returning to his cheeks.

Just then, Connie burst in, her gaze landing on Jeffry. In a voice dripping with feigned concern, she asked, "Brother, are you on the mend?"

Feeling a newfound vitality, Jeffry responded, nodding.

"Much improved. A few more treatments, and I'll be on my feet!"

Trevor, eyeing Connie, felt a disconcerting intuition about her.

He was certain she was up to no good.

Sure enough.

With mischief in her eyes, Connie queried, feigning innocence, "Brother, where's your watch? Trevor's the only stranger here. Could he have taken it?"

Trevor responded with a smirk.

He pondered if this was her chosen method of mischief.

Jeffry's worry surfaced upon hearing her words. He patted the bed beside him.

He was not able to get a hold of anything.

The watch was nowhere to be found.

In a voice laden with distress, he exclaimed, "Where is my watch? Where is my watch? That is the most precious thing I own! It belonged to our mother!"

Despite his panic, Jeffry held no suspicion against Trevor and began searching the room fervently.

Soon after, Braden, alerted by Connie, made his appearance.

Seizing the opportunity, Connie animatedly said, "Dad, I'm relieved you're here. I came into my brother's room to discover his cherished watch gone. He's distraught. The only ones here were him and Trevor. My brother wouldn't misplace such a treasure."

Braden glanced at Trevor.

Though Trevor possessed impressive medical skills, it didn't guarantee his moral character.

His gaze remained fixed on Trevor.

Questions swirled within him. Ronald's phone call had been vague, merely an invitation for entertaining Trevor.

Doubts crept in as Braden eyed Trevor closely.

In this room, there was no third party present. The opportunity for steal was all too accessible, given Jeffry's incapacity.

Yet, Braden concealed his suspicions, merely assessing Trevor from head to toe.

Trevor let out a contemptuous snort, fully aware that Connie was the culprit. He inquired with indifference, "Miss Archer, do you imply suspicion towards me?"

Connie sneered, pressing on, "The moment I stepped into the room, my brother's watch vanished. Could there be a third party here? You won't prevent us from searching your room, will you? The watch's presence or absence will prove everything."

She currently held the watch.

Connie harbored intentions to plant it in Trevor's room and frame him.

Trevor seemed privy to Connie's machinations, and he playfully nodded, remarking, "You may go to my room, but trust isn't given freely. I can't permit you to search. Who's to say you didn't steal the watch to set me up?"

Braden interjected, "In that case, I'll undertake the search myself. I'll uncover the truth."

Before Trevor could react, Connie's expression darkened.

She begrudgingly acknowledged that if she avoided going into the room, her plot to incriminate him would crumble.