

Chapter 1997 A Plan Takes Shape

Nasir approached Trevor with a concerned expression and asked, "Are you injured?"

Trevor replied, "I've been shot in my left back shoulder, and the bullet is still lodged in my body. I can't remove it on my own. Could you please assist me?"

Nasir waved his hand and replied solemnly, "I am more than happy to assist you. Without you, I have no idea how I would be right now."

While speaking Nasir examined Trevor's wounded shoulder and seemed surprised. "Your shoulder has been torn by the bullet, but the amount of bleeding is remarkably minimal. It defies medical logic."

Trevor said with a smile, "I have some knowledge of using a silver needle to control bleeding."

Nasir looked at him in astonishment.

Only Trevor knew that the minimal bleeding was also attributed to the unique and exquisite martial arts of the Murray family that he had learned.

These martial arts allowed him to manipulate blood flow to a certain extent, which was quite remarkable.

Following this astonishment, Nasir summoned a doctor accompanying him to place Trevor on a stretcher and load him into the ambulance.

Although Trevor's injury was not life-threatening and he had the ability to move, lying on the stretcher was more comfortable than sitting.

Henrik and the others followed them.

As he was leaving, Trevor cast a lingering look at the hospital, his curiosity piqued.

He wondered what kind of distinguished guest could command the entire private hospital to halt new admissions.

Who could warrant such grand treatment?

Trevor furrowed his brow suddenly.

He scanned the hospital surroundings.

He had a feeling that someone was watching him in the shadows!

Trevor fixed his gaze on the passersby and spotted a familiar figure.

He narrowed his eyes in slight confusion.

Why did that person resemble Duran so much?

Trevor shook his head and dismissed the thought.

As he lay in the ambulance, he contemplated who in the city would dare to hire assassins.

Soon, the ambulance arrived at the Central Hospital.

Several doctors brought Trevor into the operating room, and Nasir proceeded with the surgery.

The procedure went smoothly, and three hours later, Nasir successfully extracted the bullet.

After suturing Trevor's wound, he moved Trevor to a private room for recovery.

The hospital staff who witnessed Nasir's actions inferred that Trevor had influential connections.

In the ward, Trevor's complexion remained healthy, and it was nearly impossible to discern his injury unless one looked at his left shoulder swathed in bandages.

Luisa clung to Trevor's hand, reluctant to let go, as if she feared he would vanish if she released him.

Cecelia looked concerned and said, "It's clear they intend to kill us. They even sent assassins. However, we've only suspected they're from the Wright family, and we lack concrete evidence. This is too passive."

Trevor said, "It appears that both the assassin and the shooter are products of the Wright family's experimentation. During my confrontation with the assassin, I noticed a distinctive hooked nose on his face."

Hearing this, Henrik's anger flared up, and he clenched his fists and cursed, "It must be that scoundrel Duran who sent them! Once we apprehend him, everything will be resolved!"

Cecelia intervened, "Henrik, calm down! We don't even have evidence yet. How can we go after Duran? Besides, they must be hiding after their failed attempt!"

After contemplating and listening to their discussion, Trevor suddenly recalled a crucial detail.

Both the assassin and the shooter had been wearing earphones when they appeared.

This showed they were likely receiving instructions via phone communication.

Trevor's face brightened and he proceeded to share this important detail with everyone.

"Given that they both wear earphones, there must be a means of communicating with their commander via a phone. We now have hackers at our disposal, thanks to Henrik. Once we acquire their phones, we can have the hacker trace it back. If we can unveil the identity of the mastermind, we can bring them to justice in one decisive move!"

Upon hearing this, Henrik's excitement surged, and he enthusiastically patted the metal frame of the bed. "You can count on me for this!"

Luisa held Trevor's hand and said softly, "Trevor, you've just been shot. Don't push yourself too hard."

Trevor couldn't help but smile. He nodded and said, "I'll leave it to Henrik. With a gunshot incident in the city, the police will certainly get involved. As the eldest son of the Wright family, it won't be difficult for Henrik to retrieve those phones and earphones from those people."