

Chapter 1020 Competition About Medical Skills

Arlo felt wronged and kept complaining about the tattoo artist.

Trevor and Sally couldn't stop laughing.

They knew the tattoo artist was in trouble and just wanted to escape from Esterham.

Arlo, who was unaware of all this, had insisted on putting the tattoo artist on a 6-month treatment.

Arlo was causing trouble for himself.

The Scott family's clinic was very busy and so many people came there for treatment. When they saw the big bump on the back of Arlo's head, they began to whisper and chat among themselves. Arlo's aggrieved voice and face flushed with shame and indignation made him look so funny that the people in the clinic couldn't help but giggle.

"Stop laughing! Stop it!" Arlo shouted angrily as he patted the dust on his hat. He then quickly put on his hat again to cover the big bump at the back of his head.

He planned to come here and find a way to get closer to Sally. Not only was he unable to do that, but he was now in a mess.

Arlo blamed Trevor for all his misfortunes. Everything had changed in his life for the worse since the day he met Trevor.

The more he thought about how perfect his life was before he met Trevor, the more he hated Trevor. He wished Trevor could just die.

Arlo let out a sigh. Then, he straightened his collar unhappily and pointed at Trevor.

"You claim to be a great doctor, right? What if we compete to see who is the fastest to establish a diagnosis and make prescriptions? Do you have the guts to compete with me?"

Trevor stopped laughing and raised his eyebrows.

He, too, wanted to test his medical skills. After thinking for a short while, he agreed.

"Okay, no problem."

Arlo became excited. He finally had a chance to show off in front of Sally. Thining of this, he grinned proudly.

"Well, I should admit that you have guts. But you have to wait for me to transfer a batch of medical devices here. Don't go back on your word! My ability to use these highly sophisticated devices is also part of my strength."

Trevor shrugged his shoulders, indicating that he didn't care.

Arlo became happier as if he already won the competition.

He was convinced that with his state-of-the-art devices, he would have no trouble defeating and humiliating Trevor today.

On top of that, he could show off in front of Sally.

After he won, he would give a few devices to Sally. That would

only make her like him more.

Arlo had a big smile on his face as he fantasized about his future relationship with Sally. Once his devices arrived at the clinic, they were installed.

When everything was ready, Arlo looked at Trevor with a cocky smile.

"Well then, let's start. Sally will be the referee. Let's see who can diagnose more quickly and accurately!"

Arlo activated his devices and began to examine the patients.

Thanks to his state-of-the-art devices, Arlo could have precise data on the patients and prescribe the appropriate drugs.

It couldn't be denied that Arlo was far more efficient than many doctors in large hospitals. But the costs were also rising.

However, Arlo was solely concerned about winning the competition and seldom cared about the costs.

After examining and making prescriptions for two patients, he felt his speed was much faster than usual.

With a proud look, Arlo glanced at Trevor and was about to taunt him again.

But he was shocked by what he saw.

Arlo had just finished with two patients, but Trevor had already diagnosed five patients.

"That's impossible!" Arlo shouted in shock.

Trevor glanced at Arlo and said indifferently, "Nothing is impossible. You don't have to be so fussy. Most of the people who come to this clinic for treatment just have minor ailments. You just need to observe them well and discuss with them to understand what they are suffering from. In addition, the Scott family has a well-established protocol for handling minor cases like these. And of course, I am extremely efficient in what I do."

Arlo was speechless. He clenched his fists in anger and stood aside.

Despite his best efforts, he still lost to Trevor. Seeing that he would lose, Arlo couldn't help getting anxious.

Finally, he couldn't stand it anymore and outright questioned Trevor's integrity and competence.

"I think you're just a charlatan. Such a quick diagnosis is necessarily wrong. You must have made so many misdiagnoses!"

Trevor raised his eyebrows and asked, "Oh, why do you think so?"

Arlo offered, "How about I examine your patients again with my professional devices this time? The data won't lie!"

Trevor shrugged and agreed.

Arlo quickly pulled back the five patients that Trevor had already diagnosed and examined them one by one.

But as the patients were reexamined, Arlo's face became gloomier.

When he was done examining the last patient, he took the prescriptions Trevor had filled, his hands trembling.

Trevor's diagnosis was correct. There was no problem with the prescribed medicine either.

Many patients around who were watching whispered amongst themselves that Arlo was a bad loser.

Arlo's face turned red with anger.

Looking at Arlo seriously, Trevor shook his head and said, "I advise you to control your emotions these days. You have just received a violent blow on the head. Getting angry can disrupt blood circulation. It can very likely make you fall into a coma. If it is serious, it may cause cerebral hemorrhage."

Hearing this, Arlo became even angrier. He snapped, "Bullshit! I won't..."

Before he finished his words, his face suddenly turned purple and he fell back suddenly.

He just passed out.

The patients around rushed over to catch him.

Seeing what had just happened, Trevor sighed helplessly.

"I just warned you but you wouldn't listen. You are really hopeless. To think you're a doctor!"



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