

I Am The One

Chapter 6 - The Other Technique

Henry's method of healing, which involved placing his hand on Isabella's forehead, immediately puzzled all the doctors.

"What is this young man doing? Checking her body temperature? He's really stupid!" they thought.

Andrew, in particular, felt a sense of satisfaction, confident that Henry's method would surely fail.

"That striped-nose guy! Trying to use this opportunity to touch the girl I adore? Foolish! Just wait; after this, I will not only make your life miserable, but also that of your entire family! I want everyone associated with you to never breathe easy again," he muttered to himself.

While everyone doubted him, Henry reviewed the notes in his mind. "No wonder this technique doesn't work! It's because Miss Isabella isn't sick right now! I must use another method!"

Henry turned Isabella's palm over and placed his own hand on top of it.

In this position, they looked like a couple who did not want to lose each other.

Seeing what Henry was doing, Andrew's anger reached its peak.

"What else are you doing? You really are a lecherous man! Quickly take your filthy hands off Miss Isabella or I'll report you for harassment!"

Henry turned to Andrew and said firmly, "I am not what you think I am! If you disturb me again, I'll have you removed from this room!"

"Oh, now you're acting brave! Show me if you dare to do what you just said!"

Andrew moved to Henry's side to provoke him, but Naomi spoke coldly, "Doctor Andrew, I kept silent when your treatment of Isabella didn't yield any results. Now I beg you not to disturb this young man."

"But Mrs. Richardson..."

"I said stop!"

Andrew didn't dare continue his actions as Naomi glared at him.

Henry then resumed his treatment.

After holding Isabella's hand, he raised one of his index fingers toward the black shadow.

Miraculously, a few moments later, the black shadow was drawn to Henry's fingertip.

Henry then released his other hand from Isabella's and aimed it at the black shadow.

In an instant, the black shadow disappeared without a trace.

What Henry had done earlier was surely incomprehensible to everyone present.

As the black shadow disappeared, Henry approached Naomi.

"Your daughter will recover soon. After you take her home, I suggest you perform a cleansing ritual. I'm afraid there's something in your house that's causing her illness."

Since Isabella was still unconscious from her coma, everyone naturally took Henry's words as a joke.

"What nonsense are you talking about? You're just making empty gestures that even the most foolish person would know are meaningless! And now you want Mrs. Richardson to invite you to her house for some kind of purification ritual or whatever it's called! You may be able to fool others, but not me! Now that Miss Isabella is still unconscious, let me be the one to teach you a lesson!"

Andrew grabbed Henry's shirt collar with one arm and prepared to raise his fist to punch Henry in the face.

However, before he could carry out his intention, the sound of an open door distracted their attention.

At the same time, everyone turned to the source of the noise.

A middle-aged man in his late forties, dressed in a formal black suit, entered the room.

His handsome face and imposing stature at nearly fifty exuded authority.

Four tall and burly men in formal suits followed him at a distance of ten feet.

Seeing the man's presence, Murphy and Ruben held their breath. Both immediately stepped forward to greet him.

"Mr. Richardson, it's an honor to have you here. I..."

Before Murphy could finish his words, the man's hand rose, signaling the doctor to stop.

Seeing his demeanor, it was something to be expected from someone like Cloyd Richardson.

Seeing her husband's arrival, Naomi couldn't hold back her tears.

"My husband, forgive me!" She bowed her head.

A week ago, Cloyd had gone abroad to accompany the mayor of Waterside on a business trip.

At the time, Isabella had only a fever, so Naomi had asked her husband not to worry too much.

Unexpectedly, a day later, Isabella fainted and fell into a coma.

Not wanting to break her husband's concentration, Naomi lied that Isabella was fine.

It wasn't until there was no positive progress in Isabella's condition that Naomi called her husband and told him everything.

"It's okay! I'm here now! Everything's going to be okay!"

Cloyd hugged Naomi and she burst into tears.

In that moment, Murphy knew one thing.

If Naomi told her husband that there was nothing he could do to treat Isabella, Cloyd would be furious. And everyone knew that when the billionaire was angry, there was nothing they could do to save themselves.

So Murphy had to take preemptive action.

"Sir, it is a most fortunate coincidence that you have arrived at this moment! You must see with your own eyes that a young man has tried to take advantage of Miss Isabella's unconsciousness for his own gain!" Murphy pointed at Henry.

"We've tried several methods to stop him, but he's too cunning. He even touched Miss Isabella under the guise of treatment. If it weren't for our respect for Mrs. Richardson, I would have had this young man arrested for fraud!"

"Sir, please forgive my negligence in not being able to protect Miss Isabella when you weren't here!"

Murphy lowered his head. His authority as a senior doctor, which he had upheld until now, had completely disappeared.

Hearing this, Henry was surprised. "I thought this old man was a respected doctor who took responsibility for his actions! I didn't expect him to be no different from Edward!" he thought.

Still, he remained calm.

Meanwhile, Cloyd said nothing but turned his head toward Naomi.

"My wife, is what Murphy is saying true?"

Naomi wanted to deny Murphy's accusations against Henry, but with Isabella still unconscious, she couldn't say anything.

After all, she had allowed Henry to examine her daughter.

So if Henry was wrong, she deserved some of the blame.

"I-it's..."

Naomi didn't know where to begin.

"The young man..."

Naomi was still trying to find the right words to explain to her husband, which made Cloyd even more certain of Murphy's statement.

"It's all right! You don't have to say anything! It's all my fault for leaving Isabella when she was sick!"

His words calmed Naomi slightly, but an unexpected turn of events followed.

Cloyd turned to his bodyguards and said loudly and coldly.

"You, drag this young man out and break both his hands!"