

I Am The One - Chapter 5 Why did the technique fail?

Henry's answer satisfied Naomi, but it didn't sit well with the three men.

"Young man, I know you want money! But don't think you can cheat Mrs. Richardson in front of us! I'm going to give you a chance to leave right now, or we're going to take firm action!" Ruben declared.

He still believed that Henry was only pretending. Therefore, even though his lips told him to release Henry, he reached for his phone to call security and have Henry dragged to jail.

"Doctor, I know that in this hospital, your words are like a law that can make or break someone's life. And I know that you don't trust me. In that case, why don't we make a bet? If I can't cure Miss Isabella, you can punish me as much as you want. But if it turns out that I succeed..." Henry stopped speaking.

"Say what you want!" Ruben urged impatiently.

"You need to apologize to me and fire this man!" Henry pointed at Andrew.

"What? How dare you! If you try anything with me, I'll kill you!" Andrew moved forward to strike Henry, but Ruben stopped him.

"Is that all? Fine, I accept your challenge! But remember, if you fail this time, I will not only punish you, I will inject you with poison and hand your body over to the medical students for practice!"

Henry smiled. "No problem!"

Andrew then opened the door and invited everyone in.

As Henry was about to enter, he let go of the door, causing it to swing toward Henry. Henry quickly grabbed the door handle and gave Andrew a sharp look.

Under Henry's gaze, Andrew just smiled mischievously.

"You'll be dead soon. What can you brag about?" he muttered softly.

Henry ignored the remark and went inside.

As Henry had seen before, a swirling dark shadow was hovering over the bed at the end of the room.

"That shadow is incredibly strong! Who could have such a deep grudge to send such a deadly technique?" Henry wondered.

In the ancient knowledge he had read, this technique was usually used by witches to slowly harm or kill someone.

Although this black shadow looked like an ordinary human shadow to ordinary people, witches and cultivators could tell the difference.

Since someone had sent such powerful dark magic, Henry assumed that Isabella must be the daughter of a wealthy and despised person. However, as his footsteps brought him closer to the bed, his body shook.

Lying on the bed was someone of extraordinary beauty, a beauty Henry had never seen in his entire life.

Henry had felt this sense of awe when he first arrived at Waterside.

As a young man from a small town, he had been so amazed by the beauty of the girls in this town, who he thought were no different from the girls on television.

And that feeling came back now, even stronger.

To him, Isabella was not only beautiful, she was like an angel who had descended to earth.

Her slightly curly, light brown hair framed her face.

Delicate, fine hairs marked the boundary between her hair and her pristine white forehead.

Her eyebrows were perfectly thick and arched over her round, bright eyes.

Her nose was like the side of a triangle - sharp and elegant.

Her cheeks had a reddish hue, like ripe apples.

Her lips, red and moist, looked soft.

Even in a coma, her beauty remained undiminished.

Isabella looked like a sleeping princess.

If Henry had to rate her on a scale of 1 to 10, it would undoubtedly be more than ten.

Seeing Henry staring silently at Isabella, Andrew snapped at him.

"Hey, did you come here just to take the opportunity to stare at Miss Isabella? If you're lying about what you said, you better apologize now! Maybe we can choose the least painful death for you!"

Henry ignored Andrew's words.

"Don't worry; watch what I'm going to do!"

He then approached Naomi. "Madam, may I touch Miss Isabella?"

His request immediately caused a commotion among everyone.

"Hey, kid, mind your manners! If you dare touch a single strand of Miss Isabella's hair, I guarantee you will not leave this room in one piece!" Andrew pointed his finger at Henry.

His outburst was fueled by the fact that he had fallen in love with Miss Richardson at first sight.

Andrew, who came from a wealthy family, had long heard of Isabella's beauty.

Almost every wealthy young man in Waterside had talked about her. But not everyone had the opportunity to meet her in person.

In addition to being reclusive, Isabella didn't have a social media presence, making it difficult to even see her, let alone meet her.

When Isabella was admitted to the hospital a week ago with a fever and flu, Andrew was the doctor on duty. When he found out that the girl was Isabella, he swore in his heart that he would make her his future wife.

Henry looked at Andrew without saying a word.

It seemed that his request to dismiss the young man was not unfounded.

Of the three doctors, he seemed the least competent. Yet he was the most arrogant and boastful.

"Madam, if you do not trust me, I will not force you and I will leave now!" Henry said with a sincere look on his face.

"Madam, don't listen to his words! He's just..."

Andrew tried to continue, but Naomi raised her hand to stop him.

"As long as it can cure my daughter, I'll allow it."

Andrew gritted his teeth. "You bastard, how dare you touch my heart's desire; I will not let you go!"

Henry placed his palm on Isabella's forehead, but something strange happened.

Unlike before, there was no radiance, and he didn't feel any energy like he did when he touched his uncle's chest.

He kept his hand there for almost five minutes and nothing happened.

"What is going on? Why isn't the technique working?"