

## **I Am The One - Chapter 3**

Chapter 3 The divine hands healing technique

"Aunt, how is Uncle? What happened to him?"

Henry hugged his aunt who was sitting in a chair next to the hospital bed.

Hearing the question, Harriette's cries only grew louder.

"Aunt, it's okay. Everything will be fine! Tell me what happened!"

"The doctor examined..."

Harriette choked back her tears and continued, "The crash not only injured his chest, but also caused problems with his heart. If he doesn't get surgery soon, the doctor isn't sure if Nick will survive for another three days!"

What?

Henry held his aunt even tighter. He could see that his uncle was quite injured, but he hadn't expected his condition to be this bad.

"But don't worry! If everything goes according to plan, your uncle will be undergoing surgery tomorrow morning."

When Henry heard the word "surgery," he knew that the cost would probably be considerable. But he didn't care. He just wanted his uncle to be all right.

"Auntie, I'm going to look for a loan; hopefully I can get the money before the surgery tomorrow!"

Upon hearing this, tears welled up in Harriette's eyes and flowed uncontrollably. She was deeply touched by Henry's gesture.

"You don't have to do that! I've used my savings and your uncle's savings to pay the down payment for the surgery."

"Auntie, wasn't that your retirement money? If you use it, what will you have in the future?"

As Henry said these words, his tone was filled with sadness.

Besides his aunt and uncle, Henry had no one else. His parents had died when he was a baby. He didn't even have a picture or any memories of what they looked like.

Six years ago, when he was accepted to study at Waterside University on a government scholarship, Nick and Harriette had also moved to the city in search of better job opportunities.

Nick worked as a taxi driver, while Harriette was a dishwasher at a fast-food restaurant. They had been saving money for retirement, but they never expected tragedy to strike. Now they had to use their hard-earned money.

"Henry, I'm going out for a while. Please stay here and take care of your uncle for a moment."

Harriette wiped away her tears and left the room.

Meanwhile, Henry sat next to his uncle. When his hand touched Nick's wrist, something magical happened.

Henry's palm gave off a faint glow.

"What is that?"

Although he had inherited the knowledge of the god Athar, it was like an archive stored in Henry's mind. He had to learn it before he could use it.

So Henry accessed his memories to understand what was happening to his hand.

After reading for a moment, he was stunned. "Divine Hand Healing?"

It mentioned that this healing technique used a cultivator's internal energy to cure any ailment caused by damage to the skin or organs.

"If I can use this healing technique, does that mean I have internal energy?"

Without much thought, Henry began to practice what he had just read. He placed both of his hands on the bloodstained bandage on his uncle's chest.

After a few moments, the bandage dried. Based on what he had read, Henry was confident that the external and internal wounds on his uncle's chest should be healed by now.

Before Henry could confirm this, his aunt entered the room.

"Henry, what are you doing? Your uncle will be in pain if you put your hands on his chest!"

"Oh, I was just curious about Uncle's injuries."

Henry quickly pulled his hands away. At this point, he wasn't ready to reveal his newfound ability to Harriette.

Harriette sat down in the chair next to Henry.

"Henry, have you had any conflicts with anyone lately?"

Hearing such a question, Henry raised an eyebrow.

"Aunt, why do you ask that?"

Henry could see that Harriette was uncomfortable revealing the truth, but she persisted.

"Aunt, please tell me what really happened."

"Your uncle was helping a passenger unload his belongings when a car suddenly crashed into him. Instead of helping him, the driver cursed and insulted him."

Although Nick Matthews, her husband, was only a taxi driver, he was a good and honest man. She couldn't believe that despite his kindness, someone would do something so cruel to him.

"Do you know who the driver is who hit Uncle?"

Harriette shook her head. "Forget it! I just hope you can concentrate on your work."

This answer only made Henry more suspicious. "Aunt, please don't hide anything from me! Do you know who the culprit is?"

After being pressed, Harriette took a deep breath and said, "The driver just told you not to mess with his boss, someone he called Zachary!"

Hearing that name, Henry's anger suddenly flared.

"You scoundrel! Not satisfied with stealing my girlfriend, now you've hurt my uncle! I can't let this go!" he thought.

"Auntie, I'm going out for a moment. Don't worry, I'm sure Uncle will wake up soon."

Henry's words surprised Harriette. She had a bad feeling that her nephew was about to prolong this matter with a man named Zachary.

But before she could say anything, Henry was already out the door.

As he walked down the hospital corridor, Henry reached into his pocket and pulled out his cell phone. He searched for a familiar contact and dialed the number.

Moments later, the call connected.

"You bastard! Why are you bothering me?"

Henry was taken aback by the response.

Darcie called him a bastard?

In all the years they had been together, Darcie had never called him that. Besides, if Henry had to work late on campus and had to call Darcie to check on her, she wouldn't be bothered no matter what time he called.

But this time, not only was she annoyed, but Darcie called him a bastard.

But Henry quickly shook his head. This time he didn't call to inquire about Darcie's well-being.

"Darcie, tell me where Zachary is."

"What do you want with him? Oh, I know, you want revenge, don't you? Just so you know, you won't gain anything by confronting him! Let me tell you, it's better to stay far away before Zachary takes your cowardly life!"

Henry clenched his fists.

Not only was she belittling him, but she was openly siding with Zachary.

But Henry was not without a plan.

"If Zachary's such a tough guy, you should tell me where he is, shouldn't you? If you're hiding him, I'm afraid he's nothing more than a coward hiding behind a woman!"

Suddenly, he heard the familiar voice of a man he despised.

"Hahaha! You really want to die, don't you? Fine, I'll grant you your wish! Come to the Emgrand Hotel! I'll wait for you here."

Just then, as if on purpose, before Darcie hung up, her loud whining voice came back.

"Shit!"

Henry clenched his fists and walked faster down the hospital corridor.

