

Chapter 1750 The Orphanage Director

The plane landed safely in Zayden.

Right now, Trevor's only priority was keeping his promise to Esteban.

As soon as he disembarked from the plane, Trevor rushed to the orphanage Esteban told him about.

The orphanage looked desolate and not a single noise could be heard.

Most of the amenities were too damaged to be working properly.

No one was there.

Trevor was puzzled about what had happened to the place.

He slowly walked inside. Suddenly, a faint noise came.

Hearing the noise, Trevor quickened his pace. He had to find out what was going on.

In a decrepit room, an arrogant young man was arguing with a child who looked about fourteen years old.

There was a hospital bed in the room and an old man with grey hair and a protruding belly was lying on the bed. His skinny arm was connected to an IV drip.

The man appeared to be terminally ill.

Roosevelt Perez, the young man, didn't notice Trevor's presence, and he still shouted, "If you don't have the money today, we'll have to stop the intravenous drip!"

As he spoke, Roosevelt pretended to pull off the infusion bottle.

The little Cordell Walsh, although still very young and barely 4 ft. in height, was very agile.

He pounced on Roosevelt and shouted angrily, "Roosevelt! You are an adult now, and shouldn't forget you were adopted! How can you be so ungrateful that you ask the orphanage for money instead of providing for the orphanage just as it provided for you in the past? Get out of here!"

The old man on the bed trembled violently as he watched the scene. Apparently, he was also very angry.

Roosevelt didn't seem willing to back up and said coldly, "Since he brought me up and took care of me, isn't it just normal that he spends even more money on me? Now you get out of here! If you dare to stand in my way again, I will beat the hell out of you."

Cordell wouldn't back up either and he stood still, staring at Roosevelt.

Despite his young age, Cordell was a very upright man with unwavering moral principles. Like Esteban, he hated evil as a deadly foe.

Besides, the orphanage director was the closest man he had.

Standing outside the door, Trevor listened carefully to the conversation between the two people. After a while, he had basically understood the situation.

In his eyes, Roosevelt was an ungrateful bastard. The orphanage had raised him all these years, and not only did he not want to repay, but he also often came back to extort money! What a monster!

Trevor couldn't stand it anymore. He pushed the door open and walked into the room. With a cold face, he grabbed Roosevelt by the collar and threw him out.

"Get the hell out of here!" Trevor roared.

Roosevelt was stunned for a moment, and then shouted angrily, "Who the hell are you? You'd better mind your own business!"

Roosevelt was still arrogant because he felt anyone who came to the orphanage was definitely not a powerful person.

Trevor snorted coldly. He didn't want to expose his identity in front of them, so he said in a low but firm voice, "I'm Esteban's brother, nicknamed Raven. I'm here to treat the director of the orphanage. I won't stand by and watch a bastard like you cause trouble here. Now fuck off!"

Roosevelt rolled his eyes and suddenly thought of something. He remarked, "Esteban's a loser, so as his brother, you must be a loser too. How could someone like you have the skills to treat this old man? I don't buy it! I just asked for money to find a famous doctor to treat the director. Now you step out from nowhere and claim to want to treat him. In fact, you only want to take his money for yourself, don't you?"

Roosevelt's words pissed off Cordell and his eyes were bloodshot. He glared at Roosevelt and cursed, "You bloody liar! How many times have you taken the money from director? Have you ever brought any doctor here?"

The orphanage director was so angry that he choked and kept coughing on the bed. He looked desperate.

Life was so unfair. He had spent his life doing good things, yet he happened to have raised a monster like Roosevelt! How pathetic!

The director mustered the little strength he had left and said, "Stop arguing! You said you're Esteban's brother? Can you really cure me?"

The old man was exhausted. At this moment, he didn't want to hear them quarrel any longer.