

## Chapter 1768 Aren't You Dead

Roosevelt dialed Jonah's number, his fear almost palpable.

As soon as Jonah picked up the call, his voice trembled with anticipation as he asked, "How did it go? Is that brat dead?"

Roosevelt glanced nervously at Trevor.

Trevor remained calm and nodded subtly.

Roosevelt's trembling was not due to excitement, but rather a result of his nervousness and fear.

With a deep voice, he declared, "He's dead!"

Jonah's face lit up with wild ecstasy, and he couldn't help but scream with joy.

Compared to Collen, Jonah's hatred towards Trevor ran deeper.

Ever since the incident at the orphanage, Jonah had endured humiliation and disgrace because of Trevor's actions.

Those who once respected him now rebelled against him due to Trevor's words, causing him to lose his former dominance in Zayden.

The days of him acting domineeringly were now a thing of the past.

For Jonah, Trevor's supposed death was an opportunity to regain his lost prestige.

He called his men once again, quickly regaining his usual arrogance. He snapped, "The bastard named Raven is now dead! This is the consequence of fighting against Mr. Singh! Have you decided whom you'll work for in the future?"

The men were skeptical and furrowed their brows in uncertainty.

Jonah, undeterred by their doubts, let out a mocking laugh. "You don't believe me, do you? Come with me! Let me show you!"

With skepticism evident in their expressions, Jonah's subordinates

reluctantly followed him along a remote path.

The group hurried to the scene without pausing, but as time passed, a sense of unease crept over them.

Jonah's arrival brought Trevor out from a corner, who greeted him with a sneering tone, "You came so fast."

Taken aback by Trevor's sudden appearance, Jonah instinctively took a step back, murmuring, "Aren't you supposed to be dead?"

Fear etched on Jonah's face, he soon realized the danger he was in. Turning around, he sought to escape.

However, his attempt to flee was thwarted as he found several members of the Black Bear blocking his way.

Flatteringly, Roosevelt walked up to Trevor.

Jonah's face contorted with anger at the sight. He pointed accusingly at Roosevelt's nose, exclaiming, "How dare you betray me? I will fucking kill you sooner or later!"

Avoiding eye contact, Roosevelt didn't dare to respond directly. He couldn't afford to offend anyone present.

With the way to leave blocked, Jonah's face twisted into a ferocious expression. He decided to risk everything and shouted at his men, "Mr. Singh commanded us to kill Raven! If you're smart enough, you'll take him down! The reward is one million dollars! Mr. Singh will appreciate your effort and work! Glory and wealth are right in front of us! Go ahead for it."

The men exchanged glances but remained still. It wasn't that one million dollars wasn't attractive to them.

The situation was now clear, and Jonah found himself on the weaker side.

If the men chose to help Jonah, there was no guarantee they would survive, let alone receive the reward.

Moreover, they knew they were no match for Trevor.

Seeing them hesitating, Cobra stepped forward, ready to intimidate them.

"What are you doing here? Still planning to make a move? My boss is Bear. If you don't want trouble in Zayden, try doing something to him!"

Facing Trevor directly was out of the question for them.

Under Cobra's pressure, they quickly found an excuse to retreat.

Everyone stepped aside, muttering, "For Bear's sake."

Only Jonah remained, standing there, confronting them all alone.

Feeling neglected and furious, Jonah took two steps back, muttering, "Didn't I ask Roosevelt to hire these gangsters? Why are they all helping Raven?"

The more he dwelled on it, the angrier he grew. Even if Roosevelt betrayed him, did the Black Bear have to betray him too?

It seemed unfair.

Jonah's anger intensified as he questioned Cobra loudly, "You took my money, and now you're turning against me. This breaks the rules. If word gets out, no one will dare to hire you!"

Ignoring Jonah's mention of rules, Cobra walked up to him and pulled his hair, demanding fiercely, "You fucking offered a reward to kill our boss's boss?"



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