

Chapter 1024 Visiting The General

When Trevor checked the seller's profile, his eyebrows raised.

After getting the seller's contact number, Trevor arranged to meet with her at the apartment.

When he arrived at the meeting place, Trevor was surprised to see a young and beautiful lady.

He didn't expect the seller to be this young. She looked about twenty years old.

Her long, flowing golden hair shone under the sunlight, making her even more attractive.

"Hello, I'm Bess Murray. You're Levi, right?" Bess strode over in a graceful manner, like a captivating model coming out of a painting.

Levi was the fake name Trevor came up with to hide his identity while in Barlowtown.

In Esterham, he also hid his identity and used the name Dragon to bring Dooley down.

To keep himself out of Xzavier's radar while he worked on his plans, Trevor used another fake identity in Barlowtown.

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At this time, Ulises and his men arrived at the door of the apartment with the furniture and other home essentials.

Bess gaped in surprise. It had only been a few minutes after Trevor signed the contract, but his things were already here and ready to be set up. "Wow! You're quite fast."

Trevor just smiled.

On the other hand, Ulises looked like he was about to cry as he stood beside the two.

Trevor didn't pay a single penny for the things. The appliances, furniture, and other home essentials were bought by Ulises.

After a few more words, Bess stood up and excused herself.

"Alright. The apartment is all yours now. I still have another appointment so I should probably get going. See you around!"

Waving her hand, Bess walked out of the apartment in long, quick strides. It seemed like her next appointment was urgent because she was hurrying to leave.

Trevor just shrugged, watching Bess leave. He turned to Ulises and his men and told them to move the things inside.

"Ulises, give me your phone number. If I were you, I would be careful with my actions from now on. If I run into trouble because of you again, I won't hesitate to rap your knuckles."

Ulises gulped hard in fear. He immediately gave his number to Trevor and scurried off without looking back.

After settling in the apartment, Trevor heaved a long sigh.

Now that he had time, he decided to go and see Nicolas Bowman.

According to Madison, Nicolas had a relapse and needed immediate treatment.

The urgency was understandable because a general like him, who risked his life for the country, should be prioritized.

Trevor arrived at Nicolas' residence at full tilt.

The house before him was lavish.

When Trevor said that he came on behalf of Madison, the security staff immediately informed Nicolas. After just a few seconds, they let Trevor in.

Trevor walked inside and spotted Nicolas.

The grey-haired old man sat in the electric wheelchair, smiling warmly as he greeted Trevor, "It's nice to finally meet you, young doctor."

Trevor nodded politely. "It's my honor to see you, sir. Shall we discuss your condition?"

Nicolas was in terrible shape.

Nicolas had injured his right arm in the war and failed to get it treated right away. It had already inflicted great damage internally before it got taken care of. Because of that, the injury relapsed. Now, his right arm was numb and useless.

Trevor's expression turned solemn. "I will be frank with you, sir. Your condition is really bad. If we don't administer treatment immediately, we might have to amputate your right arm."

"I understand." Nicolas was rational about it and wasn't fazed by Trevor's bluntness one bit.

Suddenly, a middle-aged man appeared from the side. He looked utterly dissatisfied by what he heard. "That's bullshit! I think you are exaggerating it. You've only examined my uncle once, and you already came up with a diagnosis. You don't even look capable to replace the doctor I initially invited over."

With furrowed brows, Trevor glanced at the man and found something interesting.

The man didn't only appear to be dissatisfied but also oddly troubled and wary.

Embarrassed, Nicolas explained, "I apologize. He's my nephew, Bain Bowman."

Trevor's eyebrow raised. Then a sneer formed on his face.

"Between the two of us, I'm the one equipped to diagnose your uncle's illness. You can't question me like that without evidence."

Bain's face darkened, and he opened his mouth to retaliate.

But before he could say anything, Trevor narrowed his eyes at him and added, "Tell me. You don't want your uncle's arm to heal any time soon, right?"