

Chapter 1752 A Different Jonah

After scaring Roosevelt to the point where he fled, Trevor then pulled out his silver needles and concentrated on healing the old man lying on the bed.

Trevor gently stabbed the needles into the director's body to find the acupuncture points.

The director's pale face slowly regained color and soon he felt much less pain.

Frankly, the old man didn't have much hope at the very beginning. After all, Trevor was far too young. The director didn't think someone so young could actually heal him.

But seeing how his condition suddenly improved as soon as Trevor started the treatment, the old man couldn't help but be shocked.

"What kind of treatment is this? It works so fast!" the old man exclaimed, looking at Trevor warily. He was deeply confused.

How did Esteban know such a person? Moreover, how did Esteban convince Trevor to treat him?

Although the director was troubled by these unanswered questions, they brought him a little relief, because at least it proved that Esteban was doing well after he left the orphanage. The old man's worries about Esteban dissipated at this time.

Looking at Trevor, the director seemed to hesitate to ask something, but he finally made up his mind and asked in a low voice, "How's Esteban doing recently? Did he cause you any trouble?"

Trevor's expression changed slightly upon hearing the old man's question. He didn't want the director to worry about Esteban in his present condition, so he couldn't tell him the truth.

"Esteban is fine! Don't worry, I will take good care of him."

Trevor wasn't used to lying, so at this time his heart was beating faster



than when he had to deal with a life-threatening crisis. He couldn't help but sigh in his heart.

Lying was really not an easy thing to do because you would have to use more lies in the future to cover up a single lie. That was too tasking.

The director suddenly coughed. From the expression on his face, he seemed to have noticed something, but he didn't ask any more questions.

At this moment, a loud noise suddenly came from the gate of the orphanage.

Since Trevor was still treating the director, Cordell decided to go and check alone.

With Cordell gone, Trevor and the director were the only two people left in the room.

The director hesitated for a while and finally asked his burning question.

"You are not Esteban's brother, are you?"

Trevor was stunned and embarrassed. He hadn't expected the director to be able to see through his lie so easily.

He explained vaguely, "That's right, but I do take Esteban as my brother. He's on a special mission and can't come back for the time being. Don't worry. He's fine!"

The director didn't say anything and just stared at Trevor for a while. Then, he nodded silently.

The noise outside was getting closer and closer to the room, and Trevor immediately became alert.

Roosevelt had returned and he brought with him a group of hooligans.

An arrogant-looking man in a flowery shirt kicked the door open, making a loud noise.

With a sneer, Roosevelt said coldly to the director, "You old bastard, how dare you team up with a stranger to provoke me? Today I'm going to teach you a lesson!"

Standing behind Roosevelt, the man in a flowery shirt spat and glared at the people in the room.

He looked fierce, and his eyelids trembled from time to time.

He shouted arrogantly, "You old bastard, you either pay me the protection fee, or I'll tear down the orphanage!"

Roosevelt sneered with disdain and gave Trevor the middle finger. It was clear he came here to seek revenge.

Suddenly, Cordell rushed into the room and stood in front of the director to shield him from any harm. He looked furious and his face was red and swollen.

Apparently, he had been beaten up when he went outside to check the source of the noise.

Gritting his teeth, the little boy murmured bitterly under his breath, "If Esteban was still here, these bastards wouldn't be so presumptuous. Alas, Esteban is gone now. But I must replace him and protect our family!"

Trevor who had been silent for a while, glared at the man who just spoke with a frown.

He had the feeling he had met this man somewhere.

Seeing that Trevor didn't budge, and that the kid he'd just beaten stood fearlessly in front of him, the man in a flowery shirt shouted impatiently, "Hurry up and get the money. I only give you five more minutes! If you don't give me money, I'll tear down the orphanage and build an amusement park for the Singh Group!"

He glared at the thin old man on the bed and scoffed.

"You are visibly going to die very soon. If you let me tear down this orphanage, the Singh Group will compensate you with a cemetery!"

At the mention of the Singh Group, Trevor was suddenly enlightened.

The man in a flowery shirt was Jonah, the former vice general manager of Severich.

But now he dressed like a thug, which made it hard for Trevor to recognize him.

Trevor was amused to see that Jonah once again had the effrontery to be arrogant in front of him. With a playful smile, Trevor shouted, "Jonah! Long time no see!"

Jonas was stunned when he heard someone here shouting his name and his pupils constricted in an instant. When he saw that it was Trevor who



shouted just now, he couldn't help but take two steps back. "Who the hell are you?" he asked coldly.