

Chapter 1758 Jonah Made A Scene In The Orphanage

Cheetah's lips twitched, but he didn't dare to resist. With a slight lowering of his head, he promptly followed Trevor's orders.

On the early morning of the second day, Trevor hurried to the orphanage once more and provided treatment for the director.

Under Trevor's careful attention, the director's complexion regained its healthy color, and his physical condition showed gradual improvement.

Just as Trevor and the director were rejoicing in the progress, an unwelcome guest made a return appearance!

"Ha ha! I'm here again, you old bastard!"

With an arrogant expression, Jonah, accompanied by a dozen hooligans, including Roosevelt, marched in with a baseball bat in hand.

Even after being left crippled from the previous encounter, Roosevelt still chose to be Jonah's lackey. He remained arrogant and domineering, shouting at the forefront, "Hand over the money now! That so-called Raven might have saved you last time, but let's see who dares to protect you this time!"

The director, who had just received treatment from Trevor, trembled with anger upon hearing that Roosevelt was behind this trouble once again.

Garnering all the strength he could muster, the director pounded on the table. "Get the hell out of here!"

Concerned about the director's emotional state, which could negatively impact his health, Trevor quickly intervened and comforted him, "Don't worry. Your well-being is our top priority. Leave these hooligans to my capable hands!"

After delivering his comfort, Trevor strode out of the director's room. He cast a disdainful gaze at Jonah, his lips curling into a sneer.

"I already warned you once. How dare you show up here again? Aren't you afraid your own men will turn against you?" Trevor taunted, his voice

Jonah's face flushed with anger, feeling stung by Trevor's words. He clenched his teeth and retorted, "It's none of your damn business! I don't need your concern for my people. They work for me willingly because I pay them well! You won't get away with your fake police act like last time. I've discovered there's no one like you in Zayden. Let's see how arrogant you can be now!"

Jonah's gang members, having received their payment, displayed their loyalty by standing firmly by his side.

Trevor regarded them with a mixture of contempt and indifference.

"They're only loyal to money, not you," he coldly remarked, unimpressed by Jonah's show of power.

This dismissive attitude pushed Jonah over the edge. His face flushed with rage, and he bellowed, "You fucking bastard! It doesn't concern you at all! Throw him out! Get rid of that old man. This territory belongs to us now!"

Roosevelt, who had long harbored resentment towards Trevor, eagerly took the lead upon hearing Jonah's command and rushed forward, eager to carry out his boss's orders.

Before Trevor could intervene, Cordell's eyes blazed with anger, and he forcefully bumped into Roosevelt, expressing his fury.

"Ouch!" Roosevelt cried out in pain, feeling the impact of the collision.

Cordell despised the traitor Roosevelt more than he did Jonah and his gang!


Seeing Cordell block Roosevelt's path, Jonah frowned, stepped forward, and kicked Roosevelt hard, berating him angrily, "What good are you? You can't even handle a child!"

Roosevelt lay on the ground, seething with resentment, a fury concealed from the onlookers.

Jonah then turned his sneer towards Cordell, degrading him with insults.

"You're just a bastard from the orphanage! You must be either brainless or mentally disabled. Get lost! Or else, I'll sell you to traffickers!"

Despite the threats, Cordell remained steadfast. His small fists were clenched, and he stared back at the intruders with unwavering

< Chapter 1758 Jonah Made A Scene In The ...  +120 Points at most determination.

These people were trying to take away his family!

Upon seeing that his orders fell on deaf ears, Jonah's eyes became fierce, and he lunged forward, attempting to punch Cordell's head!

But, of course, his fist couldn't land on Cordell's head. Expressionless, Trevor swiftly intervened, tightly gripping Jonah's heavy fist.

With a serious look on his face, Trevor exerted great force, causing his whole palm to tremble slightly as he restrained Jonah's aggressive move.

Jonah felt a crushing sensation, his facial features contorting in pain, and he let out anguished screams.

"Ah! Let me go! Ah! Let me go!"

Trevor seethed with anger, contorting Jonah's right arm before delivering a hard kick to his belly. Jonah tumbled right into the midst of his hooligans.

Struggling to rise, Jonah foamed at the mouth uncontrollably, his right arm trembling from the dislocation.

Addressing the crowd coldly, Trevor commanded, "Fuck off!"

Jonah's face darkened. He had witnessed Trevor's formidable power. His men might not stand a chance against him.


After a brief hesitation, Jonah took a step back and dialed Collen's number cautiously. He explained, "Mr. Singh, there's a tough opponent at the orphanage named Raven. We can't defeat him. Can you bring a lawyer here to help?"

On the other end, a soft voice responded before the call ended quickly, "Loser. In ten minutes."

Upon hearing the reply, Jonah's haze of worry dispersed, replaced by a wild determination.

He yelled at Trevor, "I am not letting you get away today. Let me see how capable you are. Can you still be so tough later?"

Staring at Jonah with a cold smile, Trevor retorted, "How about I make a call too?"

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