

Chapter 1254 Business Club

Feeling humiliated, Nichol snarled at Trevor, "Don't be too cocky! What's so great about having a cup of coffee and a cake? Don't you think I can't afford those?"

Trevor lifted an eyebrow and regarded him coldly.

Whether Nichol could afford it or not was least of his concern.

Trevor only wanted the two to leave him alone as soon as possible, lest they mess up his surveillance on Patrice.

Flustered, Nichol's girlfriend flushed red. Turning to her boyfriend, she said in a spoiled manner, "Nichol, I want to try the raspberry cake too. Buy me one, please."

Glaring at Trevor, Nichol patted his chest and declared smugly, "No problem, babe. I'll buy you one."

But when he took the menu to check the price, his confident smile froze and slowly turned into a grimace.

The cake was too expensive.

He was not willing to spend so much money on a small cake.

Nichol swallowed, hesitating. Then he said in a low voice, "How about we try something else? I will buy you the cake next time."

Hearing this, the other customers burst into laughter.

They had been watching the commotion since Nichol's

sudden outburst earlier.

But his smugness had become a joke.

The guests whispered among themselves.

"How could he mock that man when he's the one who can't afford the cake? Those two are such poor losers."

Trevor also couldn't help his chuckle.

Still grinning, he looked Nichol straight in the eye. "Where is your arrogance now?"

Nichol's jaw clenched, and his face reddened in humiliation and rage. In the end, he ordered the expensive cake.

The couple sat at the table next to Trevor. Even after sitting down, Nichol was still in distress.

It was such a waste to spend that amount of money on a small cake.

Feeling bitter, Nichol threw a glare at Trevor.

He was sure Trevor only ordered the most expensive items on the menu to save face.

On the other hand, Trevor ignored Nichol's glare. When the waiter brought his orders, he proceeded on his surveillance and asked, "The private club across the street looks really fancy. Do you know what is it for?"

The waiter willingly answered, "It's a high-end business club. Businessmen often meet there to discuss business. After their meetings, they occasionally come here for a cup of coffee."

Business club?

Trevor's brow furrowed.

Business clubs were usually membership based. Non-members wouldn't be able to get in without an invitation.

The waiter continued, "The club's owner rarely appears in public and is very mysterious. I only know his name."

Trevor took a sip of the coffee and asked casually, "Really? What's his name?"

The waiter replied, "John Lopresti."

John Lopresti?

Trevor's eyebrows shot up in surprise, and he nearly choked on his coffee.

If he remembered correctly, there was a member of Klein named John Lopresti.

Could it be two people with the same name?

Clearing his throat, Trevor took out his phone and sent a message to John.

"John, are you the owner of this high-end business club in Corden?"

Since Trevor saved him the last time, John had a deep admiration for him.

"Yes, but the club is just a disguise. It's under my name, but it's the place where Klein collects important information."

So John was indeed the owner.

Amused, Trevor rubbed his nose with a faint smile.

He didn't expect Klein to establish a luxurious high-end

Chapter 1255 Someone Will Invite Me In

Trevor took out his phone and typed a message for John, asking him to help him enter the business club.

As soon as Nichol heard that Trevor was inquiring about the business club, he became excited.

He rubbed his hands as he thought this was his chance. He could get back at Trevor.

"Ahem!" Nichol cleared his throat. "Looks like a certain someone doesn't even know about the business club across the street. You must be a bumpkin. On the opposite side is the most famous business club in Corden. The contracts signed in the club every year are worth more than billions. I can't believe you don't even know this. How embarrassing!"

Trevor simply chuckled and ignored Nichol.

The business club had Klein's support. Of course, it would be a success.

Noticing that Trevor was looking at him, Nichol straightened his back and proudly lifted his chin. "My father is quite famous in Corden. He has a silver membership card of this business club."

Upon hearing that, the guests began discussing amongst themselves.

"A silver membership card!"

"That's amazing. I can drink coffee in this cafe, but I'm not

Chapter 1255 Someone Will Invite M 🎁 +120 Points at most
qualified to enter the business club."

"It isn't easy for ordinary people to enter the business club."

As Nichol proudly raised his chin, he glanced at Trevor, trying to show off.

Trevor lowered his head as he cut the cake so he could hide the smile on his face.

Nichol's father only had a silver membership card. What was there to be proud of about that? It only meant his father was inspected by Klein. He was regarded as a suspicious target.

Nichol was acting all high and mighty now, but if Klein were to find out that his father had something to do with Mobius, he would be secretly arrested.

If that day were to come, Nichol would never be able to smile again.

Trevor ate a piece of the cake and said, "I don't have a membership card. But someone will invite me later."

Nichol laughed. "Now you're just bragging. Are you really hoping that people from the business club will invite you to come in? In your dreams! Even someone with a golden membership card wouldn't have such treatment."

Nichol burst into a fit of laughter as he repeatedly patted the table. His girlfriend did the same. They seemed so proud of themselves.

All that Trevor did was smile as he took a sip of coffee.

Just before Nichol finished laughing, the door of the business club suddenly flew open.

"What?"

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Nichol's heart skipped a beat as soon as he saw that.

He saw two waiters in suits walking toward the cafe. They looked quite serious.

Nichol's face darkened, and his smile slowly faded.

He suddenly had a bad feeling about this.

The sound of the two waiters' footsteps echoed in his ears as they walked closer and closer.

Nichol's eyes widened, and he subconsciously held his breath.

"No. This is impossible! This has to be a coincidence. How can a bumpkin like him be invited to the club?"

Chapter 1256 Why Are You Here

Two waiters came out of the club and approached the cafe.

Trevor calmly put down the coffee cup and wiped his mouth.

Meanwhile, Nichol was stunned to see the waiters come over and he felt increasingly uncomfortable.

"Sir!"

Standing in front of Trevor, the waiters greeted him humbly and bowed.

"We sincerely invite you to come to our club. Would you please come with us?"

Everyone in the cafe was stunned.


Nichol was the most shocked. He jumped up in surprise and pointed at Trevor in disbelief. He opened his mouth but couldn't say a word for a long time. Finally, he sat down dejectedly.

The people around them began to discuss amongst themselves.

"Wow! The club offered an invitation! I've never heard of it!"

"Who the hell is he? As far as I know, even members of the Murray family don't get such treatment at this club!"

"I'm not even sure that the head of the Murray family

Chapter 1256 Why Are You Here  +120 Points at most himself would be entitled to such treatment if he came here!"

In the eyes of all, Trevor received the highest honor of the club.

He was invited by the club.

Trevor stood up and shook off the cake crumbs on his shirt.

At this time, Nichol and his girlfriend were trembling with fear. They were scared that Trevor would decide to get even with them.

However, Trevor didn't even give them a glance. He just quietly walked to the club.

After Trevor left, Nichol collapsed in his seat helplessly. He was so nervous.

It was clear the club held Trevor in high regard.

Nichol broke into a cold sweat and when he came to his senses, his shirt was soaked with sweat. He nervously clutched his chest with one hand to calm himself down.

He was glad that Trevor didn't want to make things difficult for him earlier. Otherwise, he would be doomed.

Meanwhile, when Trevor entered the club, he met an acquaintance at the front desk.

The receptionist in the hall of the club was Doris!

"Doris? What are you doing here?" Trevor asked curiously, raising a brow.

Doris was also surprised to see Trevor.

"Well, they want me to rest for a few days, so they got me this job."

Trevor nodded and then went straight to the point.

"About twenty minutes ago, there was a... Uh... A pretty man came here. Which room is he in? Chances are he is going to meet members of Mobius here!"

Trevor didn't know how to describe Patrice's appearance and he could only mention Patrice's most particular feature, which was his extraordinary beauty.

Doris was stunned when she heard Mobius. Realizing the urgency of the situation, she said quickly, "Come with me. I'll take you to the monitoring room!"

Doris and Trevor walked through the convoluted hallways of the club and finally came to a discreet room.

Trevor opened the door and walked into the monitoring room.

There were about twenty screens.

All the private rooms and even the cafe across the street were monitored and everything happening there in real time appeared on the screens.

There were also key rooms in the club which were monitored by several cameras so that there were no blind spots.

In the monitoring room, there was only a middle-aged woman watching the screens. The woman had her back to the door.

When she heard the door open, she immediately turned around.

As if by reflex, she opened a nearby drawer with one hand. Her nervous face betrayed the fact that she was about to pull out a gun.

When the middle-aged woman saw Doris, she finally relaxed. With a frown, she said curtly, "Get out, Cocklebur! There is something very important happening now. I don't want you to interfere with my work."

Cocklebur?

Trevor was stunned for a while. Then, he remembered that Cocklebur was Doris' code name in Klein.

With an awkward smile, Doris explained the situation to Trevor in a low voice.

"This is an analysis expert of our intelligence department. Her code name is Irises. She is a workaholic and rather difficult to get along with. But that aside, she is very capable."

Chapter 1257 Intelligence Expert

Trevor and Doris didn't heed the warning to leave the monitoring room.

Trevor's attention was focused on what was being displayed on the largest screen.

The screen showed a well-decorated room with three people sitting on the sofa.

Patrice was among them.

Trevor's eyes narrowed.

The intelligence analyst, Brylee, also noticed the three people and was watching them closely.

"Can you turn up the volume?" Trevor asked.


At this very moment, there seemed to be something going on in the luxurious room.

The three people on the monitor screen were talking calmly. Suddenly one of them, who was wearing a peaked cap, lowered his head to check his cell phone.

Then the man made a simple gesture to the other two.

The three men stood up at once and walked out of the room one after another. They left the business club altogether.

"Damn it! It's all your fault!" Brylee snapped, glaring at Trevor. She was furious. "Dragon, I know you destroyed the

Chapter 1257 Intelligence Expert  +120 Points at most

Hidden Assassins' warehouse as soon as you came to Corden. But that doesn't give you the right to be so arrogant and complacent."

Brylee paused a moment to catch her breath and continued, "Those people are very vigilant. Maybe they found out that you made a scene in the cafe and that made them suspicious, so they chose to leave. We'll have a hard time finding them again. We couldn't get enough key information and all our chances to get any clues are gone with those men. What should we do now? Tell me!"

Trevor shrugged helplessly.

He also thought Brylee's words made sense. Maybe Patrice and the others were tipped off by the scene he made at the cafe. Thinking of that, Trevor didn't refute what Brylee said.

Anyways, it was useless to quarrel now.

Now that things had come to this, Trevor could only think of a solution really fast. "Let's look at the surveillance video again. Maybe we can find more clues," he suggested.

Brylee snorted coldly and opened the surveillance video perfunctorily. However, she couldn't help feeling it was useless.

"Clues? I'm a professional information analyst, yet I haven't found any clues. What do you expect to find?"

Doris tried to mediate. "Iris, there's no point complaining now. Dragon is very capable. Maybe he can find something."

However, what Doris said only upset Brylee the more. She thumped the table and roared angrily, "For your own good, I hope that he is as capable as you say he is. Cocklebur, you brought Dragon in here. You are also responsible for this! Damn it! Your parents failed in bringing you up."

Brylee's words hurt Doris deeply.

She was particularly hurt when Brylee mentioned her parents.

Doris was brought up by her uncle and aunt because her parents passed away when she was a child. The pain of losing her parents was always present in her heart.

Doris clenched her fists and roared angrily, "Irises! Take back what you just said!"

Brylee was stunned by Doris' tantrum. Of course, she knew that in her fit of anger just now, she said something wrong. However, she felt it would be too embarrassing to apologize to Doris, so she just snorted.

Trevor was also shocked by what Brylee said just now and he frowned deeply.

He didn't care about the hurtful words Brylee said to him, but she had gone way too far in saying those things to Doris.

Without taking his eyes off the large screen in the monitoring room, Trevor approached Brylee and said coldly, "How about we make a bet, Irises? If I find a clue that can lead us to those men, you apologize to Doris."

Upon hearing this, Freda adjusted her glasses and said arrogantly, "You have the nerve to challenge me! If you can find any clue that I couldn't find, not only will I apologize to Doris, but I will also apologize to you."