

Chapter 1389 Arrogant Stephenson

Trevor turned to look at Sinclair.

Sinclair immediately understood Trevor's hint and hid himself in a corner. He stood firmly against the wall, like a piece of wood.

It wasn't until Sinclair hid himself that Trevor opened the door.

As soon as the door was opened, Trevor saw a man with a cold face standing in front of him.

"It's you..." It was Stephenson, the deputy leader!

He glared at Trevor like a viper and said in a low and hoarse voice, "I really can't understand. Didn't you suffer enough in the hospital yesterday? You came to my fitness club to challenge me. It looks like you're tired of living!"

Stephenson paused and stared coldly at Trevor's shoulder.

The day before, he pinched Trevor's shoulder with great strength. Normally, the shoulder injury would still be fresh and the pain would be unbearable.

A cold and arrogant smile appeared on Stephenson's face.

He thought Trevor must want to take revenge on him for having injured his shoulder in the hospital the day before. That was why he made trouble in the fitness club.

Trevor didn't say anything the whole time and he just stared at Stephenson calmly.

Sneered coldly, Stephenson took two steps forward.

Trevor was secretly pleased to see that. He had been worried

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that Stephenson would escape. He didn't expect Stephenson to
be so arrogant that he walked into the room.

Trevor pretended to be a little nervous and took three steps
back.

A sinister smile appeared on Stephenson's face. He kept
approaching Trevor step by step.

"What's wrong? Are you afraid now? Weren't you cocky when
you made a scene in my gym earlier? Now you don't even have
the guts to say something! I'm really curious. Where did you get
your confidence?"

A fierce look appeared on Stephenson's face suddenly. Just
then, a low voice came from a corner.

"It's because of me!"

Stephenson's body froze almost instantly.

He was so arrogant just now that he failed to carefully observe
the room.

He quickly turned his head to look at the source of the voice.
When he did see who was talking, his expression changed
greatly.

It was the first time Trevor had seen so many emotions on
Stephenson's face.

"Captain... Sinclair!"

A lot of emotions appeared on Stephenson's face in a short
period of time, such as killing intent, awe, fear and many more.

Stephenson was so overwhelmed by emotions that he stopped
dead.

Meanwhile, Sinclair slowly walked out of the shadow. His eyes
were sharp.

"Stephenson! You disappoint me."

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Normally, Sinclair would have attacked Stephenson mercilessly.

However, they had been friends for so many years, so he, too, had complex emotions at this moment.

Even now, Sinclair was still trying to convince himself that Stephenson didn't do what he did on his own free will but that he had no other choice. Sinclair wanted to believe that Stephenson wasn't bad but just had no other choice.

The complicated expression on Stephenson's face gradually changed and he finally sneered.

His breath became heavy and his gaze became murderous.

He said in a low voice, "Sinclair, you know I'm looking for you, but you still have the courage to appear in front of me. Do you think you are still the honorable leader of the Shadow Guards? Stop dreaming. You are nothing but a stray dog now! Once I get my hands on you, no one will ever know what happened in Dreles. Great! Even God is helping me. Once I'm done dealing with you, I will be promoted."

As soon as Stephenson finished speaking, he launched a powerful attack.

He ignored Trevor, who was so close to him, and rather aimed at Sinclair's head with his right fist.

Chapter 1390 A Fight To The Death

Sinclair was unfazed by the murderous look on Stephenson's face since he had been prepared for the attack.

He raised his arms to block Stephenson's powerful right hook.

"Stephenson!" Sinclair shouted.

His voice was full of indescribable hatred.

Stephenson launched attack after attack like a storm. Despite his phenomenal strength, Sinclair struggled to avoid all of these violent attacks and was pushed to the limit of his defense.

Trevor, who was quietly observing the scene, saw Mobius' style in Stephenson's attack. This hardly surprised him.

Stephenson's attacks, like those of Mobius members, were ferocious, vicious, and with the sole purpose of killing.

Trevor's pupils shrank and his eyes were burning with a murderous glow.

As Stephenson kept punching at Sinclair, he laughed wildly.

"Ha-ha! Why don't you fight back? Aren't you the leader of the Shadow Guards? Come on, fight back! Sinclair! I guess you fell into drug addiction, right? Now you are just a good-for-nothing. In your present state, you're just no match for me."

Sinclair was focused on defending himself from Stephenson's blows which were raining on him, so he was in no mood to respond to Stephenson's teasing.

Stephenson ignored Trevor, whom he didn't take seriously at all.

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Their short fight at the hospital before made Stephenson look down upon Trevor. He felt Trevor wasn't worthy of his time.

In his eyes, Trevor was not a threat at all. He was just an ordinary man with a little strength. Once he had killed Sinclair, killing Trevor would be a piece of cake.

"To think you had the nerve to provoke me! It's clear you are tired of living!"

Stephenson was a real psychopath and at this moment, he was already thinking about all the ways he could kill Sinclair and Trevor and then discard of their bodies.

Sinclair's body had been seriously damaged by his drug abuse and he wasn't as strong as he used to be. Stephenson's attacks were too violent and fierce and the only thing Sinclair could do at this stage was defend himself.

Suddenly, Trevor, who had been ignored by Stephenson the whole time, quietly walked behind Stephenson.

He remained silent like a ghost wandering, observing the fight in front of him.

Just as Stephenson was laughing wildly, Trevor finally made a move.

A heavy punch landed on Stephenson's waist from behind.

"Ah!"

Stephenson let out a shrill scream.

Trevor's punch was so heavy that Stephenson was knocked down at once.

Stephenson was suddenly seized with panic. He had thought that Trevor was just an ordinary person who wasn't worth his attention.

But he clearly underestimated Trevor.

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Seeing the panicked look on Stephenson's face, Trevor sneered.

"Stephenson, did you forget that I'm still here?"

Then, he rushed forward and began punching and kicking Stephenson ruthlessly.

Trevor punched Stephenson right in the chest with great strength.

"Ouch!"

Stephenson flew backward and crashed against the wall. He spat out a large mouthful of blood.

"You... Ahem... How can you be so powerful?" Stephenson asked nervously, his eyes widened in horror.

Trevor sneered and said nothing.

Was this a serious question? Why should he answer Stephenson anyway?

Stephenson had betrayed the Sanderson family, and as such, he didn't have the right to ask for any explanation.

Trevor and Sinclair looked at each other, and the next moment, the two attacked Stephenson at the same time.

"Bastards! That's two on one. It's unfair!" Stephenson shouted, exasperated.

Trevor almost burst out into laughter upon hearing that.

Did he really say it was unfair?

It was a fight to the death and the stakes were too high for there to be any rules.

In a fight where life was at stake, the end goal was to defeat the opponent and survive.

Defeating the opponent was the only thing that mattered.

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After Trevor's sneak attack, Stephenson was no match for Trevor in one-on-one fight.

Now Sinclair joined the fight too. So Stephenson was doomed and he couldn't even defend himself.

In just a few seconds, Stephenson had been badly injured.

"Damn it! You leave me with no other choice..." Stephenson roared as he was kicked to the floor.

He took out a cylindrical object from his pocket and pulled open the metal ring without hesitation. Then, he threw it to the center of the room.

Trevor was shocked when he saw what it was.

This man had a grenade?

It seemed that Stephenson was so desperate that he was ready to die and drag them to hell with him.

When Trevor looked at Stephenson again, he saw the latter put on a pair of sunglasses in a hurry, with his hands blocking his eyes.

What was he up to?

Chapter 1391 The Flash Bomb

"Close your eyes!" Sinclair shouted.

But it was too late.

Trevor saw something flash in front of his eyes. The intense light blinded him, which caused him to subconsciously close his eyes to stop the light from occupying his vision.

At that time, he heard a deafening buzzing sound, and it made him dizzy.

It was a flash bomb.

Unfortunately, it was too late for Trevor to realize this.

He couldn't see or hear anything.

Although Stephenson used that as a chance to get away, Trevor didn't notice.

He felt dizzy, and he felt like the entire world was spinning.

Trevor shook his head to try and recover his vision and his hearing.

When he finally returned to normal, he heard an angry roar.

"Let me go! Let go of me right now!" Stephenson shouted. He failed to escape the room.

Trevor's eyes widened as he looked at the door in shock.

It turned out that Sinclair used his body to stop Stephenson. He even took hold of Stephenson's arm and leg, which made him unable to escape.

Stephenson clenched his fist and punched Sinclair's body to try

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and escape.

+120 Points at most

"Let me go, you fucker! Go to hell!" Stephenson roared.

Blood dripped down from Sinclair's mouth, but he still didn't release his hold on Stephenson. He just clenched his jaw and exclaimed, "Shut the fuck up!"

Trevor's heart skipped a beat when he heard that. Regardless of the discomfort that the flash bomb caused him, he pounced over and hit Stephenson's back with his elbow.

Stephenson let out a shrill scream as he knelt on the floor.

Trevor immediately twisted his arm and completely took control of Stephenson.

"Sinclair, are you okay?" Trevor asked, a hint of anxiousness laced in his voice.

Sinclair spat out a mouthful of blood and panted. He then forced a smile and nodded before saying, "I'm fine. We should interrogate this bastard as soon as possible."

He narrowed his eyes at Stephenson and asked, "Hey, Stephenson. Tell us what happened on that night in Dreles? Don't forget that I was the one who taught you how to torture people. I can easily do the same to you."

Trevor bit his lip. He wanted to say something, but he decided not to say it.

He was very worried about Sinclair's health.

Sinclair, on the other hand, straightened his back. He walked up to Stephenson before he glared at him and said, "You should know that my skills are far better than yours."

Stephenson hesitated for a few moments, but he eventually scoffed and clenched his jaw. "I won't betray the organization."

Sinclair frowned. He then took out one of the tools from his drawer and began to torture Stephenson so he could confess.

Since Stephenson betrayed the Sanderson family before, he believed Stephenson would betray Mobius too.

After some time, Stephenson felt weak. He didn't even have the strength to scream at that point.

His body trembled as he begged for mercy.

"That night... No... A man contacted me before the attack in Dreles. He offered me something that I couldn't refuse, asking me to stall the Shadow Guards so that Mobius had a chance to attack the Sanderson family. That was how the Sanderson family lost their protection and easily fell into the hands of those people."

An intent to kill flashed across Trevor's eyes as he glared at Stephenson.

Sure enough, it was because of him.

If it weren't for the fact that Shadow Guards got held back, it'd be impossible for Mobius to attack. At least, it wouldn't have been that easy.

Noticing the look in Trevor's eyes, Stephenson hurriedly added, "But I promise that they're still alive! All of them are safe! Please believe me!" Please don't kill me! I can tell you where the Sanderson family are. I can help you. Please just let me go. Otherwise, you'll never be able to find them."


Unfortunately, Trevor already knew that his father and grandfather were imprisoned in Glareder.

There was no need to cooperate with Stephenson.

Trevor sneered. "You can keep dreaming! You will spend the rest of your life in prison. You're lucky I chose not to kill you, Stephenson. You'll have a long time to repent in prison. I suggest not to hold onto your ambitions anymore, especially the reward you were promised with."

Stephenson's face went pale when he heard that. His dreams and ambitions had been completely shattered.

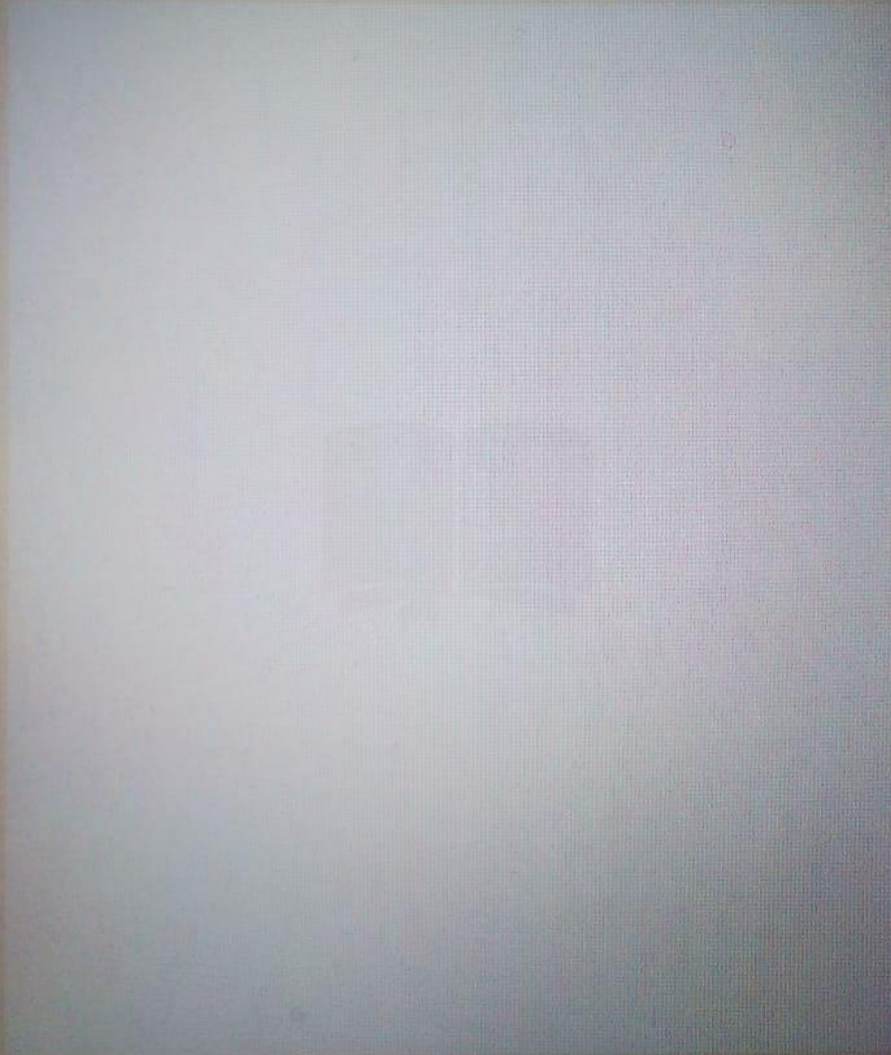
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However, it was too late to regret everything now.



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