

Chapter 1581 The Route To Glareder

"Damn it! You madman!" Dayton's voice was sharp and laced with panic as he turned and fled without looking back at Patrice.

His steps were hurried, and he stumbled several times along the way, but he dared not slow down or turn around.

Meanwhile, Trevor erupted in laughter and slammed his hand down on the table in amusement.

Dayton was terrified when he first heard the name Glareder. Trevor didn't understand how he had the nerve to accost Patrice.

Patrice couldn't help but cover her mouth and chuckle at the scene before her.

"People from Dreles are truly interesting."

Trevor waved his hand dismissively, a smile tugging at the corners of his lips. "No. That idiot's behavior is in no way a reflection of our city."

The two exchanged a knowing look and broke out into another round of laughter.

After that, they began to discuss the specifics of the route they were planning to take.

Patrice said to Trevor, "Do you understand what I mean by the private sea route?"

Trevor shrugged his shoulders. "A smuggling ship, right?"

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Yes." Patrice nodded. "What I'm trying to say is that the majority of people who will be on that ship are escaped criminals wanted by the police. They're essentially a group of outlaws. In a way, from the moment we step onto that ship, we will be in danger. So we must be extremely careful."

Trevor nodded in acknowledgment, indicating that he was already aware of the situation.

"Lone Wolf requested that Raven return to Glareder as soon as possible. So, we'll be setting out tomorrow."

On the second day, Trevor and Patrice boarded a flight to the port city.

Trevor even restrained himself from saying goodbye to Luisa as a precautionary measure.

Patrice appeared to be quite familiar with the port city, as she deftly navigated them to a remote, dirty alley where they were able to purchase two ship tickets.

"You seem to be quite familiar with this place." Trevor held the ticket in his hand.

Patrice responded casually, "Since we're heading to a place as crazy as Glareder, I figured I should gather as much relevant information as possible beforehand. Otherwise, who knows how we'll end up?"

Trevor narrowed his eyes but remained silent.

He suspected that there must be a powerful intelligence agency behind Patrice, but now was not the time to delve into it.

For the time being, he trusted her and knew that she was a valuable asset to their mission.

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After a while, Trevor and Patrice arrived at the dock on time and boarded a shabby fishing boat.

The boat gradually filled up with more and more people.

Trevor chuckled. "Looks like we're in good company."

Patrice explained in a low voice, "For escaped criminals, getting to Glareder means they can evade arrest and start anew. It's something many of them yearn for, and they're willing to take the risk to make it happen."

As more and more people boarded the ship, many of them began to take notice of Trevor and Patrice.

Specifically, they noticed Patrice. After all, she was the only woman on the ship and undeniably beautiful.

These were hardened outlaws who had committed serious crimes, and many of them saw an opportunity to make a move.

If they could grab a large sum of money or catch the beautiful woman before they arrived in Glareder, it would be worth the risk.

Trevor, standing beside Patrice in his neatly pressed black shirt, gave off an air of civility that seemed to conceal his fighting skills.

The contrast between their well-groomed appearance and the roughness of their surroundings made them stand out among the criminals on the ship.

However, these were not people who made it this far without being cautious.

The gangsters whispered to each other, trying to determine if Trevor and Patrice were a threat. Each of them

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waited for someone else to make the first move, hoping to
profit from the situation.

Finally, one of them blurted out, "Screw it! If none of you are
going to make a move, I will!"

The strong man with a scar left by a knife cut on his neck
flicked his cigarette butt into the sea and spat angrily.

"Hey, listen up, guys. It's time to get to work!"

Five men stepped forward from the crowd and followed
him.

The scarred man strode toward Trevor, his voice booming
with threats.

"Hey, brat! Boarding this ship isn't free. You need to pay for
protection and you better do it fast!"

Chapter 1582 An Unexpected Hostage

Pay for protection?

Trevor and Patrice looked at each other. They couldn't help but laugh at the idea that they needed protection.

As a matter of fact, they could easily knock down these criminals.

Besides, Trevor was pretending to be Raven, a member of Mobius.

Criminals attempted to extort money from a Mobius member on a ship to Glareder.

It would be a laughingstock if word got out!

Trevor smirked. "And why should we pay you for protection? Do you even have control over this ship? I don't make a habit of paying others for something I can handle myself. So, I'm afraid we'll have to decline."

The scarred man felt humiliated in front of his men. He roared, "Go to hell! I'll toss you overboard to become fish food!"

With those words, he drew a dagger from his waist.

It was an unusual blade, with three razor-sharp edges that promised excruciating pain and profuse bleeding upon contact.

He lunged at Trevor, growling with ferocity, while his henchmen closed in to surround their prey.

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But Trevor remained unfazed, his smile intact and a hint of disdain in his eyes.

The man's movements were too sluggish and riddled with flaws, easily readable to Trevor.

Trevor evaded the fatal stab, effortlessly swerving his body to the side.

Taking advantage of the man's off-balance position, Trevor deftly tripped his ankle with his left foot, causing the man to crash heavily onto the cabin's iron sheet with a resounding thud.

"Fuck you!" the man bellowed, thinking it was just a coincidence.

But Trevor wasn't about to let him get back on his feet and resume his attack.

With swift and decisive action, he lifted his foot and planted it on the man's neck, delivering a powerful blow that left him dazed and unconscious in an instant.

In a lightning-fast flurry of action, the entire ordeal lasted no more than five seconds, leaving everyone around them stunned and speechless.

The man's followers were taken aback, unsure of how to react after witnessing their leader's swift defeat.

Without any hesitation, Trevor knocked them out one by one.

Their defense was weak and Trevor spent little time dealing with them.

The whole cabin fell into silence.

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Those who were observing the scene became afraid. They didn't dare to look straight at Trevor for fear of being beaten.

However, there were still some smart men among the scarred man's followers.

Seeing Trevor's mastery in fighting, a shifty-eyed man was left with no choice but to hostage Patrice. He immediately took out his dagger and placed it on her neck.

He breathed a sigh of relief and became more confident. He shouted at Trevor, "Hey, brat! Let my friends go or this girl will suffer the consequences!"

Trevor's eyebrows rose with intrigue and a smile played at the corners of his mouth.

"Oh? What are you going to do?"

The man sneered, "You may be good at fighting, but don't get too cocky. I have a hostage! Let my friends go. Or, your friend will be in grave danger!"

Chapter 1583 A Businessman

Although Patrice was kidnapped, there was no panic on her face, even when her captor put a sharp dagger against her neck.

Trevor tilted his head. He wasn't nervous at all. In fact, he even wanted to laugh.

Although Patrice was not as good of a fighter as Trevor was, she was still extremely fierce in fighting.

In a one-on-one fight, she had her chances against a member of Mobius.

So, a mere gangster, even if he had a knife, was no threat to Patrice at all.

The shifty-eyed man was a little confused when he saw the smirk on Trevor's face. Nervousness and anger well up inside him and he roared, "Stop dawdling! You'd better let go of my friends now! Let go of our boss!"

Trevor responded with actions, not words. With a slight smile, he lifted his foot and stepped on the back of the scarred man.

Seeing that, the shifty-eyed man became furious.

"You are courting death! Do you think I won't dare to kill you?"

He decided to cut Patrice's face with his dagger to show Trevor how serious he was.

However, the moment he raised the dagger, he felt a severe pain in his hand. The pain was such that he couldn't

even hold the dagger steadily.

With a clank, the dagger fell to the floor.

The man's eyes widened in horror when he realized that Patrice was free and looking at him with a smile.

Patrice's smile was bright, but it gave the man chills all over his body.

"What the hell!" The man shouted in shock and subconsciously tried to push Patrice away.

He figured that by pushing Patrice to Trevor, he might buy himself some time to escape.

However, before his hand even touched her, Patrice grabbed his arm first.

Patrice's hand looked thin and soft, but it was endowed with a grip similar to a metal vice.

The next second, she drew her captor closer to her and then...

It was a suplex!

Bang!

The man didn't have the time to understand what was going on. He only felt his head was spinning in the air and then his face smashed against the metal floor.

The dull sound of the man's body crashing to the floor and the vibration caused by his fall made the other outlaws involuntarily recoil in awe.

That woman was also a powerhouse!

Everyone present couldn't help but gulp in amazement.

This time, they did not covet Patrice for her beauty, but feared her fighting skills.

The powerful suplex she gave the man just now looked very painful. None of them wanted to have a try.

With a smile, Trevor walked forward slowly.

"Are you okay?" he asked.

Patrice shrugged and said calmly, "It was just a small trick. How could I get hurt?"

Now, none of the outlaws dared to underestimate the two well-dressed people even though they didn't fit in with the environment.

Suddenly, applause was heard.

Trevor and Patrice turned their heads in direction of the noise.

A middle-aged man in a white shirt and a gray vest walked down the cabin stairs. He was smiling broadly, but there was something else in his eyes.

He seemed to be a rich man.

When the outlaws around saw him, they did not dare to do anything reckless, and they even silently stepped back. It was obvious that they were a little afraid of him.

The middle-aged man smiled and said to Trevor and Patrice, "I admire your fighting skills. Let me introduce myself. My name is Rupert Atkinson. I'm a businessman."

Trevor squinted at the man but said nothing.

Those who called themselves businessmen among the outlaws generally had connections with the underworld.

Chapter 1583 A Businessman

🎁 +120 Points at most

Patrice was the first to speak. "And why did you come to us?"

Rupert looked at Patrice and then at Trevor, before saying with a smile, "An auction is going to be held on this ship. I want to invite you to come with me. I want to make friends with you two. I have been doing business for so many years and what I like most is to make friends."

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