

Chapter 1587 Generous

Trevor hid a smile as he looked at the fleeing figure of the scarred man.

What a petty criminal!

Just as he and Patrice were about to leave, Rupert came out of the crowd.

He was still wearing the brown leather mask, leaving only a pair of eyes exposed.

"Congratulations! You have found the treasure."

Trevor nodded politely and answered with a smile, "It's really not worth mentioning, especially when you consider the profits that can be made through smuggling or munition trading."

Rupert shook his head, seemingly wanting to continue praising Trevor.

But before he could, the host of the auction brought his mallet down on the table with a loud bang.

"Next up, we have an urgent announcement! The first mate of this vessel will announce it shortly."

As the people watched, a man in a black parka hurried to the platform. He made no effort to conceal his face, though his expression was so devoid of emotion that it might as well have been a mask.

Without a word, the first mate pressed a button on a remote control, activating a projector that cast a wanted

poster onto the wall of the cabin.

His voice was cold as he spoke.

"This is a reward from Glareder. The subject of the circular is Trevor Sanderson. A reward of 50 million dollars has been offered for his capture, dead or alive."

As the circular was displayed on the wall by the projector, the picture of Trevor's real face was revealed.

The auction was thrown into chaos after the first mate finished speaking.

Some were surprised that the reward was being offered by Glareder, some were interested in the Sanderson family, and some were tempted by the fifty million dollar bounty.

Trevor felt a slight shock at the sight of his own face on the wall, but quickly regained his composure and suppressed any visible signs of surprise.

Now, his identity was not Trevor, but Raven.

The news about Trevor had nothing to do with him now.

Patrice glanced at Trevor. She could not read any expression on his face through his owl mask.

They both stood there like spectators, watching the events unfold and witnessing the staggering amount of the reward offered for an unknown man.

Trevor stroked his chin, pondering on the situation.

It was clear that the smuggling ship was closely connected with Mobius, as otherwise, the first mate would not have reported the wanted warrant.

Judging from this, Trevor guessed that Mobius had a

strong grip on Glareder, even the smuggling ships were affected by it.

It was likely that the first mate had announced the bounty because Mobius had received intelligence that their previous plan had failed and that they believed Luisa to be dead.

So they adjusted their strategy and decided to offer a bounty for Trevor's assassination.

The first mate remained on the platform, relaying information about Trevor, including the news about his previous appearance in Zayden.

Rupert let out a low whistle and a sigh, exclaiming, "Fifty million! That's a hefty sum of money!"

Trevor couldn't help but grin.

"Indeed, I had to put in a lot of effort to earn a mere five million from a painting. This bounty is quite tempting, and if the opportunity arises, I may just have to give it a shot!"

Meanwhile, Patrice discreetly rolled her eyes. She was Vida and had long guessed that Dragon was actually Trevor.


"Give it a try? How? Surrendering himself to Mobius?" Patrice murmured under her breath.

Rupert shook his head and spoke in a hushed tone.

"It's not that simple. The Sanderson family is not an ordinary clan. It is one of the three most powerful clans in the world. Besides, this is a bounty from Glareder. If Trevor didn't have the strength, he would have already been killed and there would have been no reward at all."

Trevor simply nodded in response.


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Internally, he felt a great sense of caution regarding this journey to Glareder.

He knew all too well that Mobius was not one to be underestimated.

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The waves swayed the smuggling ship this way and that as its whistle kept hooting until finally it arrived in Glareder.

Patrice took a deep breath and said, "Let's go."

Trevor touched the hidden voice modifier and nodded after confirming that it was installed properly.

"Be careful."

They both went down to the deck, stood in line, and waited to get off the ship.

However, there were a group of people waiting for them at the dock.

When the smuggling ship docked at Glareder and an iron plate was placed as a passage to the shore, those people gathered immediately like sharks smelling blood. Each of them had a sinister smile.

Trevor's eyes narrowed, and he took hold of Patrice's hand. They didn't hurry to get off the boat.

In a voice that could only be heard by her and Trevor, Patrice said, "This port should be their territory, and they are here to collect money from the passengers."

As expected, they intercepted the first batch of passengers that got off the ship.

"Stop! Who told you that you could go? Pay the toll!"

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They shouted, showing their weapons, such as short stocks and long knives. They looked quite intimidating.

The passengers who had been stopped were both shocked and angry.

The tickets they had bought to get on board the smuggling ship were quite expensive. They hadn't expected that the local gangsters would try to exploit them the moment they arrived in Glareder.

"Damn it! Why? I should be the one asking others to pay for their protection! There is no reason for me to pay for my protection to another person!" a voice roared.

The people who came to Glareder by the smuggling ship were all vicious people. None of them would allow themselves to be bullied without putting up a fight.

A fight broke out immediately.

However, the local gangsters had come prepared. They fought quite well, and the weapons they had with them played a great role in the fight.

Soon, the passengers were subdued. Some were beaten seriously and fell to the ground crying. It was quite a terrible scene.

Trevor observed all this indifferently. He then walked to the dock and said to Patrice, "Let's go."

They both got off the ship.

The leader of the gang casually lit a cigarette and said, "You have seen what happens to those who don't cooperate. Pay up, and that won't have to be your fate."

He looked at Patrice, sizing her up. A glimmer of lust

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flashed through his eyes. He swallowed and continued, "If you don't have the money, this woman can play with me as payment. I haven't seen such a beautiful thing in a long while."

The leader of the gang stretched out his hand to Patrice's breasts with a leer.

His men had the looks of hungry wolves, ready to devour a prey.

However, Trevor slapped away his hand, his expression still indifferent.

The gang leader was stunned. He hadn't expected that anyone would stand up to him.

His face darkened in anger, and he said through clenched teeth, "You stupid brat, do you know who I am? My cousin works for Mobius!"

He didn't lie in this respect.


His cousin was a member of Mobius, so he had the privilege of being able to spend a lot of money to get a chance to collect toll at the dock.

He earned the money he had spent by collecting toll from the passengers at the dock.

In Glareder, Mobius was the law!

That was why he was so confident.

The gang leader noticed the expressions on Trevor's and Patrice's faces didn't change when he mentioned Mobius. He tapped the ash from his cigarette and said arrogantly, "I've seen a lot of ignorant men like you from other cities. Haven't you heard of the name Mobius? You must be nitwits to not know about Mobius!"

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Trevor didn't want to argue with him and was about to push him away.

However, a laugh came from the dock of the smuggling ship.

Trevor looked back and saw the scarred man standing at the edge of the deck with a smirk.

The scarred man believed that since the smuggling ship had arrived in Glareder, he didn't need to be afraid of Trevor anymore.

Now that it looked likely that Trevor was going to be beaten up, the scarred man was happy.

Although he had failed to take his revenge on Trevor, he would be satisfied watching him get beaten up by others.

Noticing Trevor was staring at him, he sneered and made a throat-cutting gesture with his thumb.