

Chapter 1589 The Law Of The Jungle

Trevor looked at the gangsters again and ordered calmly, "Get out of my way!"

Trevor's comment caused an uproar among the crowd.

The gangsters were stunned. Even their leader had to stop smoking.

The passengers gathered on the deck of the smuggling ship behind them were also surprised and discussed it amongst themselves.

The scarred man grinned a hideous grin.

"You idiot! Do you think you are invincible just because you can fight? You would find Glareder is quite different from other places!"

He said to his followers, "Look at those gangsters. You can tell they have big names backing them as they can collect toll at the dock. Just wait and see. This idiot is about to have a rotten day. The woman is also doomed."

His followers nodded in agreement.

The scarred man had heard all sorts of stories about Mobius, but he didn't think it wise to tell them on the deck.

He took pleasure in what he believed to be Trevor's misfortune.

Since he couldn't teach Trevor a lesson, it was only fair someone else did it for him.

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The scarred man couldn't help but laugh as he thought of this.

Trevor turned around to look at him, only to find Rupert standing at the edge of the deck of the smuggling ship.

Rupert stared at Trevor and Patrice appraisingly.

There was no hatred or warmth in his stare, just hard, cold logic, as though he were observing the price of a stock he had purchased.

Trevor smiled, not taking it seriously.

He had met Rupert by chance. He didn't even know if the name "Rupert Atkinson" was his real name.

The man had just suddenly appeared and helped them. It was likely that he took a fancy to Trevor's and Patrice's outstanding fighting skills.

If Trevor and Patrice were beaten up, Rupert would stand aside and let it happen and never contact them again.

But if Trevor and Patrice proved themselves and showed great strength, Rupert might still contact them after entering Glareder.

Glareder was a city where the law of the jungle reigned supreme!

Trevor took his eyes off him and looked at Patrice.

There was no hint of nervousness on Patrice's face. She gave him a casual nod, indicating that she was ready to fight.

Trevor nodded back slightly. Then he looked at the gangsters and said calmly, "Get out of my way before I lose

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my patience. I don't want to have to repeat myself again."

The leader of the gang dragged on his cigarette deeply and flung the remaining ash into the sea. He stared at Trevor and said viciously, "What a brat! You are either very brave or very stupid!"

He laughed a vicious laugh.

"Now that I have taken over the port, you'll have to be taught a lesson. I don't care who you are or how rich and powerful you are in another city. In Glareder, that means nothing! I don't care! In Glareder, you abide by our rules!"

The leader waved his hands, and immediately the gangsters all raised their weapons, ready to attack.

He sneered and said, "I'll show you no mercy! Stupid brat!"

The atmosphere was tense. A fight was about to break out.

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"Wait!"

As the tense atmosphere threatened to boil over into a full-blown battle, Trevor let out a shout that echoed through air.

He did not want to waste time on the gangsters.

Now that he had arrived in Glareder, saving his family was the top priority.

Fighting with these lowly hooligans was a pure waste of time and energy.

With that in mind, Trevor intervened to stop the impending fight before it escalated any further.

However, in the eyes of the gang leader, Trevor's decision to stop the fight was a sign of weakness and cowardice.

The gang leader spat a mouthful of phlegm on the ground and let out a boisterous laugh.

"If you had admitted your fault earlier, we wouldn't have had so much trouble. I thought you were brave. It's good that you're sensible. We don't have to waste our energy. Now, pay up! Even if a dog passes by the port today, the meat in its mouth has to stay here!"

Instead of being frightened by the man's taunting, Patrice burst into laughter.

The gang leader thought that he was being humorous with

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his comment.

Trevor smiled faintly and said, "Come here. I'd like to show you something."

The gang leader swaggered up to Trevor and queried, "What is it? It's useless to show me anything. If you don't pay up, you can't leave—"

His words got caught in his throat, and his eyes widened in shock upon seeing the familiar pattern tattooed on Trevor's arm.

The symbol of Ouroboros.

In Glareder, everyone had to remember the pattern of the Ouroboros tattoo, as it could mean the difference between life and death.

It was the symbol of Mobius, the real ruler of the city.

The gang leader's face turned white as a ghost. His legs began to tremble, and he looked like he was about to wet himself out of fear.

His mind had gone blank upon realizing that death was not far from him.

In Glareder, no one dared to speak out against the members of Mobius for fear of being killed.

Mobius was the law.

The gang leader's lips quivered uncontrollably as he struggled to maintain his composure. Desperate to appease Trevor, he forced a smile, but it ended up looking more of a grimace. Furthermore, an overwhelming sense of fear washed over him, rendering him unable to speak.

Trevor pulled down his sleeve to cover the fake Ouroboros

Chapter 1590 The Tattoo Of Ourobo. 🎁 +120 Points at most tattoo and asked calmly, "Do you dare to stop me?"

The gang leader trembled in fear and quickly stepped aside. He then bowed respectfully and showed Trevor the way.

"No, no. Sir, please go this way, and you'll be able to leave the port soon."

Meanwhile, Patrice glanced at him with a snicker.

The gang leader slapped himself twice to show his remorse.

"Sorry! I'm so sorry! I was wrong!"

He apologized profusely, but Trevor paid him no heed. Instead, he spun around to face the scarred man who stood menacingly on the edge of the smuggling ship. With a mischievous grin, he extended his middle toward the scarred man.

Satisfied, he patted the gang leader on the shoulder and assured him, "Relax. We may be from Mobius, but we aren't unreasonable. I'll make sure you won't suffer any losses. Anyway, do you see the scarred man on the ship? You can get our money from him."


Upon saying this, he patted the gang leader on the shoulder once again.

The gang leader was stunned but soon regained his composure. With a sinister smile tugging at his lips, he promised, "Don't worry, sir. I will!"

The scarred man was perplexed about the situation. All he could hear was the deafening sound of wind whistling in his ears.


He fixed his gaze on Trevor and Patrice with a hint of

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amusement on his face. How he hoped that the two would face the wrath of the gangsters!

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