

## Chapter 1591 Someone Must Pay

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Trevor gazed back at the deck of the smuggling ship, where the scarred man still had a mischievous smirk on his face.

He seemed to relish the thought of Trevor and Patrice getting beaten.

However, fate had other plans.

As Trevor and Patrice walked away, the gangsters nervously parted to make way for them. They seemed to hold Trevor and Patrice in great esteem.

"No way!"

The scarred man's eyes widened in disbelief, and he couldn't help but grab his hair with both hands, shouting out loud.

He had just heard the gang leader say that even a passing dog had to leave behind the meat in its mouth.

The scarred man was both shocked and angry. He hastily walked on the iron plate, jumped to the cement ground of the port and bellowed, "Why did you let those two leave without paying the money?"

The gang leader erupted into anger.

He had just managed to send the member of Mobius away, and now this fool had the audacity to question him.

He must be courting death!

"Bring him here!" the gang leader growled, gritting his teeth and giving the order.

He was starting to feel worried that the scarred man's outburst could alert the member of Mobius, and they would all be in trouble.

The scarred man's face lit up with joy as he assumed the gang leader had changed his mind and was going to catch Trevor and Patrice.

However, he was shocked to see the gangsters walking to him instead. Without a word, they grabbed his arms and dragged him to their leader.

"What are you doing? You've got the wrong person! Let me go! Those two are the ones who are getting away!" the scarred man screamed in terror, realizing that something was amiss.

But before he could say anything else, he was slapped fiercely across the face.

The scarred man was left stunned by the blow.

His henchmen watched in horror as their boss was beaten, too scared to intervene.

The gang leader's voice lowered to a growl, and he cursed through gritted teeth.

"You bastard! Do you want to die? Don't drag me down with you!"

He looked back cautiously to make sure that Trevor and Patrice weren't coming back before breathing a sigh of relief. Then he kicked the scarred man in the stomach.

"Pay up! The gentleman said it's on you. You have to pay

double, no, triple. Just pay!"

The scarred man doubled over in pain, his arms held by two gang members, barely keeping him upright.

He felt dizzy and sick to his stomach.

Gritting his teeth, he protested, "Why should I pay? I don't even know them! Why should their bills be charged to me? This is just insane!"

The gang leader grew more enraged by the scarred man's insolence, grabbing his collar and pulling his face close.

His face twisted with fury as he gritted his teeth and spat out, "Shut up, you bastard! Do you even know who he is? He's a member of Mobius! You almost got us all killed! If you want to die, don't drag me down with you!"

The gang leader glared at the scarred man's terrified and bewildered face. He let out a furious growl and punched the scarred man in the face.

The scarred man crumpled to the ground and lay there, unable to move for a moment.


Whether it was from the pain of the beating or the shock of dealing with Mobius, nobody could tell.

Rupert stood on the deck, watching as Trevor and Patrice left.

His face betrayed a flicker of emotion before settling into a thoughtful and detached expression.

Meanwhile, Trevor and Patrice left the port and hailed a taxi.

"Hammurabi Hotel, please," Trevor instructed.

Chapter 1591 Someone Must Pay  +120 Points at most

He got a lot of valuable information from Gunter and Rock.  
He also knew a lot about the hidden prison of Mobius.

The nearest hotel to the prison was Hammurabi Hotel.

"Sure thing," the taxi driver responded with a toothy grin,  
revealing a set of yellowed teeth.

Before long, Trevor and Patrice began to realize that  
something was amiss.

The taxi driver was intentionally taking a detour.

Trevor narrowed his eyes, realizing that Glareder truly was  
a stronghold of Mobius. Even the taxi drivers were cunning  
and dangerous.

In Glareder, no one was an easy mark.

## Chapter 1592 Blackmail From The Taxi Driver

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Trevor sat in the rear of the taxi, right behind the driver.

He didn't have the patience to personally experience the local customs and practices of Glareder.

In a cold tone, Trevor said, "Hey! Head directly to Hammurabi Hotel. Don't let me catch you taking any detours. We just passed by this very same road. Don't waste my time again. Consider yourself warned."

Glareder was a notorious city. Trevor knew better than to trust anyone, not even the ordinary taxi drivers who could very well be escaped criminals from other cities or countries.

It was impossible to easily trust these people.

They would only push their luck if one was polite to them.

As expected, after Trevor's firm warning, the driver scratched his face awkwardly and shot Trevor a resentful look through the rearview mirror.

Trevor's eyes narrowed slightly as he assessed the driver's reaction.

Patrice, sensing the tension in the air, turned around and spoke in a hushed tone.

"Seems like this guy isn't going to give up. Keep our guard up."

Trevor nodded without saying anything.

The taxi was filled with silence as it drove on.

It wasn't until they arrived at Hammurabi Hotel that the driver finally broke the silence.

"We have arrived at Hammurabi Hotel. Let me calculate the fare. Well, it's 135 dollars."

Trevor arched an eyebrow, curious about the steep price.

"Are you saying that the fare for a drive of fewer than five kilometers in this city is 135 dollars? Are you kidding me?"

The driver turned around and showed a tanned face. He pretended to be innocent and shrugged.

"Perhaps you're not familiar with Glareder? Taxi fares in Glareder have always been like this. If you don't believe me, look at the taximeter. It's just 135. Pay the bill please."

Trevor followed the driver's gaze to the meter and burst out laughing.

"You have a wild imagination, my friend. Pointing at the radio and calling it a meter? Impressive."

Trevor snorted before opening the car door to get out.

"Let's go, Patrice."

The driver was stunned for a moment, but he quickly opened the car door and chased them out.

Laughing loudly, he said, "You think you can just walk away without paying? How naive! I was prepared for this. No one can leave without paying me first! No one!"

Trevor and Patrice stopped as they realized that they were surrounded by several other taxis.

The taxis halted, and their drivers slammed on the brakes with a deafening screech. The tires left behind long trails of rubber on the ground. The acrid scent of burnt rubber wafted through the air.

Soon, the two found themselves surrounded by five cars.

Their drivers emerged from their vehicles wielding steel rods, daggers, butterfly knives, and more. They glowered at Trevor and Patrice, their hostility palpable as they wordlessly closed in on the pair.

Patrice muttered, "Looks like my guess was spot on."

Raising his eyebrows, Trevor looked at the taxi driver behind him and asked in a relaxed tone, "It appears that you still have a bone to pick with us, don't you?"

The taxi driver grinned, his yellow teeth flashing in the dim light.

"Don't underestimate us, you son of a bitch. We may not be the most powerful faction around, but we know every nook and cranny of Glareder. You just arrived at the port and you already dare to cross me? You've got guts, I'll give you that. But let me tell you, you can't run from us. Wherever you go, we'll find you. Now, pay up! You only gave me a little over a hundred earlier. But now that my men have shown up, you'll need to cough up at least ten thousand. Otherwise, we'll make you pay for it some other more forceful and painful way!"