

Chapter 1593 Hammurabi Hotel

After ten minutes, Trevor emerged from the alleyway with a sense of satisfaction.

He was followed by six taxi drivers who seemed uneasy, hunching their shoulders and casting strange glances around.

Patrice, standing nearby, crossed her arms and inquired, "All done?"

Trevor grinned and replied with a nod, "Yes, it's taken care of."

The solution was simple. Trevor had merely displayed the Ouroboros tattoo on his wrist, and the taxi drivers had practically fled upon seeing it.

They couldn't fathom why a member of Mobius would emerge from the port of stowaways and opt for a taxi instead of his own vehicle.

However, Trevor had no intention of allowing them to flee.

He knew that no matter where he was, taxi drivers were often privy to the most current and valuable information.

Leveraging their informational advantage, Trevor proposed that the taxi drivers become his followers and remain on-call for him.

Given the circumstances, the taxi drivers had no choice but to agree. In Glareder, Mobius held the highest authority.

Even if they were hesitant, they couldn't refuse Trevor's request. They could only reluctantly nod in agreement.

As Trevor observed, the taxi drivers hurriedly scurried back to their vehicles and departed from Hammurabi Hotel.

"Let's head to the hotel and rest," Trevor suggested, stretching his back to produce a satisfying pop.

Patrice followed suit. "I'm feeling exhausted after staying on the ship for so long."

Hammurabi Hotel was one of Glareder's big hotels. Although not extravagantly decorated, it was well-maintained and tidy.

Upon reaching the front desk, Trevor knocked to grab the receptionist's attention.

"Check in."

She quickly raised her head, revealing a hint of amazement upon recognizing Trevor and Patrice, before revealing an expression of shrewdness.


With a giggle, she suggested, "A room, right? Our couple rooms are quite special, complete with circular beds and sturdy metal frames that are perfect for SM play."

Trevor and Patrice were taken aback by her words.

While it wasn't uncommon for hotels to offer couple rooms, the receptionist's assumptions about their relationship were clearly misguided.

The receptionist pulled out a menu-like piece of paper, offering further suggestions.

"We also sell sex toys, such as condoms, whips, and

Chapter 1593 Hammurabi Hotel  +120 Points at most candles, as well as more thrilling props."

The more the receptionist spoke, the more ludicrous her suggestions became. Trevor and Patrice waved their hands.

"No, no, no..."

They glanced at each other, their faces flushing at the thought of the couple rooms and sex toys the receptionist had proposed.

Glareder was indeed worthy of its title as the city of sin.

As Trevor glanced at the prices marked under the sex toys, he couldn't help but sigh inwardly.

"These prices are exorbitant! Glareder truly is a ruthless and greedy place."

If someone wasn't cautious with their spending, a night spent in a couple room and purchasing some sex toys could easily leave them penniless.

Feeling somewhat embarrassed, Trevor cleared his throat and requested, "Two standard rooms."

The receptionist appeared a bit disappointed, but complied with a pout.

After being led to their rooms, Trevor and Patrice thoroughly inspected them, fearful of any hidden bugs or surveillance equipment.

Just as Trevor was about to retire to his own room, his communicator began to ring. And it was Raven's.

Trevor and Patrice exchanged a serious look, both recognizing that the call must be from Raven's superior.

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Patrice pressed her lips into a thin line as she stood aside and held her breath.

Trevor pressed his phone against his ear and answered, "Hello?"

Unexpectedly, Lone Wolf was using a voice changer as he said, "It's me. Have you returned to Glareder yet, Raven?"

Trevor replied in a hoarse voice, "Yes, I have. What can I do for you?"

"I've been short of hands recently," Lone Wolf said. "I've already selected a group of children. They're going to be our new members. I want you to train them. By the way, I have to remind you that these children's background haven't been identified yet."

Trevor's heart skipped a beat when he heard that. "What do you mean?"

"You'd better check their identities carefully," Lone Wolf explained. "We have reason to suspect that there are spies in Mobius."

Trevor's eyes widened in surprise.

Spies?

He didn't know how Lone Wolf have gone to that conclusion, but ironically enough, Trevor was actually the spy.

And yet Lone Wolf asked him to train and select new members. He also asked him to check their background just in case.

Trevor's lips curled up in a small smile. He wanted to laugh at how ironic the situation was.

"I don't care if our faction is short of hands," Lone Wolf explained in a serious tone. "But I will never allow a spy to be one of us! Do you understand?"

Trevor smiled. "Got it. You can count on me."

Of course, he couldn't refuse Lone Wolf's orders.

After Lone Wolf hung up, Trevor put down his phone. Then, he turned his head to look at Patrice.

Patrice slightly nodded, indicating that she heard their entire conversation. She said, "It seems like you'll be busy in the coming days."

Trevor touched his chin and said, "My identity as Raven is relatively safe. I don't intend to abandon it for the time being. The closer we are to success, the more careful we need to be."


Patrice offered, "I'll find a way to investigate Mobius' hidden prison and find out the whereabouts of Elwood Sanderson and Ronald Sanderson."

Trevor nodded in response. But after a while, his eyes widened in shock.

It suddenly occurred to him that he only exposed his identity as Dragon before he disguised himself as Raven—not Trevor.

However, Patrice took the initiative to investigate Ronald

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and Elwood.

 +120 Points at most

Did she already know about his true identity?

Trevor fell silent.

He didn't know how many of his secrets Patrice had seen through.

Patrice gave Trevor a confused look. She seemed unaware that her words made Trevor a little suspicious. "Is there a problem?"

Trevor looked away and pretended to be calm.

"As far as I know, Mobius' training ground is in the suburbs of Glareder. I'll find a safe escape route for us."

Patrice nodded in response. "Of course. The escape route is also very important."

The next day, Trevor followed the plan and went to the training camp on the outskirts of the city alone.

When he looked inside through the chain link fence, he noticed that the ground was very rough and crude. It was covered with dust and red mud.

Several dilapidated wooden dummies were standing in the yard, and they were covered with scratches left by sharp blades.

There were also some crude targets from far away as the sound of multiple fired guns echoed from inside.

Trevor's expression seemed a little complicated.

According to the information that Rock provided, the kids in the camp were around ten years old and had a natural talent for fighting.

Some were sold to Mobius by their parents. Some were abducted. Some were deceived, and some were homeless, which caused them to voluntarily go to Mobius.

According to what Rock said, he was deceived and brought to Mobius.

Of course, Gunter didn't believe that was the case.

But it didn't matter.

The most important part was that Trevor was going to take over the job and train the kids that had an outstanding talent for fighting.