

Chapter 1616 Don't Leave

The bar owner sneered, contemptuously sizing up Trevor with mockery and pity in his eyes.

He motioned to the door.

Soon, two familiar figures appeared.

It was the brawny men who had guarded the gate.

This time, they were not alone. Two more towering figures flanked them, their menacing presence palpable.

"You're dead meat, brat!" One of them held a machete in his hand, his eyes gleaming with malice.

"I've been itching to get my hands on you!" Another one chuckled with a sinister grin.

"And don't forget to thank our boss. He's the one who lured the brat in. Otherwise, we would have had to worry about him running away."

The four men closed in on Trevor and Patrice, their machetes glinting dangerously in the dimly lit bar.

The singers on the stage halted their harsh heavy metal music.

The guests turned to witness the commotion at the door.

Instead of fear, their eyes were filled with anticipation, as they eagerly awaited the spectacle that was about to unfold.

Some of them joined in on the ruckus.

"Oh, this is going to be good! Who's up for a bit of a wager? I bet the guy's going to be chopped to death!"

"I'll take that bet! I think he's going to surrender!"

"Look at that! That chick is so sexy! I call dibs on her, if you know what I mean."

The guests at the bar seemed to relish the prospect of a good fight, ignoring the fact that someone's life was in danger.

Patrice rolled her eyes in disgust and asked, "Want me to take them on? They've got machetes."

Trevor nonchalantly handed his phone to Patrice and replied, "Just hold my phone. I just bought it. No need to fight, even if they've got machetes. Trash is trash."

His voice carried across the room, and the burly men nearby were quick to take offense.

"You're asking for it!" one of them snarled, brandishing his machete.

In the dimly lit bar, the machete came swinging down to Trevor's neck, but he was too quick for his attacker to follow.

The brawny man felt his vision blur and a searing pain shot through his wrist.

His machete had been taken away from him.

In the flickering lights, Trevor's expressionless face was like that of a demon.

Blood gushed from his opponents' wounds, mixing with their screams of agony.

Within a minute, the four strong men lay writhing on the floor, their blood seeping into the dark corners of the bar.

Not a trace of blood stained Trevor's body as he stood there, machete in hand.

The bar erupted into chaos.

No one had expected the bar owner to suffer losses in his own territory, let alone at the hands of a single man.

Trevor plunged his machete into the wall, the metal blade sinking into the concrete with a resounding thud. He turned to Patrice. "You handle the bar owner."

Patrice nodded, her gaze settling on the quivering form of the bar owner. Without warning, she delivered a swift kick to his crotch.

"Ouch!"

The bar owner crumpled to the floor, writhing in agony and wailing at the top of his lungs.

The sound was so piercing that even the male guests in the bar flinched in sympathy.

"How dare you even think of making a move on me?" Patrice hissed, her voice dripping with disdain. "Rot in hell!"


Trevor chuckled at the sight. He thought Patrice was too easy on the bar owner.

He couldn't let the bastard go that easily.

He withdrew two silver needles from his pocket, ready to unleash a more sophisticated form of torture.

"Enjoy the show, my dear friend," Trevor sneered.

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The dimly lit bar was a shroud of mystery, and no one could quite make out the silver needles in Trevor's hand. But even if they had, it wouldn't have mattered.

The bar owner knew that all too well as he cowered on the floor, clutching his crotch and whimpering for mercy.

"No! Don't come any closer! Please!"

The guests could only watch in horror as Trevor advanced slowly toward his prey, the bar owner's screams echoing through the air.

Chapter 1617 The News From The Taxi Driver

Hands in his pockets, Trevor emerged from the underground bar with Patrice.

Nobody dare to stop them.

Once outside, Patrice turned to Trevor, her curiosity piqued.

"What did you do to the bar owner just now?" she asked.

She had seen something in Trevor's hand but couldn't tell what it was.

Trevor grinned devilishly.

"Just a little something to remind him who the boss is. He will be impotent from now on. And that's just the beginning. His legs will slowly give out, and eventually, he will lose control of his lower body."

Patrice, unfazed by his brutality, smiled in admiration. "Perfect. That's what he deserved!"

But Trevor's victory was short-lived, and soon his thoughts turned back to their daunting task.

"This place has nothing to do with Mobius. We've crossed one lead off the list. Looks like we're back to square one."

Patrice offered no words of encouragement.

It turned out this place was an underground bar, not Mobius' hidden prison.

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Patrice's frustration was palpable, but before she could voice her thoughts, Trevor's phone rang.

Patrice was surprised since Trevor's phone was in her hand.

Trevor took the phone from her, checked the caller ID, and raised his eyebrows in surprise.

"Hello, it's me. What's the matter?"

The voice on the other end belonged to the leader of the taxi drivers.

He spoke in a hushed, flattering tone.

"I remember one of my men mentioned something suspicious while we were drinking. It might be related to what you're looking for near Hammurabi Hotel. An old chap in our gang picked up a drunken man a few days ago. The guy was ranting and raving, and even admitted that he was with Mobius."

His voice dropped a considerable amount of volume when he said Mobius.

Trevor's heart skipped a beat, but he kept his voice steady. "Go on," he urged.

The driver continued, "Our guy thought he was just talking crazy and didn't take it seriously. The customer was insistent and even threatened to kill him if he didn't provide good service. My friend thought he was just bluffing. He thought Mobius didn't operate in that area. He mentioned this to me when we were drinking a couple of days ago."

The rest of the leader's words were a blur to Trevor as he processed this information.

He could feel the tension in his body as he realized that

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they might have finally stumbled upon a good lead.

Trevor ordered, "Bring that driver to me. I want to talk to him face-to-face."

Patrice, who had been listening in, whispered in awe, "Did they find something big?"

Trevor nodded, his eyes scanning the sky.

"It could be a breakthrough, or it could be a trap. We'll have to wait and see."

Chapter 1618 Come With Us

Trevor and Patrice lingered by the roadside for a short while, with Trevor growing increasingly eager and somewhat anxious.

A taxi approached from afar and honked twice.

Then, a man wearing a taupe flat cap stepped out of the taxi. He looked around with a suspicious expression and spoke in a hushed tone.

"Boss?"

Trevor confirmed with a nod. "It's me. Tell me the details."

This man belonged to the group of taxi drivers but had never met Trevor before.

Upon confirming Trevor's identity, he immediately flashed a fawning smile.

"Boss, I've finally met you..."

Trevor cut him off.

"Cut to the chase and make it quick. If the information proves valuable, you'll be rewarded handsomely."

The man chuckled and his flattering smile became brighter.

"The passenger I picked up that night was quite intoxicated. I was concerned he might vomit in the car, so I kept glancing at him. His most distinctive feature was a large mole in the middle of his nose!"

The driver pointed to the tip of his own nose.

Trevor rubbed his chin, asking, "Can you recall his height, build, and other physical features?"

The driver licked his chapped lips, pondered for a moment, and responded, "He wasn't very tall. I'd estimate he stood a little over 1.7 meters. He wasn't fat or skinny but had well-developed muscles. Since it was nighttime, I couldn't see it clearly. He claimed to be a member of Mobius, but he wore a long-sleeved coat, so I couldn't see if he had their tattoo."

Trevor nodded silently.

The driver's information was somewhat limited.

However, the mention of a man with a big mole on his nose...

Trevor frowned. He felt as if he had seen such a man somewhere before.

But the driver's description was too vague, leaving Trevor uncertain if his recollection was accurate.

Finally, Trevor took a deep breath and promptly wrote a check from the internal bank of Glareder as a reward for the driver. "This money is for you..."

Upon seeing the amount on the check, the driver instantly grinned with delight and exclaimed, "Thank you, sir. Don't worry, I know the rules. I've been driving all day and haven't seen you!"

Trevor was surprised by the driver's skill in handling confidential matters. He hadn't expected someone from the taxi service to be so competent in such work.

The taxi left with a soft roar of its engine.

"Could this be a lead?" Patrice asked.

Trevor replied with a hint of resignation, "It's better than nothing. Let's see if anyone matches the driver's description. Perhaps one day we'll stumble upon him in the streets. For now... Let's continue investigating and start with those suspicious locations."

Trevor and Patrice searched through the area until nightfall.

They thoroughly searched every suspicious location.

Regrettably, they failed to locate Mobius' secret prison.

With no other choice, they returned to Hammurabi Hotel for some rest.

However, a black off-road vehicle was already stationed outside the hotel's entrance.

"Raven!"

Trevor was startled upon hearing someone call out to Raven.

He turned to see three people emerging from the vehicle, with Prescott at the forefront, wearing an enigmatic grin.


Trevor noticed two men standing beside Prescott, one on the left and the other on the right. They were both members of Mobius and probably belonged to the Bat faction.

They were here with evil intent.

Trevor's eyes narrowed.

Prescott approached with a peculiar smile, saying, "Raven, how have you been sleeping lately? Ever since we last met,

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 +120 Points at most

I've struggled to fall asleep. Today, I've come to propose a little gathering with you."

Trevor stood there, hands in pockets, and asked nonchalantly, "What's the occasion?"

Prescott's forced smile betrayed his unease as he spoke through gritted teeth.

"Raven, I hope you appreciate the invitation. Come with me."