

## Chapter 1638 Masked Robbery

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Patrice held the sack tightly, her face betraying no emotion as Trevor swiftly and accurately struck the back of Vulture's head with his hand.

The sound of a terrified scream was abruptly silenced as Vulture was rendered unconscious.

With a sense of relief, Trevor and Patrice exchanged a satisfied smile, knowing that their plan had succeeded without a hitch.

Working in seamless cooperation, Trevor and Patrice swiftly pulled Vulture from the driver's seat and moved him to the back of the car.

Without delay, they proceeded to search his body, and found something interesting.

From his pocket, they retrieved a wallet, a key, and a mobile phone. But the true prize lay in the inner pocket of Vulture's clothing was a badge and a black identification card.

Trevor's hands trembled with anticipation as he reached for the identification and examined it closely.

Prison of Mobius!

The name of the organization on the card made Trevor thrilled.

He knew beyond doubt that they got the right person.

Patrice's gaze lingered on the identification for a moment before she murmured in a hushed tone, "Hmm, there's still no specific location of the prison."

Maintaining his composure, Trevor took a deep breath and responded, "It doesn't matter. Now that I'm sure he is the warden, we can question him about it when he wakes up. If he doesn't cooperate, then we'll have to resort to more drastic measures."

With determination in his eyes, Trevor fell silent and focused on taking photos of Vulture's identification card.

There was a moment of silence as Patrice contemplated their next steps, resigned to following Trevor's lead. However, she couldn't help but issue a warning. "Just be careful not to reveal your identity."

Trevor responded with a confident grin, producing two hoods from his pocket.

Patrice couldn't suppress a chuckle as they each donned a hood and hid their faces.

It wasn't long before Vulture woke up.

Groaning, he attempted to reach for the back of his head and realized that his hands were bound tightly.

"Don't move!" Trevor said in a hoarse voice. "Behave yourself!"

Drawing a deep breath, he retrieved a small knife from his pocket.

He knew that members of Mobius received extensive training in resisting duress and torture, making it challenging to extract information from them. However, Trevor had already prepared for this.

Before he could say something more, Vulture's face contorted in fear.

"My phone's password is 666666. There's a picture on my phone with my bank card's password. I also have a car, which I'll give to you. There's also a key! I have an apartment on the sixth floor of this complex, and I'll give you that too. There's a beautiful woman in the room you can enjoy. Please, just don't kill me! I work at Mobius' prison. If you kill me, it'll be a big problem. If you let me go, I'll forget what happened today. Please, don't kill me."

Vulture begged over and over, sobbing and shaking.

Trevor was stunned.

He had expected Mobius to be filled with ruthless and fearless individuals who didn't fear death.

However, before he could react, the man spilled all the information in one breath.

He glanced over at Patrice and saw the same confusion etched on her face.

Both of them remained silent, unsure if the man was telling the truth or just feigning fear.


In a sobbing voice, Vulture pleaded for mercy.

"I swear I'm not lying! Please forgive me. If you don't believe me, you can check my phone. I'm telling the truth!"

Shaking with fear, Vulture stammered out the amount of money he had embezzled from Mobius, as well as the location of their secret prison.

Trevor silently raised his chin at Patrice, who nodded in agreement before attempting to unlock Vulture's phone

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 +120 Points at most

with the simple password "666666."

To their surprise, it worked.

Patrice couldn't believe that such an obvious password was the real one.

She swiftly opened Vulture's photo album and scrolled through a series of explicit videos until she stumbled upon a photo that documented the bank card's password.

This discovery confirmed that he had not been lying.

She nodded at Trevor, signaling that they could trust the information they had obtained.

Without hesitation, Trevor precisely struck Vulture, knocking him unconscious again.

After leaving him in the car, Trevor and Patrice calmly exited the parking lot, satisfied that they had successfully located Mobius' hidden prison.

## Chapter 1639 The Black Market In Glareder

Trevor's mind raced with the possibilities that could come from knowing the location of Mobius' hidden prison.

Patrice's voice broke through his thoughts.

"You have a photo of Vulture's identity card, right? Why not head to the black market in Glareder and get someone to counterfeit it? We need to act fast before he raises any alarms."

Trevor nodded in agreement, realizing the urgency of the situation.

Patrice continued with a sense of urgency, "I know a place where we can get a fake ID. I've been investigating around the block and come across a place selling fake IDs. It's in the black market, but be careful, it's a dangerous place. I'll head to the prison to scout out the area, and you go to the market to get the ID."

With the plan set in motion, they parted ways.

Glareder was in a perpetual state of chaos. The reason this place was known as the "black market" was that it operated beyond the purview of Mobius, rendering it unprotected by the organization.

It was a place where the most daring and brutal criminals roamed free.

These gangsters were either skilled people, accomplished in various criminal arts, or unfathomably cruel and merciless.

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As Trevor entered the black market, he couldn't shake off the feeling of being watched.

It wasn't just one set of eyes, but many.

The malicious glares seemed to come from every direction. It made him wonder if there were deadly daggers hiding in the cracks of the stone bricks on the floor.

Trevor's senses were sensitive, and he couldn't help but feel anxious.

He decided to push aside the feeling of being watched and focus on finding the place mentioned by Patrice.

She had mentioned that the place would sell anything as long as one could pay the price.

Trevor didn't know if it was true, but he had to give it a shot. As a woman, Patrice couldn't risk going too deep into the black market without attracting unwanted attention.

Trevor had to find that man, the best counterfeiter in Glareder, and take a chance on him.

Turning into a shadowy alley, Trevor's senses were heightened.

He listened carefully, and there it was—the sound of a sharp blade clashing against a wall.

He knew it was only a matter of time before the gangsters lurking in the shadows would make their move.

Trevor came to a stop with an expressionless face.

Two thin men brandishing their daggers appeared behind him.

A machete-wielding brute blocked his path before him.

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"Ha-ha! You lost or something, boy? Don't worry, you'll be in hell soon enough," said the man before Trevor.

One of the two thin men yelled, "Hey, we saw him first. We split the loot."

The strong man sneered, "I'll give you more if you clean up the corpse later."

The two men were ecstatic. "Deal!"

Trevor stood firmly in the center of the alley and cracked his neck with a satisfying pop.

"You want to kill and rob me? Don't make me laugh."

This was a common occurrence in Glareder's black market, and these three were no strangers to such crimes.

The hulking brute flashed a hideous grin and boasted, "Killing folks just feels so damn good!"

Machete in hand, he lunged at Trevor, the gleaming blade whistling through the air toward his neck.

Just as the cold metal was about to slice through his flesh, Trevor acted. With lightning-fast reflexes, he seized the blade, wrenching it from the thug's grasp in a single swift motion.

"Fuck!" The brute cursed, seething with rage as he met Trevor's icy gaze.

Against someone as skilled and ruthless as Trevor, these thugs stood no chance.

"Ah!"

Blood sprayed across the alley, mingling with the deafening screams of agony.