

Chapter 1643 Get The Identification

Trevor returned to the dark basement.

The old man was stunned to see that Trevor was back so soon.

"Why did you come back so quickly? Did you freak out after you inquired about Golden Tooth in the black market?"

The old man shook his head with disappointment.

Trevor glanced at the old man. Under the dim light of the incandescent lamp, he pulled out the little finger.

"Here's the gift you required. Since I'm in a hurry, I didn't have the time to purchase a gift box to put it inside. I hope you won't mind it."

The old man was utterly stunned and his eyes widened.

He rushed over, grabbed the severed finger from Trevor's hand and observed it intently.

Trevor walked to the wash basin with a straight face and washed his hands to remove the blood stains.

Then, he said without looking back, "I have paid the price you asked. Where is the identity card I need?"

The old man's eyes were fixed on the severed finger in his hand and his whole body was tensed. His eyes were filled with deep sadness, and the next moment, they became fierce, full of hatred.

Chapter 1643 Get The Identification 🎁 +120 Points at most

Trevor shook his head. He could sense that this man had a deep resentment toward Golden Tooth.

However, Trevor didn't want to know about it. It wasn't his business.

The old man stared at the pinkie finger for a long time. Then, he poured himself a glass of whisky and drank it up in one gulp. After a long silence, he picked up an identity card from the desk and handed it to Trevor.

"Thank you. I don't know how you did it, but... Thank you. If I were you, I'd be careful in the future. Golden Tooth will definitely seek to get revenge on you."

However, Trevor didn't care about Golden Tooth's revenge at all. He took the identity card and looked at it. He was actually surprised.

"How could you finish it so quickly? Are you sure it will work?"

Trevor was more surprised than worried about the quality of the ID card this man gave him. After all, he had seen Vulture's work identity card with his own eyes, and it was indeed the same as the one in his hand. There was almost no flaws on this card.

The old man said slowly, "When you went looking for the Golden Tooth, I had already started doing it. It has absolutely no flaw at all. It can pass any verification!"

Trevor nodded, turned around and left.

It was only after he tried this counterfeit ID card that he'd be able to know whether it was useful or not.

Trevor left the black market quickly and returned to Ploy Apartment Complex.

Chapter 1643 Get The Identification 🎁 +120 Points at most

Patrice wasn't at their apartment and she didn't come back until dinner time.

She arrived in a hurry, looking excited.

"Good news! Vulture didn't lie! The place he told us about was indeed seriously hidden. As I approached, I noticed that there were people coming in and out from time to time. They all seemed to be members of Mobius.

There's a high chance we find the prison this time."

Trevor rubbed his hands, doing his best to suppress his excitement. "How are things going there?"

Patrice took a deep breath and said, "That's the point. The place is heavily guarded. I'm afraid it would be difficult to sneak in. I watched the place closely for a long time but couldn't find any flaws in its security that we could exploit. We'll have to figure out a way to get in."

After hearing what Patrice said, Trevor frowned and felt a little anxious.

They'd finally managed to find Mobius' hidden prison and obtained an ID card that would grant them access to the prison. But how to enter the prison became a new problem.

Trevor and Patrice had to calm down and analyze the situation together.

Gritting his teeth, Golden Tooth stared fiercely at the place on his right hand where there had once been a pinkie.

When he woke up from the coma, he found that his little finger had been cut off.

The pain he felt at the moment was accompanied by a burning anger.

Chapter 1643 Get The Identification 🎁 +120 Points at most

"Ah! You bastard! I must kill you!" Golden Tooth's eyes were bloodshot as he roared to the sky.

His miserable experience taught him that in a one-on-one fight, he was no match for that mysterious young man.

However, he had been a goldsmith and ran a shop for several years and as a result he had plenty of money.

With all the money he had, he just had to choose all the methods he wanted to get revenge on that young man.

Gritting his teeth, Golden Tooth ordered his men, "Go and get me all the professional killers in the black market! Tell them that I'm offering a huge reward to whoever can bring me that bastard! I need that young man alive! I will torture and kill him myself! Go at once!"

Chapter 1644 Good Luck

Trevor and Patrice were huddled together, deep in discussion about their plan to infiltrate Mobius' hidden prison.

Golden Tooth's revenge scheme was the last thing on Trevor's mind, and he dismissed it with a wave of his hand.

The old man who forged certificates had warned him, but Trevor was unfazed.

He said to Patrice, "We need to know the internal structure of the prison, such as the channels and cells. We also need to gather intelligence on the patrol routes and shift times of the guards."

Patrice ran her fingers through her hair, a sign of frustration etched on her face. "We had the chance to interrogate Vulture."


Trevor put a reassuring hand on her shoulder. "Just let it go. If we questioned Vulture, it would reveal our true purpose. The only way to keep it under wraps would be to kill him. And if we did, it would put us on Mobius' radar. We would have to infiltrate the prison right then. It'd be too high a risk and the chances would be slim to none."

Patrice nodded in agreement, taking a deep breath to calm her nerves. "I know, I'm just frustrated."

Trevor thought for a moment before a new idea came to him. "Why don't we just hijack Vulture again? I could disguise myself as him and sneak into the prison."

"Absolutely not." Patrice immediately rejected the idea.

Chapter 1644 Good Luck

 +120 Points at most

"You don't resemble him enough, and we don't have the resources to make a convincing disguise. We don't even know enough about Vulture and his relationships. It's too risky."

Trevor furrowed his brow with concern, his mind grasping at straws for a way to investigate the prison's situation.

Just then, his intercom buzzed, causing him to glance at it and motion for Patrice to be silent.

It was Lone Wolf, the leader of the Wolf faction.

"What can I do for you?" Trevor asked in a hoarse voice.

Lone Wolf said in a frosty tone, "Raven, I have a task for you. It's nothing complicated, but we require an official killer to be responsible for the job due to its sensitive location."

Trevor waited patiently for the mission details.

Lone Wolf continued, "Go to the camp for reserve forces and accompany a group of our men to a secret site for cleanup."

Trevor raised his eyebrows. "Cleanup?"

A chuckle escaped Lone Wolf as he replied, "Don't worry. It's just a cleanup job. It's just that the location is highly sensitive, and I cannot disclose the details. The driver will pick you up."

Trevor felt hopeful every time Lone Wolf mentioned the special place.

Maybe the mission would take him to the hidden prison after all.

"Alright, it's my pleasure," Trevor responded with a grin.

After hanging up, Trevor and Patrice exchanged glances and shared a smile.

Trevor stretched out his limbs and teased, "Why don't you wish me luck?"

Patrice's lips curved into a smile. "You mean, wish us luck."

The next day, Trevor approached the Wolf faction's camp for reserve forces. Through the barbed wire, he saw two small groups of contrasting people facing each other, a palpable tension in the air.

Onlookers stood by, watching the scene unfold.

As he walked into the camp, Trevor observed the two groups with scrutiny.

As he suspected, one side was comprised of Luther and his cronies, while the other was led by Esteban and his allies.

"Luther! You're crossing a line! You think I'm scared of you?" someone roared.

Esteban had fewer people on his side, but most of them were like-minded individuals who could be friends with him.

Luther, leading a large group of people, sneered at them lazily.

Standing casually in front of his group, he spat, "Esteban, no one is here to protect you this time. Don't think I've forgotten what happened last time. Before the mission starts, I'm going to beat you to a pulp to let off some steam."