

Chapter 1650 The Innermost Part Of The Prison

Vulture was smoking comfortably in his office. However, an emergency message jolted him out of his comfortable state. He bolted toward the interrogation room.

Today, a full member of Mobius was here on a mission. But moments later, one of his subordinates that a member of the reserve forces had beaten up prison guards.

How could this be?

Those reserve members were nothing but disposable assets of Mobius. How dare they cause a ruckus at the prison!

The guy wanted to die!

Vulture was consumed with anger and raced to the interrogation room.

As soon as the two prison guards caught sight of him, tears streamed down their faces. They felt as though their savior had arrived and eagerly waved to get his attention.

"Sir! We are here!"

As Vulture burst into the interrogation room, his eyes fell upon Trevor, causing him to freeze in stunned disbelief for a moment before recomposing himself with a grave expression. He hadn't anticipated Trevor's arrival so soon, and this realization only confirmed that the situation was far graver than he had initially thought.

Upon turning to face the prison guards, Vulture was

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shocked to find that their injuries were far worse than he had imagined. Both men had been battered beaten black and blue. He could hardly recognize their original appearances.

"Sir! You have to punish him. He's just a lowly reserve. How dare he beat us like this? He's far too arrogant!" a prison guard complained in tears.

Vulture asked, "Where is the guy who beat you?"

The other prison guard covered his face with his hand and pointed at Trevor. "It's him! That's the bastard who beat us!"

Vulture was stunned.

His gaze shifted from the guards to Trevor, who was smirking in response. As Vulture's expression hardened, his mind raced with thoughts of how to handle the situation.

The guards continued to sob and complain, their voices rising in desperation.

"All we did was try to teach this brat a lesson for not cleaning properly. We never expected him to hit us back!"

"If we don't punish him, how can we maintain our authority in front of the prisoners?"


As Vulture listened to their words, he couldn't help but feel frustrated.

He quickly pulled the two foolish guards aside.

However, they continued to rant and rave about Trevor.

Neither of them noticed that Vulture was already fuming.

His patience wore thin as he glared at the guards. "You two,

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kneel down and apologize to him!"

The prison guards thought that Vulture was trying to command Trevor to get down on his knees. Thus, they gleefully started gloating to Trevor.

"That's right! You bastard, kneel down and apologize!"

But to their surprise, Trevor just smirked at them.

The guards exchanged nervous glances and slowly looked at their warden.

"What? Were you asking us to apologize?"

Vulture's fury erupted like a volcano as he bellowed, "I demand an immediate apology from both of you. On your knees, now!"

The two stood frozen, oblivious to the pain inflicted upon them, and stuttered in disbelief, "Why?"

Vulture's face turned crimson with anger as he spat out, "You idiots! Do you know who he is? He is an assassin of Mobius!"


They quaked with fear and their eyes widened in terror.

As if under a spell, they dropped to their knees before Trevor, their bodies shaking with fear. One of them stammered out an apology, his voice barely audible.

"Sir, I didn't mean to offend you! I'm sorry!"

The other guard quickly chimed in, "It's my fault too. We didn't know you. Please, have mercy on us. Don't kill me!"

They pleaded with Trevor for mercy, their eyes darting back and forth between him and Vulture, hoping for a reprieve.

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They were well aware that the assassins of Mobius were a notorious and merciless bunch. Crossing paths with them meant certain death.

Trevor snorted and pretended to forgive them reluctantly.

"Fine, I'll let it slide this time, for Vulture's sake. But mark my words, next time you feel like taking out your frustrations on someone, make sure it's not the wrong person, or you'll regret it!"

Vulture's face contorted with rage as he shouted at the two guards, "What the hell were you thinking? How dare you cause trouble for Raven? Do you two want to die?"

The two guards tried to explain themselves.

"We saw the prisoners in the innermost part of the prison. They are just prisoners, but their life is far better than ours. I couldn't stand it, especially when two of them acted so arrogant. It was frustrating and saddening."

Trevor was taken aback.

There were two prisoners in the innermost part of the prison? Could they be his father and grandfather?

Chapter 1651 Reunion After A Long Separation

The two prisoners were held in the innermost part of the prison, and yet their lives were better than the prison guards'.

Trevor couldn't help but wonder if they were his father and grandfather.

The Sanderson family was a force to be reckoned with, controlling vast resources and wielding unimaginable influence.

The statuses of Trevor's father and grandfather were not to be taken lightly. Mobius wouldn't be able to grasp the extent of the family's secrets.

As they walked, Trevor endeavored to maintain composure, despite his escalating anticipation.


"The innermost part? Should I arrange for people to clean the innermost area of the prison, Vulture?"

Vulture replied with a flattering smile, "No need. We didn't establish a torture room there, so there's nothing to clean. Another person oversees the prisoners' daily life. They live in better conditions than I do."

Trevor chose not to probe further and slipped his hands into his pockets.

It appeared that requesting a visit to the deepest part of the prison under the pretext of cleaning would be futile.

Trevor stole a glance at Vulture.

Chapter 1651 Reunion After A L...  +120 Points at most

Raven's status should be higher than Vulture's. However, he couldn't issue orders to Vulture, as he wasn't the latter's superior.

The two prison guards working under Vulture had recently displeased Trevor. That alone would necessitate Vulture's leniency.

Aware of Vulture's cunning nature, Trevor opted for a more nuanced approach.

After thinking it over, Trevor cast a glance at the prison guards beside him, looked back at Vulture, and said, "I'm intrigued by the deepest part of the prison. Could you take me there? I'm curious about the living conditions of those incarcerated in there."

Vulture discerned Trevor's gaze and handed him a hand-rolled cigarette, grinning at him.

"Relax. Don't debase yourself to the level of those two imbeciles. Come with me, and I'll give you a tour. Since you're interested, I'd be pleased to show you around."

The two men walked side by side to the depth of the prison.

The innermost part of the prison resembled an impenetrable steel fortress, safeguarded by a fully enclosed, heavy iron door that obstructed the passage.

Vulture, a cigarette dangling from his lips, swiped his own ID card through the machine on the door, causing it to creak open with the sound of whirring gears and interlocking cogs.

Trevor made a mental note of every detail.

He wondered whether the forged ID he had commissioned would be capable of opening the door.

However, this was a bridge he would have to cross later.

"Come in, please," Vulture said, stubbing out his cigarette and stepping into the inner sanctum of the prison.

The scene before Trevor's eyes was almost surreal. It was like stepping into a completely different world.

The change in atmosphere was immediate. The passage was wide, and the air was fresh, a far cry from the stale and suffocating air behind the other side of the door.

It felt like he had stepped into a high-tech laboratory, not a prison.

Vulture touched his nose, a sly smile on his face as he proudly introduced, "These cells may be few in number, but the people who reside here are the biggest names caught by Mobius' best killers. Real big shots, I tell you! Some of them could make waves even from behind these bars."

Trevor nodded, his gaze darting to the cells.

Each cell had a transparent door that allowed a glimpse of the occupant inside.

His heart quickened as he scanned the white rooms, searching for any sign of his father and grandfather.

At last, as he reached the end of the passage, he spotted them. His pupils contracted, his heart pounding so loud he could hear it in his ears.

There!

Trevor's heart leaped with joy as his eyes locked onto the figures of his grandfather and father, who had been kept away from him for so long.

Chapter 1652 Verify The Fake ID

It was the first time Trevor had seen his father and grandfather since the attack in Dreles.

He was so excited that he wanted to cry.

But at this critical moment, he would not let his past efforts be in vain. He had to control his emotions.

Vulture stood next to him. If Trevor let his emotions show, this smart man might guess something.

Trevor wouldn't allow himself to run the slightest risk of being exposed.

If he didn't control himself, he would endanger not only himself but also his father and grandfather.

Standing sideways in front of the white cell, Trevor looked at his father and grandfather out of the corner of his eye.

Elwood was sitting in his room, watching the news on the television.

He saw "Raven" and Vulture outside the cell. However, he only glanced at them for a split second before bringing back his attention to the TV again.

Elwood looked a little depressed, and there were more wrinkles on his face than the last time Trevor saw him. Despite that, it seemed that he was in good health.

As for Trevor's father, Ronald, he occupied the white room next door.

At this time, he sat on the sofa and was reading a magazine.

With his legs crossed and his stubble a little long, Ronald looked listless.

On a table in front of him lay a cup of coffee and scattered coffee beans. It seemed that Ronald and Elwood lived a good life here.

Trevor heaved a sigh of relief secretly and considered the situation. At least he didn't have to worry about his grandfather and father's health right now. They seemed to be fine, if a little downcast.

He could focus on crafting a perfect rescue plan for the time being.

Although Trevor did his best to hide his emotions, Vulture still noticed that he was in a daze. Vulture slightly narrowed his eyes and asked in a low voice, "Do you know these two people?"

Trevor came to his senses and slowly shook his head with a sigh.

"No, I don't. I just feel that they have a really good life here. There are even professionals assigned to clean their rooms and take care of them. To be honest, I'm even a little envious of them."

Hearing this, Vulture laughed and his doubts were instantly dispelled.

"It's not a good thing to stay here. Once locked up in the deepest prison, there's no way in hell they'll ever see the sun again. Although they have a relatively good life, freedom is much better. For example, when I'm on holiday, I can keep a few women and have a good time."

Trevor smiled awkwardly and had a little chat with Vulture.

The two sat on the bench in the wide passage and chit-chatted for a while.

When Trevor felt it was almost the time to leave, he stood up and said to Vulture, "Well, I've seen the innermost part of the prison and satisfied my curiosity. It's time for me to go now."

As he spoke, he discreetly threw the handmade cigarette Vulture gave him into the gap of the chair.

Vulture didn't notice it at all. He got up in turn and walked Trevor to the iron door.

As soon as Trevor walked through the iron door, he exclaimed deliberately and pulled what was left of the cigarette out of his pocket.

"Oh, no! Man, I lost one of the cigarettes you have just given me! It must be on the bench!"

Vulture was stunned for a moment. After a while, he said seriously, "It's made from hemp tobacco. Let me go get it for you. Smoking is not allowed in this area. Please wait for me here."


Vulture quickly turned around and walked to the bench on the passageway.

Trevor squinted as he watched the man leave.

Everything went as planned!

He had actually left the cigarette behind to keep Vulture away for a while.

Now that he was able to keep Vulture away, Trevor quietly

Chapter 1652 Verify The Fake ID  +120 Points at most
took out the fake ID he'd obtained in the black market and
passed it through the machine.

The next second, the iron door was opened successfully.

It turned out the ID actually worked.

Trevor was overjoyed.

The old man in the black market who forged the ID was
really good at his craft.

Trevor quickly closed the door which had only been slightly
opened, and pretended that nothing had happened.

Although he did his best to look calm, he was ecstatic
inwardly. He was getting closer and closer to being able to
successfully rescue his grandfather and father. "Dad,
Grandpa, wait for me! I will come to save you soon!"