

Chapter 1657 Apologize

Trevor's dark face showed he was a little unhappy.

He was already quite pissed when he was almost splashed with dirty water.

After he was dragged up to the fifth floor by Mikayla, the middle-aged woman not only refused to apologize, but also berated Mikayla and Trevor. She was just unreasonable.

Trevor couldn't take it any longer and his attitude changed drastically. He glared at the woman and said coldly, "Apologize now!"

His voice could barely conceal his anger.

The woman was startled and subconsciously took a step back. She was so scared by Trevor's countenance at the moment that her fat face trembled.

When she finally came back to her senses, she felt kind of embarrassed. She glared at Trevor and snapped, "Shut up! Who do you think you are? You have no right to speak here! This bitch is already someone's lover, yet you still have an affair with her. This is just so funny!"

Hearing what the woman said about her, Mikayla was so angry that her eyes turned red. "Shut the hell up, bitch!"

Looking at Mikayla's sexy nightgown, the woman said sarcastically, "You purposely wore a see-through nightgown to seduce men, didn't you?"

"Why don't you just go out naked?"

A complacent smile appeared on the woman's face.

She looked back and shouted at the room, "Honey! Come and drive these annoying people away!"

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No sooner had the woman said so than a burly man about her age rushed over. The man looked at the people standing at the door and asked, "What are you arguing at my door? Fuck off!"

When the man saw Mikayla standing in the doorway of his apartment, his eyes lingered on her sexy figure visible under the black nightgown. Her delicate skin made the man's eyes fill with lewdness.

He reached out his hand as if to push Mikayla's away from his door, but in fact, he took the opportunity to feel her up.

His hand fell on Mikayla's soft breast and he couldn't help smiling obscenely.

The woman's eyes widened in shock. She was about to lose her temper on the man.

The man quickly pulled back his hand and shouted at Trevor and Mikayla, "Get out of here!"

He pulled a sharp black dagger from a drawer in the shoe cabinet near the door, and made a threatening gesture.

"You'd better go out now or you'll definitely regret it."

Trevor snorted coldly and stretched out his hand. His movement was as fast as lightning.

The man couldn't see Trevor's movements clearly. He only felt a sharp pain in his right hand and the next thing he saw, the dagger was in Trevor's hand.

Trevor sneered, "We'll regret it?"

The man was so furious thick blue veins appeared under the skin on his neck. He suddenly pounced on Trevor, roaring, "You bastard! Give me back that dagger!"

Trevor's countenance didn't change at all. He held the dagger firmly and pinched the man's shoulder with his left hand. He slammed the burly man to the floor with only his

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left hand.

"Ah!" Both Mikayla and the woman screamed in shock from what they'd just witnessed.

The man was dizzy and unable to stand up after that.

Leaning on his elbow, he struggled to get up and fight back.

However, Trevor stepped on his chest, forcing him to lie back down.

"Stop! Stop! What are you doing?" The woman wanted to step in, but when she saw the sharp dagger in Trevor's hand, she didn't dare to take a step forward.

The man quickly analyzed the situation. Trevor looked down at him coldly. What was scarier was the way Trevor held the dagger. He only held the dagger with his thumb and index finger, suggesting he would drop the dagger at any moment.

The dagger was above the man's torso.

The man screamed in horror. "Stop! Let go of me!"

He struggled for a moment. However, no matter how hard he tried, he could not free himself from Trevor's foot.

With a playful look, Trevor shook the dagger in the air, only holding it with two fingers.

"Your wife likes throwing objects from height, doesn't she? That's a really nasty thing to do. Well, since I can't throw it from any height, I will just step on you and throw it. How about you guess what will happen if the dagger falls?"

As Trevor spoke, he moved the dagger over the man's crotch.

The man's eyes widened in horror. He was so scared he almost peed on the spot.

He knew how sharp the dagger was. If Trevor let go of it,

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he would lose his manhood for sure.

"No, no, no! Please! Don't!" The man screamed crazily. He was so desperate to free himself from Trevor's foot that he wiggled his body with all his strength, like a huge maggot.

The woman was so frightened she went to hide behind the door, and didn't dare to make a sound.

Trevor grinned and taunted the man, "Apparently, your wife doesn't care about it. She doesn't even want to apologize. Perhaps I should just let go of it. It would entirely depend on your luck which part of your body the dagger will stab."

Hearing that, the man glared at his wife and roared, "Apologize! Bitch, did you hear me? Apologize to them now! Do you want to see me die? If I die, you will die too!"

The woman's face twitched. At this moment, she realized that she had no way out. After all, she was in Glareder.

She lowered her head and said in a low voice, "I'm sorry. Please forgive me. I was wrong... I won't ever throw things from height again. Please let my husband go..."

The man didn't dare to be arrogant now and he also apologized.

Trevor nodded with satisfaction and finally removed his foot from the man's chest.

Finally freed, the man quickly got up and slapped his wife hard in the face.

"Damn it! You're such a troublemaker! You keep getting me into trouble!"

The woman scream so harshly that Trevor thought his eardrums would burst. He impatiently pricked his ear.

Before leaving, he looked back at the couple and warned them coldly, "You better pray I don't see you again when

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you throw things from the heights next time. Otherwise, I'll teach you a good lesson!"

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Mikayla looked at Trevor with admiration in her eyes.

After Trevor taught the rude couple a good lesson, the couple didn't dare say anything more and quickly closed the door.

Mikayla couldn't hold back her excitement any longer and shouted to Trevor, "You're awesome! It was a blink and you took that man's dagger away before I could even see it clearly. To tell you the truth, I was scared to death when that man pulled out his dagger."

Trevor felt helpless. He smiled and said quickly, "Miss Martinez, we have arrived on the sixth floor now. I should go back and have a rest. Goodbye."

Mikayla watched helplessly as Trevor strode back to his apartment and disappeared behind the door. She felt somewhat sad about it.

When she returned to her apartment, her excitement hadn't subsided yet. She couldn't help calling Vulture to share her experience today.

When Vulture saw he had an incoming call from his mistress, a bright smile appeared on his face. He said happily, "Sweetheart, we just separated and you miss me already?"

With a smirk, Vulture told an adult joke, which made Mikayla blush and act like a spoiled child.

She quickly changed the subject though and said excitedly, "Honey, I told you last time about the bitch living downstairs, right? Would you believe that bitch had the nerve to attack me when I went downstairs today?"

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Fortunately, a good neighbor showed up and helped me in time. He really helped me a lot! Honey, I think I'd feel safer if you were with me."

Vulture said indifferently, "Honey, my work for Mobius takes all my time. I can't be with you all the time."

He paused for a moment. Then, in order to pass off as gallant in front of his mistress, he pretended to be generous and said, "Well, since that good neighbor has helped you, I must express my gratitude to him. How about you invite your neighbor out for dinner tomorrow. It's my treat."

Mikayla nodded and agreed eagerly. She had been thinking long and hard for an excuse to meet Trevor again, so when Vulture suggested that, she immediately agreed.

After hanging up the call, Mikayla thought for a moment and texted Trevor. She told him that "her family" wanted to invite him to dinner in order to thank him.

On the other side.

After receiving Mikayla's message, Trevor's face suddenly lit up. "Patrice, look at this!" he shouted excitedly.

Patrice was busy studying the prison map at this time. She poked her head over and when she saw the name of the person who sent the message, she couldn't help raising a brow.

"Mikayla? Isn't she Vulture's mistress?"

Trevor smiled and nodded. "What a surprise! No doubt the "family" she refers to is Vulture! Well, the prison map I have in my hands is too rough. There are still parts that are not perfect. I'll take the opportunity to have Vulture check it out."

Patrice touched her chin and asked, "Do you need my help?"

Trevor nodded. "Yes, I think Vulture will definitely take

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Mikayla to the dinner. As a woman, it should be easier for you to deal with Mikayla. I would need you to distract her during the dinner. It will be more convenient for me to get information from Vulture in this way. I'll first get him drunk, and if I'm not disturbed, then it should be easy for me to get the information I want."

Although Vulture was not a full member of Mobius, he at least worked for Mobius and therefore knew it was in his best interest to know how to hold his tongue.

Trevor felt that it would be extremely difficult to have Vulture reveal anything about the prison if Mikayla was present.

Patrice followed Trevor's reasoning and nodded quickly.

Trevor and Mikayla agreed on the time for the dinner.

The next day.

Patrice woke up in a particularly bright mood. She looked very happy as she applied makeup in front of the mirror. Trevor couldn't understand the reason for her applying all this makeup.

He sat aside helplessly and asked, "How long will it take?"

It seemed like he had really underestimated a woman's intrinsic nature of seeking beauty first.

Up until now, Trevor thought that Patrice was a soldier who could fight by his side regardless of details. But in the end, she was still a woman and she couldn't ignore her own looks.

Patrice muttered, "It's almost done. Don't urge. It's been barely thirty minutes since I began."

In reality, Patrice had been sitting in front of the dressing mirror for almost an hour.

Trevor was stunned and touched his nose helplessly.

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"Come on, we've got to go. They should be waiting for us already."

He was right.

Sitting in a discreet corner of the Hammurabi Hotel restaurant, Vulture looked displeased.

He looked to Mikayla and complained, "That neighbor of yours seems to be pretty arrogant! I invited him to dinner, and he has the nerve to be late! Doesn't he know that I work for Mobius?"