

Chapter 1660 Wine In And Truth Out

Vulture smiled apologetically and tried to be as enthusiastic as possible.

The reason for his sudden change in attitude was of course, Trevor.

Earlier, when Trevor and Patrice first arrived, Vulture had been bowled over by Patrice's beauty. He was so lost in tracing Patrice's sexy figure with his greedy eyes that he didn't notice Trevor's presence.

However, when Trevor moved closer, standing right in front of him, Vulture was forced to pay attention to the man.

The second he saw Raven's face, Vulture's lustful thoughts disappeared and its place was terror. Even as he trembled with fear, he was eternally grateful that he didn't do something as stupid as to flirt with Raven's female companion.

Mikayla might not know Raven's true identity, but Vulture was well aware that Raven was Mobius' official killer. More importantly, his skills and status far surpassed Vulture's.

Raven was not a man Vulture could afford to offend.

Smiling apologetically, Vulture murmured, "Raven, I didn't expect you to be my neighbor. It's my honor. Let me introduce my woman to you. This is Mikayla."

He waved at the waiter and said, "Waiter, bring me the menu quickly!"

Then he turned to Trevor with a wide smile. "Raven, we already ordered some dishes. Check if you're okay with the

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dishes or if there's something you'd like to add."

Trevor sat down calmly, not making any attempts to stop Vulture's flattering efforts. He took the menu, glanced at it, and murmured, "There's no need to add more dishes. But order four bottles of wine as well. I had a task to deal with the last time, so we didn't have the opportunity to talk. I'm free today. Let's drink."

Vulture rubbed his hands enthusiastically and nodded.

"Okay. That sounds good to me. Don't worry, tonight's bill is on me. What do you say we take this party to a private room?"

Vulture flagged down a waiter immediately and asked him to find a private room for them.

Mikayla was a little stumped by the turn of events. She stared at this new, effusive Vulture for a few seconds before turning to look at the calm Trevor.

It took a few moments of watching the men's actions to realize that this neighbor was probably much more powerful than Vulture.

Even his status was bound to be beyond that of Vulture.

They entered the private room.

Over the course of dinner, Trevor made several toasts, urging Vulture to drink. Even if the drink didn't contain a high percentage of alcohol, Vulture was still bound to get drunk because of how frequent the toasts were.

An oblivious Vulture was defenseless against Trevor's schemes.

Smiling widely, Patrice also made a lot of toasts, ensuring that Vulture did end up drunk by the time the dinner was over.

The atmosphere in the private room was lively, the

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conversation easy and relaxed. After drinking the four bottles of wine, they asked the waiter to serve the whisky.

Since the drinks flowed as easily as the conversation, it was only a matter of time before Vulture overindulged in the drinks. His face turned red, and the large mole on his nose was even more conspicuous.

His reflexes slowed down and his speeches began to slur.

Trevor was certain that Vulture was quite tipsy by now, so he winked discreetly at Patrice.

Realizing what the signal indicated, Patrice placed her fingers on her forehead and her eyes turned blurry as though she was drunk.

After blinking a few times, she looked at Mikayla and said, "Miss Martinez, can you accompany me to the bathroom? I want to fix my make-up."

Mikayla nodded immediately. "Come with me. Walk slowly," she murmured as she helped Patrice out of her seat.

After the two women left, there were only Trevor and Vulture left in the room.

Cupping his cheek, Trevor affected a casual tone and asked, "Vulture, I didn't see the prison clearly the last time I was there. I only know that the middle passage leads to the deepest part of the prison. What about the left one?"

Vulture was a little slow in reacting after drinking too much.

His brows furrowed and he murmured in a confused tone, "Left? There is nothing to see on the left or the right. They both lead to the vents. I have no idea which moron came up with that design...."

Vulture's eyes narrowed to slits, the brimming anger he felt about the topic rising to the surface. He became excited, his fists pounding the table as he talked Trevor's ear off. Without being prompted, he offered every

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information he knew about the prison.

Trevor smiled and pretended to be interested in his rants. A few times, he echoed Vulture's words and agreed with him so Vulture would continue talking.

However, not long after, Vulture stood up with his hand covering his stomach. Wobbling, he burped and said, "Wait for me. I need to go to the bathroom and relieve myself."

After saying that, Vulture pushed the door open and left the room.

Trevor smiled and didn't stop him.

Thanks to Vulture's rant, Trevor had discovered a lot of useful information about the prison.

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Trevor observed Vulture leave the private room, chuckling as he shook his head.

He couldn't let Vulture hold his pee, right?

Trevor remained seated alone in the private room, waiting for Vulture's return.

However, after some time, instead of Vulture, the sound of high heels rapidly clacking against the floor grew closer.

Curious, Trevor raised his eyebrows and glanced at the door.

Mikayla, appearing anxious, burst through the door, exclaiming, "Raven, something has happened!"

Without hesitation, Trevor rose to his feet and inquired, "What happened?"

Mikayla's expression turned sour as she gritted her teeth and revealed, "It's Vulture, that lecher! After he went to the bathroom, he saw a beautiful woman and began to flirt with her, emboldened by the wine. However, that woman is someone else's girlfriend. I heard that the man is quite powerful. He is a tough guy. He said that he would cripple Vulture and leave him in a sorry state!"

Trevor inquired, "Is that so? And what is the name of this powerful man?"

Mikayla responded with haste, "His name is Jacques Nguyen, I believe."

Trevor pondered for a moment, realizing he had never encountered the name before.

This was unsurprising since he and Patrice were

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newcomers to Glareder, and therefore unaware about its local forces.

Quickly making his way out of the private room, Trevor stated, "Where are they? Take me to them."

After all, he was the one who had gotten Vulture drunk. It wouldn't be right to let anything bad happen to him.

"Come with me," Mikayla said urgently. "Were it not for your girlfriend's intervention, Vulture would have been severely beaten!" she added.

Trevor didn't haste to deny his relationship with Patrice. After all, it wasn't the time to fix a minor mistake.

Given that Patrice was embroiled in this situation, it seemed necessary for him to interfere.

He hastened after Mikayla to the hotel lobby, where he saw Patrice and Vulture surrounded by a cluster of people.

A man with a bright-colored shirt was standing in front of Patrice, exuding an air of superiority.

"Hey! I demanded that you summon someone to pay the bill. Why has no one appeared yet? Has your friend run away? Let me make it plain to you, if your friend has indeed fled, you will not be able to escape us. My men have not bedded a beautiful woman in ages!"

As he spoke, the man displayed a vulgar grin.

The group surrounding him erupted into laughter, with some even whistling to provoke a reaction.

Patrice remained cold-faced and did not respond.

Vulture was so drunk that he could barely stand, let alone defend himself.

Trevor pushed his way through the crowd and rebuked the group in a steely tone, "Shut up! Don't you think it's impolite

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to speak so coarsely to a lady?"

The men were instantly silenced.

The man in the bright shirt, who turned out to be Jacques, was momentarily stunned before pointing at Trevor's nose and bursting into exaggerated laughter.

"Ha ha ha! Did you hear that? He said "impolite". Ha ha ha!"

Trevor pursed his lips. He had nearly forgotten that he was in Glareder. The law was scarcely more than a meaningless concept in this place, let alone basic politeness and morality.

Jacques was so audacious that he slung his arm around his girlfriend's shoulder and stated with a grin, "Ha ha, today is my lucky day. Not only have I stumbled across another beauty, but someone has arrived to give me boxing practice."

His girlfriend responded with a groan as she hit Jacques on his muscular chest.

Instead of feeling ashamed, Jacques simply chuckled.

With a stoic expression, Trevor stood beside Patrice and asked, "Are you alright?"

Patrice nodded slightly. "I'm fine."

Patrice nodded slightly. She was clad in an evening gown, so fighting would have been difficult. Thankfully, Trevor had arrived in the nick of time.