

Chapter 1668 Grandpa's Walking Sitck

Trevor took a deep breath and decided not to overthink the situation.

He carefully observed the black walking stick held by the waiter. Upon closer inspection, Trevor confirmed that not only was it an authentic black sandalwood cane.

Most importantly, this was grandpa's cane that he used to carry around with him.

It was the very walking stick once used by the head of the Sanderson family!

"It's genuine," Trevor murmured. "The black sandalwood is authentic, and the brass lion's head shows signs of long-term use. It's an exceptional cane, and the traces don't appear to be fake. It likely hails from a noble family."

Upon hearing Trevor's confirmation, Rupert was excited.

When the female auctioneer announced the start of bidding, Rupert boldly proclaimed, "1 million!"

Trevor remained silent.

Bidding one million for a walking stick with an unknown origin was an absolutely crazy thing to do.

Many people were taken aback by Rupert's audacious bid, their mouths opened and eyes wide in shock.

However, some people were intrigued by Rupert's interest in the cane, believing it might hold hidden secrets, and began competing with him.

Rupert remained resolute and continued to increase the

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bidding price until he finally secured the walking stick at a staggering price of one million and six hundred thousand.

Trevor looked at Rupert closely, noticing that he didn't appear upset or regretful. On the contrary, he seemed energized and thrilled.

After the auction, Rupert escorted Trevor backstage to finalize the transaction and collect the coveted item.

The walking stick was elegantly presented in a gift box.

Staring at the walking stick with calculating look in his eyes, Rupert pretended to ask the waiter casually, "Would you happen to know who the seller of this walking stick is? I'm quite fond of it, you see!"

Trevor quietly observed from the sidelines. He noticed that although Rupert's tone was casual, his fingers nervously fidgeted along the edge of the gift box, betraying his true feelings of eagerness and anxiety.

The waiter maintained a courteous smile and replied, "I apologize, sir. As you know, our auction house is responsible for selling items, not inquiring about their origins. I'm afraid I cannot disclose the seller's information to you."

Rupert shrugged and waved his hand nonchalantly, trying to hide his frustration. "I was just curious, no big deal."

Trevor narrowed his eyes, mulling over Rupert's intentions, which he suspected were far from simple.

Nonetheless, Trevor found himself inspired by Rupert's question.

So far, there had been no progress in rescuing his grandfather and father.

Despite discovering the exact location of Mobius' prison, the current circumstances made it seem nearly impossible to rescue them.

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However, Trevor now considered a different approach, prompted by Rupert.

Since the Sanderson family leader's belongings could be taken out for auction, Trevor could potentially trace this lead to find the person possessing such influence.

Trevor's grandfather, as the head of one of the world's three largest clans, would receive the highest level of treatment in prison, despite being held captive by Mobius.

In other words, only a select few would possess the authority to remove his walking stick from Mobius and place it up for auction!

Trevor's eyes narrowed with a glint of understanding within them.

He looked at Rupert beside him.

So far, he remained uncertain whether this seemingly ordinary businessman was a friend or foe.

After some contemplation, Trevor left the auction with Rupert and bid him farewell. "Mr. Atkinson, since you have acquired the auction item you desired, I shall take my leave now."

Rupert waved a hand, smiling as he said goodbye. "Till next time."

Trevor quickly returned to the Ploy Apartment Complex. With the situation changing, he needed to discuss the matter further with Patrice.

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Patrice was shocked when she heard the news. "Are you talking about the walking stick of the head of the Sanderson family?"

Patrice paused and a deep frown appeared on her face. "I don't doubt your judgment, but are you sure it's that of the Sanderson family's head?"

Trevor nodded seriously. "My eyes won't deceive me. It's not just another expensive walking stick. I'm sure it belonged to the head of the Sanderson family!"

Patrice was speechless. She rubbed her furrowed brows with one hand while trying to collect her thought.

Patrice's real identity was Vida, and by this point, she had already guessed that Dragon's real identity was Trevor.

Trevor was the designated heir of the Sanderson family. It was therefore highly unlikely that he would mistake his grandfather's walking stick for something else's.

"But there is a problem now..." Patrice frowned and added, "Intelligence!"

Trevor nodded. "That's true. I need more detailed information. It's better to know who has the power to get the walking stick from Mobius."

Trevor felt this wasn't the doing of Mobius but rather the personal undertaking of a member of the organization.

Mobius imprisoned his grandfather and father, but they still provided them with care. It was obvious that even Mobius was not willing to completely offend the two strong men of the Sanderson family. What Mobius was

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after was probably some Sanderson family secret.

Besides, as an international criminal organization, Mobius was definitely not short of money.

They ran Glareder and controlled the main plutocrats outside. In order to make money, Mobius dabbled in all kinds of criminal activities such as contract killings as well as the destruction and destabilization of all prosperous cities in order to plunder countless fortunes.

It was therefore impossible that Mobius would be forced to auction the walking stick of the head of the Sanderson family in order to make money.

Having reached this conclusion, Trevor needed someone knowledgeable about the internal workings of Mobius to get inside information about the organization.

Taxi drivers roaming the streets of Glareder were unreliable. Trevor had already tested their ability to explore some hidden places and it wasn't encouraging. It would be really delusional to ask them to investigate the interior of Mobius.

Patrice suddenly raised her head and looked at Trevor with bright eyes. She seemed to have thought of something. "There is one person we can try," she said suddenly.

Trevor raised a brow and asked, "Who?"

Patrice took a deep breath. "The person who produces fake documents in the black market. The same man I have recommended to you last time. He's a very mysterious man, but as long as you pay the price he asks of you, you might really be able to get some inside information about Mobius!"

Trevor nodded thoughtfully.

Anyway, he didn't have any other choice now, so he might as well give it a try.

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The next day, Trevor returned to the black market again.

Since the last time he was there he had taught those who tried to rob him a good lesson, so no one dared to provoke him now.

Trevor easily found the remote basement. The old man was still sitting under the incandescent lamp.

"What do you want to see me about?" The old man looked at Trevor carelessly and asked. It wasn't clear whether he remembered Trevor or not.

Trevor kept silent for a while and he seemed to be thinking of something. Then, he said, "Mobius holds the head of the Sanderson family captive and his walking stick appeared at an auction in the black market recently. I want to know which member of Mobius did it."

The old man turned around completely and looked at Trevor up and down for a while. Then he burst out laughing.

"Ha ha, you're so daring! It takes nerve and audacity to snoop on the business of members of Mobius."

Trevor was totally unfazed. He asked with a straight face, "Do you have any information for me?"

The old man stopped smiling and said seriously, "Well, for this kind of information, the price is substantial."

Trevor was still unfazed and said calmly, "Tell me."

The old man rummaged through the desk drawer for a short while. He then pulled out a picture and handed it to Trevor.

"Since you want the information about Mobius, I need you to help me teach a killer of Mobius a lesson."

Trevor took the photo and asked casually, "Cut his finger too?"

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The old man shook his head. "No! After all, Mobius runs this city. I don't want to get into trouble. I just want you to beat him up and take photos of it."

Trevor took a look at the photo in his hands. When he saw the person on it, he couldn't help smiling.

What a coincidence! He knew the man he would have to beat up.

It was none other than Prescott, the unlucky guy who was punished to clean the whole building of Mobius.

A grin appeared on Trevor's face and he gladly agreed. "No problem!"

The old man looked at Trevor in surprise, then said, "I really hope that guy gets beaten up, but you must know that he is protected by someone. You better be careful."

Trevor didn't say anything but just waved his hand goodbye before walking out of the gloomy basement.

The day he entered Mobius' building and hid in the reference room, he indistinctly overheard that Prescott had something to do with one of Mobius' higher-ups.

From all indications, going head-on at Prescott was a very bad idea.

After considering the matter for a while, Trevor decided to return to the Ploy Apartment Complex first and hatch a plan with Patrice.

As long as he was in Glareder he had to be very careful as his identity was very sensitive. If his identity were to be revealed, his life would be in danger.

Trevor would never allow all his previous efforts to fall through because of one small mistake!