

## Chapter 1670 Patrice's Plan

While Trevor was busy outside, Patrice was also busy. She had been able to discover some information on Prescott.

Trevor had told her that the asking price for inside information on Mobius was to beat Prescott. Patrice smiled and said confidently, "I have a way!"

Prescott had a single villa in Glareder. Although it wasn't particularly luxurious, it was good enough with an independent courtyard.

Standing in a corner of the street, Trevor glanced at the nearby villa.

Smoke rose in the courtyard of Prescott's villa and three men were standing in front of a barbecue grill.

The three figures were definitely Prescott and his two friends.

Trevor raised a brow and thought for a while.

There was no longer any doubt that Prescott had connections at Mobius. The patrol team had punished him to clean the Mobius building for a month, but Prescott had quickly smoothed out the punishment.

They were even having a barbecue at home now!

Trevor's frown deepened.

It seemed that the old man who forged documents on the black market was really knowledgeable. He was even clearly aware of Prescott's connections.

Trevor took his eyes off the people in the villa and nodded at Patrice beside him.

Now, it was her turn to take action!

Trevor turned around and took a taxi to the place designated by Patrice.

Patrice flipped her hair. She deliberately wore a light blue dress today, which showed off her sexy figure. She was wearing a pair of sunglasses and a light yellow silk scarf was loosely tied around her neck. Over her left shoulder hung a small, light-colored bag. She looked elegant and gorgeous.

She came out of the corner of the street elegantly her high-heeled shoes making a crisp sound as it hit the concrete.

The sounds of Patrice's footsteps reached Prescott's ears from afar. He turned his head and looked out the fence. He was stunned the moment his eyes landed on Patrice's gorgeous figure.

Prescott swallowed. All his attention was on the beauty who was passing by and he even forgot about the barbecue skewer in his hand.

His two friends also stared at Patrice with obscene looks.


When passing by the fence in front of the yard, Patrice didn't cast a single glance at the people in the yard. She just flipped her long hair as she walked.

As she flipped her hair, the scarf around her neck slipped down and hung on the fence of the yard.

Patrice stopped and slightly bent over to pick up the scarf.

Prescott couldn't hold on any longer. He strode forward

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 +120 Points at most

and picked up the silk scarf. Then, he said with a flirtatious smile, "Hi, beauty, here's the scarf you have lost."

Patrice looked at him as though she was surprised. She was silent for a moment and said, "Thank you."

Although Prescott handed her the silk scarf, he didn't want to let go of it and held onto the corner of the scarf.

Of course, he wanted more than this. He had an ulterior motive.

Prescott asked cheekily, "Miss, where are you going? How about I give you a ride?"

He pointed to the villa behind him and said, "My off-road vehicle is just parked in the garage and can be started at any time."

Patrice put on an innocent look and shook her head. "Thank you, but I don't need it. Aren't you... Aren't you preparing a barbecue?"

Prescott's attention was focused on Patrice's sexy figure. He just couldn't get his eyes off her and felt excited.

The fact that Patrice turned him down only increased his desire for her.


Prescott waved his hand in a hurry and said, "Don't worry about the barbecue. My friends can stay here and have the barbecue. Let me drive you there first."


He didn't give Patrice the chance to say anything else and rushed into the garage at once. He drove out the black off-road vehicle.

Prescott's two friends looked at him in utter confusion.


On the other side, a faint smile flashed across Patrice's

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eyes.

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Her plan had worked. It was almost too easy.

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## Chapter 1671 Undergone A Growth Spurt

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Prescott extended a warm invitation to Patrice, which she found hard to refuse. Consequently, she accepted Prescott's offer of a ride. Everything seemed to be going well.

With a slight smile at the corners of her mouth, Patrice adjusted her sunglasses to cover the smile in her eyes and asked, "In that case, can you pick up my bosom friend on the way? Well, she lives in a remote place. Will you mind it?"

Prescott's lustful desires consumed him, and he readily agreed.

"No problem at all. My off-road vehicle has excellent performance. It can handle any remote place."

In fact, Prescott had long planned to take advantage of the situation.


He planned to drive Patrice to a remote place, leaving her with no opportunity to escape or call for help.

Once they arrived, he could satisfy his carnal desires with ease.

After they got into the car, Patrice wisely chose to sit in the back seat.

This decision displeased Prescott.

It was not convenient for him to feel up the beauty since she was sitting in the back seat of the car!

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He had hoped for the beauty to sit in the passenger seat so he could have an opportunity to feel her up.

The car soon drove towards the suburbs.

When they were on the verge of reaching the designated place, Patrice took out a small makeup box. "Sorry, I have to fix my makeup."

Prescott caught a glimpse of Patrice's beauty through the rearview mirror as she sat in the back seat in a captivating posture. Her slender and straight legs were overlapped, and Prescott found himself eager to explore the area beneath her dress.

He swallowed nervously, feeling a strong desire to have sex with her.

Restlessness overtook him as he gazed out of the window at the increasingly desolate scenery.

Patrice put away the makeup box, flashed him a smile and announced that her bosom friend was in front of them.

Prescott nodded and asked in a seemingly casual manner, "Is your close friend as beautiful as you are?"

With a firm grip on the steering wheel, he contained his excitement by licking his lips.

If her bosom friend was also a beauty...

Prescott felt a rush of heat throughout his body at the mere thought of it.

Patrice's face bore a subtle yet unmistakable grin as she uttered, "My dear bosom companion stands taller in stature than I."

As the car drew to a halt at its assigned destination, an imposing forest enveloped the surroundings, punctuated only by a decaying billboard that had seen better days.

Just as Prescott had halted the car and was poised to make a move on Patrice, his attention was drawn to a mysterious figure emerging from the forest.

It was Trevor!

As planned, Trevor had arrived at the appointed location. Yet, to his appearance, he had donned a voluminous wig of luscious waves and slung a sizeable woven satchel over his shoulder.

Prescott couldn't recognize him.

"Is that your bosom friend?"

Prescott was shocked. The figure was tall, almost as tall as himself.

He cast a fearful gaze towards Patrice and couldn't resist asking, "Your bosom friend... Isn't she really a man?"

Patrice stifled a giggle as she covered her mouth with her hand and shared, "She has undergone a significant growth spurt."

Prescott pursed his lips and appeared to acknowledge this explanation.

A frown creased Prescott's forehead.

His inclination was towards petite women who would satisfy his possessive urges.

However, as Trevor came closer, Prescott sensed that something was amiss.

After all, there existed differences not only in the physical appearances but also in the gait between men and women.

For some time, Prescott couldn't quite put his finger on what seemed off about Trevor's gait. His gaze then fixated on the red and white woven bag resting on Trevor's shoulder.

"May I ask why your bosom friend is carrying a woven bag?"

Patrice appeared taken aback and retorted, "What are you talking about? It's the latest designer bag! It costs around ten thousand dollars!"

Prescott furrowed his brow, remaining silent.

Although he wasn't an elite member of Mobius, his training as a killer had sharpened his senses.

As Trevor's form gradually came into focus, Prescott became convinced that something was wrong.

He reached for his seatbelt to exit the car, but Patrice was quicker to react.

She aimed her pepper spray at Prescott's face, unleashing a significant amount of pepper water.

"Ah!"

Prescott let out a scream and instinctively covered his eyes with his hands.

No matter how dense he was, he could no longer deny that he had been ensnared in a trap.