

## Chapter 1672 The Leader Of The Faction Of Bat!

"Damn it!" Prescott cursed loudly. At the end of the day, he was still one of Mobius' prominent killers who had gone through rigorous training. And he bore the pain in his eyes and punched the back seat of the car.

However, Patrice left the off-road vehicle after spraying him with the pepper water.

Since he was half-blind, Prescott's fist missed its target.

And to make matters worse, Prescott felt a presence behind him half a second before he was dragged out of his seat.

Before Prescott could figure out the person's intent, he was thrown with such force he practically flew through the air. "Ah! Ah! Ah!" Prescott shouted madly.

He hit the ground with such force that the breath was knocked out of him. But the person behind him was not done yet. The unknown man moved closer and grabbed him again. Thanks to the pepper water, Prescott couldn't even manage to open his eyes. The only thing he could do was wave his arms around frantically.

Unbeknownst to Prescott, the person dragging him around was Trevor.

"Let go of me! Let go of me!" Prescott howled and forced himself to open his eyes.

Tears streamed down his eyes, but he forced himself through the pain until his eyes were fully open.

Chapter 1672 The Leader Of The ... 🎁 +120 Points at most  
Unfortunately, the only thing he could see was a huge woven bag covering his head.

"Ah! You're courting death!" Prescott shouted angrily, trying to break free of the woven bag.

His efforts were derailed when he was viciously kicked in the stomach.

Prescott doubled over immediately, barely stifling the urge to vomit from the sharp pain.

Without pause, Trevor dragged Prescott to the side of the road and began to beat him up.

Prescott could barely defend himself from the beat-down let alone fight back. Realizing he was defenseless, he broke out into curses.

"Go to hell! Who are you? Who sent you here?! Do you know I'm the killer of Mobius?! You're doomed! You're dead meat!"

Generally speaking, if Prescott was being attacked by a run of the mill criminal in Glareder, the later would be scared shitless the minute he found out he was attacking a killer of Mobius.

But unfortunately for Prescott, he wasn't being attacked by a criminal but Trevor. Instead of reacting to Prescott's threat, Trevor continued to pummel Prescott without remorse.

In the end, Prescott gave a pitiful cry and curled up in a fetal position. He didn't even have the strength to make any threats.

When Trevor noticed Prescott's limp form, he gradually stopped hitting him. He stepped on Prescott's belly and asked in a cold voice, "Who mobilizes the prison's supplies?"

However, Prescott was able to fare well in Mobius not because of his intelligence, but because the leader of the "Bat" faction was his uncle.

Therefore, he knew nothing about the internal power of Mobius. He couldn't give Trevor the answer he sought, so Prescott resorted to crying and begging for mercy.

Undeterred, Trevor asked a few more questions, but Prescott had no idea what he was talking about. He cried profusely and begged for mercy.

Trevor shook his head, irritation and disappointment coursing through his veins. He thought that since two killers of Mobius were guarding Prescott, that meant that Prescott was a minor leader who was privy to some inside information. What he hadn't expected was that Prescott was a complete idiot who knew nothing!

Snarling, Trevor vented his anger with a vicious punch. Prescott passed out immediately. Trevor threw him into the abandoned trash can on the roadside.

Patrice waved her phone, indicating that she had taken enough photos of it.

"Let's go," said Trevor.

The two of them left the desolate suburb quickly. If things went according to plan, someone would come to rescue Prescott soon.

Trevor entered the black market again.

He took the photos to the familiar basement and showed them to the old man.

"Ha ha ha..." A happy laugh escaped the old man's lips when he looked at the photos and saw Prescott's

Chapter 1672 The Leader Of The ... 🎁 +120 Points at most miserable state.

Trevor stood aside in silence. He waited until the old man was done chortling with joy.

Then he asked, "What about the information I need?"

The old man was so happy with the pictures, tears spilled out of his eyes from how hard he laughed. He took off his glasses and wiped the corner of his eyes with the back of his hand.

Then he muttered, "Don't push me. Of course I won't forget what I promised you. Listen up. The head of the Sanderson family is imprisoned in the deepest part of Mobius' prison. There are not many people who can mobilize the prison supplies, especially those things someone like the head of the Sanderson family will need. In truth, there is only one person with enough power to mobilize the needed supplies."

Trevor clenched his fist and lowered his eyes.

He didn't want the old man to realize how excited he was by the detail he just let slip. If the old man knew that the head of the Sanderson family was imprisoned in the deepest part of the prison, it meant that the old man in front of him was no simple man!

Affecting a neutral expression, Trevor looked up and asked, "Who is it?"

The old man put on his glasses again and said seriously, "The leader of the faction of "Bat" in Mobius, with the code name of Midnight."

## Chapter 1673 Encountering Prescott

The leader of the faction of "Bat" in Mobius?

Trevor was floored by the information. It hadn't even occurred to him that this matter would involve a leader of the faction.

He memorized the code name "Midnight" before turning around to leave.

"Hey," the old man called, stopping Trevor. He reclined in his chair and poured himself a glass of whiskey, murmuring as he did so, "You can be called my regular customer. For that reason, I'd like to give you a free piece of information."

"I'm all ears."

The old man took a sip of whiskey and said, "It's about Prescott, the man I asked you to beat. He is Midnight's nephew. In addition, it would appear that Midnight has recently had a relapse. He has invited all the famous doctors in Glareder to treat him. They will all be present at his villa in two days."

Again, Trevor was surprised by the information, but he kept calm and replied, "Thank you."

After walking out of the narrow and oppressive basement, Trevor looked back thoughtfully.

The black door was still covered with faded words. The writing was so old and faded, most of it was blurred. He could only make out two words, "Certificate" and "Counterfeit".

From the old man's attitude, Trevor could tell that he was thoroughly disgusted with the family that Prescott and Midnight were a part of.

However, at present, he didn't wish to get involved in the personal vendetta of this enigmatic man.

Having got the information he wanted, he quickly left the black market.

Given that the information was free, it was only natural that Trevor wouldn't miss out on this opportunity.

He decided to attend the consultation in the hope of finding an opportunity to save both his grandfather and father.

Two days later, Trevor arrived at the gate of Midnight's villa.

Whilst the hidden safe houses of the members of Mobius were hard to find, Midnight's villa was very easy to find.

This was a rather luxurious villa. Be it the lawn or fountain, there was enough splendor to attest to the wealth of the owner.

Trevor stood outside the iron fence, squinting at the garden of the villa. During his perusal, he found Prescott smoking in the garden.

There were bruises all over Prescott's face, and he smoked with the ferocity of a man in a foul mood.

Trevor snickered. It would appear that Prescott was still upset that he was beaten up for no reason two days ago.

Since the garden was silent, sound carried and Prescott heard Trevor's titter. He whirled around immediately and

Chapter 1673 Encountering Pres...  +120 Points at most

glowered at the person making fun of him.

When he was able to see the figure outside the iron fence clearly, he flew into a rage. "Damn it! Raven, what are you doing here?!"

Prescott was already in a foul mood, but when he saw Raven's face, he immediately recalled how he was punished by the patrol team and his bad mood got even worse.

Prescott cursed in a low voice and strode to the iron fence. He grabbed it and vaulted over, landing nimbly on the other side.

Despite his graceful movements, Trevor observed that the man's knees buckled upon landing, causing him to nearly collapse on the spot.

Trevor smiled. "Why are you so excited?"

Prescott's face turned red and he roared rudely, "Stay away from me! Damn it! I'm warning you, this is not a place you should visit. If you have nothing else to say, get out of here!"

Trevor's expression was serene when he asked, "Is this how you treat doctors? I heard that the owner of this villa has invited all the famous doctors in Glareder to treat him. I came here as soon as I heard the news. Do you have any problem with my presence?"

Prescott threw the cigarette butt on the ground and crushed it hard with the tip of his shoe, his swollen face splitting into a mocking smile as he did so.

"You? A doctor? Bah! Look at yourself. I would have believed it if you told me the leader of the Wolf faction sent you to assassinate my uncle. But a doctor here to treat him? Not in a million years! But come to think of it, maybe you've been thrown out of the Wolf faction, so

57.4%

06:51 

Chapter 1673 Encountering Pres... 🎁 +120 Points at most  
you've come to us. That would actually make more sense  
than you being a doctor."

Pretending not to be aware of the relationship between  
Prescott and "Midnight", Trevor ignored the rest of  
Prescott's rant and asked, "Your uncle? Is Midnight your  
uncle?"

Prescott chuckled and smirked smugly.

"What? Are you afraid now?"