

Chapter 1700 Meeting Vulture Again

As dusk settled, the cruel training session orchestrated by Trevor finally drew to a close.

The few young men, drenched in sweat and utterly exhausted, sprawled on the ground, gasping for breath.

Trevor, after instructing Esteban to keep a watchful eye on the Bradley Organization's information, bid a hurried farewell and prepared to return to his residence.

Throughout his journey, his mind remained preoccupied with thoughts of the enigmatic Bradley Organization.

Though the details were mere hearsay relayed by Esteban, Trevor found himself deeply concerned.

This matter held significant importance, for it could potentially shed light on Bradley's whereabouts.

Trevor contemplated to himself, acknowledging the organization's inscrutable nature. He feared that acquiring useful information about it would prove to be a daunting task for Esteban.

The elusive Bradley Organization remained shrouded in mystery, making it difficult for Trevor to take the initiative in reaching out to them.

Presently, Trevor's utmost priority lay in rescuing his imprisoned father and grandfather.

The image of the two, still suffering behind bars, gripped his heart, causing his fists to clench involuntarily. He whispered to himself with unwavering determination, "Grandpa, Dad, just give me a little more time. I will undoubtedly secure your freedom!"

After the demanding day, Trevor sought solace in his apartment, hoping



to find respite. However, to his surprise, he discovered Vulture standing at his doorstep. It was evident that Vulture had specifically sought him out.

Trevor composed himself and took the initiative to greet him, "Vulture? What brings you here? Are you searching for your sweetheart once again?"

Upon sighting Trevor, Vulture broke into a delighted laughter and offered a hint of flattery.

"I am here solely for you. Remember the time I got myself into a predicament at Hammurabi Hotel's restaurant? I owe you for rescuing me from that trouble."

Then Vulture extended an invitation, saying, "Today, I invite you to my home as an honored guest. This time, dinner will be held in my domain. I have a few bottles of Lafite waiting for us. Let's revel in their taste tonight!"

Trevor rolled his eyes, pondered for a moment, and eventually concurred with a smile.

"Well, since you've extended such an enthusiastic invitation, let's proceed," he said.

On the surface, Trevor appeared to agree readily, but in reality, he had ulterior motives. He intended to investigate the specifics of the secret prison, in order to better prepare for a rescue mission.

Unaware of Trevor's thoughts, Vulture only knew that Raven held a higher status than him.

In their previous encounter, he had witnessed Trevor's close association with Midnight, his boss.

Hence, when Vulture found an opportunity, he promptly approached Trevor to curry favor, using the guise of expressing gratitude.

Vulture didn't live in his mistress's place here, and he drove his new car courteously and invited Trevor to join him.

During the journey, Vulture couldn't help but boast, "This is the exclusive Hennessey Venom GT. I'm certain there won't be another one in Glareder.

It cost me upwards of twenty million.*

On the way, Vulture enthusiastically discussed every detail about the car's engine, interior decor, and wheels, surpassing his knowledge of his own mistress.

Trevor merely nodded absentmindedly in response to Vulture's explanations.

Observing Trevor's indifference, Vulture sought another opportunity to impress him.

Taking advantage of his luxurious car, Vulture accelerated aggressively, honking to intimidate other drivers and demand right of way. His arrogance knew no bounds.

Witnessing Vulture's behavior, Trevor felt compelled to intervene, but he reasoned that he needed to maintain a good rapport with him for future purposes. Consequently, he reluctantly abandoned the idea, allowing Vulture to continue his reckless rampage on the road.

Vulture's car roared relentlessly, cutting through the streets of Glareder—the city of sin. However, in this city, there were individuals whom Vulture couldn't afford to offend.

After repeatedly honking his horn to overtake, Vulture's actions finally irked the other drivers.

Rather than succumbing to fear when confronted by the luxurious vehicle's rampage, they retaliated. One driver accelerated, overtook Vulture, and obstructed his path.

In a state of horror, Vulture's expression transformed, and he braked abruptly.

Both he and Trevor were jolted forward, narrowly escaping injury.

Trevor, seated in the front passenger seat, found himself torn between laughter and tears. He had long anticipated that Vulture would inevitably cause trouble like this, and now a conflict had indeed arisen.