

Chapter 1701 Beauty, Care To Join Me

As he was forced to come to a halt, Vulture found himself losing face in front of Trevor. Frustrated, he struck the steering wheel forcefully and let out a string of curses.

"Damn it!"

In Glareder, an audacious individual had emerged who dared to compel the warden of Mobius to stop. Vulture had been prepared to display his prowess before Trevor.

Turning to Trevor, Vulture addressed him.

"Please wait a moment. I'll teach that guy a lesson!"

Trevor glanced at him silently, acknowledging his statement.

In a pompous manner, Vulture stepped out of the car and strutted towards the vehicle at the front.

With a loud bang, his hand collided with the window of the other person's car.

Vulture kept banging the window and cursed.

"Get lost! How dare you impede me? Do you want to die?"

The door of the front car slowly swung open.

As Vulture caught sight of the person emerging from the vehicle, his countenance shifted from ferocity to sheer horror.

He recognized this man!

It was Prescott, Midnight's nephew, who had stepped out of the car!



Vulture was too terrified to respond. His legs weakened, and he promptly fell to his knees, stammering, "I... Sorry..."

Seated in his sports car, Trevor observed Vulture's humiliation with keen interest.

He lightly touched his chin, opting not to intervene in the situation.

The man extended the baseball bat towards Prescott, who responded with a sinister grin.

Vulture's face twisted with despair, pleading desperately, "No! Please!"

Ignoring the plea, Prescott raised the baseball bat high, swinging it towards Vulture's head with the precision of a seasoned player.

A bone-chilling thud echoed through the air as the bat connected with Vulture's body.

Overwhelmed by the force, Vulture crumpled to the ground, defeated.

Hovering over his fallen adversary, Prescott wore a twisted smile as he taunted, "Were you showing off, parading around with a beautiful woman in your car?"

Vulture, shielding his head with his hands, repeatedly apologized, "I was mistaken. Please forgive me. If you desire my car, take it and let me go, alright?"

Though torn by inner turmoil, Vulture was still willing to offer his car as an appeasement to Prescott's rage.

Sneering in response, Prescott disdainfully slapped Vulture back to the ground, scoffing, "You think I'm interested in your car? Bah!"

Spitting on Vulture once more, he turned his attention to the sports car parked nearby.

Through the car window, Prescott sensed a presence within.

An obscene grin formed on his face as he wondered if he actually guessed correctly. Damn that Raven, always managing to rile him up. If there truly was a beauty inside the car, he would have quite a delightful time today!

Prescott smacked the car window and beckoned, "Beauty, care to join me? I'll take you for a ride."

Slowly, the window rolled down.

Prescott rubbed his hands and gave an evil smile, looking forward to it more and more.

more and more.

However, the window was rolled down, revealing the last person he ever expected to see in his lifetime.

A broad smile adorned Trevor's face as he playfully asked, "Prescott, where are you planning to take me for some fun?"

The sight of Trevor sent shockwaves through Prescott's body, his legs quivering with fear. He screamed as though he had witnessed a ghostly apparition.

"Damn it!"

Trevor chuckled. "I'm a private doctor of Midnight, and you purposely stopped my car. Guess what will happen if this thing is known by Midnight?"

Prescott shook his head in horror, staggering back and dropping to his knees like Vulture.

Trevor smiled and addressed Prescott, "Well, why do you offer me such a grand salute upon our meeting?"

Prescott's anger flushed his face red, but he dared not utter anything cruel. Trevor was now a private doctor of Midnight, and offending him could invite Midnight's blame—a consequence Prescott couldn't bear.

Nevertheless, in an attempt to alleviate the awkwardness, Prescott stubbornly said, "I simply fell by accident. Vulture is your man, right? You can take him back. Let's consider this matter settled. I have other obligations and must depart."

Prescott's followers believed his words and were prepared to assist him to his feet.

After all, Prescott was a nephew of Midnight, a highly esteemed figure in Glareder. Having only recently joined Prescott's ranks, they naturally sought to present themselves well in his presence.

Observing Prescott's new followers, Trevor jokingly remarked, "Ha ha, you truly deserve to be Midnight's nephew. The moment your previous followers were incapacitated, he promptly arranged for several new ones to serve you. You possess true nobility!"

Trevor's words stung Prescott momentarily, but he had no desire to continue the quarrel in this setting. His sole objective was to leave the premises as swiftly as possible.


After all, Midnight, his biggest support, now stood by Trevor's side.



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Prescott contemplated quietly. Once his uncle recovered, Trevor would have no one to support him. At that point, Trevor's demise was all but certain.



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