

Chapter 1703 Trick Vulture

"Fuck off!" Trevor shouted, looking and sounding like an enraged bull.

Prescott broke out in a cold sweat and his body trembled uncontrollably.

"I'm sorry," he rushed to say. "I should go."

Trevor didn't comment or break the intense stare that rooted Prescott to the spot, like a deer caught in headlights.

Once Prescott was sure that Trevor wasn't going to hit him, he took his opportunity to flee. He sprinted to his car and stamped on the gas with the intention of putting as much distance as possible between himself and Trevor.

As for his two subordinates, he thought they were good for nothing, so he decided to abandon them!

As soon as Prescott was gone, Vulture returned to the sports car and announced, "That was awesome! You scared Midnight's nephew half to death! I must rely on you to protect me from now on."

Trevor was rendered speechless by Vulture's words. He could see that Vulture lacked the skills to protect himself, but it didn't stop him from boasting. Trouble was bound to find him sooner or later.

As they drove, Vulture continued to flatter Trevor. He even offered to hand over his current lover.

This sort of thing came naturally to Vulture.

"Raven, the woman is beautiful and curvy and a firecracker in the sack. She's all yours. I'll tell her tomorrow."

Trevor pinched the bridge of his nose in silent exasperation. He felt bad for Vulture, who was oblivious to the fact that his lover, Mikayla, had eagerly seduced him the same day he moved in. He didn't need Vulture for anything, let alone women.



Perhaps Mikayla had many men behind his back, and he was either too arrogant or too stupid to realize it.

They made small talk until they arrived at Vulture's residence. It was a magnificent villa that even the best assassins, like Raven, might have trouble affording.

Vulture led Trevor to his living room, where his servants had already prepared wine and a table full of assorted hors d'oeuvres.

They made a toast, then exchanged glasses as sign of good faith. Trevor waited for Vulture to become tipsy.

"I've heard there's a secret passage into our headquarters. Is that true?" he asked, feigning mild curiosity.

Vulture didn't suspect a thing. On the contrary, his trust in and respect for Trevor had been solidified the day Trevor interrogated with Midnight, so he didn't suspect a thing.

"It's true. The passage is a straight shot from the prison to Mobius headquarters building. I may be just a warden, but don't underestimate me, friend. This is top secret information, and guarding the passage is my responsibility."

"Are you guarding such an important place alone?" Trevor asked.

Vulture tapped the large mole on his nose. "Not really," he replied. "There's a checkpoint in the passage. There are several hitmen stationed there, but I'm the one who calls the shots. Usually, I only take prisoners through when someone higher up sends down the order."

Vulture continued to talk freely, and Trevor began to formulate a rescue plan.

The more he listened, the more sure he became that Vulture would play a key role. He was the man with the most pertinent authority, after all.

He was also a gullible man who was easy to pump for information. For that, Trevor felt a sort of affection for him.

He topped up Vulture's glass.



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Suddenly, the sound of glass being blown apart was heard above their heads.


It turned out to be the lights in the room that exploded, and the whole room went dark.



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