

Chapter 1705 The Identity Of The Bradly Organization

Silently, Trevor walked behind the people of the Bradly Organization at the passage of Glareder.

It was this way that led to the black market.

Trevor smirked. He had an idea that the headquarters of the Bradly Organization must be on the black market, but he had no idea where. It was well hidden.

It was because the other parts of the Glareder were ruled by Mobius, making it harder for people to approach.

It was a good idea to keep the organization in such a place. Trevor would have done the same thing if he were to lead the Bradly Organization.

The members of the Bradly Organization were also soldiers, trained in special forces. With their ability to scout, they had sensed the presence of an intruder who had been silently following them for a long time.

Trevor didn't hesitate or hide, as he knew they would discover his presence. He, in fact, wanted to be found because his motive was to communicate with the authorities of the Bradly Organization.

As Dominic moved towards the next corner, he hurriedly turned on his heels to capture Trevor.

In the blink of an eye, Trevor was surrounded by a circle of people with fierce glaring eyes and tightly clenched fists. They were ready to tear him down.

Dominic's eyes were cold as he asked, "I have three simple questions. Why are you following us? Who sent you? Are you here to locate the exact spot and then later retaliate? Consider this your first and last warning. We won't be nice if we see you follow us again."

It clicked in Trevor's mind that Dominic must think of him as a subordinate of Vulture.

Yet he simply looked around and asked, instead of answering Dominic, "Why are you looking for the secret prison?"

Clenching his jaw, Dominic couldn't tolerate more as he seethed in anger.

"Who the fuck are you to ask? Oh! And warn Vulture not to say a word about what happened tonight, or he won't see his neck attached anymore."

Trevor gave a quick shake of his head. "I have no connections with Vulture. Instead, I have something to tell you. I am sure you are searching for that secret prison to save people, right?"

Before Dominic could utter a word, one of the Bradly Organization's sturdy men refuted with a scoff, "What secret can you possibly hold to tell us, huh? Who knows if you're extracting information to fulfill your ulterior motive? You may be a cheater trying to win our trust. Get lost! Don't waste our time here."

Dominic silently kept his eyes on Trevor.

It was weird that Trevor knew the Bradly Organization was searching for the prison's location.

As if Trevor knew he had stirred Dominic's curiosity, he smiled, narrowing his eyes.

"Who cares if you won't cooperate with me? But will you also hinder from cooperating with Bradly or Sinclair?"

As if their ears stood like an attentive dog, they were shocked to hear the two names. Those names were a top secret that only members of the organization knew.

The atmosphere tensed as they all changed glances and looked back at Trevor.

Dominic raised his chin with a serious look on his face. "Who the hell are you? How do you know these names?"

Looking at their stunned reaction, Trevor smiled internally as he was sure now that the so-called Bradly Organization was actually made by his father's special troops.

The way the events were unfolding, Trevor could guess that this group was also here to save his father, which was like a golden chance.

He could easily use the Bradly Organization to execute his father's escape plan.



Suddenly, Trevor wore a dark and authoritative aura. He said in a deep voice, "I don't think we should talk here."

Dominic contemplated for a while, but since he was aware that discussing such important things there wasn't wise, he said after a bit of hesitance, "Fine. Come with us. Let's go to our place."

Trevor could finally feel Dominic's trust in him as he nodded. "Sure! We should talk at your place."

Dominic signaled as their cars quickly halted in front of Trevor. They had two modified off-road vehicles, seemingly extra safe. Trevor got on the latter one as the cars started to drive off.

They swiftly rushed through the streets of Glareder as they all sought the answer to one question. Who was Trevor?

It was nighttime, but the road was exceptionally empty, ringing bells of suspicion in Trevor's mind.

Near the black market, there wasn't even a single vehicle.

Trevor could feel that something was wrong beyond expectation.

With a frown, he turned to point it out to Dominic.

As he was about to speak, a truck suddenly rushed from a corner and crashed at a high speed into one of the modified vehicles.

"Fuck!" Taking the situation in hand seriously, Dominic threw the cigarette butt out the window and turned the steering wheel on full lock. He was with Trevor in the rear vehicle.

But unfortunately, the truck was well prepared. Both the cars failed to escape the truck's crashing speed.

Piercing through the silence of the night, a loud bang was heard.

The former car's bonnet was crushed down to folded shreds. The latter car barely saved itself from getting completely destroyed.

The vehicle's engine emitted black smoke as members of the Bradly Organization tried to struggle out the windows and barely opened doors.

The latter car got much lesser damage as the truck didn't crash into it directly. Trevor, along with everyone else inside, was safe.

Everyone, injured or fine, got out of the vehicles. As Trevor walked closer, he realized that the truck was driven by the people of the Black Gold Union.

The Bradly Organization was a diehard competitor of the Black Gold



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 +120 Points at most

Union, crushing their plans to pieces. The grudge they had for so long, Black Gold Union came today to finally let it out.




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