

Chapter 1731 Farewell

The swift movements of the Bradly Organization prompted a convoy of sleek black off-road vehicles to halt at the gate of the building.

Trevor, his face etched with anxiety, received Rupert's urgent message. He hurriedly assisted his father and grandfather into the car, with Dominic personally taking the wheel.

"Please, take us with you!" pleaded the other prisoners, their voices filled with desperation. "Please!" they implored.

Yet, the sheer number of people posed a risk and could impede their escape.

Trevor found himself in a helpless position, compelled to explain, "If we gather in one group, we'll be easily apprehended. It's best for each of you to make your own escape!"

Though Trevor couldn't escort the crowd personally, they still conveyed their gratitude and promised to offer him tokens of appreciation upon departing Glareder.

Bidding hasty farewells, Dominic swiftly maneuvered the car onto the prearranged escape route, accelerating away.

Trevor proceeded to share the comprehensive plan he had already devised.

"Dad, Grandpa, you can depart Glareder with Dominic first. No matter where you go, you'll be safe. Just be sure not to return to Zayden. At present, our family is under the control of Mobius-supported puppets. It would be perilous to venture back there."

He thought for a second before continuing, "I suggest you seek refuge in other cities, concealing yourselves temporarily, while gathering any resources at your disposal. When the opportune moment arises, we will reclaim control of our family and return to Zayden!"

Upon learning that Trevor would not accompany them, Elwood immediately voiced his concern.

"What about you? Since we're all leaving, where will you go?"

Trevor locked eyes with Elwood and earnestly responded, "Grandpa, if we can't rid ourselves of Mobius once and for all, it will inevitably lead us to ruin. Should we remain perpetually on guard, living in a perpetual state of anxiety? I cannot accept it. I must destroy Mobius!"

Elwood, of course, understood the gravity of the situation. However, it was his beloved grandson who stood in imminent danger, unlike others. How could he not be consumed by worry for his well-being?

With a stern expression etched upon his face, Elwood offered his advice once again.

"You are the sole descendant of our family. Can you not conceive of a way to vanquish Mobius in the future? What if harm befalls you? What will become of the future of the Sanderson legacy?"

Trevor remained silent, but his resolute eyes spoke volumes, showcasing his unwavering determination to overthrow Mobius.

Witnessing the deadlock between the two, Ronald interjected softly, attempting to persuade them both.

"Your power in Glareder is, after all, limited. Why not heed your grandfather's counsel and give further consideration to the plan of destroying Mobius? We can discuss it in due course."

Trevor responded candidly, "I am not fighting alone. I have joined a military organization called Klein. I will collaborate with them to annihilate Mobius!"

As Trevor fervently expressed his desire to bring about Mobius' downfall, a fierce gleam danced in his eyes.

Elwood and Ronald exchanged an intrigued glance upon hearing the mention of "Klein," their expressions betraying a complex mix of emotions. They chose not to impede Trevor any further.

A moment of silence enveloped them before Ronald broke it with a



sudden query. "What about the other two clans while we were confined within the cell?"

Trevor appeared somewhat perturbed by the question and replied coldly. "It is difficult to ascertain their current situation. I suspect the Wright family can no longer be trusted. There may even be a connection between them and Mobius. Perhaps the Wright family played a part in the attack on Dreles!"

The memories of Trevor's recent visit to protect Luisa, only to find Cecelia placed under house arrest, still lingered vividly in his mind.

It was challenging for Trevor not to harbor doubts.

The revelation of this news left Elwood and Ronald equally stunned. Elwood's voice dropped to a hushed tone as he uttered, "The Wright family colluding with Mobius... it is truly unthinkable!"

Trevor maintained his silence, refraining from bringing up the matter again.

Occasionally, the three of them engaged in casual conversation, as their time together was drawing to a close.

Reluctantly and with evident concern, both Elwood and Ronald gazed at Trevor. Their voices trembled as they said, "No matter what happens, take good care of yourself. Remember, we are still by your side. You are a valued member of the Sanderson family, and we will always support you."

Trevor's eyes welled up with tears, but he fought to hold them back. He nodded and responded, "Take care of yourselves."

He bid farewell to his father and grandfather, realizing that he had to remain behind to undermine Mobius.

After the goodbyes were said, Trevor hastily hailed a taxi and headed towards the prison, determined to fulfill his promise to the old man and capture Midnight.

Upon reaching the prison gate, the tumultuous commotion seemed to have subsided, and representatives from various factions stood by, observing the scene.

Trevor had intended to exploit the chaos, seizing the opportunity to capture Prescott and exert pressure on Midnight. However, to his surprise, the melee had already ceased. He was left with no choice but to await the next opening.

As Trevor prepared to depart, an unfamiliar man approached him, greeting him as if they were old acquaintances. "Raven, it has been quite some time since we last met," the man remarked naturally.

Trevor glanced at the stranger before him, taken aback, and felt a twinge of guilt. Steeling himself, he forced out a response. "Yes, it has indeed been a while."

He had no recollection of ever encountering this man before.

His back became drenched in cold sweat as he pondered to himself. Why does Raven have a connection to someone from Glareder? No, there was something amiss. According to the preceding information, Raven found herself without any companions here.

Suddenly, a man approached her, his voice barely audible as he uttered, "I'm Patrice! I knew it was your doing when there was a grand spectacle at the prison. Without delay, I cunningly concealed my identity. Ha ha, can you not recognize me now?"

A smug expression adorned Patrice's face as she observed Trevor.

Relief washed over Trevor as he let out a long breath, his frayed nerves finding solace. He couldn't help but offer praise, albeit helplessly.

"Your ability to blend in is truly remarkable. But please, spare me any further scares."

His phone abruptly rang, interrupting the moment.

He was a little surprised.


Who could be calling him at such an hour?

Trevor swiftly grasped the phone and the name of the caller came into sharp focus, causing his pupils to constrict involuntarily.

It was Dominic!



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 +120 Points at most


Dominic was supposed to be accompanying Ronald and Elwood as they made their way out of Glareder. The timing of his call raised the unsettling possibility that something unforeseen had occurred.



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