

## Chapter 1733 The Sequel Of The Prison Raid

Trevor cast a sidelong glance at the captain, a faint smile playing on his lips, as he jestingly remarked, "You were adamant about checking, and now you've seen something you shouldn't have. How can I trust that you won't divulge the secret?"

The captain, overcome with panic, hastily knelt down, his legs trembling uncontrollably, and pleaded, "I saw nothing! Absolutely nothing! I implore you, spare my life!"

Trevor's gaze turned icy as he locked eyes with the captain and retorted in a cold, biting tone, "I believe a deceased individual is far more capable of safeguarding secrets."

The mention of the term "deceased individual" sent a shiver down the captain's spine, causing him to plop down on the ground. The color painted his trousers, a clear indication of his sheer terror—evidently, he had wet himself!

He had no doubt about the casual demeanor with which Mobius' official assassins dispatched their enemies.

Desperate to save his own life, the captain beseeched, "Sir, I beg you, spare me! I'll become your loyal lackey from this moment on. You can traverse any border without hindrance!"

Trevor contemplated for a moment, his expression stern, and pressed, "Humph! Then why don't you open the gate now?"

The captain scrambled to his feet, hastening to activate the switch. The gate, concealed behind a network of barbed wire, swung open wide.

Trevor fired up the modified car, and a billowing cloud of dust erupted as the vehicle sped off, soon vanishing into the distance.

After driving away from Glareder for a considerable distance, the car eventually came to a halt.

Stepping out of the driver's seat, Trevor regarded his father and grandfather with utmost seriousness, his voice resolute as he declared, "If we don't eliminate Mobius, our lives will be in perpetual danger! I will dismantle them without delay!"

The duo exchanged nods, their countenances reflecting a mix of complex emotions. For the time being, they were relatively safe in this location.

"You have to come back alive!" Ronald's eyes welled up with tears, his voice choked with emotion. Gripping Trevor's shoulder tightly, he bid farewell to his son.

With that, the two of them set off.

Trevor and Patrice were left behind.

Trevor glanced at Patrice, a hint of bashfulness coloring his expression as he uttered, "Thank you sincerely. It was because you played the role of my captive that we managed to escape the city!"

Though Patrice understood that it was the most effective strategy, she couldn't help feeling a tad disgruntled about being tightly bound and tossed into the car. She muttered, "Ha, it was all thanks to you, Mr. Raven, that we made it out. The captain was so terrified that he even wet himself!"

Feeling a twinge of embarrassment, Trevor scratched his head and turned to face Patrice, who was also looking back at him. Their eyes met, and a smile graced their lips. This ordeal was finally behind them!

Trevor hadn't seen Patrice in days, and yet, she reappeared at the crucial moment. Baffled, he couldn't resist asking, "What are your plans now?"

Instead of providing a direct answer, Patrice countered, "And what about you?"

The two fell silent for a brief moment before simultaneously declaring, "We're going back to Glareder!"



Within the confines of the prison.

Mobius' secret prison was nothing more than a hollow shell. The facilities lay in ruins, and the prisoners had either perished or managed to flee.

Midnight, his countenance consumed by gloom, ventured into the prison to assess the situation. Frustration surged within him, provoking curses and violent outbursts against his men.

As he delved deeper into the prison, his face grew increasingly pallid.

Finally, he arrived at the prison's innermost depths. To his dismay, not a single soul remained here!

Midnight teetered on the brink of madness, his voice laced with seething rage. "Damn it! Fuck! Who in the world is responsible for this?"

If only the prisoners confined in the outer areas had escaped, he could merely punish Vulture at most, an action that would yield minimal consequences.

However, the captives held within the cells of the innermost part were influential figures in the outside world. Now that they were all freed, Midnight himself would be held accountable!

Midnight bellowed at the top of his lungs, "What the hell is happening? Find out now!"

It wasn't long before the three individuals lying unconscious on the first floor of the Mobius building were discovered. Midnight swiftly surmised that they had escaped through an underground passage.

Randolph, Jeremias, and Bellamy remained in a comatose state.

A roar reverberated within Midnight's heart. Who on earth was responsible for this? No one besides himself and his most trusted men was aware of this passage. Who among them had betrayed him?

At that moment, Bellamy was roused from his unconscious state as others doused him with ice-cold water, leaving him sprawled in the hall on the first floor.

As Midnight's gaze fell upon Bellamy, who had successfully escaped the prison, his eyes brimmed with a murderous intent. He interrogated him with an unyielding ferocity, demanding, "Bellamy, you will tell me what transpired. How did you manage to escape? Who facilitated your release? Speak now! Otherwise, I'll sever your limbs and cast you into the river to become fish food!"

Bellamy was nothing more than a bully who preyed on the weak but trembled in the face of strength. Confronted with a formidable adversary, his courage crumbled, and he pleaded for mercy incessantly.

"Alright! I'll tell you! I'll divulge everything I know! Please, spare my life!"