

Chapter 1735 You Should Go To The Port

After departing from Midnight's villa, Trevor made his way directly to the black market. His intention was to update the enigmatic old man, who specialized in forging certificates, about the latest developments and potentially gather valuable information from him.

As Trevor drew nearer to the old man's basement, he couldn't help but notice the eerie absence of people along the way.

A sense of unease washed over him. "There's something off about the atmosphere," he muttered under his breath.

True to his instincts, at the next corner, Trevor spotted Prescott and a group of Mobius members meticulously conducting room-by-room searches.

"Damn it! If they find the old man, it'll spell trouble!" Trevor exclaimed, shocked by the perilous situation.

Deep within the shabby basement, the old man's eyes remained fixed on the patrolling Prescott and his team through a narrow crack in the door. Resolute, he prepared to sacrifice himself alongside them with a bomb.

Sensing the urgency of the moment, Trevor swiftly emerged from his hiding place, taunting from a distance, "Ha ha, Prescott, so you're searching for Trevor, the eldest son of the Sanderson family? What makes you believe he is here in the black market?"

Hearing the voice from behind, Prescott turned his head, his eyes falling upon the face he despised the most.

"Raven!"

The mounting pressure of the manhunt had already weighed heavily on Prescott's spirit. Trevor's mocking remark instantaneously fueled his



anger, igniting a blazing fury within him!

Prescott retorted, his voice filled with anger, "I've been given the order to search for the escaped criminal, Trevor! It's none of your business! Leave this place immediately. If you obstruct my search, my uncle won't let you off the hook!"

Trevor sneered, oozing contempt as he replied, "You truly are a fool! If Trevor truly wanted to escape, would he willingly come to the black market to court death? I doubt you'll be able to find him either. Let's see how your uncle deals with you personally."

Prescott snorted in disdain, asserting, "Humph! Do you think there are no guards at the port or borders? Do you think Trevor would willingly go there and let himself be captured?"

Trevor burst into laughter once again. "Ha ha ha! You really are a fool! If he gets caught, do you think the outcome would be the same as if you caught him? If someone else apprehends him first, the Bat faction's glory days will come to an end!"

As Trevor goaded Prescott, he couldn't help but snicker.

Prescott, wearing a serious expression, pondered the pros and cons. It seemed that he was genuinely considering Trevor's words.

Trevor continued to entice him, "If you head to the port now, not only can you capture Trevor, but you might also apprehend other escaped criminals, showcasing your capabilities. Mr. Midnight might even reward you."

At the mention of a "reward," Prescott's interest was piqued. He found himself swayed by Trevor's suggestion, although he coldly retorted, "Get lost! Don't bother me! I have a plan of my own!"

Witnessing Prescott's arrogance, Trevor felt a mix of disdain and satisfaction at his foolishness. Nonetheless, he pretended to be indignant, remarking, "Humph! Whether you believe me or not is up to you!"

Prescott snorted and disregarded Trevor's presence. After all, the top priority remained the arrest of the escaped prisoners!

In a low voice, Prescott commanded the Mobius members by his side,



"Cease the search! Follow me to the port!"

After rounding a corner, Prescott realized that Trevor had completely vanished from sight. He touched his nose and muttered, "Damn it! Raven is quite cunning."

Observing their hasty departure, the old man let out a sigh of relief. He gingerly pushed open the door, his countenance noticeably softer than before. With gratitude in his voice, he thanked Trevor.

"Thank you for diverting his attention. It would have been troublesome if they had found me."

It was at this moment that Trevor finally caught sight of the old man. Despite the lingering limp, there was an intangible aura of remarkable resilience and strength that emanated from the old man.

