

Chapter 1745 Lurking Danger

Frowning, Trevor looked back and saw Prescott chasing him down.

Catching up to Trevor, Prescott burst out in anger.

"Raven, what happened in there? Did you just kill my uncle?"

Trevor raised an eyebrow, not expecting such an accusatory question. Maintaining a placid expression, he said apologetically, "I know Midnight's death is a big blow to you. Even though he didn't treat you so well, he is still your uncle, and you care about him. I know that, and I understand what you feel right now."

He paused before continuing, "But you know I've tried my best to treat his condition. Every treatment I gave, I put his best interest at heart. I wanted him to live as much as you did, so why would I kill him? You probably don't know this yet, but the leaders of the other factions conducted an investigation, and their speculations all lead to his butler."

Prescott's jaw clenched. His brows furrowed as he retorted sharply, "Do you really believe I will buy that? The butler has been working for my uncle for more than a decade. He is loyal and trustworthy. Besides, what motive did he have to do that to my uncle? Nothing!"

"I don't believe it either," Trevor said sternly. He let out a sigh and continued, "But it's not me. Think about it carefully. I have worked so hard to save your uncle. Do you think I did all that just to kill him in the end?"

Prescott pressed his lips together, acknowledging Trevor's



reason. After a while, he asked, "Then who do you suspect did it?"

Trevor looked him seriously in the eye and said, "It's Lone Wolf. He and Midnight had an argument at the harbor when you caught Bellamy. Lone Wolf had a sniper on Midnight, but because there were so many people at that time, the plan didn't take off."

Prescott looked surprised. He hadn't heard about this story until now.

Regarding Trevor warily, he asked, "You're from the Wolf faction. Why would you make such a bold claim that Lone Wolf killed my uncle? How will I know if you're saying the truth or lying to my face?"

Trevor's face hardened. "Midnight was nice to me, and I have deep respect for him. I don't like you, but you are his only family, so I'm telling you what I think is the truth."

He pointed at the gang leader, who was standing aside, and added, "If you don't believe me, you can ask him. I'm sure he saw the sniper that day."

The gang leader, who was already trembling after interacting with Trevor, said meekly, "He's right. I saw the sniper that day."

With the gang leader's confirmation, Prescott dropped his grimace. Not knowing what to say, he bowed to Trevor and muttered, "Thank you."

He couldn't lie that he was grateful. The person he hated the most told him the truth about his uncle's death without hesitation.

At that instant, the resentment he harbored against Trevor vanished.

On the other hand, Trevor was slightly taken aback by

Prescott's show of gratitude. He had never thought an unruly person like Prescott would be humble enough to acknowledge someone with respect.

Returning Prescott's civility, Trevor said, "I'm really sorry about Midnight's passing. If you want to get back on the culprit and need some help, call this number and tell the person that I sent you to him."

He then handed the note with Patrice's number on it.

Prescott felt something warm pooling around his eyes as he took the note. He was deeply touched by this thoughtful gesture from Trevor.

Never had he thought the person he despised would treat him back with kindness. How could he be so bad toward him? He should pay him back in the future for all this help.

Taking the note with him, Prescott said goodbye and hurriedly left the port.

Trevor watched him leave with a malicious smile on his face.

Something really good was about to happen. Prescott might be weak, but with Patrice's help, he would make enough trouble for Lone Wolf.

Everyone started to board the ship. Rupert was the last to hop in before it set sail.

Finally, there were leaving Glareder!

Finding Trevor, Rupert walked up to him and happily shared, "Assembling the crew was impeccably smooth this time. After our call, I got in touch with the people in this ship. I was worried that I wouldn't find enough crew members in such a short time, but they immediately agreed to man the ship!"

Trevor's brows knotted. He didn't know why, but something

about Rupert's story felt off. "Where did you find them?"

Oblivious to Trevor's perplexed look, Rupert said nonchalantly, "In the black market, of course! They contacted me first after I sent out words that I was looking for a ship."

Trevor glanced around the ship. The sailors looked suspicious, with their occasional smirk and hushed laughter. It was obvious they weren't decent people.

This was bad.

Trevor looked over to the port but it was no longer visible.

They were already too far from land and couldn't change the crew members now.

Worse, Trevor didn't know how to sail.

His face hardened.

Now the only way for him was to wait and see them expose their true intentions.

