

Chapter 1748 Doomed

As the ship sped off ahead, the captain returned to the cabin and faced everyone.

Scowling, he ordered the crew, "Take these people to the deck. Someone will pick them up at the port later."

Urged by the crew, all the association members left the cabin one after another and walked toward the deck, their faces pale with fright.

The noise woke Trevor up. Getting on his feet, he stretched his body and walked out of the room unhurriedly.

When the captain saw Trevor moving idly, he lost his temper and hurled a kick at him, snarling, "Stop dragging your feet! Move faster, or I'll send you to hell!"

Trevor moved fast and dodged the captain's kick.

The captain descended the stairs as he kicked, so he fell hard to the floor when Trevor avoided his attack.

Looking down at the captain coldly, Trevor warned, "Don't push me."

Struggling to get back on his feet, the captain glared at Trevor and roared, "Damn you! You still don't know who's the boss here. Do you want to die now?"

He took out his pistol, pulled the slide back, and pointed it at Trevor.

But Trevor didn't flinch. He regarded the captain sternly and sneered.

Trevor's arrogance fanned the flames of the captain's fury even more. His fingers trembled slightly as his index finger closed on

the trigger, ready to squeeze and fire the bullet.

The crew was the ones nervous for Trevor.

When they saw the captain's fingers fidgeting on the trigger, they hurriedly talked him out of it.

One of them exclaimed sternly, "Calm down, Captain! We're almost at the port. Don't waste your energy on that bastard. Money is what's important right now. If we kill him, we'd make less money!"

The captain clenched his jaw.

They were outlaws vying for money at the end of this mission. He knew that if he pulled the trigger, these people would probably turn their backs on him for money.

Pushed the muzzle of the pistol with his finger nonchalantly, Trevor said, "I don't like having a gun pointed at me."

The captain glowered, "Do you think I give a damn about that? I like having this at your face, so shut up!"

Trevor snorted and said, "Let's make a bet then. In the next few minutes, you will experience it yourself."

The captain regarded Trevor with mockery in his eyes.

That was the lamest joke he had ever heard! He stopped scowling and burst into laughter.

Now he was certain Trevor was sick in the head.

That explained his nonchalance even with the gun pointed at his face.

The captain laughed even more at the realization. "I'm sorry. That was foolish of me. Why did I take a dumb jerk like you seriously?"

The crew also burst into mocking laughter, joining the captain.

Trevor just snickered and ignored their jeering.

The ship continued to speed off. From where they stood, the crew looked over the deck, where their captives were, and found the port close by.

As the captain said, the outlaws were waiting at the port and waving at them.

The captain looked over and waved at the others on the port, thinking about the money and the luxurious life awaiting him.

When the ship docked at the port, the captain excitedly ordered the crew, "Disembark everyone. After today, we'll part ways and enjoy the money!"

The crew beamed at his words, pushing everyone to get off the ship. "Get off the ship now! Move!"

Just then, a large group of men in protective gear emerged from both sides of the port, encircling the outlaws.

It was the Klein squad, deployed to the area to ambush the gang. Once the smuggling ship hit the dock, they executed their plan and surrounded the port.

They held their guns and pointed them at the shocked outlaws and ordered, "Don't move! Put down your weapons!"

The Klein squad was in their full protective gear. They wore bulletproof vests and held rifles and shields in each hand. They came prepared to attack!

The outlaws were caught off guard. Unlike the Klein squad, they weren't fully armed.

Fear covered their faces as they looked at the captain for rescue, hoping he had an escape plan ready.

The smile on the captain's face froze. His smugness was soon replaced with shock, then fear.

His hands trembled at the rifles' muzzles pointing at him.

Just thinking about the bullets that could fatally take his life

once the Klein squad pulled the triggers made him numb.

His heart raced in fear for his dear life.

At that moment, he realized he was inescapably doomed.