

Chapter 1197 Mobius

Trevor stared at the warehouse and thought for a long while before saying, "I will go in on behalf of the negotiating team!"

Kermit was shocked at the proclamation. "Don't be impulsive!" he said, trying to persuade Trevor to give up on it. "Dragon, if anything happens to you..."

Trevor waved a hand and said resolutely, "We can't wait any longer. We don't know anything about the situation in the warehouse. We don't even know how many killers there are. They have the upper hand!"

Kermit's voice was troubled as he said, "Those bastards are all outlaws. It's dangerous for you to go in."

Trevor shook his head, a mysterious smile playing on his lips, and said, "I have a plan. Listen to me now. There is something I need you to arrange..."

After that, Trevor strode towards the warehouse and shouted at the killers inside the warehouse.

Edlin, who was hiding among the police officers, was stunned at his actions. But soon, joy overtook his shock.

Edlin thought that Trevor was courting death. What a fool! The killers were not ordinary gangsters. They were the elites of Hidden Assassins! They could crush Trevor with their bare hands! Even the fully armed police might not be able to break in. Trevor was walking to his own death.

A while after Trevor had shown his intention to negotiate, the door to the warehouse opened a crack.

Trevor didn't hesitate. With a meaningful look backward, he walked straight inside.

He entered only to be welcomed by six guns pointing at his head.

The door closed with a loud bang.

Trevor calmly assessed the situation inside the warehouse.

There were thirty killers from Hidden Assassins, nowhere near the low number that Trevor had been expecting.

Moreover, they had guns, which made it impossible to defeat them at this distance without getting hurt.

Then Trevor looked at the corner.

John and his four companions were tied together tightly, unable to move.

John looked up and was stunned to see Trevor.

His shock and desperation soon filtered through, but John was also guilty at the thought of Trevor risking his life to save them. But at this point in time, he was only courting death. John thought that everything was his fault.

Trevor had no idea about the thoughts that were going through John's head.

Although the situation was different from what he had expected, he had already come up with a solution.

Trevor's expression didn't change as he barked out an order to the killers. "Put down your guns!"

Before the killers could get angry, Trevor flashed a badge at them. It had a snake pattern on it, a trophy he had collected from the killer he had killed.

"He is a full member of Mobius!" a man wearing a silver necklace exclaimed, putting his pistol away immediately. "I'm sorry, sir. I didn't recognize you. Please forgive us."

Every gun disappeared, the tension in the atmosphere disappearing almost instantly.

The killers, who had looked murderous just moments ago, were now looking uneasy and fearful.

Trevor had successfully swindled them! He smiled to himself.

With that badge, he managed to convince them that he was a member of Mobius.

Trevor put the badge away, ignored John's shocked expression, and demanded rather arrogantly, "Are you the leader?"

The man immediately replied, "Yes. My code name is Grave-keeper."

Trevor nodded imperceptibly and frowned. "Why are you being so careless? Even a group of policemen can block you here!"

Grave-keeper didn't dare retort. He directed his anger towards John.

"It was all this brat's fault! He ruined our plan! We got the news that the police were searching the warehouse at six this evening. But this guy came at five. Sir, please punish him!"

Trevor quickly pulled out the pistol from the holster at Grave-keeper's waist and pointed it at John's forehead.

John was also deceived by Trevor's acting.

His lips trembled and he screamed in disbelief, "You!"

Trevor sneered, but did not give John a chance to continue talking. He unlocked the safety latch and said, "It was all your fault. You shouldn't have rushed in."

John stared into the muzzle of the gun, cold sweat beading on his forehead. He held on without another word, ready to die.

But Trevor grinned, clicked the safety back on, and said, "Forget it. I'm a negotiator sent in by the police. There's no need to give up my identity."

Grave-keeper frowned, doubtful.

But Trevor continued, "Grave-keeper, come here! Arrange for everyone to retreat from the back door. The spies in the police station will pick you up. Once you get into the police cars, you will be taken to a safe place. I'm taking the risk to clean up your mess for you this time! Don't make me do it again!"

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At the mention of spies in the police force, Grave-keeper's brow cleared, his doubts dispelled.

He immediately answered, his voice loud, "Yes, sir!"

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