

Chapter 1226 Another Handsome Man

Trevor used his height to his advantage and looked down on the fat man.

With a playful smile, he said coldly, "Oh? Did you say that I was poor?"

To make an impression, Trevor had carefully chosen his clothes while he checked into the hotel.

It was a custom-made designer suit, which was tailored to fit him.

Even his watch and his collar pin were more expensive than the regular clothes the fat man was flaunting.

With a cold sneer, Trevor was about to break the fantasy of the short fat upstart.

At that moment, a clear voice came from behind.

"This is an eye opener for me. How dare an upstart laugh at others!"

Raising his eyebrows in amusement, Trevor turned around.

A lean handsome man was standing behind him.

He had good features, crystal-like eyes, and a sharp nose.

His only issue was that he was short, and Trevor guessed that he must be less than 5.5 feet tall, which was quite pitiful.

The fat man became angrier when he saw someone interfering and cursed, "Another one? What bad luck! What? You want to get an earful, too?"

Chapter 1226 Another Handsome M. 🎁 +120 Points at most

Instead of getting annoyed with him, the handsome man stepped forward with a smile and said, "You're really funny. I have to tell you this, the bag that the gentleman is carrying is from Dior, and if I am not mistaken, then it is most certainly a customized one. The price of that bag alone is \$120,000, which is more expensive than the so-called brand clothes you were just bragging about."

The truth was that fat man was the upstart who did not know a thing about luxury items, especially customized designer outfits and accessories.

The fat man's face turned red with anger and he froze for a second before he shouted again, "That's nonsense! You know nothing! This has nothing to do with you, so get out of here! I'm a guest of Thiegor Hotel. Who the hell are you? How dare you talk to me like this? Aren't you afraid that I might just call the security and get you kicked out?"

The handsome man calmly took out a dark golden card from his pocket and flashed it before everyone.

"Do you know what this is? It's Thiegor Hotel's highest level VIP card. Now, tell me, do I have the right to talk?"

Trevor raised his eyebrows in surprise.

The receptionist exclaimed, "A dark golden VIP card! Are you the distinguished guest staying in the presidential suite?"

Startled, the fat man wiped his sweaty palms on his trousers and asked in a low voice, "Hey! What VIP card? Why haven't I heard of it?"

The receptionist took a reverential look at the handsome man before answering, "Thiegor Hotel is owned by the Murray family, and only the core members of that family are allowed to give golden gold VIP cards to others."

She stopped mid-sentence, because the fat man already looked quite pale from fear.

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Only the core members of the Murray family were qualified to give the VIP cards to others! That could only mean that the cardholder was a friend of the Murray family.

Even Trevor squinted his eyes in suspicion.

Was the handsome man a friend of the Murray family?

The fat man was so scared that he broke out in a cold sweat.

If anyone dared to offend the Murray family, then they would be facing death.

Trembling with fear, the fat man said, "I'm sorry. I'm really sorry. I did not know who you were and I foolishly offended you. Please forgive me!"

He bowed to the handsome man again and again.

Trevor glanced at the fat man, worried that he might break his spine if he kept doing it.

Chapter 1227 The Target Is Him

"Get Lost!"

While the words were meant to humiliate, the handsome man's tone suggested that he was bestowing a reward upon the fat man.

The fat man gave a flattering smile, wiped the sweat on his forehead, and escaped as fast as his legs could carry him.

He didn't even dare to look back.

Looking at the cowed manner in which the fat man stumbled out of the hotel brought a smile to Trevor's lips.

Although the situation was not a big deal and he could have handled it, Trevor still turned to the handsome man and said, "Thank you for your help. I'm Dragon. Nice to meet you."

The handsome man nodded with a smile, put his hands in his pockets and replied, "My name is Patrice Wood. Nice to meet you. Which floor do you live on? Let's go together, in case we meet that kind of underbred person again."

Trevor turned to the receptionist.

The receptionist came to her senses and quickly helped Trevor check in.

"I live on the 11th floor," Trevor answered after checking the key card the receptionist gave him.

With a nod, the handsome man turned and led the way to the elevator. "What a coincidence. I'm on the 12th floor. Let's go."

The two men entered the elevator together.

As the elevator's doors closed, Trevor became aware of a faint fragrance.

It was a unique perfume smell.

It was neither the cologne that the average man used, nor was it the sweet fragrance common in women's perfume.

It was a peculiar refreshing fragrance, reminding him of the forest and tundra.

Trevor sniffed the air, trying to inhale more of the wonderful smell.

He was hit by a feeling of déjà vu suddenly, but he couldn't remember exactly where he had smelled such fragrance before.

Trevor suddenly remembered that Patrice had a dark golden VIP card, so he started a conversation with Patrice.

"I was shocked when I saw you take out that card. As far as I'm aware, only very few people can say that they share such close friendships with the Murray family."

Only the Murray family knew how many dark golden cards there were.

Patrice shook his head and replied indifferently, "Really? I don't know. I only checked in at noon. But I thought it might be useful, so I brought it out. I wasn't expecting the hotel staff to be so kind."

Checked in today?


Trevor tilted his head, a few pieces falling into place when he heard this new information.

Ferrell was absent from the meeting of the Murray family because he had to receive a mysterious person.

And Patrice had actually checked in at this exact time.

Was it a coincidence?

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Trevor turned his attention to Patrice and asked tentatively, "The 12th floor should be the floor where the presidential suites are located. Is there anyone else on the floor?"

Patrice shrugged and replied casually, "I didn't see anyone else when I checked in. I guess I'm the only one on that floor."

Living alone on the 12th floor?

Trevor became even more suspicious.

Logically speaking, the mysterious person had to be very important to Ferrell. Otherwise, Ferrell wouldn't have opted to ditch the family meeting just to receive this guest in person.

Ferrell had arranged for this mysterious man to stay in the hotel, so it stood to reason that Ferrell must have arranged a presidential suite for him.

Right now, Patrice was the only one living on the 12th floor.

At this moment, Patrice absentmindedly took out his dark golden card and chuckled.

"In fact, Ferrell gave me this card. He told me that I could use this card to buy anything here."

It was a card from Ferrell!

Against his will, Trevor's expression changed slightly. But he couldn't help it because his mind had been thrown into turmoil.

All the clues in front of him were making it blatantly obvious that Patrice was the mysterious person that Ferrell personally received.

So, was Patrice a member of Mobius?

The moment the idea took root in Trevor's mind, his heart started beating wildly and his pupils contracted.

Chapter 1228 Acting

The elevator was suddenly filled with tension.

It was as if one wrong move would spark a fight between them at any minute.

Trevor had never expected to take the same elevator with someone who could be a member of Mobius!

"What's wrong?" Patrice asked in a low voice.

His eyes surveyed Trevor with a hint of suspicion.

He might be lacking in height, but his gaze was sharp and murderous.

Trevor knew he would be in grave trouble if he didn't give a reasonable explanation.

Fortunately, he was quick to react and said, "I'm sorry. I was just a little taken aback. In Corden, only very few people could dare to call the leader of the Murray family by his first name. Mr. Murray personally sent out a VIP card. It's just so... unbelievable."

Trevor's acting was convincing. His expression showed that he admired and respected the Murray family's power and prominence.

Patrice withdrew his sharp gaze, looked away, and revealed a faint smile.

He looked up at the increasing floor number and said calmly, "It's not a big deal. Alright, we're on the 11th floor."

Calming himself, Trevor stepped out of the elevator and turned to Patrice with a smile.

"Hey, mind if we exchange contact numbers? I've been here for a little while. Maybe we could meet and hang out sometime since we're both new here."

After thinking for a while, Patrice smiled and nodded. "Sure."

After they exchanged numbers, they bid goodbye to each other and went on their separate ways.

The elevator doors closed behind them.

Only when he entered his room did Trevor feel relieved.

He dropped his handbag and took off his suit jacket, only to find that the back of his shirt was wet with cold sweat.

A bitter smile escaped his lips as he murmured to himself, "I didn't expect to meet him like this."

That gave him quite a fright.

Who would have thought he would meet the target as soon as he came to the hotel?

They even rode the same elevator!

Fortunately, he was able to conceal his identity.

Trevor might have defeated and killed two members of Mobius, the man with a broken finger and Raven, but that didn't mean he could just come at another suspected member this time.

It would have been dangerous if a fight had broken out. He wouldn't be able to defeat the target easily in such a confined space as the elevator.

The opponent was a highly-skilled Mobius member, who could be carrying lethal weapons.

Trevor wouldn't be able to win against that with his bare hands.

"Okay, let's calm down."

Trevor took a deep breath, sat on the soft bed, and rubbed his face.

At least he got one conclusive piece of information now.

Patrice was a distinguished guest of the Murray family.

To confirm whether Patrice was a member of Mobius, Trevor must find the snake tattoo on his body or his Mobius badge.

Trevor scratched his head. He needed to think more about it.

The snake tattoo was good evidence, but Patrice wore a grey suit over a white shirt earlier, which covered his wrists.

His Mobius badge wasn't visible either.

Each Mobius member would keep their badge where no one could see it.

Good thing Trevor got Patrice's number. He looked at the number in his contacts and smiled.

As long as they kept in touch, he could have a chance to confirm Patrice's identity.

After a while, Trevor decided to text Patrice.

"Corden Port is in the south. Want to go fishing there tomorrow?"

To Trevor's delight, Patrice replied right away.

"Sounds good."