

Chapter 1229 Sea Fishing

Trevor pumped his fist in delight when he read Patrice's text that he had agreed to go fishing.

Compared to Barlowtown, Corden was closer to the south. Most importantly, a tall mountain stood in between the two cities.

As a result, it was warm in Corden while Barlowtown was wet and cold in the early spring.

When Trevor saw the weather forecast that tomorrow would be sunny, he was unable to contain his smile.

If everything went according to plan, he could check Patrice's wrist to see if he had a tattoo.

As for the equipment needed for sea fishing, Margaret would arrange everything.

Trevor met Patrice on the following day. They went to the harbor and rented a small yacht.

He slowly steered the yacht out of the harbor.

He was disappointed that there was a small problem in his plan.

Patrice was wearing a long-sleeved shirt on such a hot day.

Trevor scowled while keeping a sharp eye on Patrice. He observed Patrice handling the fishing rod while sitting on the deck.

This raised Trevor's suspicions that Patrice was possibly a Mobius member.

How could a normal person be able to wear a long-sleeved shirt in such weather?

Trevor anchored their yacht on the sea and said, "Let's fish here."

Patrice made no protests. He gave a nod before hanging the bait on the fishing rod and started fishing.

Trevor squinted, observing Patrice's arms. He didn't want to blow this excellent opportunity.

After giving it some thought, he took out a bottle of Coca-Cola from the freezer and poured it into two glasses.

He carried the glasses in both hands as he approached Patrice.

"Hey, Patrice! It's so hot. Would you like something cold to drink?" Trevor offered while walking.

Trevor intentionally stumbled himself as Patrice turned his head.

The drinks he was carrying splashed on Patrice's clothes, making them wet.

"Oh, no!" Patrice exclaimed. "That wave was a little big. I'm sorry I stumbled. Why don't you take off your shirt? The sugar will stick to it once the drink evaporates."

Waving his hand, Patrice gathered himself and said, "It's alright, not a big deal."

Trevor suggested again, "You better change your clothes. It's so hot, and it will be very uncomfortable if your shirt sticks to your skin. I have a clean T-shirt in the cabin. You can wear it."


Patrice refused, shaking his head. "Don't take it personally, but no. Thanks, though."

Trevor's lips pursed and he stopped trying to convince Patrice.

If he persisted, Patrice might start being suspicious of his intention.

Patrice's behavior was strange enough.

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 +120 Points at most

When Trevor returned to the cabin with the glasses, he scowled and pondered how to get Patrice to remove his shirt so he could check if he had a snake tattoo.

Sighing, Trevor decided that he had to try something else.

Unexpectedly, distant engine roars joined the sounds of the sea's waves and winds.

Trevor heard that.

The sound of the engine was approaching steadily. It shortly appeared right next to them.

When Trevor peeked his head out, he saw the water being splashed high by a large yacht speeding by.

Patrice was drenched in sea water all over since he was unable to dodge the splash.

A rich young man wearing a floral shirt was on the large yacht.

Instead of apologizing, he laughed, whistled loudly, and even made a mocking gesture.

The large yacht didn't leave. Instead, it started to circle around Trevor's fishing yacht while stirring the seawater.

Chapter 1230 Patrice's Skills

Angry, Trevor yelled, "What are you doing?"

Some of the young people from wealthy families were quite unscrupulous.

They never had to work and only caused trouble everywhere to demonstrate how superior their lives were and to feel superior.

On the large white yacht, there were even two stunning women in bikinis. They danced in rhythm to the loud music, flaunting their attractive figure.

Their eyes lightened up when they spotted Patrice, who was drenched from head to toe, and Trevor, who had a great mood.

Two gorgeous men!

"Hi! Handsome!"

Trevor and Patrice were excitedly greeted by the two stunning women who were flirtatiously waving their arms.

But the rich young man driving was clearly annoyed by this behavior.

He sneered and flashed a wicked grin.

He sailed right up to Trevor's yacht.

The collision with the luxury yacht jolted Trevor's fishing yacht since it was relatively small and had a lower waterline.

But Trevor had a terrific sense of balance. He secured himself by grabbing the cabin's door frame.

Patrice did not stumble either. He firmly gripped the guardrail to balance himself.

The rich young man stepped out onto the white yacht, stood at the edge of the deck, and yelled, "Hey! Are you two blind? Why didn't you say hello? Don't you want to stay in Corden?"

Trevor gave him a cold gaze. He would have gone up and beat up this jerk if Patrice hadn't been present.

"Who are you? What do you want from us?" Trevor asked loudly.

"You don't even know me. I guess you two are outsiders. I am Nimrod Powell," the young man said while grinning.

He then stared at Patrice with contempt and asked maliciously, "You're the only two here. Are you gay?"

Patrice's face grew grim as he heard this. He hastily stepped onto the guardrail and jumped onboard the white yacht, grabbing Nimrod by the collar.

"Ah! What the heck are you doing?"

Nimrod turned pale with fear. He wasn't anticipating Patrice's bold attempt to grab his collar.

With a sneer, Patrice dragged Nimrod's collar and tossed him onto the deck of their yacht.

Trevor's eyes narrowed in shock.

Patrice had just shown incredible strength! Undoubtedly, a regular person could not have done that!

Even though Trevor was contemplating, he still responded fast.

Trevor stepped on Nimrod's chest, trapping him.

"What are you doing? Release me! Are you crazy?"

In a fit of rage, Nimrod attempted to push Trevor's foot away.

But despite Nimrod's best efforts, he was unable to move the foot on him in the slightest.

"I am warning you. Don't mess around! I have bodyguards on my yacht!" Nimrod shouted with a furious gaze.

Patrice calmly made her way back to the fishing yacht and scoffed, "Why have you lost your arrogance?"

On the white luxury yacht, two powerful bodyguards ran out of the cabin as the two women screamed in terror.

"Stop! Let go of Mr. Powell," one of the bald bodyguards yelled.

From the white yacht, they jumped to the fishing yacht.

"Hurry up! Help me!" Nimrod shouted.

Together, the two bodyguards were able to free Nimrod from Trevor's foot. Trevor didn't stop them.

He was worried that Patrice would become suspicious if he displayed too much strength.

After being saved, Nimrod was enraged and screamed with a ferocious face, "Beat them up! Make sure to knock them hard! Get those two assholes. I'm going to shove their heads into the water and make them drink seawater! Bastards! This is the price you pay for disrespecting me!"