

Chapter 1231 Perfect Cooperation

Trevor stared at Nimrod disdainfully.

He totally ignored the two muscular bodyguards.

Trevor did not want to expose himself while Patrice was present. If not, he would have flung both bodyguards into the sea without breaking a sweat.

Seeing how Trevor and Patrice did not beg for their lives, Nimrod felt humiliated.

Angrily, Nimrod said to the bodyguards, "Go! Beat them! Beat them to a pulp!"

The two burly bodyguards, used to getting wicked orders from Nimrod like this, moved without hesitation.

The bald one, feeling quite confident about himself, rushed at Patrice alone.

He felt even more complacent as Patrice appeared to be no more than five feet five. This brat was doomed. As long as he carried out Nimrod's order to the letter, he would be rewarded.

"Brat! Go to hell!" The bald bodyguard screamed as he swung his fist at Patrice.

The other bodyguard, watching the bald one rush towards Patrice, felt regret in his heart.

He felt that he reacted too slowly.

He had missed an opportunity to please Nimrod.

The bald bodyguard, on the other hand, had grabbed the opportunity.

However, just as he raised his fist, a slap hit him in the face.

Smack!

The sound of the slap was so loud that the sound of the wind and waves couldn't swallow it up.

The bald bodyguard's head sharply tilted to one side as a tooth and some blood came out of his mouth.

He hadn't seen the blow coming.

Patrice had knocked out his teeth with a single slap.

Nimrod and the other bodyguard stood there, as still as statues, with shock written all over their faces.

They hadn't expected the bodyguard to be defeated at all, let alone so quickly.

"Hurry up! Get that man!" Nimrod screamed, pointing at Trevor as he came to his senses.

Nimrod believed Trevor would be the weaker of the two.

He wanted to hold Trevor hostage over Patrice.

The other bodyguard immediately understood what was on Nimrod's mind.

He roared and jumped at Trevor.

He now thought he was fortunate that I didn't have to fight Patrice. His colleague was taken down quite easily.

He jumped in front of Trevor and shouted, "Don't move! Otherwise, I may have to rough you up!"

However, the only reaction he got from Trevor was a smirk.

The bodyguard was flustered by this. Was he missing something?

Would Trevor be beaten by a bodyguard?



The answer soon became obvious.

There was another loud slap.

Trevor slapped the bodyguard hard.

He had deliberately held back so as not to show his full strength.

He didn't want to expose much of his fighting skills in front of Patrice.

If Patrice were a member of Mobius, exposing his full strength would put him in danger.

However, Trevor couldn't look weak because he would lose the chance to keep in touch with Patrice.

This slap was just perfect!

The bodyguard who was slapped was dazed.

He staggered back, ending up where Patrice was standing.

With a smile, Patrice stretched out his foot and tripped the already dazed bodyguard.

Plop!

The bodyguard fell heavily on the back of his unconscious colleague. His head connected heavily with the deck so hard that he passed out.

"Well done!" Trevor said, as he burst into laughter.

Patrice also looked back at Trevor and smiled.

They both celebrated as though they had been friends for years.

They were in high spirits.

However, Nimrod appeared to be having a bad time. His bodyguards had been knocked down as though they were nothing.

Trevor and Patrice shared conspiratorial looks, both coming to an unspoken agreement.

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 +120 Points at most

Nimrod took a step back in fear.


He wanted to jump back to his luxury yacht but was afraid he would fall into the sea and drown.

The deck of the small yacht was only that big.

Nimrod had nowhere to retreat to. His legs trembled as he shrank into a corner.

He felt like a mouse cornered and trapped by two cats. Fear evident in his eyes, he shrieked at them, "Stay away from me! Don't think you are big shots just because you can fight. That means nothing. You must have a powerful background if you want to survive in this society! My father, Adams Powell, is a well-known business tycoon. Should you harm me, my father will not spare you. You'll end up being hunted for as long as you live if you go ashore. There are a hundred ways in which you can be killed."



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Chapter 1232 The Bully

Looking askance at Nimrod, Trevor asked calmly, "You said your father's name is Adams Powell?"

Before Nimrod could answer, Patrice chimed in, "Is your father a big shot?"

Trevor's and Patrice's sudden interest in his father gave Nimrod the false hope that he had successfully intimidated them.

He drew himself to his full height, the fear he felt earlier fading. Laughing with triumph, he shouted, "You are ignorant outsiders! You don't even know my father! Let me tell you, my father is a big shot in the city. He has cooperation with the well-known Murray family! If you dare to lay a finger on me, you will die!"

As he spoke, Nimrod took his phone out and began to make a call.

Just before the call was connected, Nimrod shouted, "Wait and see! I'll call my father right away!"

Trevor and Patrice shared a glance.

Patrice smiled and waved his hand, indicating that he would solve the problem.

A happy smile lifted the corners of Trevor's lips.

It was highly probable that Patrice would contact the Murray family, and that was good news for Trevor. The more interaction Patrice had with the Murray family, the more information Trevor would get.

Just then, Nimrod's call went through.

Expression turning triumphant and smug, he shouted into the phone, "Dad! Someone hit me! I'm at the harbor in the south of the city now. The bastard outsiders beat me up! Dad, please help me. These guys are too arrogant!"

On the other side of the phone, Adams became livid when he heard his son's complaint.

"Turn on the speaker. I'd like to know the person who dares to offend our family in Corden!"

Nimrod chuckled and put the phone on speaker.

Through the speaker, a middle-aged man roared with authority and rage, "Who the hell are you? How dare you hit my son? Do you want to die? I'm Adams Powell. I warn you, let my son go right now and apologize! Otherwise, I will find you and make you regret your actions."

The furious roar from the phone was even louder than the sound of the waves around them.

Just then, Patrice's phone rang.

Trevor, who had an impeccable eyesight, was able to glimpse the name of the caller before Patrice accepted the call.

The caller was Richard!

Richard was Ferrell's son.

Trevor's heart skipped a beat. Wariness seeped into his bones.

Trevor held his breath and was about to hear the conversation between the two.

Patrice chuckled and murmured to himself, "Make me regret my actions? That's quite arrogant of you."

Then, Patrice answered the call from Richard.

"Hello, Mr. Wood?"

A young voice came from the other end of the line.

A small frown marred Trevor's face when he heard the voice. It sounded cold.

Richard talked to Patrice, whom Trevor strongly suspected of being a



member of Mobius, in such a cold manner. Trevor suspected that the cold tone was a reflection of Richard's personality.

Before Richard and Patrice could exchange any pleasantries, Nimrod interrupted arrogantly.

"Are you afraid now that you've found out that my father is Adams? Is that why you are trying to call for help? Let me tell you, it's too late! Even if you run to the sea, you won't find anyone to help you!"

It would appear that speaking with his father had infused Nimrod with a great deal of courage. He tilted his head up arrogantly and declared, "You have only two options. One, kneel and apologize to me sincerely. Or two, you remain there and my father will send people here. After we are done teaching you a lesson, we will force you to kneel and apologize! You can choose one!"



Chapter 1233 Paddle For Their Lives

While they talked, three more half-naked, drunken men appeared on the big white yacht.

It seemed that they were Nimrod's friends. And they must have been attracted by the commotion here.

"Hey, Nimrod! Are these two idiots bothering you? Do you need help?"

"I don't think so. Adams is already on the phone. It's too late for these two idiots to regret it."

"Ha-ha! Dealing with these two idiots is just a piece of cake for the Powell family."

Despite their provocations, Trevor didn't say anything. He just turned to Patrice and looked at him silently.

Patrice grinned. Then he said to Richard on the other end of the line, "Do you know a man named Adams Powell? That guy's son is barking in front of me. It's so annoying."

As soon as Patrice said this, Nimrod laughed out loud.

"Ha-ha! I can't stop laughing at your hilarious joke. You really have the audacity to say that in front of me? Do you think you can scare me just like that?"

Patrice didn't retort. He just sneered. Then he put Richard on speakerphone, so everyone could hear what he would say.

At this moment, Richard's angry voice pierced through the sounds of the waves.

"Adams, what is the meaning of this? You must be courting death! Since when have you had the final say in Corden? Why don't I know about it? He



is my distinguished guest, and yet, he is nothing in your eyes? Just make sure that you give me a satisfactory explanation. Otherwise, you can only wait for your company to go bankrupt."

The expression on Nimrod's face drastically changed. He was so confused that he yelled at Patrice's phone angrily, "You bastard! Who do you think you are? How dare you talk to my father like that?"

At this moment, Adams' terrified voice rang out from the phone.

"Nimrod, you fool! Shut your fucking mouth up! Do you know how big the trouble you are making?"

Nimrod might not recognize Richard's voice, but Adams was very familiar with it.

His face turned pale with fright. He hurriedly scolded, "You bastard! You have caused me big trouble! Kneel and apologize now. And ask for Mr. Murray's forgiveness. Also, ask for their guest's forgiveness. Otherwise, die in the sea and never come back."

Nimrod was so shocked that his eyes widened.

His father was a business tycoon. How could his father allow himself to be scolded like this? His father even begged for mercy.

It was only then that Nimrod finally realized he had offended someone he couldn't afford to offend.

The Murray family.

Was his father talking about the Murray family in Corden?

Nimrod's face turned pale, and he was in a panic.

Then there was a loud bang.

It turned out that his knees hit the deck. He knelt down in horror, cried, and begged for mercy.

"I'm sorry... Please forgive me. I'm really, really sorry. It's all my fault. I've been blinded."

Nimrod kept begging for mercy. He even slapped himself hard twice to show his sincerity.

Patrice hung up the phone. But he didn't even spare Nimrod a glance. Instead, he looked at Trevor and said, "Dragon, why don't you deal with him?"

Trevor put his hands on the guardrail of the small fishing yacht, pointed at the big white yacht, and said, "Were you happy when you scolded us just now? All of you, come down here!"

The three men on the white luxury yacht looked at each other with fear written all over their faces. They were unwilling to take the risk of jumping off the yacht.

But Nimrod, who was still kneeling on the deck, winked at them like crazy. They had no choice but to obey Trevor's order and jump off the big yacht.

The fishing yacht Trevor rented was very small. As the number of people on it increased, the depth of the water increased at a visible speed.

Trevor grinned, pulled out the keys, and said, "If you want us to forgive you, let's change yachts."

Patrice and Trevor looked at each other with a smile and jumped on the white luxury yacht in tacit understanding.

"No, wait! Please wait for us. Don't leave us here. Have mercy on us. The yacht is sinking."

The yacht was too small to accommodate many people, so it started to sink.

Nimrod was so scared that he cried and screamed out loud. He was in total panic.

Trevor turned his head and smiled at them.

He said, "There are two paddles in the cabin. You can paddle back to the shore as soon as possible before the yacht sinks. Or you can gamble. You abandon the yacht and swim to the shore."

Nimrod was in despair.

The bald bodyguard screamed, "Mr. Powell! Mr. Powell, be careful. The water is getting deeper and deeper. The yacht will sink at any time. We have to go!"

Everyone on the small yacht was shocked. They all looked for the paddles that Trevor mentioned.

Then they paddled crazily, not minding their numb arms.

They had never fought so hard for their lives like this.



Chapter 1234 Apology

"I wonder if they still dare to be so arrogant!"

Trevor clapped his hands and grinned as he watched the yacht fall behind.

"You are quite good at fighting," Patrice said with a casual smile.

Trevor's heart skipped a beat. He hadn't expected Patrice to notice it despite his best efforts at hiding.

Fortunately, his psyche had taken a huge boost after a series of events.

He said modestly, "I learned some free combat skills before, just to protect myself."

Trevor paused, before continuing with a change of subject, "The idiot just drenched us! Why don't we change our clothes? There should be some on this luxury yacht."

Trevor took off his T-shirt and wiped his body down with a white towel.

Nimrod had driven his yacht around theirs, splashing sea water onto them.

Trevor and Patrice were both wet.

Trevor squinted.

He wanted Patrice to take off his clothes and dry himself so that he could check if Patrice had a tattoo.

Trevor found fresh clothes in the yacht. He pulled on one set and brought another to Patrice.

"There are a few sets of fresh clothes. Do you want to change?" Trevor asked.

Patrice froze, but recovered soon enough to say, somewhat stiffly, "No,



thanks. I brought our fishing rods. It's still early. Maybe we can catch some fish."

He leisurely waved at Trevor and made his way towards the stern, rods in hand.

He had refused!

Trevor stared at Patrice's retreating back.

He became more suspicious of Patrice's identity.

This guy might very likely be a member of Mobius!

Maybe he had deliberately refused because he didn't want to expose his tattoo.

The drink spilled on his clothes but didn't wet them as much. It was easy to brush it off.

But the splash the yacht had made had drenched Patrice. The discomfort was too obvious for him to refuse a change of clothes.

This could mean that he was hiding something!

Trevor became lost in thought, his eyes sparkling thoughtfully.

It wouldn't do for Trevor to make a move without figuring out Patrice's background. So he accepted Patrice's invite to go fishing.

Trevor still had the chance to see Patrice's skills.

However, they didn't seem to have any talent or luck in fishing.

They didn't catch a single fish that entire morning.

And because of this, Trevor didn't get the chance to check if Patrice had a tattoo on his wrist.

They had to drive the yacht back to the shore. They found Nimrod waiting for them at the dock.

"Oh! It's you again! What? You won't be satisfied until I beat you up?" Trevor said, raising his fists.



Nimrod crouched down, hands over his head, and begged for mercy. "No, no, it's a misunderstanding! I've returned that yacht and paid the rent for you. I'm sorry. It's my fault to have offended you both. As an apology, I want to invite you to a fun event."

Nimrod looked very humble at least. He brought his hands together, smiling obsequiously.

He added, "I really want to apologize. Please give me a chance."

Trevor could see that Nimrod was really scared. He was afraid that his father would go bankrupt if Patrice made even one call.

It was also possible that Adams had ordered his son to apologize.

Trevor and Patrice both knew that the fun events that young people from rich families had were just really boring.

Trevor refused. "I'm not interested!"



Chapter 1235 Is He Gay

Trevor refused Nimrod without hesitation.

Nimrod swallowed nervously. He turned to look at Patrice, his eyes begging for pity.

"Sir, please forgive me. Just give me one more chance. I really want to apologize. Please!"

Patrice looked at Nimrod and put his hands in his pockets. Then he turned to Trevor and asked, "What do you think, Dragon? It's still early. Why don't we have some fun together?"

Trevor glanced at Nimrod, who looked back at him with a surprised and gleeful expression, before turning back to Patrice.

Trevor didn't expect Patrice to agree to Nimrod's suggestion, let alone invite him along.

He wasn't going to turn down a chance for more alone time with Patrice.

Trevor nodded and said, "Well, okay. I'll come along, but only because it's you inviting me, Patrice."

Nimrod was overjoyed. He guided them to the car and invited them in.

Once they were all inside, the engine roared to life and the car took off, speeding down the road.

When the car came to a stop, Trevor glanced out the window. The place Nimrod had taken them too was not at all what Trevor expected.

It was a bar. A bar with dim lights.

Inside, the bar was lit with bright pink lights. The air was filled with the sound of slow, exquisite music and the smell of alcohol mixed with expensive perfume.

But since it was only noon, there weren't many guests in the bar.

Nimrod looked right at home as a regular customer. He waved his hand expertly.

At once, five beautiful and stunning women emerged from a dark corner and approached them.

"Gentlemen, please do enjoy yourselves. The girls here are quite skilled. They're sure to serve you well, promise!"

As Nimrod spoke, he rubbed his hands together and waggled his eyebrows. He smiled in a way that all men understood.

Trevor's mouth twitched. He pressed one hand to his forehead, helpless.

"This is your way of apologizing? By bringing us to a place like this?" Trevor asked.

This bar was, obviously, not a decent or respectable place.

Nimrod figured Trevor didn't like the bar because it was low class and low quality. He rushed to explain.

"Oh, please don't get me wrong. This bar is run by the Murray family. Everything here is absolutely first-class, including the alcohol. And the beauties."

Beneath the pink lights, Trevor glanced at Patrice out of the corner of his eye, watching his reaction.

To his surprise, Patrice seemed to dislike this place a lot.

As soon as they stepped foot inside the bar, Patrice's face twisted into a dark frown.

Nimrod, however, still failed to notice how disinterested his two esteemed guests were in the place.

He was in his element right now and was practically vibrating with excitement. He reached for the most beautiful girl and quickly pushed her into Patrice's arms.



Nimrod smiled at the other man and said, "Just have fun! The tab's on me tonight. I've booked rooms for you two on the third floor."

The woman, who was dressed in a tight, ruby-red dress, followed Nimrod's lead. She giggled and pressed her body against Patrice.

"Hey handsome. Is this your first time at a place like this?"

Patrice remained indifferent. If anything, his stormy expression only darkened further.

He pulled the woman off him easily and in the same movement, rudely pushed her aside.

Patrice wiped at his shirt in disgust, in the exact area she had touched him, as if he was flicking away something dirty.

"No thank you," he said, his voice as cold as ice.

The woman in the red dress was stunned by the disgust in his voice. Then her face twisted in anger and she stamped her foot against the floor in frustration.

"Really? What are you, gay or something?"

As soon as the words left her mouth, she clenched her jaw tightly, turned on her heel, and left abruptly.

Trevor couldn't help but overhear the woman's muttered words. He raised his eyebrows, unable to hide his shocked expression.

Gay?

Trevor chanced another look at Patrice.

From what Trevor knew about Mobius, all of its members were highly skilled, if also extremely odd.

For example, the killer with a broken finger not only enjoyed the cruelty of torturing others but also indulged in smoking, drinking, and sex.

Next was Raven, who had a cold character and had killed his companion as soon as they met.

Chapter 1235 Is He Gay


 +120 Points at most

So maybe...

Trevor looked at Patrice as the other man stood beside him.

If Patrice really was a member of Mobius, it was possible that he really could be gay.



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