

Chapter 1292 Skill Test

Trevor's disguise was a success.

After receiving the message from Patrice, he immediately went to the airport.

When he realized Trevor was the person he was meeting, Patrice was shocked. "You're Dragon?"

Trevor chuckled. "Let's go. We'll talk about it on the plane."

The two boarded the plane together and sat next to each other.

Patrice looked closely at Trevor again. But no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't see a flaw in the latter's disguise.

After a moment, Patrice broke the silence and said in a low voice, "Scar and Iron already found the location on the treasure map. The treasure is in a rural area in Thuthien. No, not really rural. It's actually somewhere near the city. You will be there as my friend. Remember not to talk so much."

Trevor pondered for a moment. "Is it any good for me?"

Patrice put on an eyeshade and positioned himself to sleep. He waved his hand dismissively and said bluntly, "That's for you to find out."

Trevor frowned and didn't ask more.

As long as he got any clue about Mobius, he would have the chance to get the information he needed.

After some time, the plan finally landed at Thuthien.

As soon as they disembarked the plane, Patrice and Trevor met with the other two Mobius members.

They were under the names Iron and Scar.

Trevor had his guard up, but he wasn't that nervous.

He knew Patrice wouldn't expose his identity. Otherwise, he wouldn't have allowed him to leave the yacht alive.

Patrice casually put his hands in his pockets and said in an indifferent tone, "This is my friend. I asked him to help."

Scar, whose real name was Leland, forced a smile and snorted.

"Gild the lily! The three of us are more than enough to find that thing. Why did you have to bring another person?"

Observing the interaction between them, Trevor could tell they didn't seem to be friendly toward each other.

However, Trevor was on this mission alone. He didn't know if he could deal with these two Mobius members on his own. Plus, Patrice was still hard to read. Trevor couldn't be entirely sure if he was an ally or an enemy.

The safest option was to stay low while watching out for opportunities.

Trevor cleared his throat and said, "I have knowledge about antiques. I heard you are looking for something ancient. I think I can help."

"You?"


Scar and Iron both gave Trevor a skeptical look.

Even Patrice was a little surprised. He didn't know Trevor had that skill.

Trevor glanced at the ring on Scar's pinky finger and started to identify it.

"If I'm not mistaken, your ring is the Engineer's Ring. It's one of the rarest rings to date. It has a unique shape and is made of steel, making it prone to rust by mere sweat. Although the

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material is very cheap, it has extraordinary value. It will cost about two hundred eighty thousand dollars if auctioned."

Scar was stunned. His gaze fell on the ring and then back at Trevor.

"Wow! You're the real thing."

Iron shook his head, unconvinced. "Scar wears that ring all the time. Even Patrice knows that. Maybe he told you. It's enough to prove anything."

Scar came back to his senses after that and became skeptical again.

Patrice shrugged, indicating that he didn't say anything to Trevor.

Trevor didn't explain more and just asked, "Then, how do you want me to prove myself?"

Scar touched his chin and thought for a while before saying, "There's an antique shop near the airport. You won't mind us taking you there, will you? If you are indeed capable, we will bring you along."

Chapter 1293 The Tribal Spear

A place that close to the airport was bound to be expensive and the rent wasn't going to be cheap either.

This meant that the owner of the antique shop was probably not any common person.

Trevor had expected this. He walked into the shop without any nervousness.

Scar and Iron looked at each other before following him in.

"Welcome." The owner was a middle-aged man with a wrinkled face. His hair was meticulously combed, giving him a strangely graceful look.

Scar was the first to speak. "Hello! Do you have any valuable antiques in your shop?"

The owner's eyes lit up before he smiled and said, "Of course. Please wait a moment."

He carefully lifted a luxuriously decorated spear from the glass window and placed it in front of them.

"This is a spear of a tribal chief. It is unique and symbolizes power. Its owner was a rare female chief. Her father was murdered when he was the chief, and she was exiled from the tribe. She lived in the desert with this spear, and conquered a man from another tribe. That man became her partner. In the end, she defeated the one who killed her father with this spear, took back power, and went on to become a legendary chief in her own stead. But it's a pity that this spear was a little damaged when it was found. Look at its head. If it weren't for this flaw, I wouldn't be willing to sell it at a discount."

The owner was good at telling stories. His tone lifted and dipped as he followed the ups and downs in the story he was telling.

Scar was tempted. He licked his lips and turned to look at Trevor. "What do you think?" he asked.

Trevor glanced at him and said, "The broken part at the head is real, but the other parts have been fitted together with modern technology. The wood is made of pine smeared with oil to make it look distressed. The colorful ribbons and feathered ornaments on it were also worn out with bleaching powder. Its value is on par with souvenirs from scenic spots. That's what I think. Can't you see it yourself?"

He knew that he couldn't be submissive when dealing with the members of Mobius. They would only become ruder and more aggressive if he did.

Scar's expression stiffened at this. He had obviously not realized that it was a fake.

He snorted, trying to hold on to his dignity as he said angrily, "Of course, I know that. It was a test for you!"

Trevor smiled but said nothing.

The owner of the antique shop silently put the spear away as he heard Trevor's sharp comments.

He no longer mentioned the spear; instead, he acted as if nothing had happened.

"Wow, you're great at this! Look at this..."

He pulled out a few real antiques, smiling, and showed them to Trevor. It looked like he wanted to show off.

He took Trevor to be a collector.

They talked, their tones professional and in a way that the Mobius members couldn't understand. All they understood was that Trevor seemed to be quite good at it.

When they left the antique shop, Scar said coldly, "Let's go. We have confirmed the location."

This meant that he agreed that Trevor could go with them. But he still looked a little embarrassed.

Iron remained silent, but he still looked at Trevor, simmering with a potent combination of rejection and indifference.

Trevor didn't care. All he needed was to keep an eye on the members of Mobius while playing it by ear.

Chapter 1294 Secret Manor

After riding different types of transportation, Trevor and the three Mobius members finally arrived at Thuthien's suburbs.

Puffing a cigarette in his mouth, Iron said, "I've analyzed the information on the map. The treasure is hidden on a mountain nearby."

He pointed to the mountains roughly seen in a distance.

At the foot of the mountains was a small town.

Scar suggested, "We could split into two groups. Iron and I will go to the town to gather any useful information. The two of you will check the situation in the nearby mountains. We'll meet at the hotel at six o'clock this evening."

Trevor and Patrice nodded.

The mountains near the town didn't even have a name. Although the GPS showed the terrain, it did not provide detailed information.

Trevor and Patrice walked up to one of the mountains. When they were half-way through, Trevor noticed something.

"Patrice, look over there."


Patrice looked in the direction where Trevor pointed and saw a notice board covered in branches.

Pushing away the branches to read what was written, Patrice lifted an eyebrow in surprise. "This mountain is on a lease?"

Behind Patrice, Trevor furrowed his brows as he stared at the rusty signage.

Perhaps no one from the Murray family knew that the desolate

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mountain where their ancestors had hidden their family's treasure was on a lease.

"Things are getting more and more complicated." Trevor couldn't help but chuckle.

He had never planned to help Mobius get their hands on the treasure of the Murray family. He was only here to see how things would unfold.

Patrice didn't seem to notice Trevor's comment and just turned his head to look at the path ahead.

An iron wire net could be vaguely seen from where they stood. The people behind it looked suspicious.

Patrice narrowed his eyes. "Let's go there and check."

When Patrice turned around, Trevor got a whiff of that perfume again.

Trevor's eyebrow raised. The scent was familiar, but he couldn't remember where or when he had smelled it.

The two walked ahead and soon saw a construction site.

A large manor was under construction behind the iron wire net.

"The view here isn't that ideal. Why would someone want to build a manor here?" Trevor touched his chin quizzically.

Patrice also found it strange and decided to ask the construction workers about it.

However, two bulky men strode over before Trevor and Patrice could come closer to the site, driving them away.

"Hey, you two! Stop right there. This is private property!"

Smacking his lips, Patrice took out a stack of cash from his pocket and divided it in half. He then handed each half to the two men and said in a low voice, "We just arrived in Thuthien. We only want to know what's the construction for."

The two men looked at the money in their hands and then each other. After a moment, they kept the money and smiled.

"The manor is under the possession of the Cullen family. It is a family who suddenly rose into wealth seven years ago!" said one of them.

A family who rose into wealth seven years ago?

That was interesting!

The other man contested, "Wrong. It was eight years ago. The Cullen family started to make a fortune eight years ago. Lonnie, the current head of the family, is our boss..."

The man trailed off.

His expression suddenly changed when he saw the man walking out of the construction site.

"You should leave! That man is Pollock, Lonnie's son! He is not to be trifled with. You can't here!"

When he saw Trevor and Patrice, Pollock flew into rage. "Hey! What are you doing here?"

One of the two bulky men swallowed and explained in a low voice, "Sir, they are tourists. They are a little curious about the manor and asked some questions."

"What? These two are asking for information?" Pollock got even madder. "Bullshit! Why are you prying on our family? Hurry! Drive these two out! Break their legs!"

Chapter 1295 The Cullen family

The two strong men were a bit hesitant to follow Pollock's order.

The thing was they had just received a bribe from Patrice and they were far too embarrassed to turn on Patrice so suddenly.

Despite their hesitation, they knew Pollock's temper very well. The latter was very irritable and if they did not follow his order, they would meet a miserable end.

While the two strong men were in a dilemma, Trevor stepped forward and asked Pollock coldly, "You want your men to break our legs? You don't care about the law, do you?"

Upon hearing Trevor's words, Pollock snorted and shouted arrogantly, "Law? Are you kidding me? In Thuthien, the Cullen family is all-powerful. What I say is law!"

After saying that, Pollock turned to the two strong men and ordered coldly, "What are you still waiting for? Hurry up! The Cullen family don't like wasting their time!"

The two strong men had no choice but to comply. Taking a deep breath, they put on a fierce expression and rushed toward Trevor and Patrice.

Unfortunately for the men, although they looked strong and fierce, they were no match for Trevor and Patrice.

Before they could hit Trevor or Patrice, they were knocked to the ground and passed out almost immediately.

"What the hell..."

Pollock's face changed dramatically. Horrified, he took two

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+120 Points at most

steps back and stared wide-eyed at Trevor and Patrice, unable to say a complete sentence.

Hands in his pockets, Patrice chuckled and approached him step by step.

Pollock panicked and broke into a cold sweat. His face paled and he shamelessly begged for mercy. "I'm sorry! I'm sorry. I acted on a whim just now. I understand that I offended you and I'm sorry. I'm so sorry! Please don't hit me!"

Pollock was no longer the arrogant man he was a few minutes ago. His expression changed drastically. He looked so miserable.

To think that this guy had the nerve to call himself "all-powerful" just a few seconds ago!

Trevor clasped Pollock's shoulder and said coldly, "Didn't you just say you were all-powerful in Thuthien? Isn't what you say law anymore?"

Pollock was scared to the bones. His legs trembled and he almost lost balance. He was sweating profusely and he had to do his best not to scream in fear.

Looking at the miserable man in front of him, Trevor sneered and kicked him on the buttock.

Pollock lost his balance and slid down the slope, rolling in the sand and stones.

"Damn! No! No!" Pollock screamed in horror seeing a gigantic tree straight ahead.

The next second, a shrill cry resounded throughout the forest, frightening the birds.

Pollock finally stopped.

He was rolling so fast just now that he couldn't dodge the tree and his crotch hit hard against the tree.

He was finally able to stop but it was at the cost of excruciating pain.

"He deserves it," Patrice muttered, looking at the man down the hill.

With a bitter smile, Trevor shook his head and said, "Forget about him. It's time to go. The people in the construction site have been alerted. Today's investigation is over."

Upon hearing Trevor's words, Patrice looked back.

Sure enough, more and more people rushed out of the construction site. It seemed that they were attracted by the Pollock's scream just now.

Patrice thought that what Trevor said made sense, so the two of them went back to the town at the foot of the mountain to meet the other two.

In a small hotel in town, Patrice told Scar and Iron about what had happened on the mountain.


Scar and Iron looked at each other and nodded meaningfully.

Iron lowered his head and took a puff of his cigarette. Then, he said slowly, "We also heard some valuable news when you were gone. From what we've heard, the Cullen family suddenly made a fortune eight years ago. They almost became rich overnight. A year after they made fortune, that's seven years ago, they bought the mountain and began to build a big manor on it. What is strange is that after seven years of non-stop construction, the manor is still not completed."

Scar knocked on the beer bottle with the Engineer's Ring on his little finger, and gave a long whistle. Then he said, "I have a feeling the Cullen family had dug up the treasure left by the Murray family ancestors and that's how they made their fortunes."

Trevor was not surprised at all when he heard that. After all, who on earth would build a manor on a desolate mountain?

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 +120 Points at most

After thinking for a while, he asked calmly, "So, what should we do?"

With a cruel look, Scar grinned and licked his lips.

"We must get what we want! It seems that we need to pay a visit to the Cullen family."

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