

Chapter 1723 Vulture Comes To Help

Staring at the gathering of Black Gold Union members, Trevor couldn't shake the feeling that they were planning an attack on the secret prison.

However, the situation had become rather tricky. It wouldn't be wise for him to engage in another confrontation with the Black Gold Union.

He muttered to himself, "I acted too hastily. The prison's entrance has already been surrounded by the Black Gold Union! Moreover, someone has recognized me. I should have disguised myself before coming here."

The hawkers, upon recognizing Trevor, displayed evident hatred. One of them scrutinized Trevor's every move, his hands discreetly concealed behind his back.

It was clear that these individuals were armed. They were prepared to take a shot at Trevor without a second thought.

With beads of cold sweat forming on his forehead, Trevor locked eyes with the hawkers. He proceeded cautiously, prepared to evade bullets at any given moment.

The tension in the air reached its zenith, akin to the imminent release of a gunshot that would shatter the deadlock.

However, at that very moment, a voice emerged from within the prison, piercing through the strained atmosphere.

The hawkers exchanged glances and promptly averted their eyes, concealing themselves once again.

The voice belonged to none other than Vulture, the warden of the secret prison. He had spotted Trevor from a distance and called out, "Raven! Why are you here?"

Upon hearing Vulture's cry, Trevor's tense countenance relaxed. He understood that the hawkers lacked the audacity to make a move under these circumstances.

Taking a deep breath, Trevor composed himself and waved back at Vulture.

Vulture quickly trotted over.



Trevor, with a playful tone, jokingly explained, "Didn't you save my life at your house last time? I happened to pass by here today and wanted to invite you to a meal, but I didn't expect you to come out."

Vulture didn't doubt Trevor's motives in the slightest, nor did he notice the peculiar behavior of the hawkers. All he desired was to gain favor with Trevor.

With feigned humility, Vulture immediately responded, "It's truly flattering to hear that, Mr. Raven. You're renowned for your fighting skills. How could you possibly need me to save you? Allow me to treat you!"

Trevor agreed, his gaze now filled with playful mischief as he glanced back at the hawkers.

A chuckle escaped him, as he had stumbled upon good fortune. "Black Gold Union, you've been discovered by Raven of Mobius. Move quickly and attack the prison!"

Vexed by Trevor's audacity, one of the hawkers clenched his teeth and reported to his boss, "Boss, that man must have recognized us! There are only two of them now. Why don't we..."

As he spoke, the hawker's eyes turned malicious, accompanied by a gesture signaling his intent to kill them.

The leader shook his head, his tone cold as he answered, "No way. If we kill them now, do you think we can still hide here? Our superior's orders are to attack the prison and rescue our men!"

Hearing this, the hawker asked, "But they have recognized us. Won't they be on guard as well?"

Irritated by the hawker's barrage of questions, the leader cast him a ferocious glare, causing the hawker to tremble in fear and refrain from further inquiry.

Rising to his feet, the leader spoke slowly. "Humph! Haven't they gone to have a meal? This is an opportunity! Report to our boss immediately!"

