

Chapter 1130 A Trap

After Ivanna left, Trevor drove slowly, heading to his apartment.

He sat in the driver's seat with a darkened expression. He remained motionless, looking like a statue. No one could tell what was in his mind at the moment.

In the middle of the night, Trevor's car slowly drove towards his apartment.

At this moment, the bald man with a broken finger hid under the river bank near Trevor's apartment, revealing a cruel grin. He whispered to himself, "He's coming!"

The dark muzzle of his gun poked out from a hidden corner, pointing at the car running on the road.

It was favorable to the man because the car was not moving fast.

The smile on his face became more and more ferocious. It was easier for him to hit a slow-moving car.

Swoosh!

The sound of the bullet from a gun with a silencer suddenly sounded. The bald man was very sure that he had shot the tire of the car.

Sure enough, he saw the car slow down and finally stop at the side of the road.

"Ha-ha! He must be drunk." The man licked his lips and came out from the corner he was hiding. Then he walked toward the car step by step with a pistol in his hand. "Well, it's a good thing if you're drunk. It can make your death less painful."

After approaching the car, the man opened the door and pointed the pistol with a silencer at the driver's seat.

But when he looked inside, he was shocked.

"What? Why is there no one here?"

There was no one in the car. Instead, a huge stuffed toy sat in the driver's seat with the seat belt firmly fastened. The huge stuffed toy maintained a constant smile. It was as if it was mocking the man.

"Damn it! Where is he?" The man turned pale in fright. He realized that something was wrong, so he turned around.

It turned out that Trevor was already standing silently behind him with cold eyes looking so scary.

Before the man could make a move, the stun baton was pressed against his waist, and the maximum power of the electric shock was activated.

After the sizzling sound of the electric current, the man rolled his eyes and his body trembled.

He struggled crazily, wanting to attack Trevor with the pistol.

"Humph!" Trevor snorted coldly and kicked the pistol away.

The pistol fell to the ground with a loud sound. The man couldn't help showing an aggrieved expression.

But because of the continuous shock of the electric baton with maximum power, he passed out completely.

When Trevor saw that the man was knocked unconscious, he took out the rope he had prepared in the car and tied the man tightly.

Trevor couldn't hold back his excitement and waved his fist in the air.

"Great!"

Trevor successfully captured a member of the mysterious organization alive.

Of course, he couldn't keep calm at all.

It turned out that the message Trevor received when he left the airport was from Antoni.

Trevor had asked Antoni to monitor the bald man with a broken finger.

Perhaps the man would never have thought that someone like him, who had powerful fighting skills, would be defeated by Trevor with the advanced technology.

As soon as Antoni discovered some abnormalities in the man, he immediately texted Trevor to report the situation.

So Trevor played this trick.

His car was modified in Esterham, and it could be remotely controlled by a special app.

Because of this, Trevor successfully lured the man into his trap.

He took advantage of the information to make the difficult battle extremely simple.

Trevor looked at the unconscious man and said coldly, "After you wake up, I hope you can cooperate well and save me some time."

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Chapter 1131 Press For Clues

Trevor took out a bottle of water from the car and poured it on the face of the bald man with a broken finger.

The man had received rigorous training. The moment the cold water splashed on her face, he regained consciousness.

As soon as he woke up, he struggled hard. But the rope on his body was so tight that he failed to break free.

Trevor stared at him and asked coldly, "Which organization are you from?"

Instead of answering, the man glared at Trevor fiercely and gritted his teeth.

"Humph! I admit defeat. Kill me if you want. Do whatever you wish. But don't expect to get any information from me."

Trevor sneered, "You're tough, huh!"

The man didn't know whether Trevor was praising or mocking him. But he realized that what would happen next might not be something he was willing to face.

After all, they were on a desolate river bank with only the dim street lamps illuminating the area.

The man chose this place because people rarely came here. He could easily kill Trevor here and dump his body without being noticed. He planned to shoot Trevor here and throw his body into the river.

But now, he was the one suffering. No passerby would find that Trevor was torturing him here.

"Ahhh!" The man suddenly screamed, and his face turned deathly pale.

It turned out that Trevor had cut off his right little finger without warning.

"Are you sure you don't want to tell me? I don't mind letting you lose a few more fingers," Trevor threatened expressionlessly.

The man was sweating profusely in pain. Even his forehead was covered with beads of sweat.

He glared at Trevor with his eyes wide open and roared fiercely, "Damn you! Fuck you, bastard! Just make sure you kill me. I promise you'll die a horrible death. Fuck!"

Trevor's expression became even colder. And without hesitation, he cut off another finger of the man.

"Ahhh!" The severe pain made the man twitch, and he cried out loudly. "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Just kill me! Come on, do it! Kill me now!"

Although the man was cruel and he had killed a lot of people, he was still a human. His body was not made of steel.

After Trevor cut off his two fingers, he couldn't stand the pain anymore.

"No. Killing you is only showing you too much kindness." Trevor stabbed the newly cut finger with the dagger and showed it in front of the man.

The man looked at the bloody finger closely. And at the thought that it had just been cut off from his body, he was terrified.

"Skin, blood vessels, muscles, bones." Showing the bloody finger to the man, Trevor pointed out every part of it.

"By the way, you don't have to worry about bleeding to death. I've brought some special hemostatic powder. It's in my car."

Trevor smiled cruelly and continued to exert psychological pressure on the man.

"I know medical skills, and I have a basic understanding of the distribution of nerves and blood vessels in the human body. Do you know what that means? It means that I can cut your body with a knife thousands of times but ensure you won't die. In this way, you will feel the greatest pain you can never imagine. You can't die, but I won't let you go either."

As Trevor spoke, he stabbed the tip of the dagger into the gap between the bones of the man's knee and slowly twisted it.

He would never show mercy to this damn man from that mysterious organization.

Chapter 1131 Press For Clues

 +120 Points at most

"Ahhh!" The man let out an unprecedented scream. He was in so much pain that his whole body twitched uncontrollably.

He looked down in horror, only to find that only a little amount of blood flowed out of the wound on his knee.

"You are a devil! You are from hell!" The man now believed in Trevor's threat. The sharp pain just now made him unable to speak fluently, and even his lips were trembling.

In his eyes, Trevor was undoubtedly a devil, smiling at him silently and ferociously.

"Please stop it. I'll tell you everything you want to know. Please don't torture me anymore," the man said in a trembling voice, finally giving in.

He no longer expected Trevor to let him go. He could only hope that Trevor would kill him and stop torturing him.



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Chapter 1132 The Most Dangerous Organization

Trevor said with a sneer, "I'll ask you one more time. Which organization are you from?"

The face of the man turned pale, and his lips trembled. "The name of our organization is Mobius. We are the most professional group of assassins in the world."

Even if he was at the point of death, the man still showed a natural fear when he mentioned the name of his group.

"Mobius..." Trevor had never heard of this name before.

He frowned and said, "I know you were involved in the struggle for power within the Sanderson family. How are Elwood Sanderson and Ronald Sanderson?"

Trevor didn't reveal his identity, but the man was still shocked.

"Are you Trevor Sanderson? Are you that young man who escaped at that time?"

Trevor's frown deepened. He punched the man in the abdomen hard.

"Tell me right now! What do you know?"

The man was hit so hard that he couldn't help curling up in pain. He coughed violently and sneered.

"Your father and grandfather are still alive. The traitors of the Sanderson family need them alive to lure you out. However, they are imprisoned in a secret place. Even if you know it, you won't dare to go there. Many core members of Mobius are there, watching over them. They are all elites."

There was no doubt that the so-called elites of Mobius were much more powerful than the man.

"I don't care about those elites. Tell me where this place is." All Trevor wanted was to know his father and grandfather's whereabouts.

The man raised his eyebrows and was about to answer.

However, his eyes suddenly burst out with a strong desire to live. He shouted, "Save me!"

Trevor's heart skipped a beat, and a bad feeling surged in his heart.

He heard a hiss. It was as if a sharp thin knife cut through the air.

Trevor didn't even turn his head to check. He immediately rolled to the side without hesitation.

And while he rolled, he saw the hidden weapon attacking them.

A poker card.

It was a poker card.

However, Trevor found that the poker card did not fly toward him. Instead, it approached the man and pierced through his neck deeply.

"You... You..." The eyes of the man widened in disbelief. Then a large amount of blood gushed out of his mouth, staining his clothes.

The aorta of his neck was cut open by the poker card. He soon fell to the ground, breathless.

He died before Trevor could even get the answer.

Trevor looked at the poker card stuck in the neck of the man. His eyes were filled with horror.

Obviously, it was not a simple poker card. It turned out that the edges were actually sharp sheets of metal.

Trevor's face darkened at once.

The man was killed by his companion.

Trevor failed to get to know the whereabouts of Ronald and Elwood.

Besides, he still had a lot of questions to ask.

How unfortunate!

Suddenly, Trevor saw a figure appear under the tree by the roadside. The figure was about the same height as him.

Then the figure walked up to him step by step.

He was a man, wearing black from head to toe.

He sneered, "Only the dead can keep secrets."

Trevor couldn't help feeling a little nervous. He looked at the man carefully. And judging from the man's posture, he could say that the man was more dangerous than his dead companion.

"That's why you chose to kill your companion?" Trevor's muscles tensed, guarding against the opponent's sneak attack.

At this time, his dagger was still stabbed at the dead body and the pistol with a silencer was on the ground.

For the time being, Trevor had no weapons to deal with his new enemy.

He had no choice but to use his bare hands.

Trevor felt his heartbeat go abnormally fast, and his blood flowed rapidly.

"No, I think you don't understand me." The man smiled coldly. "What I mean is, you have to die too."

A life-and-death battle was about to begin.