Chapter 1198 Throw Themselves Into The Trap

Trevor's look was meaningful.

The warehouse's back door were guarded by many police officers.

He saw the killers heading for the warehouse's back door.

The killers didn't resist as they were encircled by police officers. They even grinned broadly, believing that they would be taken to a safe place.

Edlin was dumbfounded as he stood outside the warehouse.

His face went pale. As his muscles tightened, he screamed inwardly, "No way! Impossible! Isn't Hidden Assassins an international killer organization? What are they doing? Are they courting death? Do they believe that surrendering will keep them out of jail?"

Then, he immediately realized that the person behind all of this was Trevor. But he was still unsure of how he managed to pull it off.

His heart was filled with resentment. In order to not reveal his identity, Edlin had to work with other cops to arrest these killers.

Still standing in the warehouse, Trevor held the cigarette handed over by Grave-keeper.

Grave-keeper, the leader of the killers, respectfully lighted the cigarette for Trevor.

Trevor tried to get more information from him.

"When they sent you to the warehouse, the Murray family must have some emergency plan, right?"

Grave-keeper also lit a cigarette and answered in a low voice, "This was an accident. I received a call from another Mobius member asking me to

handle the goods."

Trevor's heart skipped a beat.

As predicted, there was a Mobius member in Corden!

He gently shook the cigarette ash and asked again, "Oh? He ordered that you handle the goods. What would he do?"

"I don't know. Hidden Assassins is just the frontier of Mobius," Grave-keeper answered, shaking his head. "I don't have the authority to ask about his mission, even if I am a reserve member of Mobius."

Suddenly, he was stunned.

Even the cigarette ashes that landed on his fingers went unnoticed.

He immediately realized that something was wrong.

The Mobius members should be able to communicate with one another since they were in the same city. Why would Trevor ask about another official member from him, a reserve member?

Grave-keeper suddenly felt frightened. Swallowing his saliva, he cautiously asked, "Sir, I'm sorry for being so rude. But I need to see your tattoo."

Nervous, Trevor tried to look calm. He took a drag on his cigarette before answering. "No problem."

He suddenly punched Grave-keeper in the nose as the latter exhaled a sigh of relief and was about to check the tattoo.

Trevor blew him a puff of smoke that obscured Grave-keeper's vision.

"Damn it!" Grave-keeper cursed and immediately raised his arms to block the attack.

Although he didn't react slowly, it happened suddenly, and he was unable to deflect Trevor's attack.

Clang!

14:05   39.9%   ☑ 🔋 100%

🎁 +120 Points at most

Trevor struck Grave-keeper against the warehouse's metal door, which made a loud noise.

Outside the warehouse, Edlin knew something happened inside the moment he heard the commotion.

A dark smirk broke across his face.

He believed Trevor was doomed.

He was so thrilled that he wanted to run into the warehouse to find out what happened.

So what if Trevor tricked the other killers? It didn't matter. Grave-keeper was one of the elites. It was rumored that he would soon become an official member of Mobius. Trevor would be dead as long as Grave-keeper fights that brat."

Edlin excitedly rubbed his hands together as he waited for Trevor to scream.