

Chapter 791 Senhaun Medical Instrument Gro...

Taking a glance at the stall owner who hastily fled, Trevor turned to Bradly and said, "Follow him discreetly. Don't let him find you."

"Yes, sir!" Bradly replied before cautiously slipping into the crowd. It did not take long until he blended into the mob in pursuit of the stall owner.

With his hands in his pockets, Trevor took his sweet time and took a stroll around the street.

He had originally planned on waiting for Bradly to confirm the stall owner's location before beginning the investigation with Rudolph's set of clues.

A few moments later, Trevor realized that somebody was trailing him.

He pretended to look at a quaint mirror on one of the stalls when the truth was that he was trying to get a glimpse of the man following him.

It was the stall owner who fled in panic. Close to him were the two men who pretended to be

interested in the statue earlier.

Trevor was amused. He didn't expect them to come to him on their own.

Putting the mirror back to the stall, he deliberately walked to a narrow and isolated alley.

Sure enough, the three men followed him.

"Hold it right there! You fucking smashed my item! You have a death wish, don't you?" the stall owner screamed. His henchmen blocked the entrance to the alley.

A malicious grin spread across the man's lips when he saw that nobody was around. The muscles on his face were clenched, making him look horrific.

He clenched his fists as he slowly made his way towards Trevor.

"What do you want?" Trevor asked. Despite the gravity of the situation, he still managed to smile.

"I'll teach you a lesson. Nobody dares to offend me, Huxley Jensen!" Huxley scoffed before finally swooping in to attack Trevor.

With utter calmness, Trevor took a step back and stretched his arm out to block Huxley's

attack. Before Huxley even had the chance to react, Trevor had managed to plant a swift kick on his chin.

The ferocity of his sudden move cause Huxley to feel nauseated. The poor man staggered back before falling to the ground.

His accomplices turned pale in terror. They were worried that their boss met his demise because of Trevor's attack. "Help! There is a murderer out here!"

Wanting to escape, they turned to leave. Bradley appeared just in time to prevent the two from fleeing. He punched their bellies and immediately, the two men fell to the ground, crouching in pain.

Trevor clapped his hands and gave Huxley a light nudge with his foot. "Stop pretending to be dead. I need to ask you a few questions. Get up. Otherwise, I will throw your body into the sea."

Huxley immediately opened his eyes. "I'll tell you everything! Please don't kill me!"

"Where did you get those fake antiques?" Trevor asked with a frown.

Holding his aching head, Huxley answered, "I'm a mere truck driver. Some time ago, I made a

delivery to Senhaun Medical Instrument Group in Mandalay. That was where I accidentally found this batch of fake antiques. I was in dire need of money so..."

Mandalay.

Senhaun Medical Instrument Group.

Those two places were not new to Trevor's ears. To further investigate Rudolph, he had no choice but to go to Mandalay.

"Get lost!" Trevor commanded with a frown.

If it was true that Huxley was nothing but a truck driver, there was a huge possibility that he did not have any information to give them.

Without a single word from his lips, Huxley got on his feet, helped the other two men up and left the alley in haste.

The resentment in his heart grew stronger every passing second.

Huxley looked back at the narrow alley and cursed, "Damn it! My business is screwed. Thankfully, someone purchased my goods on credit. It's time to finally collect the debt. As for this brat, I'll teach him a lesson next time."