

## Chapter 983 No Leads

In the dim alley, Trevor took a deep breath and readied himself. He planned on capturing the man while he was off guard.

At that moment, Abel felt cold, so he put his hands in his pockets.

"This is my chance," Trevor murmured, his eyes lighting up in excitement.

Then, he immediately rushed toward Abel.

Trevor's movements were light, quick, and soundless as he forcefully held Abel's body and covered his mouth with his other hand.

For a moment, Trevor felt proud of himself.

But soon after, he frowned.

He couldn't shake off the feeling that something was wrong. Capturing Abel was too easy.

Abel didn't make an effective counterattack. Instead, he just struggled foolishly. If he was one of the men in black, he would've noticed Trevor approaching him.

Abel's eyes went wide in horror. He wanted to say something, but since Trevor covered his mouth, the only sounds that came from him were muffled screams.

Abel didn't know how to fight! Then how did he get his tattoo?

As soon as Trevor pressed Abel against the wall, he rolled up his sleeve and checked the tattoo.

"Damn it! This is fake!" Trevor cursed.

He could see the tattoo on Abel's wrist under the dim light. Although it was similar to the tattoo that the men in black had, the details were different.

Trevor felt helpless, but he didn't want to give up just like that.

Even though the details in the tattoos were different, their overall styles were very similar. He figured he could gather some clues from Abel.

After thinking for a moment, Trevor lowered his voice and said, "I'll let go of my hand now. If you even try to shout, I'll break your neck. Do you understand?"

His behavior was somewhat rude, but he had no other choice.

Abel nodded hurriedly as he trembled in fear.

With that, Trevor slowly loosened his grip.

"Please spare me! I have some money. You can take it! Just don't kill me. Please!" Abel exclaimed. He thought he had encountered a robber, so he tried begging for mercy.

Trevor frowned and whispered, "Listen to me carefully. You just have to answer my questions. Where did you get the tattoo on your wrist? How did you get the pattern?"

Abel's eyes widened in surprise. He never expected that the person he believed was a robber didn't actually want his money and that he only cared about the tattoo.

His voice was shaky as he replied, "I got it from the tattoo shop at the corner of Sunshine Avenue. A tattoo artist in that shop gave me the tattoo. From what I remember, he's bald. He told me that the pattern of the tattoo is unique because it was exclusive. He even charged me a large sum of money! This tattoo really has nothing to do with me. I... I'll have it removed tomorrow. Please don't kill me!"

"Tattoo artist?" Since he didn't have any other leads, Trevor decided to take this as a clue and investigate.

If his guess was right, the tattoo artist might have seen the men in black.

"Hold your head with both hands and walk forward. Don't look back," Trevor ordered coldly.

Abel hurriedly held his head with his both of hands and walked along the alley, not daring to look back.

As soon as he reached the end of the alley and came to another road, he carefully looked back.

This time around, the alley was empty. It was almost as if what happened just now was a mere illusion.

Abel fell to the ground and heaved a sigh of relief.

Trevor had already driven to Sunshine Avenue.

About half an hour later, he noticed a tattoo shop at the corner of Sunshine Avenue.

It was already ten o'clock in the evening by that time, so the shop was about to close. Trevor took that opportunity to walk up to the shop assistant and asked, "My friend led me here. He said you have a bald tattoo artist. Is the tattoo artist here?"

"A bald tattoo artist?" The shop assistant frowned. "No. He just came back from another city some time ago, and he didn't come to work. It's been a few days already."

Trevor raised an eyebrow. "He didn't come to work?"

"Why are you asking these questions?" the shop assistant asked impatiently.

"You know what? Never mind. It doesn't really matter if he's not here; my friend just told me that he's good at making tattoos." Trevor waved his hand and pretended to be disappointed. Then, he went back to the car.

He let out a tired sigh. He didn't bother asking the shop assistant anymore.

This matter was related to the men in black, and he knew it'd be dangerous if he alerted them.

Trevor had to be careful.

But in this case, the hopes of finding any other leads might not work in his favor.

As Trevor sat in the driver's seat, he took one last look at the tattoo shop before leaving helplessly.