

## Chapter 1159 Secret Base

"What is going on?" Trevor looked at the train in front of him in surprise.

The station was abandoned, yet the train was brand new.

The striking contrast between the station and the train stunned Trevor.

With a friendly smile, Nicolas waved at Trevor. "Get in. I was also shocked when I joined Klein."

Once on board the train, Trevor saw that the train didn't move like an ordinary one.

It kept going deeper into the ground.

When the train finally stopped, Trevor's eyes widened in surprise.

It was a kind of military bunker.

The floor, the wall, the ceiling were made of metal, and the whole site was surrounded by searchlights.

Trevor couldn't help but admire the technological equipment of this place.

Nicolas walked to a metal gate.

"Iris verification needed!" An electronic voice sounded.

Without flinching, Nicolas opened his eyes wide and looked at the inspection device at the side of the gate.

"Nicolas Bowman, welcome to Klein!" The electronic voice sounded again.

The thick airtight gate opened quickly, revealing the wide underground space.

"Come with me," Nicolas said to Trevor.

Trevor followed Nicolas excitedly, looking around curiously.

Once they entered the secret underground space, Nicolas pressed several buttons on a complicated metal console.

It was a special way of communication.

Hearing noise from the speakers in the room, Trevor quickly realized what Nicolas was doing.

Suddenly, a gentle female voice was heard.

"Long time no see, Mr. Bowman."

Trevor was stunned when he heard the voice.

He had never heard that voice and yet he felt a sense of kinship.

"It's been a long time indeed. I was held back by the investigation on Mobius. Alas, they hide too well and we have not made any real progress on the investigation," Nicolas replied with a smile, smoothening his beard.

The woman asked again, "I heard that you recommended a new member to join Klein."

At this moment, Trevor stepped forward and greeted politely, "Nice to meet you, ma'am."

He didn't know how to address her, so he could only call her ma'am.

The woman paused for a moment and then said, "You can call me Nightingale. This is my code name in Klein. Levi, Dragon... I guess both identities are fake, right?"

Hearing that, Trevor coughed awkwardly.

Nicolas hurriedly explained, "Don't worry. I have known this young man for a long time. He is trustworthy."

After a moment's silence, Nightingale continued, "Since Mr. Bowman vouches for you, you can join Klein. Don't worry about your identity. You

can continue to use those names. How about this? Dragon will be your code name in Klein. We will help you make it a real identity in the future."

Trevor breathed a sigh of relief. "Thank you, Nightingale."

Nightingale continued, "Klein doesn't look into the identity of our members, but it is our duty as members to protect Klein's identity at all costs. Our enemies are the most vicious people in the world. Since you're one of us now, I give you my entire trust. Now, your first task is to investigate the collusion between the Murray family and Mobius."

Trevor could perceive a trace of anger in Nightingale's voice.

Trevor could perceive that because he had some background in psychology.

After a moment's silence, Nightingale continued, "At present, we don't have enough members. I must remind you that the members of Mobius are all berserk. Many of them have committed serious crimes, and they are extremely dangerous. You must be careful during the mission, and we will do our best to support you."

## Chapter 1160 The Competition

---

Nightingale's explanations allowed Trevor to have a better understanding of the inner workings of Mobius.

Since members of Mobius had committed crimes internationally, the organization must be extremely dangerous and certainly with an agenda.

While Trevor was lost in thoughts, Nightingale continued, "Mr. Bowman, don't leak any information about Mobius' failed attack in Barlowtown. If Mobius knows, they are likely to try again. As a precaution, I advise you to not make any public appearances for the time being."

Nicolas couldn't help but complain helplessly, "I'll lose my freedom! What's the difference with being in jail?"

However, Nightingale was not going to give in because Nicolas' safety was very important. "Do you need me to book you a plane ticket to the southern islands for a vacation? The weather there is warm now. I believe you will have a good time there."

Hearing Nightingale's words, Trevor was stunned.

Although Nightingale's voice was soft, her decision remained unquestioned. She seemed to be a strong and independent woman.

"Make up your mind quickly! I have other fish to fry!" Nightingale said after a while.

Nicolas smiled bitterly and finally gave in. "Okay, I'll follow your arrangement."

Trevor and Nicolas then left the secret base and went their separate ways.

Standing alone in the abandoned station, Trevor took a deep breath.

Single-handedly, he had completely destroyed the branch of the Sanderson family in Barlowtown. But now, a powerful and dangerous enemy, Mobius, was involved.

"Mobius... Just wait and see!" Trevor murmured to himself.

With a strange expression, he reached out and touched the mask on his face. He thought for a while and finally decided to ask Bess about the Murray family.

The Murray family was the most mysterious among the three top families, and even Trevor didn't know much about it.

He found Bess at the filming site.

The filming of the military film was practically wrapped up now. Not having much to do, Bess sat in a corner with a sad face.

"Bess! What happened? You look unhappy." As he spoke, Trevor handed her a cup of hot coffee.

Bess' eyes lit up when she saw Trevor. She took the coffee and said hesitantly, "Levi... My father and I are from the Murray family. I guess you already know about it."

Trevor nodded.

Bess sighed and continued, "The Murray family is an ancient family. Very few people have heard of it and even fewer know it. It is quite embarrassing. The current head of the Murray family used to be an unimportant member. Although my father and I are direct descendants, we were estranged from the family. For a few years already, we are on the verge of being outright expelled from the family."

Trevor frowned upon hearing what Bess told him. It seemed that the Murray family was even more complicated than the Sanderson family.

Meanwhile, Bess seemed to have found someone to confide in. She took a sip of hot coffee and said in a low voice, "My dad and I have struggled for the past few years. Since the family practically disowned us, we had to rely solely on ourselves to get by. We didn't even have much contact with the family. Sometimes, our financial situation was such that we had

to sell some of our assets to get by. You know, I sold that apartment."

Trevor also sighed. He, too, remembered the hard days since he had left the Sanderson family.

Not only did he have to find a way to make a living, but he also had to be wary of his family's hostility.

Looking at Bess, he felt sorry for her.

Staring blankly at the coffee cup in her hands, Bess gritted her teeth and said, "Despite everything my father and I have been through, those bastards in our family are still insatiable. The Murray family is famous for martial arts. A few days ago, the head of the family announced that he will gather the whole family to evaluate our martial arts. Those who are not good enough will be expelled from the family. It's too obvious that they're just trying to use the opportunity to drive us, the direct descendants, out. Since the family has excluded us for years, my father and I have been unable to learn martial arts. We were also too busy in making a living to have any time to practice martial arts. They know that my father and I have no one to lean on, so they intend to do with us as they see fit."

Bess's angry complaint moved Trevor, and he quickly came up with an idea.

"It's impossible for everyone in your family to practice martial arts, right?"

Bess lowered her head and said in a dejected tone, "It's true. After all, the Murray family is a big family and some people are immensely rich. They can hire martial artists to participate in the competition on their behalf."

Trevor smiled. That was what he expected. He asked decisively, "How about letting me compete on your behalf?"