

Chapter 1177 Investigate Alone

Even though Bess wanted Trevor to stay, he still left.

Bess watched upstairs as Trevor's car slowly drove away and out of sight.

Just now, Trevor was like a hero, coming in out of nowhere and stopping Aldwin and Ken.

"Come on! He's already gone." Asho smiled jokingly. "Dragon is great. I will back him up if he wants to date my daughter."


Bess looked away and said in a shy voice, "Dad! What are you talking about?"

As he poured himself a glass of wine, Asho laughed. He seemed to be in a good mood after Ken and Aldwin were driven away.

After a moment of silence, Bess said worriedly, "Dad, I think we just really pissed off Aldwin and Ken. Do you think it is wise for Dragon to go outside by himself at this moment?"

With a sigh, Asho remarked, "Dragon always exudes confidence and a sense of mystery. Don't stress yourself out. His fighting skills are way better than I expected. What he said is true. If he stays with us, we will be a burden to him when Ken gets back at him."

Helplessly, Bess groaned and said, "Let's cross our fingers and hope he can handle it. We will do

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everything to help him if he is in trouble."

Trevor rented a house in the city.

If he wanted to, he could live in the base of the branch of Klein.

But Trevor still decided to rent a house so no one would find out who he was.

After he dealt with the house, he intended to look into the industries run by the Murray family, particularly Ken's.

Based on the information Margaret sent, Klein's informant saw Ken and a suspicious man in black talking in the bar.

But they could not say whether the man was from Mobius or not.

Now Trevor needed to capture a Mobius member and force him to reveal his father and grandfather's location.

Night fell.

The neon lights outside the bar were on, which meant the bar was now open for business.

But as Trevor got closer, he saw that not only was the bar packed, but there was also a long line of people waiting outside.

Trevor raised an eyebrow and remarked, "I didn't expect the bar to be so popular."

A sting on his instep stopped him from joining the queue.

Trevor scowled and backed a few steps.

He got stepped on by a girl in high heels.

It was not even a big deal. As long as she apologized, Trevor would let it go.

But the girl had no intention of saying sorry. On the contrary, she let out a loud scream.

"Ah! What the hell did you do?"

In a displeased tone, Trevor replied, "You stepped on my foot. How dare you ask what I did?"

The girl scowled at Trevor. It was difficult to tell what her natural face looked like behind all that gorgeous makeup.

She behaved as if she were a victim of some kind. Then she held her male companion's arm and said in a sweet voice, "Paul! He almost twisted my ankle. Get him to say sorry to me."

Trevor's anger nearly made him laugh.

This girl was the one who stepped on him, but she complained first, saying that he almost gave her a sprained ankle.

It was hard to believe that someone could be so shameless.