

## Chapter 933 Fake Identity

With the connections of the Wright family, Cecelia soon gathered all the props Trevor needed for his disguise.

"This silicone mask has the latest technology. If you wear this, it is difficult for others to find out who you really are. Aside from that, it also has good air permeability. It can be worn for a long time with no problem at all."

Cecelia handed a soft mask to Trevor.

Trevor put on the mask and looked at himself through the rearview mirror. Indeed, it was hard to tell that he was wearing a mask. And he could even hardly recognize himself.

Even the edges of the mask were crafted very exquisitely and naturally. It was impossible to notice that it was a mask if one didn't take a close and careful look at it.

Trevor looked at himself in the mirror again. And seeing the reflection of the strange young man, he couldn't help nodding with satisfaction.

This was what he exactly needed to hide his identity.

Trevor kept nodding his head and said seriously, "Cecelia, thank you for your help. Without you, I don't know what to do. Please do me one more favor. Take good care of Evie and



Luisa for me. After this, we have to minimize communicating with each other. But I assure you that one day, I will be back."

Cecelia looked at Trevor deeply. Her eyes seemed to have penetrated the mask, wanting to remember his real face. Then she nodded and said gently, "Good luck."

After that, they separated.

Trevor got out of the car, walked into the narrow alley, and disappeared.

Since he had changed his looks, he also needed a fake identity that conformed to his new image. Otherwise, it would be impossible for him to move forward in a modern civilized society.

He knew that this thing was just a piece of cake for the Wright family. But he didn't ask for Cecelia's help. Because once it was tracked down by someone, the traces would be too obvious. He didn't want Cecelia to be in danger because of him.

Trevor decided to personally go to the black market to get a fake ID card.

The black market was not particularly hidden. Since the city was close to the coastline, many stowaways chose to obtain a fake identity here.

Handling fake identities was a gray industry in Dreles. Many producers could produce almost perfect identity files, making

people difficult to identify they were fakes.

In the black market, everything seemed possible. One could request fake insurance records, medical certificates, and even fictitious criminal records.

As long as the price was right, there would be no problem. But of course, it was not a small sum of money.

For Trevor's fake ID card, he needed to spend ten thousand dollars.

Before he and Cecelia said goodbye, she had given him some cash. If he didn't have cash with him, even obtaining a fake identity would become a troublesome matter.

But much to Trevor's dismay, things didn't go as smoothly as he expected.

"I charge twenty thousand dollars for fake ID cards now. This is my fixed price. If you want, you go and inquire about me around here. Everyone knows how much I charge my clients. Where can you get a fake ID card for ten thousand dollars at this time? Bah! That was yesterday's price."

The gangster named Shark was responsible for making fake identities in the black market.

He had been doing this for a long time, raising the price all of a sudden. Most people who needed fake identities were stowaways. They were powerless in the local area and the easiest to bully. So it was not difficult to make them agree to

the price.

"If you change your mind, I won't return your deposit. So think about it first before you decide."

As he spoke, Shark leaned against the back of the chair and raised his legs. There was an unlit cigarette in his mouth.

Trevor stared at Shark's face, particularly his yellow tobacco-stained teeth.

He suddenly grabbed Shark's wrist, exerting force in his hand.

"Ahhh! Damn you! Let go of me, you bastard!" Shark howled loudly, wincing in pain.

But Trevor turned a deaf ear to Shark. He stood there motionless like a statue. He continued to grip Shark's wrist, exerting more strength.

"Give me what I want. Now!"

Shark couldn't stand the pain anymore. He burst into tears. What else could he do? Left with no choice, he took out a paper bag from the drawer with one hand and begged for mercy.

"Everything you want is here, so let go of me now. You're hurting me. My wrist is about to break."

When Trevor got the fake ID card, he snorted coldly and let go of Shark by pushing him back to his chair. He got what he wanted, so he didn't intend to stay any longer. Holding the paper bag in his hand, he turned around and was about to

leave.

"Damn you! You must be courting death! How dare you be so presumptuous in my territory! Guys, come out and kill this bastard!" Shark roared.

Many arrogant-looking young men emerged from another room and besieged Trevor.

But Trevor didn't show any sign of fear at all.

He just snorted coldly and turned around quickly.

With a few punches and kicks, he beat the young men to the floor effortlessly. A few bloody molars scattered on the floor, which looked horrifying.

Shark was startled upon seeing the scene. He immediately took out a knife from the drawer, waved it in the air, and rushed towards Trevor ferociously.

But what happened next shocked him to the core.

He only heard a crisp sound and felt a pain in his hand. Then the knife in his hand was already in Trevor's hand, and the blade was pressed against his neck.

"Please... Please forgive me. I don't want to die yet. I know I'm wrong. I'm so sorry. Please let me go."

Shark turned pale with fright. He immediately conceded and hurriedly raised his hands to surrender.

Trevor stared at him expressionlessly, showing no trace of

mercy on his face. It was as if he was staring at a piece of meat waiting to be cut.

"How unlucky you are! I've been in a bad mood recently, and I'm looking for some outlet to vent my anger. Bastard, why do you want to court death?"

As Trevor spoke, he pressed the sharp butterfly knife on Shark's neck, leaving a wound on the skin of his throat. Blood immediately oozed out.

Shark was so scared that he trembled all over and almost wetted his pants.

Trevor stared at Shark. His eyes became colder and colder.

Since he was seeking revenge, he was bound to make some changes. He couldn't be the same Trevor as before.

"If I find anything wrong with this fake ID card, I don't mind making your wound deeper the next time we meet."