

Chapter 1180 Key Information

"What? Tip?"

Michael's excuse amused Trevor.

It was just a regular bar, not a high-end, five-star hotel.

Why would Trevor give the security guard a tip?

Trevor said coldly, "Why didn't you come to my aid when I was being pestered at the entrance just now? How dare you ask me for a tip now?"

Michael's face twitched in surprise. He hadn't expected Trevor to have a retort for his excuse.

Michael decided to go on the offensive. He screamed, "You are arrogant! Come here! I'll teach you a lesson!"

Doris could tell that Michael was making trouble on purpose because he was jealous.

Snorting, she said, "Michael, go back to the entrance! I know the rules of the bar. Security guards are not allowed to drive guests away. This gentleman just ordered a glass of Martini, so he is our guest. Do you plan on breaking the rules?"

Trevor raised the Martini in his hands to prove he had a consumption record.

Michael's veins bulged in anger. His face was terrible to behold. He stared at Trevor for several seconds, hatred

evident in his eyes, then turned to look at Doris.

He looked at them both. His breath grew heavy, and his fists clenched.

Trevor looked on warily and gathered his strength in case Michael attacked.

If Michael dared raise his fist at them, Trevor would counterattack.

However, in the end, Michael just stared coldly at them and then returned to his position.

The tension in the atmosphere finally disappeared.

Doris stuck out her tongue at Michael discreetly and said in a low voice, "Leave him alone. He is just a lecher. Come with me."

She then proceeded to walk out from behind the bar counter. She took Trevor's hand and led him to an inconspicuous corner.

The corner had a good view of the bar and was quiet.

Doris looked around warily. When she was certain no one was eavesdropping, she said in a low voice, "Five days ago, I saw a man in a black suit come to this bar. I saw him again two days ago. He was wearing a large Italian suit and sunglasses. This kind of dressing didn't fit the atmosphere of the bar, so he stood out."

Trevor, hearing this, asked, "Did you get a good look at his wrist?"

Doris nodded and answered, "Yes, I did. He had a tattoo on his wrist. The lights in the bar were dim, so I couldn't see clearly. I followed him to the wash basin

and peered at his wrist when he was washing his hands. I think the tattoo was ring-shaped. However, I was afraid he would notice me, so I did not get close enough to see it clearly and confirm the pattern of the tattoo."

The man had on a suit and sunglasses and had a tattoo on his wrist.

The tattoo of the members of Mobius was indeed ring-shaped.

Trevor's heart skipped a beat. He licked his dry lips and asked, "Do you remember his features?"

Doris replied, "He's about six feet tall and weighs about 200 pounds. He smokes and seems to have a liking for whiskey and brandy. Most importantly, there was an obvious scar about 3 centimeters long on the left side of his face."

A scarred face was a very obvious feature.

Trevor nodded as he committed the information to memory.

As long as the man was still in Corden, they would meet each other sooner or later.


Once they met...

Trevor's fist clenched as he thought of his father and grandfather. He had to save them.

Doris looked around vigilantly and said, "I think it's time I returned to the counter, or people will begin to get suspicious."

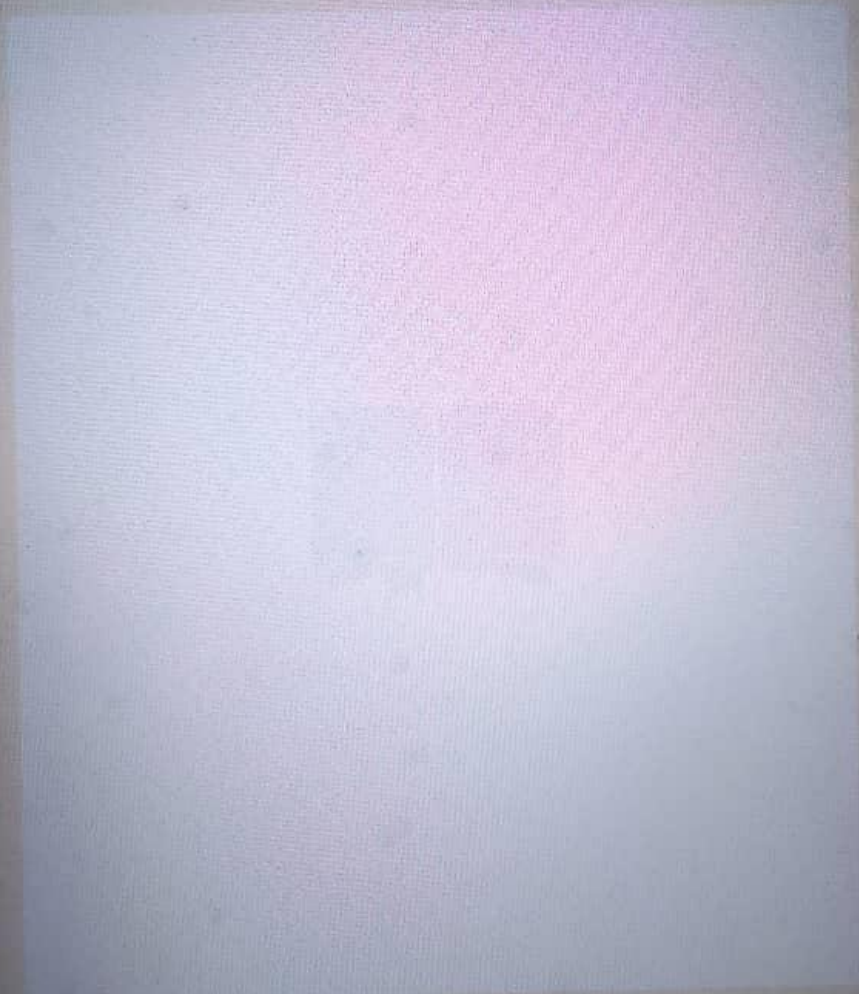
They both returned to the bar counter looking relaxed and unsuspecting.


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 +120 Points at most

As soon as Trevor sat down, he heard Michael shouting behind him in a rough voice, "You brat! You were very arrogant just now. Get out of here right now!"

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