

Chapter 1595 The Training Camp

As soon as Trevor stepped into the training camp, a boy about ten years old ran toward him.

When Trevor saw the ferocious expression on the boy's face, he knew that he was not about to get a warm welcome from the child.

The boy was of average height for his age, neither skinny nor fat.

His hair was rough and its edges ragged. From its appearance, Trevor guessed the boy must have stood in front of a mirror and cut it himself.

His clothes were worn out, and there was a small hole on his left shoe.


Eyes narrowed slightly, Trevor came to the obvious conclusion: the boy was poor.

"Hey!" the boy roared loudly, his expression and stance giving Trevor the appearance of a wild dog.

"People of Mobius don't keep their word! Where is the money you promised me? Let me go back! I have to be with the director. He is sick!"

Trevor stood still and slightly raised his eyebrows. "Director?"

"The director of the orphanage." The young man who stood next to the boy grinned wickedly. "This boy's name is Esteban Rodriguez. He's a bastard child. He lives in the

Chapter 1595 The Training Camp  +120 Points at most orphanage..."

Esteban's anger turned molten at the word "bastard."

He whirled around furiously and glowered at the young man. "Shut up! I'm not a bastard!"

Not satisfied with just yelling, Esteban ran to the young man and kicked him with all his strength.

The young man was caught off guard and fell to the ground.

The onlookers did not seem pleased by this turn of events.

In the blink of an eye, a large group of boys emerged from virtually every corner and surrounded Esteban. Then they proceeded to kick and punch him mercilessly.

"Stop!" Trevor snapped coldly and prevented the fight from escalating.

Trevor's current identity, Raven, was a member of Mobius. Most of the boys in the training camp knew that they couldn't provoke the men from Mobius.

The boys' thirst for vengeance was not satisfied by a long shot, but they obediently stopped hitting Esteban. They moved away from him slowly, staring at him spitefully.

Trevor looked down at the boy named Esteban.

An orphan?

And judging from his words, it seemed that he was tricked into coming in by Mobius.

The boy was still worried about the sick orphanage director.

Trevor narrowed his eyes, and he appeared as though he

was deep in thought.

Esteban crawled out of the mud, dabbed at the dust on his body. He spat out the dirt that filled his mouth.

Then he turned his furious gaze on Trevor.

Through gritted teeth, he declared, "Stop pretending! I won't be fooled by you anymore! Let me go back!"

Trevor put on a cold face and said calmly, "This is not a place where you can come and go as you like. Since you want to leave, I will make an exception this once. But there is a condition attached. If you want to leave, you must fight me. I will even promise to fight you with one arm and one leg. If you win, then you may leave. Do you accept my challenge?"

Esteban's eyes lit up. Even though he was a little shorter than Trevor, he was confident in his fighting abilities. He had participated in the underground fighting competition, so he knew that he was good at fighting.

Besides, Trevor had promised to fight with only one arm and one leg. Esteban nodded without hesitation.

"That's what you said! Don't go back on your word!"

Trevor smiled. "It's not that simple. If you win, I will let you go. But if you lose, you have to stay in the training camp and also promise not to make trouble anymore."

Esteban didn't think he would lose at all. He clenched his fists, making crackling sounds. He grinned arrogantly and nodded his head.

"Okay! I dare you to try and beat me!"

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Trevor's lips curled into a slight smile. "Come on. Show me what you're capable of."

Esteban snorted. "You'll pay for underestimating me."

Trevor waved at Esteban, gesturing him to come at him. "Show me what you've got."

Esteban shifted his shoulders, assuming a fighting stance, and slowly advanced toward Trevor.

Despite his opponent's aggressive approach, Trevor remained calm and held his ground.

Esteban seethed with anger, feeling disrespected. Suddenly, he flew into a rage and lunged at Trevor, his left fist raised and ready to strike.

However, that attack was only a decoy, and the real one would come from his right leg.

Esteban was confident that if Trevor attempted to block his left hook, he would be caught off-guard by the knee kick to the chest that would send him reeling.

However, what Trevor did next took Esteban by surprise.

In a swift movement, he caught Esteban's left wrist in mid-air with one hand.

Esteban thought that he had fooled Trevor. As he lifted his knee to attack his opponent, he suddenly found himself being lifted up.

Trevor lifted him up with just one hand!

Before Esteban could react, Trevor, with all his strength, pulled Esteban toward him and tripped him with his shin, easily throwing him to the ground.

At this moment, Esteban lay sprawled on the ground, dumbfounded.

Although his fall was not that hard, he was deeply shocked by how easy he was defeated by Trevor. In the brief scuffle, it became painfully clear to him that there was a significant gap in their fighting skills.

Having fought in several underground fights before, Esteban had to admit he was no match for Trevor.

The crowd burst into laughter.

With his lips curved into a smile, Trevor asked, "So, what do you think? As per the agreement, you can't cause any more trouble."

Gritting his teeth, Esteban slowly got up. He clenched his fists in frustration and stood aside, making sure not to cause any further trouble.

Trevor narrowed his eyes at Esteban and did not say a word.

Lone Wolf had appointed him as the instructor of the training camp and tasked him with investigating potential spies. Trevor could not let this opportunity slip away, or it would be a waste of the gift that fate had bestowed upon him.

Trevor must find a way to infiltrate Mobius.

Esteban could be a good starting point.

However, he still needed to remain vigilant, and he could not act recklessly, especially now.

Trevor clasped his hands, capturing the attention of the group.

"Alright everyone, listen up! From now on, I'll be your instructor. Follow me to the shooting range. Our first lesson is on shooting!"

Shooting was Trevor's forte.

The boys huddled together and followed Trevor toward the next venue.

Meanwhile, Esteban walked alone beside them, looking visibly upset.

Trevor walked at the back of the line. Just then, a young man deliberately fell behind the group and approached him.


"Sir, I'd like to give you a heads-up. Esteban is a rule-breaker. I fear he may cause trouble in the future. Why don't you let me discipline him? I promise he'll be more obedient after I teach a lesson."

Trevor glanced at him and noticed a footprint on his clothes. It did not take long before he realized what had happened.

The young man had called Esteban a "bastard" earlier, which resulted in him getting kicked. He held a grudge against Esteban and was waiting for an opportunity for revenge.

Trevor shot him a cold glance and asked, "What's your name?"

The young man chuckled and answered in a hurry, "My

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name's Jules. I've been training for a month. I came here earlier than them."

Trevor's expression did not change, and he simply said, "I don't want to hear that again. I'm not giving you the permission to do so."

Jules was perplexed as to why Trevor refused his request without a second thought.

He unconsciously clutched his stomach, still feeling the dull pain from where he was kicked earlier.

Jules lowered his head, trying to hide his resentment.

Trevor did not need to see the expression on Jules's face to see what he was thinking.

"What? You want to defy me?"

Jules furtively gritted his teeth and answered in a low voice, "No..."

"I've always been fair in my actions. Since I gave Esteban a chance, I'll give you one too. You said you've been training here for a month. How about a little competition in shooting?"

Jules stopped dead in his tracks.