

## Chapter 1606 Esteban's Trust

The female cashier slumped in her seat, her heart heavy with despair. Not only was she unable to make money from this deal, but the restaurant also lost a lot of money.

"Thank you. Please come again." As Trevor and Patrice made their way out of the restaurant, she bid them goodbye with a tight-lipped smile, masking her deep aversion to the thought of seeing them again.

Trevor, however, seemed unperturbed by the cashier's frosty demeanor. He flashed a disarming smile. "See you."

The female cashier rolled her eyes at him, biting back the urge to lash out. Had it not been for the taxi drivers waiting outside, she would have kicked Trevor and Patrice out.

As they left, Trevor's smile faded, his mind already racing with plans.

He turned to the tanned taxi driver beside him, his voice low and urgent.

"I asked you here for a reason. I need your help with something big."

The taxi driver nodded. "Just say the word. We're not good at fighting, but we can carry out your orders other than that."

Trevor wasted no time in laying out his plan.

"I want you to investigate the area around Hammurabi Hotel. Look for anything unusual, any strange buildings, anything that stands out. And report back to me."

The taxi driver looked skeptical.

Surely, nothing could escape the notice of Mobius, the ruler of Glareder. So why would Trevor need his help?

Trevor warned him, "Don't ask questions you don't want answers to. The less you know, the better."

The taxi driver averted his gaze. "Yes, sir."

Trevor added, "Just do as I say, and you'll be rewarded handsomely."

Trevor was a man of great wealth. If these drivers truly could find Mobius' hidden prison, Trevor would not hesitate to spend a fortune to reward them.

With a sly grin, the driver spoke up, revealing a row of yellowed teeth. "Consider it done!"

Trevor remained silent. Trevor cared little about the loyalty of those under his command. He just need them to help him reach his goal.

The next day, Trevor made his way to the training camp.

The grueling exercises resumed, with Esteban stealing occasional glances at Trevor.

Trevor remained stone-faced throughout the training, concealing his thoughts.

As the training came to a close, Trevor sought out Esteban, who was drenched in sweat.

"How's your arm?"

Gasping for breath, Esteban answered, "It feels great. I have no lingering pain or discomfort. No side effects either."



Trevor nodded.

After a brief pause, Esteban murmured, "Thank you."

Trevor changed the topic.

"You said your director was sick, right?"

Esteban's countenance fell as he wiped the sweat off his face. In a subdued voice, he replied, "Yes. I came from an orphanage. The only person who ever showed me kindness is the director. He's a good person. But he has fallen gravely ill. That's why I was duped into coming here. Those men promised me a lot of money, and I thought it would be enough to save him. I want to see him again!"

Esteban broke down in tears.

Trevor fell silent. He knew that the money promised by Mobius was a mere ruse, and Esteban would never receive it.

After a brief silence, Trevor said, "If the opportunity arises, I can examine your director. You've seen my medical skills."

Esteban stared at Trevor, trying to fathom his motives, but he was too young and naive to penetrate Trevor's inscrutable facade. He could only reply, "Okay."


Soon, it was lunchtime.

Esteban's stomach grumbled, prompting him to head to the canteen. Turning around, he approached Trevor with a curious glint in his eye.

"The director said that people from Mobius are all bad guys. Is that true?"

His sharp instincts allowed him to sense something

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 +120 Points at most

peculiar about Trevor, despite his facade.

Trevor's expression remained inscrutable as he reminded, "Keep your voice down. If others hear you, you won't live to see another day."

With a solemn nod, Esteban turned on his heel and walked away.

Trevor watched him go and let out a heavy sigh.

"Your director is right."



## Chapter 1607 The Assessment Of Newcomers

Over the next few days, Trevor was busy training the teenagers in the training camp.

He had to put his exploration of Glareder's exit on hold for the time being.

The last time he explored Glareder's border, he came across a patrol team. Since it was only a one-time thing, the patrol team didn't find anything suspicious about it. But if Trevor frequently appeared at the borders of the town, the patrol team would feel something was wrong and they would report him to the senior leaders of Mobius.

If that happened, then his fake identity as Raven would be exposed. It just wasn't worth it.

As for Patrice, she had made no substantial progress in the investigation of the hidden prison of Mobius.

The good news was that the training was about to end.

There would be a major evaluation. If all went well, Trevor would temporarily shed the instructor identity.

Trevor had watched all of the students carefully and he could tell that Esteban had good fighting skills. He made rapid progress in both combat and shooting.

In the past, Jules had the nerve to provoke Esteban, but after Esteban gave him a thorough beating, Jules was humbled and became very obedient.

Trevor even found that Jules was a little afraid of Esteban.

Trevor was proud of his secret training of Esteban.

Trevor had secretly arranged for Esteban to go through individual training and he had taught him a lot of fighting techniques. This was why Esteban was able to make rapid progress.

Trevor also had known about Esteban's character.

He felt Esteban was not a bad guy

All Trevor needed to do was earn Esteban's trust. Once he did that, he would develop Esteban into a member of Klein.

"This afternoon, you will face a cruel examination. This will determine your future!" Trevor announced coldly to the newcomers. "This examination is held by several training camps together. You must understand that only those who pass the examination will be stay here. As for those who get eliminated, they will be disposed of. Mobius doesn't need good-for-nothings!"

Trevor did not know exactly how those who failed the examination would be disposed of. However, it didn't take a rocket scientist to understand it was nothing good.

Members Mobius had always been tough and merciless.

Under Trevor's lead, all of the teenagers had their eyes covered with patches and they all boarded a bus that took them to an unknown location in the dark.

The site where the test would be held was nothing special. It was still the same red muddy ground with dust everywhere.

As soon as Trevor got off the bus, a man in a black jacket came over with a contemptuous look. He seemed to be up to no good.



"What's up?" Trevor asked impassively.

The man looked at Trevor coldly, sizing him up for a while. Then he laughed weirdly and asked, "Raven? I've heard about you. I heard that Gunter and Ape had a conflict and they are both dead now, is that so? You were also in Dreles at that time, weren't you?"

Trevor narrowed his eyes.

From what the man said, Trevor guessed he must have had a good relationship with Gunter. They should be from the same Bat faction.

Trevor glanced at the man's wrist and saw the faintly visible Ouroboros tattoo. He nodded and replied coldly, "Yes, I was Ape's partner at that time."

The man's strange smile widened. His smile was very cold, and made people feel uncomfortable. The man took a half step closer and assumed a threatening posture.

"They are all dead. But only you are still alive. There must be something fishy. Remember my name, Prescott Vazquez. You'd better watch your back. You better hope I won't find any evidence that you have something to do with their deaths."

Trevor looked at the man coldly and said nothing.

He guessed "Prescott Vazquez" must also be a fake name, or a code name.

Trevor was almost certain that this man not only belonged to the Bat faction just like Gunter, but also had a good relationship with Gunter. That was why Prescott was warning him that way.

## Chapter 1608 0715

When Esteban got off the bus, he saw Trevor arguing with a stranger. The atmosphere was obviously tense.

Esteban didn't think twice and approached the two men.

"What are you doing? Show some respect to our instructor!"

Trevor was stunned for a moment, and then a slight smile appeared on his face.

It seemed that he had gained Esteban's respect.

At least Trevor's particular attention to Esteban and the extra training he had given the boy paid off.

Prescott was also stunned. He stroked his hair and looked at Esteban with a strange smile.

"Interesting! What gives you the audacity to yell at me?"

The murderous look in Prescott's eyes didn't go unnoticed by Trevor <ho couldn't help but feel his heart skip a beat.

The members of Mobius were very fierce. They wouldn't mind killing anyone they didn't get along with, even if it was in public.

Trevor stepped forward casually and stood in front of Esteban. He glared at Prescott and warned him coldly, "You want to tackle a newcomer? Even though they haven't officially joined Mobius yet, they are still Mobius ' property. If Lone Wolf knows that someone tries to damage his property... I don't need to tell you about the consequence, do I?"



Prescott didn't say anything, but his whole body became tense.

Of course, he knew that Raven belonged to the Wolf faction, and as such, the newcomers that Raven trained would join the Wolf faction in the future.

If Lone Wolf, the leader of the Wolf faction, decided to go after Prescott, it was fair to say that Prescott would suffer a lot.

Thinking of that, Prescott took half a step back and snorted.

"Do you think I'm stupid? I didn't forget that today is the evaluation of newcomers. Well, since we all know how the assessment go, why don't we let the newcomers I train try out with this boy?"

The killing intent in Prescott's eyes faded after Trevor mentioned Lone Wolf. However, Prescott's eyes were still full of malice and ferocity when he looked at Esteban.

Before Trevor could say anything, Prescott continued, "Among the newcomers I have trained, there is a young murderer who's actually pretty skilled. Raven, are you scared for your student?"

Before Trevor said anything, Esteban stepped forward and said without hesitation, "Come on! I'm not afraid of you!"

After saying that, Esteban turned around and gave Trevor a firm look.

Trevor felt really proud.

Since Esteban had agreed on it, Trevor couldn't say no. He had to agree to Prescott's suggestion.

Trevor whispered to Esteban, "Remember everything I have taught you. Just stay on your guards and you won't lose. But you must understand that this test is very strict. To win, you either have to kill your opponent or to make him unable to fight. Are you ready?"

Esteban nodded.

Prescott put on a weird smile and said loudly, "So you have never killed anyone, have you? Raven, you'll definitely lose this fight."

Prescott then clapped his hands and shouted a number to the group of students behind him.

"0715, come here!"

As soon as Prescott finished his words, a big, strong-looking boy with long arms ran over.

Prescott put his hand on the boy's shoulder and laughed weirdly again.

"Raven, let me introduce you to my best student. 0715 is a maniacal killer and there is even an arrest warrant issued for him. He's murdered five adults in a row with a kitchen knife. After he was arrested, he strangled a policeman to death and ran to Glareder. He killed another person on the way here. He is the real deal. He already achieved some great things. Raven, your little guy has no chance of winning!"



## Chapter 1609 Win The Battle

Trevor's gaze hardened.

The boy killed five people in a row, strangled a policeman to death after being arrested, successfully escaped to Glareder, and killed another person on the way.

Trevor could hardly believe that an underage boy could be so ruthless.

0715?

Trevor looked at Prescott expressionlessly.

Prescott called the boy by his number. Obviously, He viewed these teenagers as nothing but commodities and expendable goods.

Prescott chuckled and asked, "Are you ready?"

Even though he was asking Esteban if he was ready for the life-and-death assessment, his tone made it seemed as though he was asking Esteban if he was ready to die.

Esteban took out a sharp dagger from the table. His lips tilted up in a provocative smile as he waved the dagger at the serial killer with the number 0715.

Prescott's weird smile turned cold, and a dangerous light flashed in his eye. He felt that Esteban was not provoking 0715 but him.

"Go! Kill him!" Prescott ordered. He didn't even care that Raven was standing next to him.

The order was akin to igniting 0715's murderous rage.

Eyes lighting up with bloodthirsty intent, he picked up a dagger and entered the arena where the assessment would take place.

Not once did his gaze waver from Esteban.

The assessment officially began.

Prescott wasn't exaggerating.

Trevor could tell that the young killer was indeed worthy of being called a criminal genius.

With the advantage of his slender arms, No. 0715 repeatedly stabbed Esteban with his sharp dagger.

Esteban's expression was tense. His body was already covered in blood. His clothes had been cut in several places.

The other teenagers gathered around the arena, blowing whistles and cheering loudly as if they were a pack of bloodthirsty beasts, eager to witness a bloody battle.

Trevor stood at the edge of the arena expressionlessly. At this point, all he could do was hope that Esteban had not forgotten his lessons.


He made certain to impart a fair amount of his experience regarding life-and-death combat into Esteban.

If Esteban still couldn't defeat 0715 after all of his lessons, then it was quite likely that his ending would be miserable.

Esteban took a deep breath, ignored the several cuts on his body and remained calm. As he kept an eye on his opponent, he recalled the combat techniques Trevor had



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taught him.

 +120 Points at most

"Your enemy's defense is at its lowest during his attack."

While Esteban recalled this sentence, his opponent had a sly smile on his face. He licked the bloodstains on the blade with his tongue, and then pointed the blade at Esteban before assuming an attacking posture once again.

Pupils shrinking, Esteban kept a laser focus on his opponent's shoulder. Again, he recalled Trevor's advice. "The higher you jump during the attack, the higher your chances of getting injured."

0715 let out a savage laugh, charging toward Esteban and holding the dagger high above his head.

In the face of a dagger aimed at his chest, Esteban ran forward instead of retreating. Putting on a burst of speed, he rushed into the arms of 0715.

Shocked, 0715 hesitated for a split second and the dagger missed its mark. Suddenly, he realized Esteban's intent, but it was too late for him to do anything about it.

"Ah!" He let out an anguished scream, the dagger falling from his limp fingers.

The young men who had been cheering fell into shocked silence. They stared wide-eyed at this sudden turn of events.

Esteban then took two steps back, revealing the bloodstain on the dagger in his hand.

0715 collapsed to the ground. He covered his abdomen with both hands, but he was unable to suppress the gushing blood.

The winner had been decided.

Trevor breathed a sigh of relief and said in a calm tone, "It seems that the one I trained has won the battle. Esteban passed the assessment!"

Prescott's smile was replaced by rage. He couldn't comprehend how the genius he had been so confident in could be defeated by an unremarkable boy.

This assessment in particular was held in conjunction with recruit training camps. Therefore, there were many other instructors present.

Those instructors sneered at Prescott.

"Prescott, is this your best student? What an eye opener!"

"Shame on you, loser!"

"It seems that the future of the Bat faction is worrying."

Prescott's rage spilled over at the harsh ridicule.

He moved toward Esteban with the intention of killing him to vent his anger.

However, Trevor, who already had a sneaking suspicion he would do something like this, stood in his path.

"Prescott, can't you accept defeat? Are you going to kill a kid?"

Prescott gritted his teeth and said, "I don't need to explain to you how I do things! Get out of my way!"


Overcome with his rage, Prescott pushed Trevor's shoulder.

Despite his best efforts, Trevor didn't budge a single inch.

It unsettled Prescott so much that he wondered if Raven's



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strength was that amazing.

 +120 Points at most

Cheeks heating with embarrassment, Prescott retracted his hand and looked away.

After a moment of tense silence, he murmured, "Let's wait and see." Then he led the team away from Trevor. His shoulders were slumped and he didn't spare a glance for the big boy bleeding on the ground.