

Chapter 1619 A Gathering In The Wilderness

Trevor looked at Prescott but remained silent.

Although Prescott had two Mobius members with him, Trevor wasn't intimidated.

He had previously managed to win over Gunter and Rock single-handedly, so he was well aware of the Bat faction members' combat capabilities.

However, they were at the entrance of Hammurabi Hotel, making it an inconvenient location for a confrontation.

He glanced at the three of them.

Trevor pretended to be helpless and let out a dismissive scoff.

"Fine, I'll come along. Let's see what you've got!"

Prescott's twisted smile grew. "Then get in the car."

His excitement was palpable. He felt lucky that Trevor was cooperating, or it would've taken quite some effort to abduct him.

Trevor gave Patrice's hand a pat, then got into the off-road vehicle and rolled down the window with a blank expression.

Prescott shot him a fierce look but remained silent.

Upon turning around, Trevor met Patrice's gaze, who was looking at him with concern and worry.

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Trevor smiled slightly and then regained his composure. He gestured towards Prescott with a tilt of his head, his face devoid of any emotion.

"What are you waiting for? Let's get moving."

Prescott made a displeased sound and started the car, driving the off-road vehicle to the outskirts.

As the off-road vehicle kicked up dust in the wilderness, one of the men in the car spoke up.

"Prescott, this should be far enough."

Prescott let out a sinister laugh and stopped the vehicle. "Raven, out of the car."

His smile turned vicious.

"Boy, you humiliated me in public last time! Your arrogance is to blame! If you submit now and let me beat some sense into you, maybe I'll go easy. But if you dare resist... Huh!"

Trevor was shoved out of the vehicle, surrounded by the three men. He casually dusted off his clothes, smoothed out the wrinkles, and asked, "Prescott, even though we're from different factions, if I recall correctly, Mobius prohibits full members from engaging in an internal conflict within Glareder. Aren't you worried about being caught by Mobius' patrol team?"

Prescott wore a smug expression as he asked, "Are you scared since you're bringing this up? Yes, Mobius does have such a rule, but as long as there's no evidence, it's like nothing ever happened!"

Trevor raised an eyebrow.

"Are you implying you plan to kill me to keep your secret

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Prescott's twisted smile returned.

"Don't count on the patrol team to rescue you. Just give up. I've already done my homework. Mobius' patrol doesn't venture into this wilderness! Haven't you noticed that? There isn't even a single streetlight here!"

Hearing Prescott's words, Trevor looked around.

Indeed, the area was as remote as Prescott described. There were no streetlights, and even the moonlight was obstructed by the branches and leaves of a large tree.

The off-road vehicle's headlights were the only source of illumination.

As he assessed the environment, Trevor was lost in thought.

He wondered if Prescott was audacious enough to kill him, disregarding Mobius' rules. Or had the fight between the Bat and Wolf factions escalated?

Nonetheless, given the current circumstances, Trevor wasn't concerned for his safety.

He was confident in taking on Prescott and his two henchmen alone.

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Trevor surveyed the area, but to Prescott, it seemed as if he was lost in thought.

Prescott's expression darkened suddenly.

"Raven, how dare you be distracted at a time like this? Come on, guys, let's take him down together! Let's wrap this up quickly!"

Prescott had specifically enlisted the help of two Mobius members with whom he had a close rapport. This wasn't because he feared Trevor's strength, but rather to ensure a swift conclusion to the fight.

After all, they were in Glareder, under Mobius' tight control. Prescott needed to minimize the time spent on any rule-breaking activities.

Without hesitation, the three of them launched their attack on Trevor.

As their attack approached, Trevor's eyes sparkled.

He could confront them head-on and overpower them with his formidable fighting skills. With one against three, he believed he stood a chance. However, he suddenly had a change of heart.

Given that Raven wasn't a leader within Mobius, displaying such prowess in Glareder could cast doubt on his identity.

Having made up his mind, Trevor quickly took two steps back and skillfully dodged the trio's onslaught.

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He noticed his enemies hadn't quite caught on, so he swiftly moved to exploit their weaknesses, causing them to obstruct one another.

Although it appeared to be three against one, Trevor's agile evasion meant he only had to fend off one attacker at a time.

Prescott's punches were blocked by his ally several times, forcing him to stop his attack and hastily retract his fist.

He was so upset that he started swearing, "Raven! You're such a coward! All you know how to do is dodge, huh?"

Trevor pondered on his next course of action.

He left Hammurabi Hotel in plain sight with Prescott.

If Mobius discovered Prescott and his two companions dead in the wilderness the following day, Trevor's cover would be blown.

However, while killing Prescott might not be an option, it was crucial to teach him a lesson to avoid future trouble.

After a few more exchanges, Trevor decided the time was right.

As one man aimed a kick at him, Trevor stopped dodging and grabbed the man's leg, blocking the powerful strike.

"Damn it!"

The man was terrified and let out a scream. He had expected Trevor to keep evading, so he was caught off guard.

A forceful punch struck his chest, followed by a powerful knee to his abdomen.

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"Ouch!" He was hit so hard by the attack that he couldn't help but vomit.

Prescott and the other man were shocked.

They hadn't anticipated that Trevor, who had been dodging constantly, would abruptly retaliate.

Prescott's face turned red with anger as he bellowed, "You tricked us!"

Trevor smirked and retorted, "Fools."

After several rounds of fighting, Trevor's nimble dodges made it seem like he was in danger, but he always managed to avoid the attacks at the most critical moments.

Although he appeared vulnerable and unable to resist their attacks, he "accidentally" sent another man flying.

Now, only Trevor and Prescott remained within the glare of the car's headlights.

Prescott was so angry that his eyes turned red. "Raven! Damn you!"

Trevor taunted intentionally, "Ha, it looks like it's just you and me now. Do you honestly think I'm afraid of you?"

Prescott bellowed, consumed by rage, and launched a vicious attack on Trevor.

However, Trevor evaded nimbly, avoiding direct confrontation.

Prescott's anger escalated with each shout.

When Prescott was screaming, Trevor seized the opportunity to attack. He grabbed Prescott's hair and

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slammed his head into a headlight of the off-road vehicle.

Bang!

The headlight shattered, and Prescott's face was smeared with blood. He struggled, but Trevor landed a forceful kick.

Trevor grinned and was about to smash Prescott's head to break the other headlight.

Just then, another car appeared in the distance. A voice called out, "Stop! It's Mobius' patrol team!"

Trevor's surprise was evident.

The Mobius patrol team arrived at this critical moment.

Prescott was so dizzy that he didn't hear the shout at all. He swung his fists wildly, attempting to push Trevor away.

Trevor seized the opportunity and grabbed Prescott's fist, swiftly delivering a kick that sent him tumbling toward the front of the off-road vehicle, blocking the headlight completely.

Trevor grinned.

The surroundings were now shrouded in darkness. That would be a great advantage for him!