Chapter 1634 No One Can Offend Mobius

"Damn it! Fuck you!"

Furious roars echoed through the dark and filthy alley as the group of gangsters led by Luther seethed with rage.

Having endured the grueling training of Mobius, they felt an inexplicable sense of pride. They believed they were the chosen ones and were now invincible.

But then Trevor arrived and shattered their delusions with a flurry of punches.

He didn't even spare them a glance as they lay defeated on the ground. Instead, he turned his attention to Esteban.

"When you sense danger, you should try to escape immediately instead of fighting. Only if you're confident in your fighting abilities or if you know your opponent is weak should you stay and engage."

The opponent could not withstand a single blow.

Luther's eyes widened in fury as he heard Trevor's words.

This was a direct insult, and he was not about to let it slide.

Nobody had ever dared speak to him that way since he had become a part of Mobius' reserve force.

"You son of a bitch!" Luther bellowed, struggling to his feet and pressing himself against the wall. "You're dead meat! Don't you know who we are? We work for Mobius!"

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The other young men, beaten and bruised, snarled in unison.

"How dare you attack members of Mobius in Glareder? You'll pay for this."

"You may be good at fighting, but what good will that do you? You're going to die tonight!"

"If you cross us, you cross all of Glareder, and you'll make an enemy of Mobius. You won't have a safe place to hide in this city."

They felt entitled to respect, despite not being full members of Mobius.

They believed that joining the reserve force gave them a sense of superiority over the city's residents and criminals.

Their plan was simple. Since they couldn't defeat Esteban's friend, they would intimidate him with the influence of Mobius.

Trevor couldn't help but laugh at their arrogance and threw the steel bar to the ground. He clapped his hands as if dusting off his hands.

"You guys just graduated from the training camp. You're nothing more than reserve forces. Do you really think you can represent Mobius? Do you even know who I am?"

Esteban stepped forward to introduce Trevor, but Luther's anger boiled over and he yelled, "I don't care who the fuck you are! You've offended us, and you've offended Mobius." You won't leave here until you apologize and make amends. No one can offend Mobius, and you can't afford the price. "

Trevor's grin turned into a smirk, and he lifted his leg to

kick Luther again, sending him flying.

The force of the blow sent Luther hurtling into the wall with a loud "bang."

He crumpled to the ground, coughing and gasping for air as he clutched his chest.

Trevor sneered down at him, his eyes flashing with contempt.

"Who do you think you are? You're nothing but a weakling."

Luther struggled to catch his breath, his face turning red with anger. He glared up at Trevor and cursed him, his voice hoarse with fury.

"You bastard! You're dead meat!"

Trevor moved his neck and spoke coolly. "If you want to take revenge on me, go ahead. My name is Raven, and I'm a member of the Wolf faction in Mobius."

He rolled up his sleeve, revealing the distinctive Ouroboros pattern on his wrist.

The alley fell silent as

Luther's expression turned from anger to fear.

Raven was a killer of Mobius, and a member of the Wolf faction.

As a reserve member of the same faction, Luther knew that he had made a grave mistake by attacking him.

The consequences would be dire.

"Please spare my life! I beg for your forgiveness, sir!" Luther begged, dropping to his knees before Trevor.

His partners followed suit, begging for mercy and apologizing profusely.

The sense of superiority they had exhibited earlier vanished, and they were now trembling with fear and devoid of any pride.