

## Chapter 1645 I'm Not Afraid Of You

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Esteban and his friends were closely surrounded.

Esteban was very confident in his fighting skills, so he was not afraid, even though Luther had more men than them.

But the reserve force had been given a task today and Esteban couldn't afford to get injured before he could carry out his task.

There were still many people in the camp who were watching the confrontation. The onlookers clapped their hands and cheered, laughing and shouting loudly.

"Come on guys! Beat up those bastards! Luther, come on!"

"Hurry up! You have so many people with you. What are you waiting for?"

"Esteban will definitely have a bad day."

No one tried to stop the two groups from fighting. Instead, the onlookers incited them more.

With a smirk, Luther stepped forward and taunted Esteban.

"Hey, Esteban! Don't say I didn't give you a chance. If you go through my crotch now, I'll let you go. What do you think? Hurry up and get down on your knees. Come on!"

Esteban was so angry that his whole body trembled.

The fact that Luther was trying to humiliate him in such a way almost drove him crazy.

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Luther's companions also took a step forward and surrounded Esteban even closer.

Then tension was rising to the point of becoming unbearable. Suddenly, Trevor came over with an impassive countenance.

When Luther saw Trevor, his complacent smile froze and his face suddenly stiffened. His companions also stepped back at once and looked away in fear. They didn't dare to look at Trevor.

These were the same dudes who had been beaten up by Trevor in the alley. They still remembered that beating clearly as if it were yesterday.

When they saw Trevor again, they all felt their bodies ache.

"Sir!" Esteban was a little uneasy when he saw Trevor. He was like a child who had done something wrong.

Esteban had promised to use Luther as a tool to hone his fighting skills.

However, he was unable to solve the current situation, which made him feel a little embarrassed.

When Luther looked around and saw that everyone in the camp was staring at them, his expression became a little stiff.

Although he was still a little afraid of Trevor, he was not afraid of Esteban at all.

He sneered disdainfully at Esteban, "You're such a loser! You keep calling out for help like a coward!"

Trevor glanced coldly at Luther and ordered coldly, "Apologize!"

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"What?" Luther looked at Trevor in shock.

Trevor was unfazed and repeated with a straight face, "Apologize to Esteban."

Luther was so angry his face turned red. It would be a huge disgrace for him if he apologized to Esteban in front of all these people.

He clenched his fists and said loudly, "I know you are a full member of Mobius, but don't you think you are too nosy?"

Luther paused and took a deep breath. He felt he was right. After a short silence, he said loudly, "We're members of the reserve forces, and today, we have a mission. The one leading us is also a full member of Mobius. Even if there is something wrong with my behavior, the person in charge of the task will correct me on it, not you!"

He made it clear that he wouldn't apologize!

Hearing what Luther said, the people in the camp widened their eyes and looked at him in disbelief.

They never thought someone would dare to stand up to a full member of Mobius like Luther just did.

Before joining the reserve forces, many people in the camp already knew that all full members of Mobius were ruthless killers!

Wasn't Luther afraid of death? How dare he speak loudly to someone trained to kill mercilessly?

Luther's companions were also stunned and they widened their eyes in astonishment. They turned to look at Luther, with shock and admiration in their eyes.

The truth was, Luther was actually very nervous. He stared

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at Trevor's face, trying to figure out what he was thinking.

He was betting on the fact that Trevor would abide by the rules of Mobius and would not blame him for what he had said. If anything, Trevor might even admire his courage.

However, Trevor laughed suddenly. It wasn't a cold and malicious laugh, but a hearty one.

He laughed so hard that his shoulders were trembling. He pointed at his own face and asked with a smile, "Little guy, do you think there is a chance that I am the person in charge of taking you to carry out the mission?"

## Chapter 1646 Give In To Fear

Was Trevor the person who would lead them to carry out the task?

Luther and his companions were bewildered.

Seeing the smile on Trevor's face, Luther was about to break down.

The courage he had just gathered had vanished in an instant. His face turned pale and his legs trembled uncontrollably.

Trevor was in charge of their mission. If he led them, it would be easy to arrange "accidents" along the way.

They didn't know the specifics of the task yet.

Luther's mind raced as he imagined Mobius getting involved in a gang fight while Trevor sneered and directed him to the front line, where he would be killed by random gunfire. Or they might enter a secret base to investigate, and Trevor would deliberately lead Luther to trigger a trap, electrocuting him to death.

Luther's legs gave way, and he fell to his knees, trembling.

The thought of what lay ahead had almost scared him to death.

"I'm sorry. It's all my fault! Please forgive me!" Luther begged, tears streaming down his face.

Trevor stood by, smiling as though he were a spectator watching a play, unaffected by Luther's distress.

Luther's companions followed suit, dropping to their knees in a show of solidarity. The scene was quite a spectacle.

But Trevor remained unmoved, keeping silent as he looked down at Luther.

Luther's head spun with desperation, until he had a sudden realization and turned to Esteban.

It dawned on him that Trevor had tasked him with apologizing to Esteban.

With a spark of inspiration, Luther identified the root of the problem and blurted out, "Esteban, I'm sorry. I was wrong, and I won't do it again. I promise to take a different route if I see you in the future. Please forgive me. If you still need to vent your anger, I'll crawl under your crotch. Please forgive me!"

He scrambled forward like a stray dog, elbows on the ground.

Esteban's face contorted in disgust, and he took a step back. "Fuck off! You make me sick!"

Trevor's smile flickered briefly, before he barked out an order.

"Get up, all of you! Fall in line and get ready to move!"

The camp members sprang into action.

Luther and his companions scrambled to their feet, faces burning with shame.

Esteban shot a grateful grin at Trevor.

As a bus pulled up at the camp gate, the driver handed out blindfolds without a word.

Even Trevor was handed one, prompting him to ask, "Do I need to wear this too?"

The driver shrugged nonchalantly. "According to protocol, the confidential location must remain completely under wraps unless you have permission. It's not a big deal. We're almost there. Please bear with it."

Trevor had no choice but to don the blindfold.

Half an hour later, Trevor sensed the bus beginning to descend and then slow down.

They had reached the underground space.

"We're here," the driver announced, lighting a cigarette.

Trevor removed his blindfold and commanded, "Everyone, get off the bus!"

He stepped down from the vehicle and was greeted with the sight of an imposing prison.

The walls were a thick, grey-white reinforced concrete, rising high into the air.

The underground complex was incredibly spacious, almost resembling a bomb shelter in size, and designed with meticulous attention to illumination and ventilation.

Trevor was stunned by the realization that Mobius had completed such a massive undertaking.

Trevor's eyes squinted as he saw the symbolic iron railings in the distance. It was an entire network of cells, holding different kinds of people.

This was Mobius' secret prison.

Trevor finally made it inside.

## Chapter 1647 Vulture

Trevor led a group of young men from the reserve forces into the prison.

Soon, a smiling person with a large mole on his nose came and greeted them.

It was none other than Vulture, the warden of the hidden prison.

"Welcome," Vulture exclaimed, oblivious to the fact that Trevor was the one who had attacked him in the parking lot that night. With a bright smile, he handed Trevor a hand-rolled cigarette.

Trevor accepted the cigarette graciously but didn't light it. "Let's discuss the work at hand."

Vulture chuckled as he lit his cigarette and pulled out an indecipherable map from his pocket. With the cigarette hanging from his mouth, he spoke in a slurred voice.

"I am Vulture, the prison warden. The area that needs to be cleaned includes the entrances and corridors of some torture rooms. We need to clean the blood left behind after the prisoners were tortured."

Trevor's heart sank.

It was no wonder that Vulture was associated with Mobius. He spoke about the brutal torture with such indifference.

However, Trevor had no choice but to maintain his cover as Raven and play along. "Well, it wouldn't be so troublesome if we didn't imprison so many people."

Vulture exhaled a cloud of smoke from his mouth, revealing that he was smoking hemp tobacco. He casually touched his nose.

"Some of these prisoners have a special identity and can't die. And then there are others who serve different purposes. Alright, enough talk. You can now arrange for your men to do the work."

Trevor then took the hastily drawn map and assigned tasks to each member of the reserve forces.

He assigned Esteban the task of cleaning the deepest part of the prison.

Trevor said sternly, "Remember, everyone, keep your assigned routes in mind. If you get lost, I won't wait for you. If that happens, you'll have to pick a cell and call it home for the rest of your life."

He directed the last part of his warning specifically at Esteban's friends, hoping to glean some useful information from them later.

The reserve force members trembled at the thought of being lost in the labyrinthine prison and quickly set off with their cleaning supplies.

Vulture patted Trevor on the shoulder. "Hey, why don't you come with me to my office and take a break?"

Vulture's offer to rest in his office was tempting, but Trevor knew better than to let his guard down in such a dangerous place. Besides, he wouldn't pass up the opportunity to gather information.

He declined politely, "No, thanks. I'll supervise them. Most of these young men have just graduated from the training camp. It won't be good if they cause any trouble."

Vulture nodded with a smile and left.

Trevor and Esteban went deep into the prison.

The hidden prison was vast, and numerous inmates were held captive there.

Esteban used a brush to wipe bloodstains off the walls and inquired in a hushed voice, "Sir, should we ask the prisoners for information about the prison? Can they be of any help?"

Trevor shook his head and replied, "No need. These inmates are confined to their cells and have no knowledge of other areas of the prison. We cannot extract any useful information from them."

Esteban fell into silence.

Soon after, his face contorted into an odd expression.

"Excuse me, sir, could you help me with the brush? I have a stomach ache and need to use the bathroom."

Trevor couldn't help but chuckle. "Sure thing, give me the brush."

Esteban left his brush with Trevor and hastily made his way to the bathroom.

Left alone with the brush in hand, Trevor peered deeper into the prison and decided to explore further.

The map that Vulture had shown him earlier was far too simplistic and overlooked many important areas.

Before long, Trevor heard footsteps approaching from around the corner.

Someone was coming!

Just as he had expected, two prison guards appeared. Based on the way they were swearing, it was easy to tell that they were in a foul mood.

Upon noticing Trevor, they quickly approached and began to reprimand him.

"Hey, you there! Why aren't you focused on your cleaning? What are you looking around for?"

Trevor frowned and prepared to show them the Ouroboros tattoo on his wrist.

According to the hierarchy within Mobius, individuals with this tattoo were considered the most superior and were often full members of the organization. In a hidden prison such as this, only Vulture could come close to matching the power of a full Mobius member.

Ordinary prison guards were considered peripheral members of Mobius, and as such, they were expected to show respect to full members of the organization.

Before Trevor could even roll up his sleeve, a guard spat on the floor and sneered, "What are you staring at? Get on with your cleaning!"

He then chuckled to his companion and said, "Ha! I was in a bad mood earlier, but now I get to take it out on someone. We're lucky today!"

Trevor glared at them with annoyance, feeling frustrated that the guards had intentionally spat on the floor to make him clean it up.

These two fools were so full of themselves.

When the guards saw that Trevor was not cowering before them, they grew increasingly hostile and raised their voices.

Chapter 1647 Vulture

 +120 Points at most

"What do you think you're doing? Get down on your knees and clean the floor! Who do you think you are, staring at us like that? You're just a reserve member. How dare you disobey our orders?"

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