

## Chapter 1686 Two Idiots

Trevor turned around, startled by the voice that emerged unexpectedly from behind. He marveled at the fact that someone had managed to creep up on him undetected.

He spotted Prescott's two so-called "friends" positioned outside the building's glass facade, their heads poking in curiously through the window.

Perched precariously on a cleaning cradle designed for window washing, their heads protruded through the small window opening, giving them a comical appearance.

Trevor stroked his chin, his gaze scrutinizing them from head to toe.

They were balanced on the cleaning cradle, separated from him by the glass wall, explaining the absence of approaching footsteps.

It appeared they were still engaged in their maintenance duties on the towering structure.

With a sigh of relief, Trevor regained his composure and responded calmly, "I'm under no obligation to account for my actions to you, correct? Moreover, I'm merely worried about Mr. Midnight's wellbeing. Do you take issue with that?"

One of them, known as Randolph Schneider, scoffed, his lips curling in skepticism.

"Do you expect us to be that naive? You care for our leader's health? Are you even qualified to do that?"

The other, Jeremias Pearson, seconded his sentiment and added, "You're not a physician. Ah, I get it. Is your Wolf faction planning a major move? Seems like you're hunting for a chance to take down our Bat faction's leader!"

Evidently, the two fools were so preoccupied with their cleaning duties that they remained oblivious to Trevor's transformation into Midnight's personal physician.

With an air of indifference, Trevor offered a wry smile, opting not to engage in a pointless argument with them.

The duo, however, were so worked up that they abandoned their cleaning tools, leaped from the cradle, and sprinted towards the entrance.

Prescott had previously persuaded Midnight to lighten their punishment, thus simplifying their cleaning duties. They even found time to host a barbecue party on the lawn of Prescott's villa.

Yet, several days prior, Prescott committed another blunder that agitated Midnight. As a result, the trio was tasked once more with the cleaning of the towering structure, a chore even more arduous than before. They were now responsible for maintaining even the skyscraper's glass.

Prescott, however, leveraged his familial ties as Midnight's nephew to wriggle out of the cleaning duties, opting instead for a leisurely retreat into hiding.

Left with no alternatives, Randolph and Jeremias reluctantly accepted the cleaning responsibilities.

When they spotted Raven skulking about and spying on Midnight, they thought their chance to earn some merit had come. Perhaps they could even escape their punishment!

With their pace quickening, Randolph and Jeremias hustled to intercept Trevor. Grinning with anticipation, they licked their lips, ready to lay down a threat.

"Well, well! Raven, ha ha, looks like we've got you now. Don't say we didn't give you a fair chance. If you don't want your little spying game exposed, you'll have to bow down, apologize, and beg for our mercy."

Trevor merely scoffed, his hands leisurely tucked in his pockets.

He cast a sidelong glance at the pair, his eyes filled with pity, as if he were regarding two fools.

"Ha, you two are truly amusing. Make a scene if you wish. I can assure you, I won't be the one left in the lurch."

A hint of confusion crossed the faces of the pair.

They couldn't quite comprehend why Raven was exuding such confidence. This was Mobius' headquarters, after all, not a stronghold of the Wolf faction!

They were certain Raven couldn't get away with it today!

They reasoned, if they could make a scene out of this, Raven might find himself inheriting their cleaning responsibilities!

"Everyone be on high alert! There's a spy skulking around the building," they shouted. "Mr. Midnight, someone's up to no good. He's spying on your every move!"

Their shouts echoed through the vast emptiness of the ground floor lobby.

Soon enough, their cries reached the ears of Midnight. He furrowed his brows, and made his way towards the

Chapter 1686 Two Idiots  
commotion.

+120 Points at most

Although Midnight was not particularly burly, his presence radiated an intimidating aura, and his piercing gaze deterred any direct eye contact.

As Midnight approached, both Randolph and Jeremias lowered their gazes, yet they couldn't suppress their grins.

They knew well that Midnight held significant clout within Mobius. Punishing a Mobius member like Raven would be child's play for him!

It was apparent that Midnight was fuming, and the repercussions were bound to be severe.

However, as the duo lowered their heads, they missed the smirk playing on Trevor's lips.

Trevor found the whole situation amusing, thinking to himself. Those two idiots. Do they really think I'll be in trouble?