

Chapter 1687 Treat A Homeless Man

Midnight looked dignified, followed by two guards, radiating an undeniable authority.

His gaze fell on Raven, causing a flicker of surprise.

As Midnight was about to acknowledge Trevor with a nod, Randolph interjected impatiently, "Mr. Midnight, it's this man right here. His name is Raven, a member of the Wolf faction! He's been skulking about, secretly observing you from the corridor's corner. His intentions are unknown! Please be careful, Mr. Midnight, and deal with Raven strictly!"

Jeremias nodded, affirming Randolph's claim.

Secretly observing?


Midnight's expression subtly shifted. He turned to Trevor, inquiring in a hushed tone, "What is this about?"

After all, as the leader of the Bat faction, he couldn't afford to let his guard down around members of the Wolf faction.

The various factions within Mobius were well-known for their conflicts.

Even though Raven's recent treatments had significantly eased Midnight's discomfort, making him feel increasingly better, he still wasn't ready to place his complete trust in Raven.

Trevor was well aware of Midnight's suspicions. He maintained a cool demeanor, even managing to flash a

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relaxed smile as he smoothly relayed the excuse he had concocted earlier.

"These two gentlemen and I had a minor disagreement earlier. I merely wished to see how they were faring with their cleaning duties as part of their punishment. But I happened to spot you when I entered the building, so I simply decided to check up on your recovery. As a doctor, it's my duty to monitor my patients. I didn't anticipate that they would misunderstand my intentions."

Midnight scrutinized Trevor, deep in thought and remaining silent. His face wore a solemn expression, keeping everyone in suspense over whether he had accepted Trevor's explanation.

However, Randolph and Jeremias couldn't help but scoff, "Oh, Raven, you are quite the comedian! The doctor should be responsible for the patient? And since when does an assassin like you possess medical expertise? Do you presume to call yourself a doctor just because you picked up some basic first aid skills at the Mobius training camp? I reckon you're only qualified to treat vagabonds on the street!"

Upon hearing their taunts, Trevor didn't show the slightest hint of anger. He continued to smile.

However, their words seemed to cast a shadow over Midnight's face.

Raven was only fit to heal tramps on the roadside?

As the leader of Mobius' Bat faction, Midnight had indeed been under Raven's care! Was he, too, a mere street derelict?!

A flicker of anger flashed across Midnight's features.

However, the duo misread the situation, believing that

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their leader's ire was directed at Raven. This only fueled their laughter, and they doubled down on their mockery.

"Raven, do you want to talk nonsense and pretend to be insane to escape punishment? Considering you've offended Mr. Midnight..."

Midnight had reached his limit and erupted, "Shut up!"

He was like a roaring lion, making the two of them shrink their necks, revealing fear and flattery.

With a gloomy face, Midnight commanded the two guards behind him, "Shatter these idiots' legs!"

The guards advanced without expression.

Both Randolph and Jeremias were taken aback. They hadn't anticipated this turn of events. Before they could react, their arms were seized by the guards and they were forced to the floor.

They struggled fiercely, protesting, "No, Mr. Midnight! We're not the ones lying. It's Raven who's spewing nonsense!"


Midnight commanded in a cold tone, "Proceed!"

Without hesitation, the guards executed the order in a precise and efficient manner, breaking the legs of Randolph and Jeremias.

"Ahhh!"

Their screams reverberated through the hall. Their faces turned pale and drenched in cold sweat as their legs were brutally broken!

The other members of Mobius didn't bat an eye. It appeared that they were accustomed to such scenes.

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Only then did Midnight's face soften slightly. He turned to Trevor. "Raven, any further punishment you'd recommend for these two?"

Trevor inwardly marveled at the ruthlessness of the Mobius leader, capable of such brutality even towards his own members.

However, he didn't show any emotion of it on his face. He said in a casual tone, "I think they are good at cleaning glass. Perhaps they could be assigned to the year-long task of maintaining the cleanliness of this building?"

Midnight gave a slight nod and decreed in a haughty tone, "Do you hear that? You're to clean this place for an entire year. Starting tomorrow, even with broken legs, you won't be allowed to slack off. Otherwise, you may vanish from existence. Mobius does not tolerate idleness."

The duo looked pale. They stretched out their hands and pressed their twisted legs, unable to say a word. They were completely dumbfounded.

Compared to their physical agony, the psychological blow they had just received was far more devastating.