

Chapter 1699 Cruel Training

Knowing that he could handle whatever the Black Gold Union threw at him, Trevor was fearless.

However, it was far from enough to have only Esteban work for him. Esteban, on the other hand, needed to be trained in escape tactics. Trevor made a mental note.

This time, Esteban had gotten lucky. Trevor was alerted of his capture in time to save him, but luck couldn't be counted on in the future.

Trevor called Esteban. "Get some friends," he said. "Just the ones you can trust with your life, and come to my place in suburbia. I've prepared some training. It might seem too intense, perhaps even cruel, but it's necessary."

Esteban felt like an icy hand had gripped his heart when he heard Trevor's description, but he still agreed to receive the training and to bring some trustworthy friends.

They met Trevor in a suburb of Glareder, and the training began. Esteban and his friends endured grueling stamina and combat exercises, as well as merciless standards of excellence regarding their assassination and reconnaissance abilities.

They all suffered intensely, but none of them quit. Each was committed to completing Trevor's cruel training.

When he looked at their faces, Trevor recalled his days of cruel training under Bradly and smiled knowingly. He was a different man now.

After the attack in Dreles, Bradly disappeared without a

trace.

Trevor wanted to find him, but he had no idea where to begin looking. He'd heard nothing about Bradly after coming to Glareder.

He was still lost in thought when Esteban and his friends finished their training for the day.

Esteban ran toward him, panting for breath. "Sir!" he managed to shout regardless. "I have something to report!" He paused to wipe the sweat from his brow and refill his lungs. "It's important!"

Esteban's urgency brought Trevor back to the present. "What's the matter?" he asked, startled.

Esteban did his best to explain his thinking clearly.

"When I was caught, I was locked up with a bunch of other people. Most of them were praying for some organization to save them."

Trevor wondered if there was anyone in Glareder who could help them.


"What kind of organization?" he asked, raising his eyebrows.

Esteban thought carefully for a minute. "I'm pretty sure they called it Bradly," he answered.

"Bradly is a very secretive organization that behaves in unpredictable ways. There's a rumor circulating the black market that says they never take advantage of the weak. In fact, they're known for defending the people bullied there."

Esteban paused before adding, "Sir, not only did you defeat Black Gold Union's goons, but you also came to everyone's rescue. It was clever of you to let them assume that you were one of the Bradly Organization. They didn't realize

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their mistake until they saw you leaving with me."

The organization was called Bradly?

Trevor carefully considered what Esteban had just told him. If the organization defended the weak in Glareder, they must be powerful indeed. Esteban had suggested as much.

His concern was the organization's name.

Bradly. Was it just a coincidence?

He thought hard about how probable it was that the Bradly who'd trained him and the Bradly who'd started his own justice league were the same person. It definitely wasn't impossible. Was hiding in Glareder part of some bigger plan?


The more Trevor thought about it, the more sure he became that he was on the right track. He would verify his hunch later.

"Sir, is there anything special about the Bradly organization?" Esteban asked quietly, derailing Trevor's train of thought.

Trevor told Esteban the truth. "One of my friends is missing, but I think this organization might lead me to him," he answered, smiling.

"Then I will help you!" Esteban declared with confidence.



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