

Chapter 1766 A Weird Gang

After instructing Mateo, Trevor swiftly departed from the company. Not long after leaving, he came across a flustered Cordell!

Trevor's expression turned serious as he had previously informed Cordell that he would be at the company in the afternoon.

Concerned that something might be amiss at the orphanage, he asked with confusion and tension, "What are you doing here? Is there something wrong with the director?"

Cordell looked around warily and replied with a rigid face, "I spotted Roosevelt sneaking around, and he contacted a local gang called Black Bear! I believe he intends to cause trouble for you!"

Upon hearing that Roosevelt was still determined to create problems, Trevor remained unperturbed. Instead, he asked curiously, "Tell me more about this Black Bear gang."

Cordell disclosed earnestly, "The Black Bear is a local gang that has risen to power rapidly in the past six months. They engage in all kinds of nefarious activities using any means available. As long as you pay them, they'll accept any job. Be cautious if they set their sights on you!"

Unfazed by the warning, Trevor comforted Cordell, "Don't worry. Those gangs won't be able to harm me. Return to the orphanage and take good care of the director. I'll be on high alert!"

Cordell had been anxious about the director since he went out. Upon hearing Trevor's reassurance, he hurriedly returned to the orphanage.

Trevor continued his journey alone back to his residence. Along the way, he passed through a secluded path when suddenly several darts shot out from a corner!

The darts were sharp and swift, producing a hissing sound as they flew through the air.

Fortunately, Trevor was already prepared and easily evaded the incoming darts.

His eyes turned sharp as he remained vigilant, scanning his surroundings.

Hidden in the dark, Roosevelt was taken aback.

He can dodge those darts? What a stroke of luck!

Frustrated by the failed sneak attack, Roosevelt called out, "Come out, all of you! Attack him directly!"

The Black Bear gang emerged from their hiding spot, wearing expressions of disdain towards Trevor. They didn't take him seriously at all.

The gang's leader, sporting sunglasses and exuding an air of competence, addressed Trevor arrogantly, "Brat, you should feel honored that the Black Bear gang will be the ones to take you down."

Roosevelt rushed to the front with an evil grin, taunting, "You got lucky dodging the darts, but you won't be so fortunate this time! Let's see how arrogant you can be after you die! Once you're gone, the old man and the little child won't be able to protect the orphanage. Then the Singh Group will demolish it, and I'll receive a hefty reward, hah-hah."

Despite Roosevelt's bravado, Trevor noticed him trembling slightly as he wielded the dagger, clearly revealing his nervousness.

After all, he was still a young man with weak mental fortitude, yet putting on a façade of fearlessness.

The members of the Black Bear gang were a menacing bunch. They roared and charged at Trevor, ready to engage in a fight.

Although Trevor could handle them easily, he became increasingly concerned.

His worry wasn't about their individual strength, but rather the fighting skills they displayed, which bore clear traces of being trained by the infamous Mobius training camp!

As Trevor carefully observed, he noticed that the Black Bear members frequently employed restraining techniques.

However, they seemed unaware of the true core lethal skills taught at Mobius.

The more he fought, the more astonished Trevor grew.

Could these individuals be affiliated with the Bat faction of Mobius?