

## Chapter 690 The Support Of The Police

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More than ten minutes later, the sound of a car engine came from outside the villa.

Ian put down the empty glass and looked out the window.

"My friends are here," he said with a smile. "They just came out of prison, but you don't have to be afraid of them."

Although Ian seemed to care about Nasir and Trevor, he gave them a playful look. He wanted to see how embarrassed they would be.

"We're coming in, Ian!" one of Ian's friends exclaimed before they went inside the living room.

As soon as they came in, they put down a box of wine on the floor with a thud.

"I brought you a box of wine, Ian!" Clifton proudly exclaimed. "I hope you like it."

Trevor had a feeling that the voice of Ian's friend was a bit familiar. As soon as he saw Clifton, he felt the urge to burst into laughter. Ian's so-called friend who had just been released from jail was actually Clifton.

Trevor couldn't help but let out a sigh as he fixated his gaze on Clifton. This was truly a coincidence.

"Clifton!" Ian laughed as he waved his hand.  
"Come sit here!"

Clifton nodded, letting out a proud smirk as he swaggered over with his men.

But when passed by the sofa, he froze in place.

Clifton suddenly jolted forward as his eyes widened in horror.

His men didn't know what was going on at first, but when they followed Clifton's gaze and saw Trevor smiling at them, they instantly panicked. At that point, all they wanted to do was turn around and run away.

That was because all of them remembered the time when they got beaten up by Trevor.

"Mr. Sanderson! What a coincidence!" Clifton said with a forced, yet flattering smile as he looked at Trevor. "I didn't know you were—" Before Clifton could finish what he was about to say, Trevor dismissively waved his hand. "We're all Ian's guests today. Please, have a seat."

Only then did Clifton sit in the corner of the sofa and huddled up there, trying to reduce his sense of existence.

His men, on the other hand, stood against the wall and tried to hide.

When Ian noticed how weird Clifton and his men were acting, he furrowed his eyebrows in confusion.

This was different from what he had expected.

He frowned as he put down his crossed legs and tugged on Clifton's shirt.

"What's wrong with you? I asked you to frighten them. Why are you being so polite?"

Clifton's eyes widened as his face turned pale.

He couldn't dare frighten Trevor. He didn't have the guts to do so!

Trevor taught Gregg a lesson before. Clifton was only a mere hooligan in the block. He couldn't afford to offend Trevor like that.

Glancing at Trevor, Clifton froze. Trevor happened to look at him with a smile on his face.

Clifton visibly trembled in fear. Just when he opened his mouth to explain, one of the gangsters who were standing at the door suddenly rushed inside the room. His leather jacket was a little messy, and he looked quite agitated.

"Boss! We have bad news! Goddamn it. The police are coming!"

As the man shouted, everyone's gaze was on him.

Ian was also startled by the sudden news. He almost jumped from the sofa.

His initial thought was to run away.

Ian was the leader of a gang in Dreles, but it wasn't as large as the other ones.

The big gangs in Dreles had suddenly been dealt with overnight by some mysterious people because of some unknown reason.

That was only when the small gangs took that opportunity to develop.

Ian didn't have connections in the police station for the time being. He didn't know why the police would come to him.

All of a sudden, the police broke into the villa.

As soon as the policemen walked inside the room, the chief—Reilly Perez—recognized Trevor at a glance.

"Hello, Mr. Sanderson! It's nice to meet you again!" Reilly exclaimed as he shook hands with Trevor. "This is the bonus that the police prepared for you. I'd like to thank you for your outstanding contribution to the social stability."

After Reilly gave his thanks, the policeman next to him handed a heavy paper bag to Trevor. Judging by the size of the bag, it was quite obvious that the reward wasn't a small amount of money.

As soon as Reilly looked around the living room, he noticed Ian and the others. He immediately knew they were gang members.

With a faint smile, he looked back at Trevor and asked, "Mr. Sanderson, are you in any trouble? If you are, you can just tell me. There's no need to be afraid."

Hearing that, Ian couldn't help but instinctively swallow the lump that formed in his throat.

His heart skipped a beat as his body visibly trembled.

He was afraid of the possibility that Trevor might hand him over to the police.