

Chapter 697 Supercars

The Porsche Trevor was in drove to the suburbs.

As the supercar club was built on an open field, it was conspicuous and impossible to miss.

Tens of luxury cars were parked in rows in front of the club.

Averi and More were stunned at the sight of them.

"Woah. It's a McLaren. The latest one!"

"Look! That one's a GT-R racing car. How amazing it is!"

"There's a Lamborghini as well. No, wait. There are two of them!"

The two guys could not stop shouting the names of the cars outside. They were in awe that they almost stood up from their seats as they gawked at the cars by the entrance of the club.

Trevor looked at them expressionlessly.

The sight of these cars was not new for him. He had seen similar, if not more impressive, sports cars at the racetrack in Jork.

So, unlike these two idiots, he did not feel impressed at all. They might be impressive to ordinary people, but to Trevor, it was nothing. If Garry parked a battle tank or a bomber, maybe Trevor would feel a little astonished.

But these cars were just luxury cars. It was not worth his attention.

A sneer tugged at the corner of Garry's mouth when he noticed that Trevor was unmoved. He wondered how long Trevor could continue putting in an appearance.

The Porsche drove into the club.

Behind the club was an exclusive racing track for filthy rich men with their favorite sports cars.

As soon as the blue Porsche came to a halt, three supercars came rushing toward them from the distance.

Boom! The roar of the engines was like thunder. The said sports cars then rushed toward the four men who had just got out of the car.

Averi's and Morse's faces went as white as a sheet, and their legs trembled.

When the cars got near enough, they circled the Porsche as if taunting Trevor.

The tires squealed, and smoke emanated from the burnt tires.

What was more, the engines were heard continuously. Garry must be willing to spend a lot of money just to intimidate Trevor.

Averi and Morse had never seen such a scene, so their legs trembled in fear.

Trevor, however, remained calm and composed. He merely crossed his arms and leaned against the door of the car.

Knowing Garry, these sports cars were nothing but props. They would not dare to hit Trevor in fear of damaging their cars.

This was just a show. There was nothing to worry about.

Meanwhile, Garry fumed in anger when he noticed the stark contrast between his followers and Trevor.

He had planned on giving Trevor a head-on blow and watch him humiliate himself.

However, Trevor did not seem bothered at all, unlike his two lowly followers.

Garry waved his hand with scorn, and the three supercars slowed down and stopped.

The drivers of these cars got out and walked over to Garry.

Trevor raised his eyebrows at them. It seemed that the four of them were discussing how to deal with him. It was obvious from their faces. When they finished talking to each other, they smirked.

Of course, Trevor remained unfazed.

These scumbags were easy to deal with.

While Trevor was eyeing them, his phone suddenly rang. He took it out to see who it was.

It was Clarissa.

Trevor was taken aback when he saw her name on the screen. Why would she call him at this time?

Trevor casually answered the call. "Hey, Clarissa. What's up?"

Clarissa asked anxiously, "My friend saw you being taken to a car. Where are you? Do you want me to call the police for you?"

Trevor looked at the arrogant rich men and chuckled. "I'm fine. I can handle these guys."

"You..." Clarissa was at a loss for words. She could not understand how Trevor could be so calm and confident.

On the other hand, Garry and the other men stared at Trevor with eyes burning with anger.

Nobody had dared to mock them like that.

One of them, who happened to be a short and fat rich man, turned to Garry and asked in a provoking manner, "Mr. Cullen, this brat deserves to be taught a lesson. Why don't we knock him down?"

"You're right. Let's beat him until he begs for

mercy," Garry echoed. With that, he let out a roar and threw a punch at Trevor.

The other three followed suit.

Instead of being scared, Trevor laughed at their disorganization.

Before the men's fists could even land on Trevor, the latter slapped them one after another.

The sound of his palm hitting their faces was rather rhythmic.

Garry and his three companions fell to the ground one by one.

As if that was not enough, Trevor lifted Garry with one hand and threw him onto the hood of one of the sports cars.

Garry screamed in pain. The temperature of the metal was scorching hot.

"Help! I'm sorry, okay? I was wrong. I was wrong! I promise this won't happen again. Please let go of me!"

Clarissa, who was on the other end of the line, clearly heard the man's desperate call

for help.

"You were the one who asked for trouble." As soon as Trevor said these words, he threw Garry, who was crying like a bitch, on the ground. He then brought his phone to his ear and said to Clarissa, "You heard it. These guys couldn't even touch me."

Clarissa was speechless.

The only sound that could be heard from her end was her heavy breathing.

"Clarissa?" Trevor tentatively asked when no response came from the other end of the line.

"Oh, Trevor. You're so handsome," Clarissa replied dreamily. She could imagine Trevor coming down from heaven and teaching those bad guys a lesson. It was like when he had driven away the hooligans in the past.

Clarissa blushed and clamped her legs as an indescribable desire for him arose in her heart and body. "Trevor, I think I'm falling for you. Tonight at Sheila Hotel—"

"Ahem!"

Trevor choked and hung up the call without

letting Clarissa finish her words.

Well, she did not need to say the whole thing for him to know what she was trying to say.

How could Clarissa have the guts to say that anyway?

Trevor glanced at the four rich men sprawled on the ground and grinned. Averi and Morse were so scared they almost peed in their pants.

Without a word, Trevor waved them goodbye and left.