

Blessed 295

[Chapter 295 The Top Fighter Of The Duffy Family](#)

Trevor completely relaxed while pressing the Answer softkey on the phone.

Seeing this, Alvaro sneered.

"Do you think I don't know you're bluffing? I may come from Ripon, but the men of Jork's underworld know who I am. There's no way you're connected with more powerful individuals than I am."

The others in the hall were also surprised.

They also didn't think that Trevor could win against someone like Alvaro.

Did Trevor call the police?

But Mr. Duffy just swaggered out of prison like nothing happened. Obviously, the police couldn't touch him.

The hall was so noisy that people couldn't hear Trevor.

With a faint smile, Trevor answered the phone, "Hi, Dad."

"Hi, son. What's wrong? Is someone bullying you out there?"

A deep, calm voice came from the other end of the line, a voice that sounded like it belonged to someone formidable.

Trevor raised his eyebrows.

Although a little surprised, he still answered, "Yes. It's Alvaro Duffy, the young master of a gang from a neighboring city. He called someone to teach me a lesson."

After hearing Trevor's simple explanation, his father paused for a moment and then said in a calm yet menacing tone, "How dare the Duffy family provoke my dear son? Don't worry. Stay where you are, and I will take care of the situation for you. If that little fool Alvaro dares to threaten you again, I'll make sure that you'll be able to hurt him until he begs for mercy."

At critical moments, Trevor's father always came through.

At this time, Trevor didn't care about Alvaro's threats at all.

Instead, he began chatting with his father, "Thanks, Dad. So when are you coming home?"

"Guess," his father replied in a light and teasing tone.

Trevor's father hadn't seen Trevor in a long time, which made him want to rib his son.

Hearing his father's answer, Trevor couldn't help smiling and shaking his head. Sometimes, his old man just couldn't give him straight responses.

After chatting with his father for a while, Trevor hung up.

While he was deeply touched and happy to hear his father's voice, he still wished that his father would just tell him when he was going to come back.

However, when the crowd saw Trevor's expression, they assumed that he had failed to call people here to help him.

They thought that whoever Trevor spoke to was deathly scared of the Duffy family and wouldn't dare to come to Trevor's rescue.

Otherwise, why would Trevor look so helpless and distraught?

Selma pursed her lips.

She asked with concern, "Did you call the police, Trevor?"

Trevor turned his head at her and smiled.

He asked, "Should I have called the police?"

The onlookers were completely shocked. The young man was too bold!

He couldn't call anyone over to help him, and he didn't bother with the police.

Who was he talking to on the phone just now? A friend who just wanted to chitchat?

How stupid he was!

While everyone was confused and speechless over Trevor's actions, the screeching sound of car brakes filled the air.

Then, a group of strong-looking men in suits and sunglasses rushed in like a mini thug army.

Each of them wielded a variety of metal sticks that scratched the floor and made sharp, annoying screeches.

Many of the rich people in the hall winced when they saw the seemingly trouble-seeking newcomers.

Only the Duffy family, the emperors of Ripon's underworld, could summon such a huge force in Jork.

No wonder Alvaro was so arrogant.

Among the guests present, a man from Ripon saw the leader of the gangsters that just walked in. He inhaled sharply and then shivered all over.

"Oh, my God. That's Gerry. He's the Duffy family's most famous henchman. He used to be a champion fighter in an underground death match league, and he's killed more than ten people."

Gerry's face was covered with rough scars, and he exuded an aura that was so cold and malicious, it could wilt everything it touched. It was severely obvious that he was a ruthless man.

Most of the guests were so frightened that they scattered away, not daring to continue watching.

Selma's face turned white as paper. She blamed herself for getting Trevor into trouble.

No matter how powerful the Sanderson family was, it was probably too late.

Selma mustered up some courage and faced Alvaro.

"Alvaro, please don't make a big deal out of this. I... I will date you. Just leave Trevor alone."

Alvaro smirked and licked his lips.

Then, he scoffed, "No. I will kill this idiot first and then teach you a lesson you'll never forget tonight. If I were you, I'd start saying goodbye to your delicate, flawless skin because it won't stay that way after I'm done marking it."

Selma trembled with fear as tears welled up in her eyes.

Gerry walked over to Alvaro.

He knew Alvaro's eccentricity, so he didn't care about it.

He asked, "What can I do for you, Mr. Duffy?"

With a fierce, maniacal look on his face, Alvaro pointed at Trevor.

"Hurt this fool. I want him to go blind! Go deaf! Go dumb! I want him disabled by the time you're done with him! Make him go on his bony knees and beg for mercy!"

Alvaro's words sent chills down everyone's spines.

There was such a merciless, sadistic person in the world!