Chapter 1858 Courting Death!

Trevor's countenance darkened at the news.

With a murderous gleam in his eyes, he contemplated the situation.

Lenard! You're courting death this time! You can't blame me!

If Luisa is harmed today, I will not spare you or your father!

In a hurried frenzy, he dialed Luisa's number, desperate to alert her about Collen's nefarious scheme and urge her to stay vigilant. However, the phone rang persistently without connecting.

Trevor's anxiety mounted as he feared the worst for Luisa.

He immediately called Balfour, the seconds feeling like an eternity until the call finally connected.

Without hesitation, Trevor spoke earnestly and with great concern.

"Where are you? Is Luisa okay? Collen is plotting to drug Luisa and abduct her. Retrieve Luisa as swiftly as possible!"

Balfour's face paled when he received the alarming news.

Suspicion crept over him as he scanned his surroundings, realizing that something was amiss.

The friend Collen had mentioned never materialized, and Luisa, succumbing to the effects of the drugs, began to slip into a sleepy trance.

Stress enveloped Balfour, and for a moment, his back and forehead glistened with sweat.

His lips turned slightly pale, but he fought to maintain a facade of normalcy. He assisted Luisa to her feet and addressed Collen with forced calmness.

"My sister doesn't seem well. I'll take her to the hospital. We can talk about the cooperation another day."

However, the formidable bodyguards dispatched by Lenard blocked his path, their demeanor frosty and unwavering.

"Go back!"

Balfour's expression shifted, and he made a futile attempt to force his way past them, raising his voice in frustration.

"What do you want? I'm going out. What do you want to do?"

In response, one of the bodyguards delivered a punishing blow to his stomach.

Balfour doubled over in pain, gasping for breath, his hand clutching his abdomen, and he fought back nausea. He strained to shout into his phone.

"Raven! Come and save us! We are in the hotel, the nearest hotel!"

The infuriated bodyguards belatedly realized Balfour was still connected to the call.

Without hesitation, they grabbed the phone, smashing it into pieces and grinding it underfoot.

"Do you still want to call for help? Humph! It's useless for anyone to come here today! Your sister is destined to sleep with Lenard!"

On the other side, Trevor, armed with the location, raced to the scene with remarkable speed, arriving in a matter of minutes.

Outside the door, Balfour lay battered and bruised, a testament to the brutal beating he had just endured.

Through the crack in the door, Trevor could glimpse Luisa, comatose on the sofa, surrounded by menacing bodyguards staring down at her.

Tears streamed down Balfour's face as he implored, "Raven... Call the police! These bodyguards are all very strong. Call the police!"

Trevor's countenance grew cold, his eyes as icy as his resolve.

Obviously, it was too late to call the police. He gritted his teeth and said, "It's too late to call the police. Don't worry. I will save Luisa."

The bodyguards turned arrogantly towards Trevor, their disdain evident.

"Who do you think you are? Do you think you can defeat us?"

With that, they advanced, barricading the door and staring provocatively at Trevor.

In a fit of anger, Trevor balled his fists, joints cracking audibly. Without warning, he launched a ferocious attack, sending a bodyguard tumbling away with a resounding cry.

"Ah!"

The battle suddenly began.

In a matter of mere seconds, the bodyguards found themselves sprawled on the ground just outside the door, victims of Trevor's furious assault, his anger finding an outlet.

Trevor forcefully kicked the door open, his determination unwavering as he prepared to rescue Luisa.

Meanwhile, Collen was on the brink of abducting her.