

Chapter 1251 A Dog-Eat-Dog World

When Trevor said Tina's name, Eddie paled in panic. He moved towards the door, as if wanting to escape the room.

But Justin's one sharp glance had the other policemen shifting positions to block Eddie's path.

"You seem a little nervous. What are you afraid of?" Justin asked Eddie seriously.

Eddie swallowed and forced a smile before answering, "No, I'm not afraid."

It wasn't long before Tina was brought to the room.

The sight of the group of armed policemen made her nervous and she dodged eye contact, obviously scared.

Trevor's smile made Tina want to turn around and run away.

The situation here was completely different from what Tina had imagined.

Trevor folded his arms and said with a calm smile, "Tina, tell us everything you know. I advise you to tell the truth. What did you do in my room this morning? Who asked you to come here?"

Tina hesitated, because according to her, as long as she hid the drug, anything that happened after that would not affect her.

"I... I was..."

Eddie paled with fright at Tina's hesitation. But he gritted his teeth and said coldly, "Tina, you should think it over before answering. Don't be silly. The bag of drug belongs to the guest in the room, doesn't it?"

He glared threateningly at her as he spoke.

Edlin licked his lips and said, "Justin, you can't cover for the suspect just because he knows the chief. Using heroin is a felony."

Justin clutched the brim of his hat tighter and rolled his eyes.

A member of Klein using heroin?

What a joke! If an addict could join Klein, then Klein should be disbanded right away.

Trevor smiled, ignoring Eddie and Edlin. He said to Tina, "Tina, once again, I advise you to tell the truth. Because I recorded everything we said when I saw you in my room."

Recording?

Tina's jaw dropped in horror and disbelief as she stared at Trevor, her eyes widening.

Her failure to seduce Trevor was branded in her memory.

And once the recording came into the scene, the police would investigate her.

If that happened, Eddie would abandon her without hesitation, given his character.

Tina's expression shifted as she went over all this.

Her face took turns displaying ferocity, regret, and hesitation.

Trevor smiled.

There was no recording. He lied to Tina to frighten her.

At the change in Tina's expression, he knew that his trick worked.

Trevor added, "Tina, if your fingerprints are found on the bag, do you think anyone will bail you out? I advise you to think clearly about the consequences. If something happens, do you think the person who instigated you will be willing to take risks to bail you out? Only by telling the truth can you protect yourself."

Tina's face went pale. She knew that Eddie wouldn't take the risk to save her if she was caught.

And if Eddie was exposed before she was, he would sell her out without any hesitation.

"It was Eddie! He gave me the drug and asked me to hide the bag in the room. I don't know anything else!" Tina said finally.

"Bitch! What bullshit are you on about?" Eddie shouted, his expression changing dramatically. He made to hit Tina.

When the policemen intervened, Eddie turned around and rushed towards the door.

Edlin, who was standing at the door, had no time to think. He stuck his foot out to stop Eddie.

If he didn't do anything, he would be doubted for having colluded with Eddie in this case.

"Ah!" Eddie screamed as he stumbled and fell.

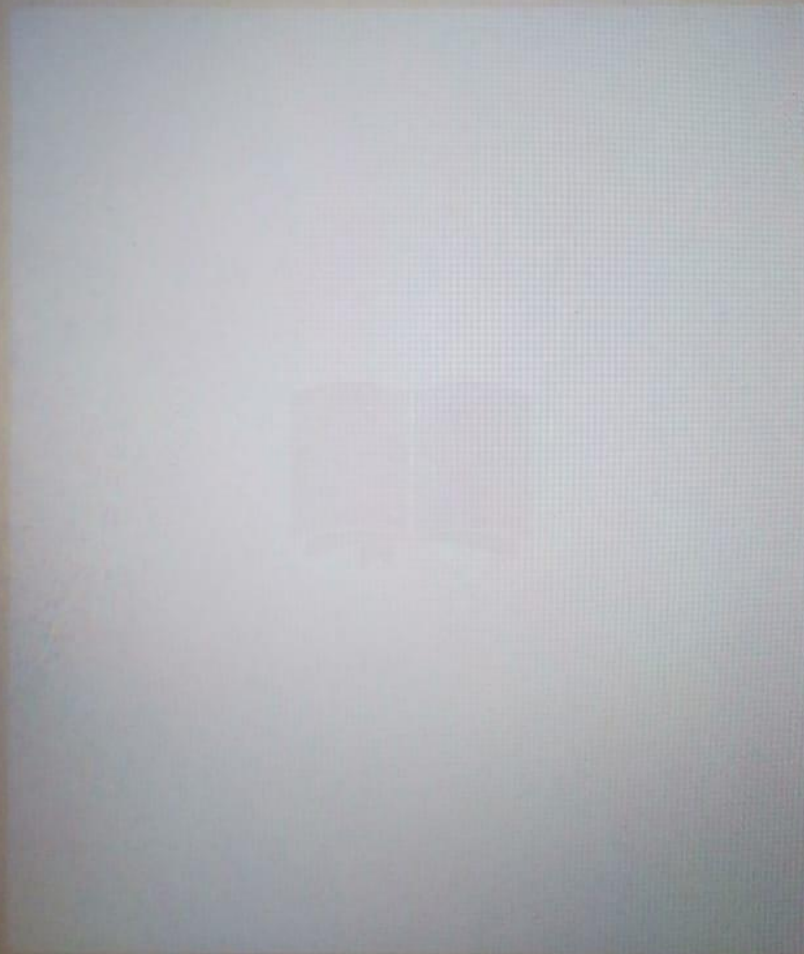
Edlin's leg, the one that Richard had broken, came in

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contact with Eddie's and he screamed in pain.

Trevor smiled as he watched the police handcuffing Eddie.

They failed to frame Trevor and they deserved it.

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Chapter 1252 Tailing Patrice

Seeing that Eddie, who tried to set him up, got himself arrested, Trevor smiled slightly.

Trevor was about to close the door after Justin and the other policemen left with a handcuffed Eddie.

He then noticed the private elevator used by the guest staying in the presidential suite upstairs stopping on his floor.

The only person who would use the said elevator at this time was Patrice.

Trevor waited for the elevator doors to open.

As expected, the passenger was Patrice.

"Hi," Trevor greeted as Patrice stepped out of the elevator.

Patrice looked around, then shrugged. "I heard the noises, so I came to see what happened. Is everything okay here?"

Trevor ran his hand over his hair and smiled.

"Just a little ruckus, but everything's okay now."

"Well, that's good to hear," Patrice said, sounding relieved.

Trevor narrowed his eyes slightly, studying his face.

Patrice must have seen the police, so he boarded the elevator for precaution.

However, Patrice didn't look pleased that the police were gone, making it hard for Trevor to read his mind.

Even though he was dying to figure Patrice out, Trevor stopped himself from asking suspicious questions and smiled.

"Thank you for asking, though. Are you going out?"

Patrice smiled briefly.

"Yes, I'm meeting up with my friends. Actually, I'm running late. Sorry, I have to leave now."

Trevor nodded politely and wished him a good time.

After Patrice boarded the elevator, Trevor's expression became serious.

Meeting up with his friends?

If Patrice was a member of Mobius and didn't lie about where he was going, then his so-called friends were...

Trevor suddenly got nervous.

Without a second thought, he decided to follow Patrice.

Trevor hurriedly changed his clothes and boarded the elevator to tail Patrice.

Once he got outside of the hotel, he saw Patrice walking down the street instead of driving his car or taking a cab.

Patrice seemed vigilant as he walked, turning his head to either side of the road from time to time.

Trevor had to hide a few times so he wouldn't be noticed tailing behind him.

Now, Trevor was more convinced that Patrice wasn't an ordinary person.

After walking down a few blocks, Patrice stopped in front of a private club and went inside.

Stopping a few yards behind him, Trevor narrowed his eyes.

The club might look simple and unadorned, but to an experienced eye, the materials used in its structure were high-quality and costly.

The club was not as simple as it seemed.

Trevor didn't know what was inside the club, so he knew it would be risky to follow Patrice inside.

He decided to cross the road and entered the establishment opposite the club.

It was a high-end cafe with a good view of the club just across from it.

Trevor occupied a table and watched the club's entrance closely, waiting for Patrice to come out.

A few minutes had passed, and Patrice was still not in sight. Trevor started to feel uneasy, especially about sitting there and waiting without ordering anything.

If Patrice suddenly came out and saw him sitting there for a long time without anything on his table, he would be suspicious of him.

Trevor knew he had to make it seem natural and coincidental, so he raised his hand to call the waiter for his order and ask a little about the club.

But something unexpected happened.

Before the waiter could notice him, a young couple came over to his table.

The man tapped the table with his finger and regarded Trevor smugly.

"Hey, get up. We want this table."

Trevor's brows furrowed as he looked up at the man.

Dissatisfied, the man took out a few bills from his wallet and slammed them down on the table.

"I said get up! Take this shit and leave the table. Now!"

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The couple wanted Trevor's seat.

"What's your problem?" Trevor rolled his eyes at them.

He wouldn't give up his table because it was the perfect spot for his surveillance.

He could see Patrice walking out of the club from where he was sitting, but the latter wouldn't notice him watching.

However, his refusal infuriated the couple.

Resting her hands on her hips, the girl raised her eyebrows and looked at him smugly.

"You're getting on my nerves, don't you know that? You've been sitting here for a while and haven't even ordered a coffee yet. I bet you can't afford one, and you just came here to rest."


"You're right, babe," Nichol Vargas, the girl's boyfriend, seconded as he regarded Trevor smugly. "I bet you don't even have anything in your pocket right now. Hey, don't you realize we're actually helping you out here? Or do you want us to call the waiter and drive you out?"

Trevor gave Nichol a nonchalant look.

Then he raised his hand to call the waiter over.

Nichol suddenly broke into sarcastic laughter. "Now you want to order because you're ashamed of what I said? But news flash! This is a high-end cafe. You won't be able to

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afford what they sell here. What will you order? There's no instant coffee here!"

Holding his girlfriend with one hand, he looked down his nose at Trevor and sneered.

Seeing Trevor's raised hand, the waiter hesitatingly walked over to his table and handed him the menu.

Scanning the contents briefly, Trevor pointed at the list on the menu and said, "One Hawaiian Kona Coffee, please."

The waiter's eyes suddenly lit up.

The Hawaiian Kona Coffee was the most expensive drink in the cafe. In addition to its limited annual production and distinctive fruity aroma, the high cost was due to its rarity and rich quality.

Few of their rich customers would order this drink, only those with good taste.

Like Trevor, most of them wouldn't mind the price.


"Would that be all, sir? Perhaps you'll like our raspberry cake. It's popular among our customers. I highly recommend you try it." The waiter smiled enthusiastically as he offered.

Dropping his smile, Nichol looked at the waiter. "Don't be fooled, boy. This guy is a fraud. He doesn't have money to pay!"

Giving Nichol the side-eye, Trevor flipped through the menu and said to the waiter, "The raspberry cake you mentioned... It sounds delicious, so I'll have one."

Nichol's girlfriend was slightly taken aback. The raspberry cake was very expensive, and she hadn't tried it yet. But she was convinced that Trevor was a fraud, so she

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doubted if he could afford it.

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To her surprise, however, Trevor paid the bill after ordering and even gave the waiter a tip.

Nichol and his girlfriend were flustered. The sound of Trevor's black card being swiped in the machine was like a loud slap in their faces.

They insulted and accused Trevor of being a fraud when they couldn't even afford the coffee and raspberry cake he ordered.

Trevor regarded them coldly and waved his hand, telling them to get lost.

"What are you still standing there for? Leave me alone, or I'll tell the waiter to drive you out."

Nichol clenched his fists.

Trevor taunted him with the same words he had said earlier.