

## Chapter 1867 A Strange Car Accident

With a frigid sneer, Trevor delivered a resounding slap to Lenard's face, rendering him unconscious.

His pent-up fury had not dissipated even for a moment. He turned his gaze towards Jasmine and, in a deep, foreboding tone, inquired, "How do you intend to handle these individuals?"

Jasmine met his gaze, observing the loathsome and vindictive fire burning within Trevor's eyes, comprehending the thoughts swirling in his mind.

But they were all members of Klein, making it strictly prohibited to engage in any form of abuse.

She said to Trevor seriously, "These individuals shall be incarcerated, their freedom forever forsaken. Even if Ruben endeavors to intervene, there will be no chance for bail. Rest assured."

Trevor's eyes remained fixed on Lenard, reluctant to release his grip. Yet, in the end, he emitted a disdainful snort, and his clenched fist slackened. With a nod, he acquiesced, "Just do as you said."

Seeing Trevor's temper subside, Jasmine spoke, her words tinged with concern.

"I feared you might act in a fit of rage and end his life. That would be very difficult for me to handle if you did so."

Trevor admitted, a bitter smile touching his lips.

"The urge to end him was nearly insurmountable just now. Yet, on second thought, it's preferable to let him endure a lifetime of suffering than to grant him release. However, I have taken action against Collen, who dared to harm Luisa. Please, assist me in dealing with the aftermath."

Jasmine, her eyes rolling in exasperation, retorted, "Very well, I'll help you address the matter, alright?"

After everything was over, Trevor steered the vehicle towards the



hospital, where both Jasmine's colleague and Luisa required attention.

Along the way, an unforeseen calamity unfolded before them.

A black SUV careened recklessly, colliding with a Mini car during a sharp turn.

The resounding crash reverberated through the air, shattering glass into a multitude of fragments that scattered in every direction, a few of them finding their mark upon Trevor's vehicle.

The collision between the SUV and the Mini car was violent, their size disparity starkly evident.

The Mini car careened into the roadside railing, sparks igniting as it crumpled entirely.

Its driver fell into a coma, trapped within the mangled car.

Meanwhile, the SUV's owner emerged, his countenance obscured behind a pair of sunglasses, only the contour of his nose hinting at a certain allure.

Despite the calamity that befell them, he remained eerily composed, leisurely capturing images, indifferent to the chaos unfurling around.

Amidst this turmoil, the Mini car began to leak oil, its injured occupant still ensnared within.

Trevor, swift to react, veered to a halt.

Approaching the scene, he discovered that the Mini car's owner was none other than Nola.

Unconscious, she lay slumped against the steering wheel, blood trickling from her temple.

Without hesitation, Trevor rushed to her aid, his voice cutting through the chaos as he bellowed at the SUV's owner, "Hey, move the car away! The most important thing is to save her!"

The SUV's owner pivoted, a nose both sharp and menacing accentuating his malevolent appearance.

He glared at Trevor, his response seething with vulgarity.

"Fuck off!"

Trevor's countenance darkened, his tone resolute.

"Move your car! The car is on the brink of explosion! She will die!"

Yet, the man remained unmoved, his indifference a palpable affront to urgency.

The Mini car's ruptured gas tank oozed gasoline, a perilous prelude to potential catastrophe.

Fearing the mounting threat, Trevor forewent further discourse, taking aim and swiftly knocking out the obstructive figure.

He crumpled to the ground, an injector slipping from his pocket, a detail not lost on Trevor.

This made Trevor believe that he did it on purpose.

However, the primary focus was on saving the imperiled soul within.

Swiftly, Trevor shattered the window, extracting Nola from the wreckage.

He sought her breath, a shadow crossing his face as he muttered, "She's grievously wounded. Swift action is imperative, or she'll face dire straits."

With deft hands, he retrieved his silver needles, commencing the delicate process of tending to Nola's injuries.

Jasmine, wide-eyed and stunned, inquired, "You possess knowledge of first aid? She is badly injured. Can she be cured?"