

Chapter 739 Let My Driver Compete With You

The three bodyguards stepped forward after receiving Yvonne's order.

They kept pressing and moving their finger joints with fierce expressions. It was as if they were about to fight at any time.

Acton wanted to say something, but he was too drunk to speak coherently. He couldn't even stand steadily.

Trevor protected Acton behind him with one hand, worried that Acton would be affected when they fought later.

"Trevor, are you scared now?" Yvonne asked with a disgusting sneer on her beautiful face, thinking that Trevor was a coward. "Unfortunately, it's too late."

She ordered the three bodyguards, "Go beat the two of them up!"

After receiving the order, the three bodyguards grinned hideously and got ready

to attack.

However, Trevor's expression didn't change. And he even took the initiative to attack, giving them a hard kick.

One of the bodyguards was caught off guard when Trevor's kick landed on him. He almost hit Yvonne.

"Ahhh!" Yvonne was so startled that she screamed.

But after screaming, she felt very embarrassed. She urged angrily, "Come on! Can't the two of you deal with him?"

The two bodyguards looked at each other, then attacked Trevor together.

Despite the danger in front of him, Trevor remained calm and kicked them one by one.

The two burly bodyguards knelt on the floor, groaning in pain. They couldn't stand up anymore.

The two women were shocked. They didn't expect Trevor to be so strong.

Yvonne was so scared that she stepped back.

Trevor snorted. "You like to make others kneel and apologize so much. Now, I will let

you know how it feels to kneel."

Yvonne was scared and angry at the same time. No one had dared to talk to her like this since she was a child.

"You... Don't push me too far." She took two steps back and let Uma stand between her and Trevor, fearing that Trevor would suddenly attack her.

"I'm telling you, this is not over yet. My father is the deputy mayor. He will not let you go. Just wait and see!" As Yvonne threatened Trevor, she retreated and left the bar in a hurry.

Trevor just watched her receding back expressionlessly, thinking about the investigation the mayor mentioned.

Of course, he didn't take Yvonne's threat to heart.

It would be better if she didn't make trouble for him.

But if she dared to take revenge later, he wouldn't mind taking the opportunity to investigate the vice mayor's problem.

Trevor nodded to Uma and left with the

drunk Acton.

He was not worried that Yvonne would take revenge on him.

He sneered and shook his head. If she came up with a clever means, he might praise her.

But obviously, Yvonne was not a clever woman.

The next day, Trevor saw the blue Porsche at the school gate again in the morning.

It was Garry, the rich young man who wore a leopard-printed shirt at the school's celebration last time, raced on campus, and tried to accost Clarissa.

"Trevor!" someone called out.

When Trevor turned to see who it was, he found it was Keely's pimply boyfriend.

Trevor's eyebrows raised involuntarily.

Would Garry take revenge on him for his friend?

"Trevor, how dare you! You offended my friend," Garry said arrogantly as he got out of the Porsche and looked at Trevor.

Obviously, Garry had recovered. And he

seemed to have forgotten the scene when he begged for mercy.

Trevor asked coldly, "Are you referring to that pimply man beside you?"

Garry snorted coldly, "Yes! And Yvonne too. As long as I help Yvonne vent her anger and teach you a lesson, she will agree to be my girlfriend."

Trevor was stunned for a moment. He didn't expect Garry and Yvonne to have such a relationship.

"Hey!" Garry raised his chin. "I heard you have a McLaren Senna. How about you race with me?"

When Garry mentioned the supercar, Trevor thought of Henrik.

His eyes lit up and he chuckled. "What qualifications do you have to race with me? Just because you have a Porsche? If you really have the skills, beat my driver first."

Garry was so embarrassed and angry that he wanted to say he had many good cars at home. However, he had second thoughts. If Trevor could have someone race for him, so

could he.

With a smug smile, Garry said happily, "Okay! If that's what you want, I'll also ask someone to race for me, too. Come to my supercar club tomorrow night."

Garry believed that victory was in his hands. He established the largest supercar club in the city, and there were a lot of skillful drivers in his club.

Defeating a mere driver was a piece of cake to any of them.