

Chapter 1161

Misunderstanding

Trevor was excited.

Just now, he was desperately looking for an excuse to go to the Murray family for an investigation, and now Bess mentioned the difficulty she encountered.

Klein gave Trevor a task to investigate the Murray family. He also needed to investigate the whereabouts of his father and grandfather. Besides, Bess was his friend. He needed to help her. This was a good arrangement.

Hearing Trevor's offer, Bess was stunned for a moment. Then she remembered that he was good at fighting. She suddenly became very excited and said, "Why didn't I think of you in the first place? Come with me. We'll go see my dad. I can't wait to tell him this good news! Thank you so much!"

At this time, Asho was smoking a cigarette while editing a movie. He looked a little sad.

Bess pulled Trevor to Asho's office and shouted happily, "Dad! Good news!"

Asho raised his head and looked at Trevor and his daughter with a raised brow.

His attention was captivated by their joint hands. He thought of something and slowly relaxed. He didn't want his daughter to notice that he was stressed.

He asked with a smile, "What's the good news?"

"Great news! Levi has agreed to take part in the family competition on our behalf! We have hope again!" Bess said excitedly. She didn't notice

her father's strange look.

Trevor nodded and said seriously, "That's right. By the way, you'd better call me Dragon from now on. Levi is my nickname. I used that nickname because I had scores to settle with someone in Barlowtown."

After hearing what Trevor said, Bess was stunned for a while. Then, she thought of Xzavier, who had gone bankrupt.

She felt that she had guessed who Trevor was referring to. She nodded earnestly and said with a smile, "I see. I'm glad to know you again, Dragon."

Looking at the innocent girl in front of him, Trevor felt a little guilty.

He apologized mentally that he couldn't tell her his real identity right now.

At that moment, Asho was overwhelmed with joy. What great news indeed. He dropped the mouse and jumped up.

He had seen Trevor fight before and found Trevor's fighting skills simply spectacular.

With a slight smile on his face, Asho looked at Bess and Trevor.

"Well, if someone else took part in the family competition on our behalf, I maybe embarrassed. But Levi... no... I should call you Dragon now, right? You are a member of our family now."

It wasn't until then that Bess realized she was still holding Trevor's hand. She quickly let go of his hand as if she had an electric shock.

She was so shy her face quickly blushed.

"I... I will go back to the set and continue to practice my acting." After saying that, Bess ran away in a hurry.

Trevor didn't know how to react. He could only touch his nose awkwardly.

It was clear that Asho misunderstood the relationship between him and Bess.

A few weeks later

The shooting of the movie was officially finished. Asho handed over the post production, marketing and everything else relating to the movie to the assistant director.

"Let's go! I'll drive you to the headquarters of the Murray family today. It's not too far from Barlowtown."

Asho intended to drive Trevor there in his brand-new Volkswagen.

However, Trevor thought of something and said, "I'll drive my own car."

Trevor's Toyota, which he had customized at Esterham, had been repaired. It was not only more powerful than Asho's Volkswagen, but also more practical.

Besides, after killing a member of Mobius with a remote control car last time, Trevor specially modified his Toyota.

"All right. My daughter will be in the same car with you." Asho was clearly trying to play matchmaker between Trevor and Bess.

Asho got in his car and started the engine. At this time, Trevor smiled bitterly. It was getting more and more difficult to resolve the misunderstanding.

However, Trevor still opened the door for Bess like a gentleman.

At nightfall, the three drove to a motel where they planned to stop for the night.

There were many travelers in this motel. There were even two rich young men drinking beer in the hall.

When they saw Bess, their eyes lit up. They couldn't help catcalling. "Hey, beauty, come here and have a drink with us."

Seeing that Bess didn't stop, the young men got up and strode towards her.

But before they could get close, a frowning Trevor quickly stopped them. "Guys, my friend doesn't want to drink with you," he said coldly.

The two rich men looked at each other and then burst out laughing.

"Ha-ha, who the hell are you? How dare you talk to us like that? To think you dare to say this beauty is your friend! Do you have the qualifications to make friends with her?"

The men glanced at Trevor's Toyota in the parking lot and sneered maliciously.

"Brat, you ought to know that only the powerful ones deserves to have such beauties. How about a car race?"

Trevor raised his eyebrows. Although his Toyota looked normal, with the modifications he had done to it, it was a real beast.

There was a straight road outside the motel. Doing a race there would just serve to show the performance of their cars.

"Well, since you want to lose face, I'll grant your wish," Trevor said with a sneer, flipping the car keys with his finger.



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Chapter 1162 Speed Race

One of the two men, who was wearing a knitted hat, said with a sly smile, "Boy, listen up. I am Draper Holland. And this is my good friend, Dwight Lewis. Remember the names of those who will beat you."

Standing next to his car, Trevor replied casually, "I am not interested in the names of the losers. Let's get this race started. After defeating you, I am going to bed."

Draper and Dwight were ready to react when they saw Trevor's car logo.

"Boy, do you think you can beat us in that trashy Toyota?"

The two men roared in laughter, certain that they would win.

Dwight continued talking down at Trevor.

"If you want to surrender, just say so. Hey, girl, your man wants to give up. Being around a coward like that is shameful. Why not have a comfortable life with us? You will be delighted, I assure you."

Then he twisted his crotch to make a disgusting and lewd move.

Bess cringed and hid behind her father, Asho.

Annoyed by their stupid remarks, Trevor warned them, "Shut up. If you came here to talk instead of racing, then you should get out of my face. Cut the crap."

Feeling insulted, Draper cursed, "Fuck!"

He smacked the roof of his sports car and was about to charge at Trevor.

But Dwight stopped him and whispered something to him while smiling.

"There's no need for you to feel inferior to this poor man. Isn't it obvious that our sports cars will beat that trashy Toyota? Let him make a fool

out of himself!"

In agreement, Draper flashed an obscene smile. "You're right. How could this useless piece of trash win against us?"

They spoke quietly and chuckled maliciously among themselves.

"You have no chance against us." The two guys got in their sports cars respectively.

All set, three cars lined side by side on the straight road.

In her role as referee, Bess checked to ensure all the cars were lined up at the same starting line. Then she counted backwards loudly.

"Three!"

"Two!"

She wasn't done counting yet, but Draper and Dwight had already started their sports cars.

Both men raised their middle fingers at Trevor and sneered.

The sound of the engines and their laughter blended together.

Shameless cheaters!

"One... No, you made a false start. That was basically cheating." When Bess came to her senses, she shouted angrily.

Trevor sneered, "Don't worry!"

Obviously, the sports cars were fast, but Trevor's car was not an ordinary Toyota.

His car had been upgraded many times, except for the outer shell.

Boom! Underneath the surface was an engine comparable to a sports car. The moment Trevor started the engine, he felt a centrifugal force.

The two men were sure they would win and were going to check their rearview mirrors to see where Trevor was.

At this point, their fear nearly caused them to lose control of the cars.

"Fuck! What the hell just happened?" Draper shouted out with eyes wide open.

When he looked in the rearview mirror, he saw a bright white light coming from a car.

In the blink of an eye, the white Toyota swooshed by like a meteor, sending dust into the air.

"No way!" Dwight yelled out of shock.

They saw the white car win and reach the finish line. The red tail light was unusually dazzling.

Waiting casually at the car's door, Trevor watched as the two sports cars pulled over. He crossed his arms and sneered.

"Is that all you got? It seems that your sports cars are not as good as my junky Toyota."

Both Draper and Dwight looked embarrassed and angry.

This was a clear act of humiliation.

How could an ordinary Toyota beat their sports cars?

They felt too embarrassed being in Trevor's presence and wanted to go.

They hopped into their sports cars and drove away from the scene in disgrace.

On the way back to the hotel, Draper told Dwight, "Hey, man, I do not think that guy's car is a regular one. It's probably modified. Fuck! It's even faster than our sports cars."

After a moment of silence between them, Dwight finally said, "What do you want to do?"

With a smirk, Draper replied, "Should we hire someone to steal his car for us? The car will be ours by then."