

## Chapter 740 Bribe In Front Of Trevor

As soon as Trevor saw how arrogant Garry was, he let out a strange smile. He thought Henrik was good at driving, so he agreed with Garry.

The silver McLaren Senna appeared in the supercar club at the appointed time. The engine roared to life as Henrik drove the car in a provocative manner.

"I wouldn't have come here if I had already fulfilled my bet!" Henrik put on a pair of sunglasses, a peaked cap, and a black mask to cover himself as he spoke.

Trevor smiled. "Are you that unwilling to let the others see you?"

"I don't like the supercar club that Garry established. He's a loser. My friends and I race on the winding mountain road in the west of the city. They're just a group of losers who race in the racetrack. I feel ashamed for them!"

Trevor shrugged. "Do you think you can win?"

A hint of amusement flashed in Henrik's eyes the moment Trevor asked that. "If I lose, I'll eat the tire right away!"

Trevor didn't say anything. He simply patted Henrik's shoulder and opened the door.

As soon as he got out, Garry, Uma, and Yvonne came over.

Yvonne's eyes widened in surprise when she saw the car. "Is that guy rich? That car isn't cheap, is it?"

The McLaren Senna looked quite expensive, so even the people who didn't know much about cars could tell that it wasn't cheap.

"Yvonne, I looked into his background and found out that he's from the Sanderson family. It's normal for him to have money," Garry said.

"The Sanderson family?" Yvonne raised her voice.

"Don't worry," Garry comforted her. "I was surprised too, but I ordered someone to inquire about it. Grady told me that he's just a collateral relative of the Sanderson family."

Uma sneered when she heard what Garry said.

Trevor had spent millions of dollars without batting an eyelash to buy Central Hospital the mayor's dinner party. How could he be a mere collateral relative of the Sanderson family? It was ridiculous! They didn't know that Trevor just kept a low profile.

Garry, however, didn't know what Uma was thinking. All he wanted to do was show off in front of Yvonne, so he swaggered toward Trevor and glared at him. "I see you come, Trevor. You do know that if your driver loses, you have to crawl around the racetrack, right?"

Trevor raised an eyebrow as he shifted his gaze to Garry. The racetrack was quite long—at least 2 kilometers.

"What if you lose?" Trevor asked.

Garry proudly lifted his chin and smirked. "I highly doubt that the driver I invited will lose. But since you asked, I'll crawl around the racetrack too. Do you still want to bet?"

Trevor sneered. "Fine. Let's bet."

"What an idiot! You're definitely going to lose!"

Garry burst into laughter. He looked as if he was sure that he was going to win.

A sly look flashed in Garry's eyes as he picked up the handbag that he had prepared and handed it to the boy with pimples next to him. He then said in a loud voice, "Show the money to the driver!"

Trevor raised an eyebrow the moment he realized what was going on.

He never thought that Garry would bribe Henrik in front of him. He didn't even conceal it.

Garry simply thought he could bribe Trevor's driver with money.

If the driver were to accept the bribe, Trevor would be humiliated and have to drive the car by himself.

Garry would let the best racer of his club defeat Trevor and force him to fulfill the bet.

With that thought in mind, Garry snickered, thinking that he was at an advantage.

If his expectations were to happen, he believed that Yvonne would no doubt fall for him.