

## Chapter 743 The Driver Is Henrik

Garry drove away from the supercar club alone.

The more he thought about it, the angrier he became. When he recalled the disappointment in Yvonne's eyes, he felt even more heartbroken.

"Trevor!" Garry called out through clenched teeth. Blue veins stood out on his hands as he held the steering wheel tightly. "I swear, I will take my revenge. I will never be at peace until I get even with you."

Although he said so, he was still worried when he thought of Trevor's fighting skills.

Every time he thought of how Trevor beat him before, he felt like his face was still pressed against the burning hood.

Garry lit a cigarette irritably, thinking of ways to get revenge.

He rubbed his hair indiscriminately.

Since he had no way to deal with Trevor for the time being, he decided to teach Trevor's driver a lesson. He would let Trevor know that he was not a person to be trifled with.

With this thought, he didn't even smoke the remaining half of the cigarette. He quickly called his followers.

The Cullen family was influential in Dreles, so Garry had many followers. Soon, he gathered many people.

He regained his confidence and said to them in high spirits, "Let's go and teach that driver a lesson!"

Garry then drove his car and followed the silver McLaren Senna.

Trevor got out of the car halfway through, leaving Henrik to drive alone. Henrik parked the McLaren Senna in the parking lot of a hotel.

One of Garry's men asked nervously, "Mr. Cullen, that hotel is owned by the Wright family. What should we do?"

Garry looked at the entrance of the hotel's underground parking with a frown. He gritted



his teeth and said, "Rush in and beat that driver up. Then, we will leave."

Garry was scared of the power of the Wright family, but he still ordered his men sternly, "You don't have to be afraid. The Wright family won't interfere. Just beat him up and then leave. The whole process will be in less than five minutes. Go now!"

Thus, Garry's followers rushed to the parking lot.

After parking his car, Henrik got out and was about to leave. But he was stopped by a group of men.

"Stop! You want leave just like that after offending Mr. Cullen?" a man with a rubber stick shouted at Henrik.

Henrik was wearing a mask, so they couldn't see his face. His eyelid twitched, but he didn't make a sound.

Trevor was right! This bunch of stupid men came to make trouble for him.

Henrik didn't want to reveal his identity.

After all, he was Mr. Wright, but he was Trevor's driver now. If this kind of thing

spread, he would be a laughingstock in town.

When he thought of it, he felt ashamed.

"Stand still and let us beat you. Otherwise, I'll break your legs," one of the hitmen threatened. They became more and more fierce.

Blue veins stood out on Henrik's neck. He couldn't hold back his temper anymore.

He pulled off his mask and sunglasses and roared, "Look at me and see who I am! God damn it! How dare you come to my territory and beat me!"

As he spoke, Henrik called the security guards of the hotel through the monitor.

Just a few seconds later, more than a dozen well-trained security guards rushed into the underground parking lot and surrounded Garry's men.

They were all shocked.

They didn't expect that they would punish Henrik in the territory of the Wright family.

They must be courting death!

They immediately trembled and cried for mercy.



"Mr. Wright, we are very sorry. Please let us go. We didn't know you were the driver."

Who would have thought that a very rich young man like Henrik would be Trevor's driver?

However, Henrik frowned. He thought they were so stupid to mention this thing.

He angrily kicked the man who said it and ordered, "Beat them up!"

The security guards swarmed up. Since there were many of them, they easily beat Garry's men.

Henrik only breathed a sigh of relief when he saw them all on the ground, wailing. He then threatened viciously, "Don't you ever tell anyone that I'm driving for Trevor. If you still want to live, shut your mouth up. Otherwise, you will die."

Garry's men were beaten black and blue. Would they still think of doing such a thing? They all nodded, scared of being beaten up again.

"Get out of my sight!"

Since Henrik said so, they got up in

embarrassment and limped out of the parking lot.

Garry sat in his blue Porsche, smoking a cigarette. When his men returned, and he saw the bruises on their faces, he was so shocked that the cigarette almost burned his fingers.

He hastily asked, "What happened to all of you? Who did this to you?"

Garry's men hemmed and hawed. In the end, one of them plucked up the courage to say, "The security guards of the hotel intervened and beat us up."

As for the real identity of the driver, no one dared to reveal it.

Many of them were even terrified just thinking about it.

Even the powerful Henrik became Trevor's driver. Who on earth was Trevor?

They decided not to get involved in anything related to Trevor in the future.

When Garry heard his men's vague explanation, he gnashed his teeth in anger and smashed the steering wheel.

He couldn't help cursing.



He thought he had the best men. It turned out they were just a bunch of trash. They couldn't even handle a mere driver.

He didn't believe that Trevor was so powerful.