

Chapter 742 Running Away

"Well done!"

Smiling, Trevor patted Henrik's shoulder and gave him a thumbs up.

Garry's face darkened. He clenched his fists, wanting so much to fight back.

But remembering how Trevor beat him up last time kept him in place.

He could only suppress his anger and snort.

"Don't be so full of yourself. You're just a driver! Let's see how you'll do in the race!"

Shortly after, the racing competition started. The driver competing in the race on behalf of Garry was a thin blonde man wearing a professional racing suit.

Sneering, the man looked at Henrik.

"Shouldn't you just stick to being a driver? Why do you have to drag your ass to compete in the race and humiliate yourself?"

Henrik scoffed but said nothing.

He had competed with the man before, and

as far as he could remember, the latter wasn't that good.

When Henrik didn't respond, the man turned to Garry with a flattering smile.

"Don't worry, Mr. Cullen. We don't need to be intimidated by this man who can't even show his face. This race will be easy! I can win even with just one hand on the steering wheel!"

The man's confidence, however, eventually wore off soon after the race started.

With the sound of the signal gun, the cars roared loudly.

Henrik was so irked by the man's arrogance that he stepped hard on the pedal, making his car bolt forward like a lightning strike.

The glorious silver McLaren Senna dashed the racing track at an excellent speed, outrunning the car next to it.

Trevor watched as Henrik led the race, nodding pleasingly.

On the other hand, the man started to get anxious as Henrik's car drove past his. He felt like something wasn't right.

Soon, they reached the corner.

The man gripped the steering wheel tightly as he tried to overtake Henrik, but Henrik smoothly blocked all his attempts.

The man started to feel intimidated, his eyes widening in awe.

He felt Henrik wasn't a simple driver but a professional racer with exceptional skills that were far better than his.

Meanwhile, in the auditorium, Garry was restive.

He couldn't sit still watching as the McLaren Senna took the lead.

He got on his feet, smashing his fist on the guardrail in rage.

"Damn loser! Hurry up! Overtake him!"

Unlike Garry, Trevor sat there calmly. He could see Henrik had outstanding skills at racing. If Rowe didn't sabotage the race last time, Henrik would have won against Trevor.

Henrik was still leading, not giving his opponent a chance to win.

As expected, he won the race with apparent ease.

Yvonne grimaced and snorted.

She shot a glare at Trevor before saying to Uma, "Let's go!"

Uma hesitated, glancing at Trevor. Knowing she didn't have a choice, she sighed and left with Yvonne.

Garry's face turned ashen. He wanted to plead with Yvonne to stay, but he knew he had failed miserably, so he closed his parted mouth and flushed in embarrassment.

"You lost," Trevor said.

Garry pretended he didn't know what Trevor was talking about and stormed out of the auditorium in a huff, refusing to honor the bet.

However, his path was blocked by the McLaren Senna.

Sneering, Henrik got out of the car.

He had expected Garry to sneak away, so he paid attention to his every move since earlier.

Trevor followed Garry out.

He glanced at Henrik before turning to Garry.

"Have you forgotten the bet? Don't tell me you can't handle defeat. You are far worse than someone. He fulfilled the bet."

Henrik was ecstatic upon winning the race.

Even though Trevor's words sounded weird, Henrik took them as a compliment.

Clenching his fist, Henrik stopped Garry. "Are you still going to act dumb?"

Garry quivered, afraid he would get beaten. He didn't know if Henrik was good at fighting.

One thing was for sure, though. The moment Trevor decided to take action, Garry would be doomed.

"You guys! Stop them!" Garry shouted at his men to go after Trevor and Henrik.

When his men charged at the two, Garry immediately turned around to run away.

Trevor kicked Garry's butt before he could run far, making the latter stumble to the ground.

Garry's men took that chance to surround Trevor and Henrik so they couldn't get any closer to their boss.

"Ugh! Ouch!"

Grabbing his sore butt, Garry scampered away without looking back.

He successfully fled the club, leaving his men behind to suffer.

Trevor and Henrik fought Garry's men and knocked them all down on the ground, writhing in pain.

"What a bunch of losers." Henrik rested his hands on his hips smugly. It had been a long time since he had a fun fight.

Trevor glanced at Henrik, brushing the dirt off his hands. "I don't think Garry will let this off that easily."

Henrik sniggered and tilted his head with his brows arched haughtily. "If he has the guts to retaliate, he can just come at me!"