

Chapter 767 Yvonne's Plot

Yvonne was obviously flirting with Trevor, but he just touched his nose and didn't bother to respond.

He stared at the photo again and decided to change the topic.

"Yvonne, who is this stranger in the photo? Is he famous or something? And those antiques in the background of the photo. I don't think I've ever seen them in your house."

Yvonne pouted with dissatisfaction.

Trevor was so unromantic!

She was already half-naked, and yet he wasn't responding to her seductions. All he cared about was a stupid photo!

"I won't tell you," Yvonne said flirtatiously.

Since she failed in her first attempt, she figured out a different strategy.

"But if you agree to swim with me, I'll tell you where those antiques are. We're going to a high-end private club. It's completely different from a public swimming pool."

Trevor furrowed his brows together. It seemed that Yvonne was plotting something.

However, in order to gain more information about Rudolph, he agreed to her invitation.

Driving Trevor's McLaren Senna, they arrived at the private club Yvonne mentioned.

The place was indeed high-end.

It was magnificently decorated, and all the ornaments were quite expensive-looking.

One glance was all it took for Trevor to glean that this was a place for many rich men to pick up girls.

After they passed through the hall, the lights became dimmer and more intimate. The pink lighting made the atmosphere look more romantic.

Yvonne stole a glance at Trevor, trying to hide her lust for him.

She was determined to make him fall for her.

If she could seduce him using her body, it would all be worth it no matter how much she had to pay now.

According to Covington, Trevor might be the core heir of the Sanderson family!

"It's your first time here, so it's my treat." A

sweet smile appeared on her lips as Yvonne took out a silver card from her purse and handed it to the receptionist behind the counter. "Prepare a private swimming pool for me."

Just then, a man with a foreign accent suddenly appeared. "Hey, beautiful! What's the use of keeping a gigolo like him around?"

The man wore a colorful shirt with a diamond collar button in place.

He took out a platinum card from his pocket, whistling at Yvonne. "Wanna play with me, babe?"

Yvonne's eyes lit up when she saw the platinum card.

Being in this upscale club cost a lot of money. The only reason Yvonne got a silver card was because her father was the deputy mayor.

Anyone who was able to spend over one million dollars here meant they were qualified to apply for a platinum card in the club.

Clearly, the foreign man was quite wealthy.

If this had happened in the past, Yvonne wouldn't mind chatting him up, just like how she did to Garry.

Without having sex with them, she could manipulate them and spend their money.

Yvonne glanced at Trevor beside her.

He was her ultimate goal.

Determined to get what she wanted, she decisively replied, "Sorry, but I'm not into you."

Having said that, she held Trevor's hand and strutted towards the private swimming pool.

The foreign man was left on his own, gnashing his teeth in anger.