

## Chapter 779 Blackmail

Trevor stepped on the breaks.

His car immediately screeched into a halt.

Annoyed, Yvonne unfastened her seat belt and opened the car door. She was about to get out when Trevor asked, "What's the matter? Don't you want to eat with me anymore?"

Raising an eyebrow, Trevor smiled faintly.

It was fun to see her annoyed face.

Getting out of the car without even looking back, Yvonne replied through gritted teeth, "Go eat by yourself! I'm not in the mood to have a meal with you!"

She slammed the car door behind her and walked away in a huff.

With one hand on the steering wheel, Trevor watched Yvonne leave and scoffed, saying nothing.

He had been around the likes of her, who were only after wealth and power. They didn't deserve even his anger.

Besides, his main objective was to investigate

Rudolph's ulterior plan.

Yvonne didn't matter as much, so Trevor didn't care if she was mad at him.

He grabbed the clutch and started his car again.

Even without Yvonne, he would still find a nearby restaurant and eat.

On the quiet road, Trevor slowly drove his silver sports car as he looked around for restaurants.

Cars were scarce on this road, so Trevor continued to drive leisurely without being urged to go fast.

At that moment, however, a man suddenly jumped onto the road in front of him.

Trevor was so taken aback that he slammed on the brakes.

Fortunately, he was driving slowly, so his car stopped at once and didn't hit the man.

However, the man lay on the ground and screamed.

"Ouch! It hurts!"

Was this man planning to blackmail him?

Getting out of his car, Trevor narrowed his eyes.

If the man wasn't here to blackmail, he must be mentally unstable for lying down in the middle

of the road.

His leather jacket was tattered and dirty, and his hair was long and greasy.

He looked like a homeless person.

However, as he moved, a brand new and high-end Zippo lighter slipped out of his pocket.

Allan, the homeless-looking man, was flustered. He hurriedly picked up the lighter and put it back in his pocket. He then took out a broken glass bottle from his trouser pocket and cried out.

"No! My daughter's medicine! This would have saved her life. How will I face her now that it's spilled to the ground? Oh, my dear daughter. I'm sorry!"

On the ground beside him was the spilled liquid. Scowling, Trevor was almost certain the man would blackmail him.

If he guessed right, the fraudster would demand a preposterous amount as compensation.

"This is all your fault! You have to compensate me for the damage! And since you hit me, you should also pay for my medical expenses!" As expected, the man asked for compensation while crying his eyes out. "You can't leave here

if you don't pay me five hundred dollars!"

His wailing attracted many passers-by, who stopped in their tracks and exchanging unsolicited comments about Trevor.

Trevor shot them a cold glance.

Giving away five hundred dollars was nothing to him, but he was irked by the thought of being blackmailed.

Despite the tears, a streak of smugness flashed in Allan's eyes. He was sure Trevor would give in, just like the many others he had successfully blackmailed before him.

Allan usually found his targets on quiet roads like this one. He would wait for luxury cars to pass by and then pretend he got hit so he could blackmail the wealthy drivers.

Most of his wealthy victims didn't want to waste time, so they would just hand him the money to shut him up. He was sure Trevor wouldn't be any different.

Taking a stealthy glance at Trevor's shiny McLaren Senna, Allan felt even more pleased with himself.

How would Trevor refuse to pay him when he was basically flaunting his rich status by driving a fancy sports car on this quiet street?