

## Chapter 883 Gold Digger

The silver McLaren Senna attracted many people as it sped down the streets of Dreles.

Running his hand through his hair, Trevor glanced at the pizza box on the passenger seat, which he had to deliver.

No one would believe he was driving such a luxurious car to deliver pizza.

An amusing smile escaped Trevor's lips.

Soon, he arrived at the address and stopped in front of a house.

Taking the pizza box, Trevor got out of the car and walked to the door. He pressed the doorbell and waited.

After a moment, a woman opened the door and was surprised to see Trevor. "It's you?"

Trevor raised an eyebrow and studied the woman's face. She was beautiful, but Trevor couldn't remember meeting her before.

The woman was Karan Vargas, the beauty in a bikini who took photos by the yacht.

Henrik drove her away, and she got so upset that she wanted to lash out. But she couldn't dare because Henrik was from the powerful Wright family. Thus, all she could do was hold a grudge at missing the opportunity to seduce rich men.

Seeing Trevor at her doorstep reminded Karan of what had happened. She looked at what he was carrying in his hand and sneered.

"Well, I wasn't wrong after all. You're just a poor delivery guy. I bet those rich men invited you to the yacht last time to make fun of you."

Instead of taking the pizza, she crossed her arms and gave Trevor a taunting look.

Karan knew her hunch was right because she had done it too. She befriended plain-looking and boring girls so she would stand out. That way, she would feel superior to other girls and attract men's attention more.

Not until Karan mentioned the yacht did Trevor remember who she was.

Looking at her coldly, Trevor thought how pitiful she was for trampling on other people's dignity to feel good about herself.

When Trevor didn't react, Karan thought her words must have hit a sore spot with him. Her sneer deepened as she pulled some cash out of her wallet and waved it on Trevor's face.

"Have you ever seen this much money, brat? Isn't it funny? You ignored me when we met last time. Now, I'm your customer, and the customer should be revered. Do you know that?"

Trevor's gaze became piercing. Was Karan seriously showing off her money to him?

Karan tossed the cash toward him, and it fluttered down to the ground.

"This is your tip," she said with a smug smile, waiting for him to pick up the money.

Trevor sneered inwardly. What a fool.

Without even looking at the money, he put the pizza box on the ground and turned to leave.

Karan balled her hands into fists and stamped her feet when Trevor didn't take the money.

As she looked up to poke a sharp look at him, the silver McLaren Senna parked upfront caught her eyes. Her expression changed at once.

The luxurious car easily caught her attention. Even those who didn't know much about cars could tell at a glance that it cost a fortune.

"Wow!"

Rushing to see the car up close, Karan shoved Trevor out of the way.

She trembled with excitement as frenzied thoughts filled her mind.

"The owner of this car must be filthy rich, and he must be here somewhere! Is it fate that he parked his car right outside my house? Today is my lucky day!"

Karan looked around to find the owner of the car.

She was so caught up with the thought of hooking up with the filthy rich car owner that she forgot about

**Trevor.**