

## Chapter 980 Sigrid's True Colors

When the passersby heard Sigrid scream for help, they immediately saw that something was not right.

They rushed over and surrounded the car. "Let's stop this car! Don't let the man inside run away!"

Trevor frowned.

All these people getting angry and blocking his car without knowing the truth gave him a headache.

"Don't worry, miss. We're here to protect you!" Thiago Avila, the young man wearing a yellow knitted hat, reassured Sigrid.

Sigrid's eyes glinted with a hint of smugness.

She could use these men to deal with Trevor.

Sigrid lowered her head to hide her smug expression and wiped her fake tears.

"I'm so scared. I tried my best to escape from the car. If I failed, I might... This is so horrible!"

Her cries enraged the onlookers even more, and they felt compelled to protect her.

Their faces turned red with anger as they glared at Trevor in the driver's seat.

A loud banging sound followed as Thiago slammed the car door.

"Get out of the car, you psycho! Get your ass out! You're horrible!"

Thiago banged the car door again, its noise erupting like thunder across the street.

Trevor let out an exasperated sigh and opened the car door.

He was sure these people wouldn't hesitate to bust his car if he didn't get out.

Trevor's cold, piercing eyes immediately fell on Sigrid, who was shamelessly making up stories.

"Are you saying that I assaulted you sexually? Do you have evidence?"

Sigrid knew how to play this game well, and making up lies came easy for her.

"You were going to touch my chest, but I shoved your hand away. You got mad and threatened me. As if that wasn't enough, you tore up my clothes and forced yourself on me. I struggled to get away from you and out of the car, but you grabbed my legs and tore my stockings! I can't believe it... Did I have to go through this hell because I'm attractive? We're colleagues. How can you do this to me?"

Sigrid covered her face with her hands and cried profusely.

Believing her story, the onlookers fumed.

"What a piece of shit!"

Thiago picked up a stone brick from the sidewalk and smashed it into the hood of the car without warning.

A deafening banging sound echoed.

The strong impact created a crater hole in the metal hood.

"I hate jerks like you the most! How dare you force yourself on a woman?" Thiago blurted out, completely losing his cool.

He balled his hand into fist and aimed at Trevor's face. "I'll beat the crap out of you!"

With one swift move, Trevor caught his fist before it could reach his face.

"Let go!" Thiago tried to wriggle his fist out of Trevor's hold but failed. His face turned red with humiliation and rage.

Trevor shook his head in exasperation. "You should calm down."

After getting a steady hold of Thiago, Trevor turned to Sigrid and snorted. "Are you done making up those lies?"

Sigrid was taken aback by Trevor's brooding demeanor, but she regained her composure and feigned anger.

"They were not lies. Everything that I said was true. You wanted to take advantage of me. How dare you try to defend yourself now?"

A cynical sneer flashed across Trevor's face. He took out his phone, pressed a video to play, and showed it to the crowd.

It was a video from his dashboard camera that captured

what really happened inside the car.

After watching it until the end, the onlookers couldn't believe their eyes.

The color drained from Sigrid's face. Trevor sneered watching her look so perturbed.

As the saying went, one must learn from their mistake to avoid going through the same trouble again.

Trevor had been blackmailed when he drove his McLaren Senna in Dreles last time, so he installed dashboard cameras in all of his cars to secure evidence if something like this happened.

The video he had just played was one example.

Sigrid swallowed hard, guilt and fright covering her lying face.

Trevor tucked his phone away, asking, "Your made-up stories showed what kind of a person you are. I wouldn't be surprised if you had one of those filthy sideline jobs."

The onlookers burst into a peal of mocking laughter.

A middle-aged man in the crowd recognized Sigrid.

"You're Sigrid, right? No wonder you look familiar. You're a hooker, aren't you?"

"What? Is she really a hooker?"

The onlookers shook their heads in disgust and indignation.

They were concerned for nothing. Sigrid had lied about being sexually assaulted. They almost beat Trevor up because of

her allegations. What a disgusting bitch!

Sigrid gritted her teeth. Her whole body trembled because of the shame she was feeling right now.

She pushed her way through the crowd and ran away in her high heels.