

Chapter 771 The Price Of Road Rage

The more Lyle thought about it, the angrier he became. He covered his belly that was kicked by Yvonne with one hand and took the elevator to catch up with Trevor.

With rage in his heart, he muttered, "I won't dare to beat the daughter of the deputy mayor. But that toy boy... I will definitely teach him a lesson."

When he arrived at the parking lot, Lyle saw Trevor starting the gorgeous McLaren Senna.

He stood still in shock as the silver sports car roared.

He watched it leave the parking lot.

"Impossible! That bitch must have bought it for him," Lyle murmured to himself. He fiercely stared at the taillights of the McLaren Senna with jealousy and hatred in his heart.

"Bah! He's really a gigolo!"

He spat on the ground and got in his car angrily, intending to catch up with Trevor.

Trevor just drove leisurely. He wanted to call Yvonne to confirm her safety, but he found a black car following him through the rearview mirror.

He didn't need to call her anymore.

Sure enough, Lyle didn't get even the slightest benefit from Yvonne.

He must be so frustrated now that he wanted to take revenge on Trevor.

Trevor smiled faintly. He had already figured out what Lyle was thinking.

With his supercar's excellent speed and maneuverability, he darted through the traffic flexibly, giving Lyle a hard time.

Lyle soon noticed that Trevor was making fun of him. He realized that he had been discovered by Trevor.

He slammed the steering wheel angrily and blared the horn to vent his anger.

Lyle stepped hard on the accelerator, trying to stop the McLaren Senna.

But he just rented a car when he came to Dreles, and its performance was not as good as supercars. It could not catch up with the McLaren Senna at all.

After several failed attempts, Lyle became more and more irritable. He yelled from the car window, "Don't let me catch you, toy boy! I'm going to crush every bone of your body."

Trevor heard Lyle scolding from behind, and he sneered.

He would teach Lyle a lesson.

Trevor thought for a while and then led Lyle to a remote road.

When approaching a sharp curve, he deliberately slowed down.

As he expected, Lyle accelerated impatiently. The black car drove to the side of the McLaren Senna, attempting to stop it.

"Son of a bitch! Stop your car!" Lyle shouted.

Trevor just raised his eyebrows and smiled calmly.

The engine of the McLaren Senna roared loudly and suddenly accelerated.

Then it shot out like an arrow off the string.

Before Lyle could react, the supercar had already disappeared from his sight.

His face turned pale with shock.

It was not only because of the sudden disappearance of the McLaren Senna. More

importantly, he realized that his car was on a sharp curve.

The direction he steered to stop the McLaren Senna put him in a dangerous situation.

"No!" Lyle's scream echoed.

He stepped on the brake, but it was too late.

The black car crashed into the guardrail of the road, creating a loud bang.

Then it bumped into a big tree on the roadside before it stopped.

The hood was twisted and bent, and the windshield shattered.

At this moment, smoke filled the car.

Lyle slammed into the steering wheel hard. The airbag popped and hit his face, saving his life.

But the broken windshield slashed his face.

His head and face bled, and he was in a terrible mess.

Lyle felt dizzy, but he still saw the McLaren Senna parked not far away.

The window was rolled down. Trevor waved at him and smiled.

Lyle was even more furious. He roared, "Damn you, bastard! I will kill you!"

He punched the airbag in front of him. But the

Chapter 771 The Price Of Revenge 🎁 +90 Points at most

force only caused it to hit his face again. What bad luck!

🚫 I want no ads >