

## Chapter 741 Who Is The Best Amateur Racer

Garry didn't keep his bribery a secret.

The pimply man next to him snorted and strode towards Henrik, who had just gotten out of the car.

Trevor didn't stop the man. Instead, the corners of his mouth curled up.

Garry wanted to bribe Henrik to throw the game.

Garry was a smart man. Unfortunately, he met a person who was not poor at all.

The pimply man took out a wad of cash from the bag, shook it in front of Henrik, and said proudly, "Hey, you know what to do next."

Garry rested his hands on his hips and said aloud, "Man, be sensible. If you give up the race, you can get a lot of money. How much does Trevor give you? I can double it."

Henrik, wearing sunglasses and a mask, kept

silent and just fiddled with his peaked cap. He didn't want to talk at all.

Money?

Would he be short of money? If it weren't for the fact that he didn't want to reveal his identity in the supercar club, he might have rushed up and slapped Garry right now.

Henrik put his hands in his trouser pockets indifferently.

The pimply man was stunned. He stood still with a stack of banknotes in his hand.

He couldn't imagine that a mere driver would be indifferent to such a large amount of money.

Garry, on the other hand, got even more furious. "Damn you! You're just a driver. How dare you pull a long face in front of me! The racers of my club are the best amateur racers in Dreles. If you lose, you won't get even a penny. You'll regret it."

"Ha-ha!" Trevor chuckled, glanced at Henrik meaningfully, and teased, "But I heard that Henrik Wright is the best racer in the city."

When Garry heard Henrik's name, he was a little embarrassed.

The scale of Cullen Group was much smaller than the company of the Wright family. He couldn't afford to offend Henrik.

But when Garry turned around, he saw that Yvonne was watching him silently. His vanity immediately swelled.

He thought that Henrik was not here anyway. He didn't need to be scared.

He snorted and shouted, "Henrik? I don't give a damn about him. He is not even qualified to join my supercar club. His driving skills are so weak. If he dares to race with me, he won't even see my taillights."

"Shut up!" Henrik snapped. When he heard what Garry said, he was about to explode in rage.

He stretched his hands out of his pockets, clenched his fists, and rushed over like an angry bull.

Garry turned pale with fright, and he trembled. "Fuck! Go away!"

However, Trevor reached out and stopped Henrik. He smiled and said lightly, "Don't worry. Let's beat this guy in the race first."

Henrik snorted coldly and glared at Garry through his sunglasses.

Upon seeing this, Garry recovered from his panic and felt powerful again.

To cover up his embarrassment of being frightened just now, he sneered, "You want to win, huh? You will be defeated by the best racer of my club."

But before he could finish his words, a stack of banknotes was thrown onto his face.

It was Henrik who reached out and threw them with all his strength.

The banknotes flew all over the sky, which shocked Garry.

This time, Trevor didn't stop Henrik. He just shrugged.

Garry was so rude that he only deserved it.

He even wanted to commend Henrik for doing a good job.