

## Chapter 890 A Hardcore Photo

For a couple who hadn't seen each other in a long time, every second spent together was precious.

Trevor was in high spirits when he invited Luisa to a magic show the next day.

"Luisa, there's a magic show that will be held at Emerald Theatre in Dreles. Would you be interested in it?"

Luisa nodded excitedly without hesitation.

Trevor looked over at his sister who was lying on the sofa with a facial mask.

Evie blinked back at him and quipped, "I'm good. I don't want to be a third wheel. You two can go and enjoy your time together."

Trevor and Luisa went to see the show, leaving Evie behind.

They drove out to Emerald Theatre.

Trevor dropped Luisa off at the gate of the theatre before going to the parking lot.

Evie blinked back at him and quipped, "I'm good. I don't want to be a third wheel. You two can go and enjoy your time together."

Trevor and Luisa went to see the show, leaving Evie behind.

They drove out to Emerald Theatre.

Trevor dropped Luisa off at the gate of the theatre before going to the parking lot.

He had just parked his car and was about to leave when he encountered a group of tall and strong bodyguards in white suits.

The bodyguards strode over and shouted, "Step aside! You're in the way!"

It seemed that a celebrity was passing through.

One of the bodyguards rudely shouted at Trevor, "Are you deaf? Don't just stand there! Get out of the way!"

Trevor frowned. The parking lot wasn't private property so they had no right to be overbearing.

Trevor already had a bad impression of the celebrity who was being escorted by these bodyguards.

If the bodyguards were this arrogant and rude, their employer was probably not a nice person.

When the bodyguard reached out to grab his shoulder, Trevor snatched his hand and threw him to the ground.

Trevor snorted. "Why are you so arrogant?"

"Ouch! Let go of me! Let go of me! Do you want to die?" The bodyguard had his arm twisted behind him and he was screaming in pain, but he was still haughty.

His coworkers immediately surrounded Trevor and looked at him in an unfriendly manner.

"Hey! What's going on here? If you cause a delay, I will end you!" A young man walked over from behind the bodyguards.

The bodyguards instantly looked uneasy. "Mr. Riley..."

"Losers! You can't even handle this stranger," the young man called Mr. Riley cursed as he sent a kick in Trevor's direction.

However, Trevor's reaction was faster.

He pushed the bodyguard forward to block the kick.

"Ow!" The bodyguard cried out when his boss's foot hit him instead of its intended target.

Trevor pushed the bodyguard one more time,

and the man crashed into his boss, sending the two of them sprawling on the ground.

Mr. Riley shouted exasperatedly at his bodyguards, "Are you blind? Help me up!"

The bodyguards closest to him hurried to help him stand.

Mr. Riley seemed to be in a hurry because he got back on his feet and looked at his watch.

He then glared at Trevor resentfully, gritted his teeth and said, "Consider yourself lucky that I don't have time to deal with you right now. But if I see you again, you're dead!"

He dusted off his clothes and waved his hand. "Let's go!"

After the group left, Trevor found a photo on the ground.

He picked it up and what he saw made his eyes widen.


"My goodness! Someone sure had a good time!"

The person in the photo was Mr. Riley.

He was naked and bound with rope.


There were traces of wax on his body and red marks that seemed to be caused by a whip lashing, but he looked as if he was in bliss.

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

Was he into BDSM? And was he a masochist?

With a faint smirk on his face, Trevor watched the group leave.

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