

## **Blessed 145**

### [Chapter 145 Check The Phone](#)

Among the cheerleaders, the girl who took the lead had long, silky hair and delicate facial features. Her cheerleading uniform exposed her flawless skin.

Although she was a beauty, her cold and arrogant expression on her face let people know that she was just an iceberg beauty who could make people a little uncomfortable.

Crossing her arms across her chest, she stood in front of Trevor arrogantly and ordered in a rude voice, "Hand over your phone to us right now, poor loser!"

Frowning, Trevor said, "Why should I? I didn't do anything wrong!"

The attitude of the girl made him very unhappy.

Hearing it, a tall and beautiful girl said with disdain, "Well, you were aiming at us with your phone just now. So, we suspect that you took our photos secretly."

Hearing it, Trevor thought, 'Are they serious? What kind of reason is that?'

Obviously, Trevor was speechless. Well, he did look at them a few times, but that was mostly out of curiosity.

After that, he had been chatting with Selma the whole time, without even looking away from the screen.

Technically, he wasn't the only one who looked at them since there were many people passing by!

Looking around, Trevor saw a group of rich men who were staring at them with interest not far away. Pointing at them, he asked, "Then, why don't you guys go and check their mobile phones?"

"Ha-ha. Look at yourself! Do you think you need to imprint the word "poor" on your forehead for us to know that you are poor? Plus, how can you compare yourself with those rich young men? Actually, if it is for them, I can reveal more," another girl teased cheekily.

All the girls burst out laughing at her words.

Trevor got so angry to the point that he almost laughed.

After all, they all mocked him and looked down upon him because they thought that he was poor.

In the end, Trevor clicked on the photo album on his mobile phone and put it in front of the girls while saying, "Check clearly if I have taken your photos. Do you really think that everyone cares to look at you?"

Only after saying those words, Trevor felt much better.

When they checked the photo album, they found that the last photo was taken in a canteen a few days ago. Seeing it, the girls turned to look at each other in embarrassment.

Clearly, all of them were confident in their figures and looks. Therefore, they naturally thought that Trevor couldn't remove his eyes away from them and took their photos.

Truth be told, although none of them liked to be taken photos by poor guys, a part of them thought of it as some kind of recognition of their appearances if someone took their photos.

However, what the hell just happened?

In their eyes, this poor loser not only didn't take pictures of them in a stealthy way like they accused, but also looked down upon them!

In an instant, the girls became ashamed and indignant.

He was just a poor loser yet he dared to look down upon them!

Putting aside the facts, even if they accused him wrong, it was his responsibility for misleading them.

Because of things that just happened, the girl in the lead was so angry that she was heaving violently. Actually, she was used to being chased by boys and she had never been treated like this! It was needless to say that Trevor's words hurt her ego.

Not wanting to give up, she glared at Trevor as she gritted her teeth and questioned, "Who knows if you have already hidden the photos in some other folders or not? You have to give your phone to us so that we can check it properly!"

Hearing it, the other girls started to agree too.

"Oh my god! She's right. We were almost fooled by this loser!"

"Thank god! Liza is smart. Give me your phone right now!"

Obviously, they outnumbered Trevor and they were moving forward aggressively. They looked as if they wouldn't give up unless they got what they wanted.

Looking at the girls who were surrounding him, Trevor's frown deepened as he said, "I've already showed you my photo album. Why are you still making trouble for me?"

I don't have time to talk nonsense with you. All of you, get out of my way!"

How could he let them check his phone when there were so many important information which could reveal his real identity in it?

With that thought in mind, Trevor reached his hand out and was about to push aside the girl named Liza, who was standing in front of him, when he was slapped hard on the back of his head.

Immediately, Trevor felt a dull pain in his head. Gritting his teeth, he turned his head angrily to look for the person who did it.

The girl who hit him was now glaring at Trevor complacently and snapped, "You poor loser, how dare you lay your filthy hands on Liza?"