

## **Blessed 661**

### [Chapter 661 A Tampered Air Gun](#)

Henrik was ecstatic to see Trevor agree.

He gloated as he muttered under his breath, "It doesn't matter that I lost the fight that day. I'm sure to defeat you today!"

Excitedly, Henrik asked the students at the air gun stand to set up the balloon target. He then turned to Trevor and said, "Okay. The balloons will be placed at ten, twenty, and thirty meters. The farther the balloon, the more expensive the reward will be."

Henrik's stooges immediately started to flatter him. "Everyone knows your aim is unbeatable. We can easily compare you to a professional soldier. We're sure you'll win this."

Henrik puffed his chest and grew complacent when he heard this. He said, "It's nothing. My sister taught me well. She is much better than me."

Henrik glanced at Trevor and said in a sarcastic tone, "But maybe even Trevor is a skilled shooter, and that's why he agreed to compete with me. Fifty thousand for a bullet, and no one dared to agree."

The crowd burst out laughing.

After the targets were set up, seven or eight jars of paint were also kept near them.

Henrik said, "Don't forget the loser needs to paint his entire body and streak down the campus."

He stepped forward and winked at the person in charge of the air gun stand.

That person smiled knowingly. He took out two air guns from under the table and handed them to the competitors.

Trevor narrowed his eyes. After his special training with Bradley, he was more alert to tricks.

And that was why he noticed the eye contact between the two people.

It seemed that the booth guy was hand in glove with Henrik.

"Here."

Henrik gave one of the air guns to Trevor, and quickly hurried over to the shooting line.

He took a deep breath.

He aimed at the nearest ten-meter balloon and pressed the trigger.

The bullet flew out of the muzzle and burst the balloon.

"Great!"

"Wow! That was awesome!"

"You're indeed a great marksman!"

Everyone around Henrik cheered and applauded.

He glanced at Trevor and smirked before adjusting his cap smugly.

Trevor raised his gun and shot at the twenty-meter balloon.

However, the bullet missed the target.

Trevor raised his eyebrows knowingly. He realized the gun had been tampered with.

He was quick to understand what went wrong.

Ha stappad forward and winkad at tha parson in charge of tha air gun stand.

That parson smilad knowingly. Ha took out two air guns from undar tha tabla and handad tham to tha compatitors.

Travor narrowad his ayas. Aftar his spacial training with Bradly, ha was mora alart to tricks.

And that was why ha noticad tha aya contact batwaan tha two paopla.

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"Hara."

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Ha took a daap braath.

Ha aimad at tha naarast tan-matar balloon and prassad tha trigger.

Tha bullat flew out of tha muzzle and burst tha balloon.

"Graat!"

"Wow! That was awasoma!"

"You'ra indaad a graat marksman!"

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Ha was quick to understand what went wrong.

There was a slight change in trajectory. However, it could still be within the range that could be corrected.

Henrik's stooges were quick to make fun of Trevor.

Trevor only smiled and didn't bother.

Henrik grew all the more complacent. He was confident that he would definitely beat Trevor this time.

They both took their turns to shoot as onlookers watched.

Henrik shot four times and hit two targets. Both were ten meters away.

Trevor shot three times and missed all the targets. He tried all three distances.

"Trevor, you missed all your targets. Are you upset that you spent so much money? You know what?

Just throw in the towel already," Henrik said with a mocking smile as he turned his cap backward.

He was sure that he was winning. Because even though he hit only two targets, it was better than Trevor.

Trevor smiled and didn't bother to reply. He continued to calmly look at Henrik.

After three trials, he figured out the trajectory of the air gun.

Then, it was his turn.

Now, Trevor was confident that he would not miss a target again.

#### [Chapter 662 Henrik's Scheme](#)

Trevor aimed his air gun at the target once again. As Henrik watched Trevor, a sneer appeared on his face.

"A bullet costs fifty thousand dollars, Trevor. I hope you don't have shaky hands. Admit defeat now so you won't make a fool of yourself later."

He was in a good mood. The sneer on his face turned into a sarcastic grin.

Trevor might be good at fighting, but target shooting was every rich man's hobby. Henrik was confident he would win this game.

Apart from that, the air gun in Trevor's hand was tampered with. Once he lost, he would not only lose a lot of money but also make a fool of himself in front of everyone.

Henrik could already imagine the humiliation on Trevor's face. If Trevor lost, he would have to run naked on campus while covered in paint.

The hideous image of the scene made him burst into laughter.

Just then, his laughter got drowned out by the loud sound of the air gun being fired.

It was followed by popping of the balloon attached to the target from thirty meters away.

"What did you say, Henrik? Come again?" Trevor put down his air gun and smirked, turning to Henrik.

Even with a tampered air gun, he was able to hit the balloon.

Henrik was dumbfounded, and he cursed, "Damn it!"

According to the agreement, the farther the target, the higher the corresponding jewelry prize.

For the thirty-meter target, the prize was worth more than five hundred thousand.

That single prize already compensated the money Trevor had lost earlier for missing the target thrice, and he would still be left with a lot more.

Henrik managed to hide his disbelief and pretended to be unaffected. "Oh, don't be cocky already. You just got lucky."

"You think so?"

Trevor didn't say anything more and raised the air gun into shooting position.

Bang! Another balloon from the thirty-meter target popped loudly.

Bang! The one from the twenty-meter target popped next.

Bang! Then, the ten-meter target last.

The audience were very much pleased by the flawless shots Trevor did.

Sure, scoring a hit once could be attributed to luck.

But continuous and accurate hits like what Trevor did were nothing but pure skill and talent.

Henrik opened his mouth wide, surprised and at a loss for words. He pointed at Trevor, wanting to say something, but nothing came out of his mouth.

Trevor continued to hit the targets, which had equivalent jewelry prize each. The more he hit, the more prizes he acquired.

Henrik was so angry that he almost wanted to shout, "This is robbery!"

But the competition was still ongoing.

Trevor smiled and gestured his hand to the front, indicating it was Henrik's turn to shoot.

Henrik stepped forward and raised his air gun into shooting position. However, his hands began to tremble as he aimed.

He was not good at target shooting to begin with. He started to panic and missed all the targets.

Even the nearest target was unscathed.

"Well, that was fast." Trevor smiled. "So, it's my turn again?"

Henrik glared at the silly smile on Trevor's lips, which was like that of a devil.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

With each loud and flawless shot Trevor made, Henrik felt his heart stop beating for a second, literally and figuratively.

The person in charge of the air gun booth, however, had a cold look on his face.

He was the butler of the Wright family, but he was also in charge of the jewelry exhibition booth nearby.

He wasn't pleased by what was happening, and he had nothing but resentment in his heart at that moment.

When Henrik asked him to work with him on this plan, he assured him that nothing would go wrong.

But seeing how easily Trevor won the prizes, the butler couldn't help suspecting Henrik's intention.

Why did he choose to compete with someone who had excellent precision and skill at this game? Was he trying to lose on purpose?

If Trevor made a few more hits, he would bag all the displayed jewelry in the booth.

On the other hand, Henrik was getting so anxious that he couldn't stand it anymore. He grabbed his peaked cap and shouted, "Stop, stop! I think there's something wrong with your gun. We need to change it."

Henrik then winked at the butler, giving him the signal.

The butler had no choice but to take out another air gun and give it to Trevor.

Trevor took it and smiled faintly before turning to Henrik.

Just by the looks of it, Trevor could tell the trajectory of the gun was more broken in this gun than the last one.

At that moment, the disciplinary team of the student union was inspecting the campus celebration with Cecelia.

Cecelia was told many people had gathered at the venue, so she came to check the situation.

As soon as she got close, she found that the crowd was watching Henrik and Trevor.

Cecelia frowned.

She walked toward the two and snapped, "What are you doing here?"

#### [Chapter 663 I'm The Champion](#)

Trevor was surprised that Cecelia showed up at this time.

But he wasn't in any hurry to explain. He smiled, put down his air gun, and waited for Henrik to take the initiative to explain.

Now that his sister had seen what was happening, Henrik was hesitant to speak.

"Butler, tell me, what the hell is going on here?" Cecelia turned to the Wright family's butler with a frown.

Trevor then found out the person in charge of the air gun booth was the Wright family's butler and he realized that Henrik and the butler were conspiring against him.

Even so, Henrik lost to Trevor.

The butler was hesitant to tell the truth, but he couldn't dare to lie to Cecelia. He had to tell her the entire story.

Cecelia was furious when she heard that her brother had lost a lot of jewelry pieces to Trevor.

She grabbed Henrik's ear and shouted, "Who told you that you can bet? What? Are you going to put all the family's assets on the gambling table in the future? Ugh! You're hopeless!"

Henrik dared not argue with his sister. He just took the chastisement, let his sister pinch his ear and cried, "Cecelia, stop! It hurts. I need your help. If Dad finds out that I gambled and lost, he's going to beat the crap out of me! Please. Help me."

Cecelia was annoyed at her brother. She felt like she was coming down with a headache.

However, Henrik was still her brother, so she shouldn't abandon him.

After taking a deep breath, she said to Trevor, "Trevor, I'm sorry for the trouble that my brother has caused you. But I'd like to challenge you and win back the jewelry he's lost."

Trevor smirked and asked, "Are you sure?"

Cecelia answered confidently, "I'm the champion of the Amateur Shooting Competition, and I'm actually the one who taught Henrik how to shoot."



The butler was filled with hope when he heard her.

Cecelia was indeed a much better shooter than her brother.

Perhaps she might be able to win the jewelry back, and save the Wright family's dignity.

Still wearing a faint smile, Trevor said, "I've won almost half of the jewelry already. How about this? I'll bet all of the jewelry I've won so far, while you bet the rest of the jewelry you still have left. Let's shoot the target that's thirty meters away. Whoever misses the target first loses."

Cecelia thought it was a fair contest, so she said, "Sounds reasonable. Let's do it."

Trevor grinned devilishly as he handed an air gun to her.

Knowing nothing about the truth, Cecelia took the gun without hesitation.

Henrik was shocked when he saw that Trevor handed over the gun that had been tampered with to his sister.

If his sister used that gun, she would lose.

"Wait. Don't take that gun." Henrik's face turned red as he grabbed the air gun from Cecelia's hand.

She frowned at him and asked, "What's the matter with you?"

After a moment of hesitation, Henrik replied, "Trevor is an expert marksman. I was worried that I'd lose to him, so... I gave him a gun that was tampered with."

Cecelia was so infuriated with him that she pinched his arm and said, "Ugh! You loser! How could you use such a dirty trick? You are bringing shame to our family!"

If she wasn't worried about her image and if it weren't for the fact that Henrik was her brother, she would've killed this black sheep on the spot.

Cecelia's chest was heaving up and down. It took a long time before she was able to stifle her anger.

Because his sister was chastising him in public, Henrik's face turned red.

Even so, he still managed to give her a piece of advice.

"Cecelia, you need to be careful. Trevor is a really good at shooting."

Cecelia rolled her eyes at him. What a loser her brother was!

Filled with confidence in her marksmanship, she calmly declared, "I won't lose. Henrik, never cause trouble for me again, or I'm going to make your life a living hell!"

#### [Chapter 664 Admit Defea](#)

Although it looked easy to shoot a target thirty meters away with an air gun, it wasn't.

Without proper training, no one could hit a target even if it was ten meters away.

Henrik proved to be a fair example of that.

But Cecelia was better than her brother.

Trevor and Cecelia chose the air guns they were comfortable with and began the competition.

The onlookers held their breath because they were afraid to disturb the two competitors.

Suddenly, the balloon thirty meters away exploded.

Cecelia was astonished.

She realized that Trevor had not only shot accurately, but he aimed quickly as well.

Even if a light breeze made the balloon sway, Trevor aimed and shot the balloon accurately.

Now Cecelia was nervous, and a light layer of sweat appeared on her forehead.

She aimed and fired her gun.

However, the balloon thirty meters away didn't explode. It continued to sway in the breeze as if it was mocking her.

There was a sound of regret that went through the crowd. "Oh no, she missed!"

Cecelia bit her lip as she sighed and said frankly, "I lost."

She had not expected Trevor to be a better shooter than her. However, the truth was ruthless.

Henrik's face turned pale in shock. "Cecelia?!"

"Enough! I lost, and that's the fact!" Cecelia said vehemently.

Trevor smiled and put down his gun. He said lightly, "In that case, according to the bet, all the jewelry now belongs to me."

Henrik trembled in anger.

Cecelia also huffed in frustration.

The Wright family's butler was frustrated and quietly sat in a chair.

He muttered to himself, "This is all so messed up, and I can't do anything about it."

Trevor was in a good mood because he won. He smiled and said teasingly, "Don't worry. So as to save the Wright family's reputation, I can rent the jewelry to you."

It was such a shame!

He won the jewelry and would rent it back to its original owner.

Logically, the Wright family would have to thank Trevor.

Henrik glared at Trevor furiously.

He said, "That means we have to thank you, right?"

Trevor raised his eyebrows and smiled at Henrik as one would smile at an angry child.

"I had a really good time. However, we should keep our word. Henrik, come on, hurry up and start your streaking."

The blood drained from Henrik's face. He suddenly remembered that he had said that the loser would have to run naked with paint on his body.

Henrik looked at the huge paint jars. These were supposed to have been for Trevor. Instead, he was the one who had to be covered in it.

Cecelia was shocked, too. She asked, "What do you mean?"

She had been so confident and challenged Trevor without knowing any details of the bet.

She wondered if she had to streak since she lost.

Trevor turned to look at her and saw the fear written all over her face. He then looked at her from top to bottom.

It would be a little inappropriate to force Cecelia to execute the bet.

"No, forget it! Anyway, it wasn't you who proposed it." Trevor smiled mischievously at her.

She breathed a sigh of relief.

But what Trevor said made her feel that she took advantage of it and was given charity out of pity.

Now Cecelia was even more ashamed and angry. She looked at her brother in anger.

Had Henrik not provoked Trevor, she wouldn't have been in this position right now.

"Henrik, be a man! A man should stick to his words!"

Cecelia went ahead and angrily poured a can of white paint over Henrik's head.

#### [Chapter 665 Sexual Harassmen](#)

"Trevor... Actually... I want to discuss something with you..." Henrik's hair was covered with white paint as he spoke in an aggrieved voice.

Squinting his eyes, Trevor smiled and said, "What's wrong? You can't afford to lose face? Or are you scared?"

Hearing this, Henrik stiffened and said, "No! I'm not scared!"

Then, he pleaded in a low voice, "Can I at least keep an underwear? I really don't want to be naked. Please, the Wright family can't afford to lose face because of me! I'll be dead if my father finds out about this."

Hearing this, Trevor tried his best to hold back his smile.

Henrik hurriedly added, "I'll give you two million dollars, no three million dollars. Please, let me keep my underwear, please..."

"Okay then." Trevor agreed after thinking for a while. He didn't want to torture him anymore.

Moreover, he could even get three million dollars from him.

Holding the paint, Henrik hid in the toilet.

When he came out of the restroom, his body and face were covered with paint, even his face couldn't be seen clearly.

His body was covered with paint and only underwear was left on his body.

When the breeze blew, Henrik shivered with shame.

Gritting his teeth, he lowered his head and randomly chose a direction before streaking.

Seeing him, the students around wanted to laugh. However, they didn't dare to do so as they were afraid of offending the Wright family.

On the other hand, Cecelia sighed helplessly when she saw his brother.

Since Henrik admitted defeat, Trevor chuckled dryly and said, "I don't need the jewelry. So, I'll just choose a few pieces. As for the rest of the jewelry, I'll take some losses and sell them to the Wright family at a low price. What do you think?"

At that time, the butler of the Wright family was so angry that he almost jumped up from his chair.

In his eyes, Trevor was really good at doing business. He sold the Wright family's jewelry to the Wright family itself.

Of course, Cecelia was so furious that her face was red. However, she could only stamp her foot angrily and swallow the humiliation.

After all, her brother was the one who choose the game Trevor was good at.

In the end, the Wright family lost.

After that, Trevor chose three pieces of jewelry to give Luisa as a gift.

The price of the other jewelry was more than ten million dollars!

Just like that, Trevor made a lot of money in just one morning.

"As expected, the Wright family is so generous!" Trevor sighed happily and left the place before Cecelia lost her temper.

As he got a lot of money in a small amount of time, Trevor was in a good mood.

After that, Trevor continued his tour and he was about to go into the drama club to watch the performance when someone came up to him.

"Trevor! We finally found you! Where have you been?"

Trevor turned around and saw Acton and Darrion who were panting.

He frowned and asked curiously, "I was just wandering around. What's wrong? You both look like you are in a hurry."

At that time, Acton said anxiously, "Something bad happened. Two visitors are making trouble in our department's exhibition area."

Trevor raised his eyebrows and listened.

Then, Darrion added, "Trey went to find the teacher. We are worried that things will go out of control, so we came to find you before anything happens."

As Trey was also in the mess, Trevor immediately waved his hand and said, "Let's go then."

The event hosted by the journalism major is a mock interview.

In this event, everyone could experience the interview.

When Trevor arrived, he found that two young men dressed in designer clothes were pestering a female student who played as the host. They were trying to touch her.

Judging by their appearances, both of them were from the rich families and their eyes were filled with lust.

"What's your phone number, beautiful? Why don't we have an in-depth exchange of ideas in free time?"

"Don't be shy, beautiful. I want to show you how big my bed is tonight. What do you think about that?"

The two men flirted and even reached out their hands, trying to touch the girl's thighs.

They were obviously harassing her.

#### [Chapter 666 Let's Talk Somewhere Quie](#)

The female student who played as the host of the activity was Trevor's classmate.

Seeing that his classmate was flirted by two young men, Trevor naturally couldn't turn a blind eye to it.

"Hey, stop it!" Trevor said in a firm voice, frowning.

Then, he hurriedly strode forward and slapped away the young men's hands that were reaching out to the girl.

For a moment, the young men were stunned. Then, one of them shouted loudly, "What the hell! Who are you! How dare you interfere my business?"

Another one echoed, "Are you courting death? Get out of here right now!"

Trevor simply glanced at them indifferently and told the girl to leave them and take a rest first.

When the two men saw that the girl was about to leave, they immediately reached their hands out to stop her.

"Don't go, beautiful. Interview us longer."

"Yeah, we don't mind if you interview us all night long!"

Hearing their dirty words, Trevor couldn't handle anymore. He grabbed the back collars of the two men and pulled them back.

Because of Trevor's actions, the two men got furious. They pushed Trevor's arms, trying to break free.

"Do you really want to die? Believe it or not! I can find someone to beat you up tomorrow. You won't be able to step out of the school gate!"

"Fuck! My clothes are expensive! How dare you pull my suit? You won't be able to pay for it if you tear it!"

After that, the two young men kept shouting and waving their arms angrily. They looked as if they would attack Trevor at any time.

At that exact time, the beautiful teacher of the journalism major, Emmeline, hurried over towards them with Trey following behind.

"Trevor, what's going on here?"

Today, Emmeline was wearing a blue tight shirt, which showed her curves. As she was out of breath, the rise and fall of her chest was even more eye-catching.

The tight jeans outlined her buttocks perfectly and her long and straight legs were very attractive.

Seeing her, the two young men were stunned and they were staring Emmeline as if they were about to drool.

Frowning, Trevor was going to tell Emmeline about the two men's rude behavior. "Miss Olson..."

Among the two young men, the one whose name was Rowe Loftus was attracted by Emmeline's beauty. His eyes were so wide that they almost popped out.

Before Trevor could say anything, he suddenly came up with an idea. Thinking about it, he immediately interrupted Trevor as he said, "So, you this rude student's teacher, right? Your student ripped my and my friend's clothes! This is a limited edition of Prada's men suit. It cost twenty thousand dollars! My

friend's clothes are from famous brands too."

After saying that, he stopped talking and stared lustfully at the graceful figure of Emmeline for a while.

Then, he continued, "I should ask him to compensate, but I don't think he can afford that since he is a poor student. So, why don't you have dinner with us? We won't ask for compensation then."

The wretched laughter at the end interpreted the real intention behind his words.

Of course, Emmeline also understood the evil intention of these two young men.

At that time, she was so angry that her face turned red.

The blush on her face made her look even more charming.

Seeing this, the two young men smiled evilly with their eyes filled with lust.

These two bastards!

Trevor couldn't help but frown at them.

If Trevor wasn't thinking about the university's reputation, he would have punched these two bastards on spot.

"You said you want to talk about compensation, right? So, why don't we find a quiet place to have a talk?" Trevor took a deep breath and said to the two. He was clenching his fists so hard that they were turning red.

On the other hand, Emmeline didn't want Trevor to suffer losses. Therefore, she quickly said, "I'll go with you, Trevor."

Hearing this, the two young men smiled evilly at each other. At that time, they thought that Trevor was a coward who knew nothing.

When they heard that the beautiful teacher was coming with them, they were ecstatic.

They thought that they would be able to do anything to Emmeline if they showed their power and wealth.

"Ha-ha, you made a right decision, boy! Let's go then!"

The two of them exchanged looks with each other. They couldn't wait to teach Trevor a lesson.

However, they failed to see the sneer on the corner of Trevor's mouth.



## [Chapter 667 Give It A Go](#)

Bella University had done a good job on the greenery.

After walking around a bit, Trevor eventually found a secluded grove nearby.

He stood in the woods and checked to see if anyone noticed, but no one else was there.

"That's enough."

Rowe stood with his arms akimbo and sneered, "Here is good. How are you going to apologize?"

The other guy also smirked and added, "She must have dinner with us."

Emmeline looked at Trevor worriedly.

The men clearly had ulterior motives. That was why she didn't want to have dinner with them.

On the other hand, she deeply cared about Trevor.

Although he had impressed her several times, she still felt a little worried for his sake.

The two young men were from prominent families. They would not be acting so arrogantly otherwise.

Trevor remained calm and gently guided Emmeline to stand behind him.

Rowe whistled before shouting, "You bastard! What the hell are you doing? Get out of my way, and let me have a nice chat with this beautiful teacher."

Rowe stretched out his hand and tried to push Trevor away so he could touch Emmeline's chest.

"Stop!" Emmeline screamed. She had not expected this wretched playboy to be so shameless. She quickly dodged and took several steps back.

Angered by what had just happened, Trevor snarled, "Go to hell!"

He kicked Rowe in the leg, causing Rowe to fall to the ground.

"Ouch! What the—?" Rowe squealed like a pig getting slaughtered.

The other young man paled in shock. "How dare you? You're the one who should go to hell!"

He waved his fist and pounced on Trevor.

However, Trevor easily caught the man's fist. He then grabbed his opponent by the back of his head and

smashed his knee into the man's face.

"Ahhh!"

A louder cry broke out.

This did not deter Trevor who kicked the two young men a few more times.

He turned around and smiled at Emmeline.

"Miss Olson, do you want to have a go at them? It's very relaxing."

Even though the two young men were from rich families, they spoke so crassly. Earlier, one of them tried to touch her chest.

Because of that, Emmeline had a lot of pent-up anger.

Taking Trevor's suggestion, she stepped forward.

She was wearing high-heeled shoes and she decided to stomp on Rowe's leg.

The sharpness of her heel made Rowe scream.

Although kicking a man while he was already down felt a little harsh, Emmeline also found it quite fun.

At that moment, Acton, Darrion, and Trey arrived. They were worried that Trevor would get hurt or would suffer in some other way.

"Miss Olson! Trevor! Are you two all right?"

Trey quickly ran over to them. When he saw the two young men rolling on the ground in pain, he realized that he should not have worried.

Emmeline felt a little embarrassed and stopped kicking the two young men.

Because she was wearing heels, she held onto Trevor's shoulder to regain her balance. Her cheeks were pinker than usual.

"It's okay. We're safe."

Acting like nothing had happened, Trevor clapped his hands together as he greeted his roommates.

As they talked, the two young men recovered from their pain.

Rowe remained on the ground. He covered his chest with his hands and barked at them, "You're dead meat! I will find someone to break every bone in your body before killing you. As for you, bitch, I'm going to fuck you to death."

The other young man also roared in anger, "Just wait and see! We've got powerful people backing us up here in Bella University. They're not going to let you off easy for beating us up like this!"

### Chapter 668 Devil Incarnate

Was there someone in Bella University who would protect these two bastards?

After listening to the two men's clamor, Trevor looked at them with a small smirk.

If there really was someone wealthier and more powerful in Bella University, he wanted to teach that person a lesson!

Suddenly, Trevor had an idea. He grinned and said, "Hey, Acton. Could you go to the air gun booth and take some paint over?"

He was going to teach these two bastards' backer a lesson.

After his roommates left to get paint, Trevor folded his arms and sneered at Rowe, "Call your protector over. I have a surprise for him."

Pissed off by how calm Trevor looked, Rowe rudely pointed a finger at him and shouted, "Just wait, you bastard! When my friend comes, you'd better not turn tail and run like a coward."

He whipped out his phone and dialed a number.

The other guy also yelled, "That's right! How dare you threaten our friend? You won't even get a chance to plead for mercy after you meet him. You'll see!"

Even though Rowe waited and waited for the other person to pick up the phone, no one answered.

He waited as the phone rang several times until a pre-recorded voice told him to try calling again later.

Feeling a little embarrassed, Rowe continued to spew threats.

"Just you wait! My friend must be having so much fun at the campus celebration that he didn't hear his phone go off. But when he comes, he is going to beat you up!"

Trevor shrugged indifferently.

Rowe began to feel anxious.

The other guy also tried to call that person but no one answered the phone.

They tried calling their protector over and over again, but none of their calls connected.

What was going on? Why wasn't their friend answering their calls?

The two young men finally became timid.

At that moment, Acton and others returned with several buckets of paint.

"We're back! We were worried that it would not be enough so we asked for more paint from some art students," Trey said while patting his chest with pride.

The two young men's expressions changed drastically.

"Hey! What are you planning to do to us? I'm warning you! My friend is coming soon! You'll be dead meat!"

Trevor shrugged and smirked.

"Someone just came up with a good art idea. You're going to strip, get painted, and then run naked through this lively celebration. What do you think?"

The two young men trembled even more in disbelief and fear. What a terrible punishment!

They would rather get punched a few more times than be humiliated like this.

Although they liked to strip beautiful women of their clothes, they themselves didn't want to be naked in public.

They would be a laughing stock if they streaked through the campus. It was too shameful and embarrassing!

Rowe stammered loudly, "Don't you dare!"

He then noticed someone running along the road beyond the woods. That person was covered in different colors of paint and running in an awkward way.

The two men were so frightened by Trevor's threat that they almost peed in their pants.

It turned out that someone was already going through what Trevor wanted to make them do!

They suddenly regretted provoking Trevor.

The person standing before them was no ordinary student. He was a devil incarnate!

#### [Chapter 669 Who Is That Weirdo](#)

The two guys looked like scared little puppies, cowering in fright and whining.

They kept stepping back and threatening Trevor and the others.

"You... Stop! Don't come close!"

Gone was their arrogance. The looks on their faces were nothing but panic and helplessness.

Trey and the others exchanged mischievous glances a few times, looking thrilled and menacing. They approached a little faster with the buckets of paint in their hands.

The two guys took a few steps back hurriedly, but they could never escape.

Looking at the silly scene, Emmeline pursed her lips to hold back her laughter.

The image of the two guys naked and covered with paint made her turn away shyly.

It was a sight she didn't want to see.

Trevor also had a menacing smile on his face as he approached the two slowly.

The two stumbled to their feet and screamed.

At that moment, they only had one person in mind to ask for help. They took out their phones and frantically dialed their friend's number.

They took turns dialing, anxiously waiting for whose call would be picked up.

Trevor let them cower in a corner to make the call and simply followed them.

The look on his face, however, was full of menace. The two were more scared out of their wits.

Rowe was almost losing his mind. He pressed hard on his phone and dialed the number crazily as if he was rubbing out flames.

Fortunately, his call connected after a few attempts.

He almost leapt in joy, feeling as if God had blessed him and he had grasped the final life-saving straw!

"Hello? Help us, please!" Rowe turned the speaker on unhesitatingly and started asking for help. "We've

messed with a scoundrel in your school! He said we'd have to run around campus covered with nothing but body paint! We just saw someone who did, and we can't do such a silly thing! Please, you have to come and save us!"

The person on the line didn't respond, but the call itself had already given the two some courage.

Their arrogance showed up again.

"You punk, stop pretending like you're some superior! Our friend already knows what happened here. If you dare touch us, he will call someone to break your limbs later!" Rowe exclaimed.

"That's right! I didn't expect you could actually threaten someone into doing such a humiliating thing!" the other guy said.

"Well, that person must be a weirdo to actually agree on running naked on campus," Rowe snorted.

The labored breaths of the person on the other line could be heard from the speaker phone. After a while, the person spoke. "What did you say? You think he is a weirdo?"

The person's tone was tinged with rage.

Upon hearing the voice on the other line, Trevor raised an eyebrow. It seemed quite familiar to him.

Oh, wait. It sounded a lot like Henrik's voice.

He had just taught Henrik a lesson earlier and recalled his voice well.

A grin escaped Trevor's lips.

No wonder the voice was oddly familiar.

It turned out this so-called friend was Henrik.

Little did the poor guys know their friend and the man they called a weirdo was the same person.

Trevor tried hard to hold back his laughter and then turned around and shrugged his shoulders.

That explained why it took a while before Henrik answered. He was pretty preoccupied with his own mess earlier.

"Where are you now?"

Henrik asked in gritted teeth.

It was already embarrassing to run around campus with nothing but paint all over his body, but he was drawing more attention because of the non-stop ringing of his phone.

He had no choice but to pick up the phone, only to find out that the two called for absolute nonsense. What was more, they called him a weirdo!

After knowing the location of the two idiots, Henrik told them to stay where they were.

"Don't go anywhere and wait for me!"

The other line went off after that.

Rowe didn't have any idea he had offended Henrik. He was smiling from ear to ear.

"Boy, did you hear that? My friend is on his way to deal with all of you!"

He arrogantly swung a fist, his fear subsiding.

Trevor just looked at him with a mischievous look on his face.

He wondered how Henrik would deal with these two idiots.

About a minute later, Henrik appeared in the woods covered in colorful paint, glaring at the two.

The other guy was startled by his gaze and asked hurriedly, "Rowe! Where is our friend? Why isn't he coming yet? Why is this weirdo here instead of him?"

"I don't know! Hey, weirdo! What are you looking at, huh?"

Rowe didn't recognize Henrik with all the paint, but he felt a little afraid of the weirdo he thought the man was.

He took out his phone and called Henrik again.

Suddenly, a loud ringing came in the direction of where the weirdo stood.

To be exact, it came from the pocket of Henrik's underwear, the only clothing he wore under all the paint.

Rowe and the other guy froze, their brows creased. Finally, something clicked. They gulped hard as the color drained from their faces.

This time, they were absolutely doomed!

[Chapter 670 Stalking](#)

That day, something strange happened in Bella University.

Three people running in their underwear. They were covered in paint from their heads to their toes.

Henrik was among them, feeling at ease.

The presence of his two companions made him feel less embarrassed.

But the other two drowned much more in shame than he did.

They were badly bruised from the whacking, limping as they ran.

Luckily, the paint covered their injuries, making them less noticeable.

This time, it wasn't Trevor's doing. They both became subject to Henrik's wrath.

They were even covered in paint at his mercy.

Rowe and the other man prayed when Henrik poured paint on them.

"Apply more on my face. I don't want to be recognized."

It was a laughable sight for everyone.

Watching that, Emmeline pouted, ready to stop Henrik from being so brutal.

But then, before she could speak, a sudden burst of crisp laughter left her lips.

That day, she was pleased. She invited Trevor and his friends over to a restaurant for lunch.

Everyone started getting to know Emmeline, showing friendlier terms towards her after that event. It was a relaxing day.

They were all talking while eating their lunch when, out of the corner of her eye, Emmeline noticed a figure outside the window. What caught her eye hitched her breath.

Her reaction was so obvious that Trevor had to follow her gaze to find out what happened.

It was a young man. Rafael, Emmeline's ex-boyfriend.

Last time, he drugged Emmeline and tried to rape her. Fortunately, Trevor knocked his senses back into his skull.

Remembering those events, Trevor knitted his brows, revolted by Rafael's presence there.



"Why are you here, Rafael?" Emmeline asked with a frown. She was filled with indifference towards Rafael. Her expression stayed cold as he walked toward her.

His hands were behind his back as Rafael approached his ex-girlfriend. Then, he brought a large bouquet of roses from behind and confessed in a loud voice, "Forgive me, Emmeline. I know I made a mistake. I tried to keep myself together, but my thoughts have proved that I still madly love you. I desire your forgiveness, Emmeline. Please, give me another chance to make things right."

Trevor felt disgusted by Rafael's shamelessness.

Rafael didn't commit a small mistake when he kidnapped Emmeline after poisoning her. Now, how could he even dare to think of begging for forgiveness?

Noticing Trevor's piercing gaze on him, Rafael turned his head to meet his eyes.

There was a flick of fright in Rafael's eyes as he saw the person who almost beat him to a pulp.

But the terror disappeared as soon as it came.

They were in a fine restaurant. Also, there were too many people for Trevor to get his hands on Rafael again.

Rafael even dared to scoff at Trevor at that time.

Glaring at Rafael, Emmeline used a harsh tone as she said, "You have gone way past the limit to even consider getting forgiveness from me. We don't have a chance again. Do you think what you did can be requested to be forgiven? There is no freaking way for me to absolve you. And how did you find me? Are you, by any chance, following me? How shameful, Rafael!"

Rafael pulled a long face, but soon, he brought an affectionate smile to his lips. "I swear that you're my only love, Emmeline. Forgive me, please! Let me prove myself. Let me prove my sincerity to you. Look, I especially brought you 77 Juliet roses. I hope you like them."

Rafael slowly pushed the bouquet in her direction.

Water droplets sparkled on the gentle petals of the roses as their beauty increased the visual influence of the apology.

People around them chattered. They were more eager to forgive Rafael at the sight of roses. To them, his behavior seemed cute and lovely.

"Wow. Those roses are a style of romance, trust me!"

"He is so sincere. Giving such a handsome man another chance won't hurt her, you know."

"Exactly. Juliet roses are extremely expensive. This apology shouldn't be overlooked."

Rafael hardly hid the smirk appearing on his face as he listened to the opinion of others in his favor.

Trevor's gaze landed on the so-called Juliet rose Rafael had in his hands.

He raised his eyebrows as his face lit up with wry amusement.