

Blessed 691

[Chapter 691 They Are My Friends](#)

Out of the corner of his eye, Trevor caught a glimpse of Ian's face that was filled with fear and nervousness.

Seeing this, he tried his best to hold back his laughter.

A while ago, Ian called Clifton over to scared Nasir and Trevor.

However, the police unexpectedly arrived which scared Ian and his men.

They didn't even dare to say anything.

"Actually, I have some troubles..." Trevor said causally with a smile while casting a glance at Ian.

At that time, Ian's and Clifton's faces turned pale. They were afraid that Trevor would ask the police for help.

The hearts of the gang members were beating violently. After all, their lives depended on Trevor now.

However, the next moment, Trevor smiled and changed the topic. "But it's not a big deal. I can handle it by myself."

Only then could Ian and Clifton breathe a sigh of relief. The men who were standing aside subconsciously wiped the cold sweat on their foreheads.

Hearing this, Reilly chuckled and glanced at Ian with a playful look. Then, he shook hands with Trevor and said friendly, "Mr. Sanderson, call me if you need help any time."

Trevor scratched his forehead with a smile and nodded.

After that, the police drove away.

Ian looked out of window and he could only relax when he was sure that the police car had left the villa.

His hands were trembling in fear as he poured himself another glass of whiskey.

Then, Ian drank up the whiskey in one gulp. The pungent sensation spread from his throat to his stomach. With the help of the whiskey, his body stopped trembling.

"Ha-ha, you are such a coward, Clifton! You call yourself a gangster, but you are afraid of a few policemen!" Ian laughed loudly and mocked Clifton to cover up his gaffe.

"I can't believe you acted like a lawful citizen just because the police came. It's a shame to our gang!" Ian raised his eyebrows, as if he was giving signal to Clifton.

In fact, he was indicating Clifton to make a move on Trevor and Nasir since the police had left.

However, to Ian's surprise, Clifton pursed his lips and glared at him angrily. The truth was, they weren't afraid of the police at all. At the worst, they would have to go to jail, which wasn't a big deal since they had been in jail before.

However, they were afraid of offending Trevor again. For Clifton, that was scarier than offending the police.

Thinking of the way Rafael and Gregg ended, Clifton couldn't help but feel terrified.

Gritting his teeth, he said to Ian resentfully, "You know nothing..."

At that time, the gangster, who was guarding at the door of the villa, rushed in again.

His face was pale and he was shaking so hard that even his teeth were trembling.

He stuttered, "Boss! We have a problem..."

Although Ian was shaking inside, he pretended to be calm and said, "Damn it! Can you be more prudent? Why are you in such a hurry?" Ian was a little annoyed with the guard's actions. "Even if the police come again, there's nothing they can do! This is my villa! They can't act recklessly without the search warrant!"

However, the man almost cried out in fear. "Boss, it's not the police this time! There's a group of armed men outside! And they broke into the villa!"

Ian's face turned pale instantly and the whiskey in his glass was scattered on the table.

His eyes went wide in horror and his heart was beating really fast.

"What the hell!"

At first, Ian thought that his enemies came to seek revenge.

However, when he thought about all the gangs, he couldn't think of any gang that could gather a group of armed men.

Click!

The sound of someone loading the gun was heard.

As soon as Bradly and his men entered the villa, they saw a group of strong men in black wearing sunglasses and holding sticks in their hands.

Bradly and his men thought Trevor was in danger, so they raised their guns.

"Run, everyone! Hide in my secret room!" While screaming, Ian turned around to run into the study.

However, before Ian could run, Trevor put his hand on Ian's shoulder with a wide smile.

"Don't be scared, Mr. Lively. They are just my friends."

They were his friends?

Ian raised his eyebrows and his face was filled with disbelief.

At that time, Clifton and his men nodded in tacit agreement. In fact, they were shivering in fear.

Although Clifton had seen this scene yesterday, it was still shocking for him.

He swallowed hard and drew his neck back before saying, "Actually, Ian, they really are Trevor's friends."

Honestly, Clifton's arrogance disappeared when he was aimed with guns by these fiery men yesterday.

On the other hand, Ian's face changed drastically.

His once pale face was now red.

He could only stare at Trevor in shock, unable to say anything at all.

[Chapter 692 A Warm Meeting](#)

Ian really wanted to grab Trevor by the collar and question him, "Are these guys your friends? Why are they here with so many guns?"

However, the guns in the hands of Bradly and others made him rethink his plan.

So he did nothing.

In fact, not pissing in his pants was something to be proud of.

Ian looked at Trevor cautiously, then at Nasir. Suddenly, he felt this seemingly weak doctor wasn't what he seemed to be.

Having a friend like Trevor was proof enough.

Ian became submissive immediately.

A smile appeared on Trevor's face as he noticed this.

"Nasir, we have met Mr. Lively. Didn't you prepare some gifts?"

Nasir patted his forehead and took out the gifts in a hurry.

"Mr. Lively. I'm sorry to bother you today. I brought you some gifts. I hope you like them," Nasir said politely.

He then proceeded to take out high-end whisky and cigars.

His eyes on Bradly and his men, Ian plastered a smile on his face as he said, "Thank you, Nasir. I like them very much."

Seeing Ian's hands tremble, Nasir kindly helped him open the bottle and poured the whisky into his glass.

Ian gave Nasir a contented smile as he sipped the whisky.

Sheri chose that moment to return.

She wondered why there were so many people at the villa.

As her father watched her intently, she sat gracefully by Nasir's side and held his arm.

Ian was going to say something, but all he did was sigh.

"Dad, I really love Nasir," Sheri said bluntly.

Nasir kissed Sheri on her cheek courageously and said, "Mr. Lively. I really love Sheri, too."

Ian nodded helplessly and said in a hoarse voice, "Well, you young people have your own ideas. Sheri, as your father, I respect your choice."

Sheri's face lit up with excitement, just as Nasir's showed surprise.

After the arrival of the police, as well as the presence of Bradly and his men with guns, Ian could only treat his daughter's boyfriend warmly.

The group of gangsters sat on the sofa timidly.

They even dared to swear to God that they had never been so timid in their lives.

The gangsters' eyes lit up with excitement when Nasir and Trevor decided to leave the villa.

They had been sitting in the same position for so long that their buttocks felt numb.

Before leaving, Trevor talked to Ian alone.

He smiled and cut a cigar for Ian.

"Mr. Lively, Nasir is my friend. I hope he will be treated fairly here," Trevor said, as he put the cut cigar into Ian's mouth.

Ian stiffened in fright.

Trevor lit the cigar and continued, "Gangs are essentially profitable organizations. You don't have to commit crimes to make money. You have to learn to make money from rich people, to deal with different companies, and to make money from their contradictions. Do you understand what I mean?"

Ian's breath caught in his throat. The person in front of him was not just any ordinary college student, but a born leader.

The thought of this sent fear coursing through his body.

"I understand. I understand. I won't bully the poor," Ian said, fear visible on his face.

"Good. You won't want me to come back here with my friends, will you?" Trevor whispered, as he reached out and tidied up Ian's collar.

Ian shook his head hurriedly. The thought of Bradley and the others made his insides clench.

On the second day, Trevor returned to school after helping Nasir with his problem. It was the last day of the campus celebration.

Clarissa spotted Trevor the moment he arrived at the school gate.

"Trevor!" Clarissa, who was dressed for the occasion, nimbly slipped through the crowd and grabbed Trevor by his sleeve. "Where have you been for the last two days? I've been looking for you for a while!"

Clarissa excitedly clutched Trevor's arm, her plump breasts pressing against it.

Feeling the soft touch on his arm, Trevor touched his nose awkwardly.

It would be rude of him to shake off Clarissa's arm in front of so many people.

He had no choice but to stand and smile sheepishly.

"Come with me. Our cheerleaders have set up a performance!"

Clarissa had dragged Trevor to the cheerleaders before he could protest.

"Wow! It's Trevor!"

"Hey! Trevor, Clarissa's super hero!"

"He's so handsome!"

As a result of Clarissa's enthusiastic publicity, Trevor had become something of a celebrity among the cheerleaders.

Trevor blushed as the cheerleaders began to dance.

Clarissa, in particular, winked at him and blew him kisses. Her movements were bold and inviting.

As the leader of the cheerleading squad, she was particularly eye-catching among the group of drop-dead gorgeous girls.

However, when the cheerleaders performed a difficult dance movement of building a human pyramid, Clarissa looked too long in Trevor's direction and lost her balance.

"Ah!"

She screamed and toppled forward.

She fell down!

[Chapter 693 Bike Beats Porsche](#)

The pyramid formation was dangerously three meters high.

If Clarissa fell from the top, she might hit her head hard and have a concussion.

Without thinking twice, Trevor bolted forward like a flying arrow.

Even before the crowd screamed in alarm, he was already positioned below to catch Clarissa.

"Whoa!"

It wasn't until then that the audience came to their senses. They exclaimed and shouted when Clarissa

landed safely in Trevor's arms.

It was followed by thunderous applause. Everyone cheered at Trevor.

"Are you okay?" Trevor looked down and asked Clarissa.

Clarissa's heart was at her throat when the pyramid fell, but her fear faded when she found herself in Trevor's arms. She immediately hugged him tight.

Her breast brushed against Trevor's chest as she wrapped her arms around him.

The sweet scent of her perfume matched her personality perfectly and was pleasantly intoxicating.

"Oh, gosh! I love you! You should become my boyfriend!" Clarissa muttered giddily.

Before Trevor could react, she grabbed on his neck and kissed his cheek.

Trevor's breathing hitched. He hurriedly put Clarissa down in surprise.

Clarissa chuckled sweetly.

The silly smile on her face was like that of a little girl who had just been given candies.

She beamed at Trevor and muttered softly, "The fall was a mistake, but the kiss wasn't."

Clarissa's words made Trevor's scalp tingle. He didn't know how to respond.

"Clarissa, are you okay?"

The other cheerleaders on the stage called out to check on her, afraid that she was hurt.

"I'm fine," Clarissa responded.

She rubbed Trevor's palm gently and winked at him before running back to the stage.

Trevor returned to the audience. The performance continued as if nothing had happened. As they were performing, however, Clarissa kept winking at Trevor as if flirting with him.

Because Clarissa's eyes were always on him, Trevor couldn't bring himself to leave.

Just then, a young man in a leopard print shirt pushed his way in front.

He found a space beside Trevor and stood there.

Taking his sunglasses off, the man watched attentively at the cheering performance on stage.

Clarissa was still showering winks at Trevor. She would also blow him kisses. However, the man beside Trevor thought her winks and kisses were directed at him.

"Is she flirting with me?" The man felt excited, and his lustful desire started to creep in.

He smirked and licked his lips maliciously, feeling so pleased.

His lustful eyes bore on Clarissa's sexy figure and beautiful face, building up the desire inside him.

After a moment, the cheering performance ended.

The man put on his sunglasses and went straight to Clarissa on the stage. "Hey, miss. Do you want to go for a ride with me?"

Clarissa glanced at him and said indifferently, "No. Please don't bother me."

She then jumped off the stage like a rabbit and ran toward Trevor, linking her arms with his.

"How was my performance?" she asked sweetly.

Trevor didn't know how to respond and just said, "It was very good."

Clarissa giggled, her eyes aglow.

Looking at the two in front of him, the man gritted his teeth in annoyance.

In his eyes, Trevor was nothing but some lame student. What good did he have other than his face? The man felt the urge to show off.

Snorting, he walked to his car, which was a luxurious Porsche sports car. He got inside and drove toward the field.

The Porsche stopped before the stage.

The man sneered. He was sure Clarissa wouldn't say no to him this time.

When the Porsche graced the field, the students exclaimed in astonishment.

With his head poking out of the car window, the man honked the horn of the car once. Then, he whistled to grab Clarissa's attention.

"Come on, miss, leave that idiot! Get in the car, and I'll give you a ride."

Clarissa just gave him a sideways glance and turned to Trevor.

"Trevor, can you rent a bike and take me for a ride around the campus?" As she spoke, she shook Trevor's arm childishly.

Of course, Trevor wouldn't let the man's arrogance slide.

Giving the man a sideways glance, Trevor sneered.

He turned on his heel and rented a roadside bicycle, granting Clarissa's request.

Trevor smiled and patted the back seat, gesturing at Clarissa.

"Come. I'll give you a ride."

Clarissa excitedly ran toward him and sat on the back.

Watching the two, the man's face turned grim.

He smacked the steering wheel angrily. How was that bike better than his Porsche?

The man felt utterly insulted. He clenched his fist. He was fuming red.

"Damn idiots! Go to hell, you two!"

[Chapter 694 A Porsche In Campus](#)

Of course, Trevor could ride the bike with Clarissa in the campus.

However, Trevor stopped the bike even before going around the campus.

"Get off the bike now," Trevor said helplessly and shook off Clarissa's hands that were wrapped around his waist.

"What? Why?" With a pout, Clarissa reluctantly got off the back seat of the bike.

Trevor sighed and said in a depressed tone, "I can't believe you have the nerve to ask why. We are just taking a ride! There's no need for you to touch my body with your hands!"

Clarissa shamelessly chuckled and said, "Ha-ha! Don't be so shy." She even held Trevor's arm intimately.

Honestly, Trevor was very embarrassed by what she did.

Clarissa not only took this opportunity to touch his abs and chest, but also pressed her soft body against

his strong back.

What was more, she even rubbed her soft breasts against Trevor's back intimately!

A normal man wouldn't be able to stand this kind of flirtation.

Trevor didn't know how to deal with a girl who was very enthusiastic and bold.

Clarissa was about to continue talking when someone suddenly called Trevor's name from behind.

"Hey, Trevor!"

At that time, two people were walking towards Trevor.

"Where have been these days? We were so busy during the celebration and yet we couldn't find you anywhere."

Trevor silently looked at the two people in front of him. After thinking for a while, he realized that they were the directors of some departments of the student union. However, he couldn't remember their names clearly.

"So, what's the matter?" Trevor asked the two people with a frown.

In fact, the duty of the external affairs department was different from the others. Besides, Trevor helped a lot in the preparation before the celebration.

Therefore, he didn't expect that these two would use this excuse to stir up trouble.

Raising his eyebrows, Trevor looked straight at the two people and waited for an explanation.

Among the two people, one of them seemed to know that his words were untenable. After hesitating for a while, he said, "As the director of the external affairs department, you should make some contributions to the school. So, you should join us today and go on patrol with us to keep the campus celebration in order!"

Trevor raised his eyebrows and thought for a while. Then, he quickly cast a glance at Clarissa beside him and agreed with a nod. "Okay!"

Obviously, Trevor used this chance to escape from Clarissa's flirtatious behavior.

On the other hand, the two directors thought that they had succeeded in using tricks against Trevor and smiled proudly.

Clarissa, faced with Trevor's leaving figure, could do nothing but to leave with her mouth pouted.

Trevor and the directors chatted on the way.

Through their conversation, he got to know that the two were the director and the vice director of the organization department, called Averi Craig and Morse Craig.

Although the two of them were both surnamed Craig, they were not actually related by blood. It was just a coincidence.

However, they had one thing in common. They both had a crush on Cecelia.

Due to this reason, they felt the secret hostility against Trevor, who had a frequent communication with Cecelia recently.

Even this patrol task was to make Trevor uncomfortable on purpose.

Nonetheless, Trevor didn't take it seriously.

At this moment, the loud roar of an engine suddenly sounded from afar and the car rushed towards this direction with unyielding speed. The crowd burst into screams.

"Watch out!"

A blue Porsche whizzed past and almost hit a female student on the roadside.

Trevor squinted his eyes. He recognized this car. It was driven by the man in the leopard print shirt just now!

When the Porsche screeched to a halt on the side of the road, Averi's eyes lit up as he had an idea.

He believed it was time for him to show off.

His father was a senior manager of a large group.

Even if he offend a person who drove a Porsche, he should be able to deal with it.

As long as he become the hero here, the news would definitely spread to Cecelia.

Not only other students would respect him, but he would also have a fresh image in Cecelia's eyes.

At the thought of this, Averi was so excited that he stood in the middle of the road and stretched out his hand without thinking. "Get out of the car! How dare you drive so fast in the school?"

He came before the Porsche and started admonishing the man, pretending to be righteous.

Crack!

With a slight noise, the door of the Porsche opened.

The students around looked at the person coming out with gawking eyes.

"How ridiculous! You're courting death!"

The young man in a leopard print shirt got out of the car, and shouted with his face full of impatience.

Averi's initial confident expression immediately melted into smoke, and he took half a step back in horror.

"Mr. Cullen!" Averi called out in fear.

[Chapter 695 I Want You To Apologize](#)

Averi instantly recognized the man in the leopard print shirt. He was Garry Cullen, Cullen Group's president's son.

He suddenly shivered in fear.

Averi's father worked in Cullen Group. How dare he offend a Cullen!

"Oh, so you know me? Then how the hell do you have the guts to stop my car?!"

Garry was about to kick Averi when suddenly he saw Trevor.

Immediately, Garry's face was filled with disgust and contempt. He raised his chin and pointed it in Trevor's direction and asked Averi, "Who the hell is this guy?"

Averi had no idea about Trevor's true identity, or he wouldn't have dared to make trouble for him.

Averi looked at Trevor and gave a vague answer.

"I heard that he's Terrance Sanderson's cousin. But I guess he should be a poor relative because he has a part-time job outside the school."

Garry smiled with scorn. He placed one hand on the hood of his Porsche, and with the other hand, he pulled the front of his shirt away from his chest to fan himself.

There was malice in his eyes when he looked at Trevor.

Garry held a grudge since he failed to ask Clarissa out and blamed everything on Trevor.

He thought since Trevor was just a poor student, he had hundreds of ways to make him kneel and beg for mercy.

Trevor noticed Garry's malicious gaze on him, but he wasn't afraid of it at all.

Trevor looked at the frightened girl who was standing a little away.

He took the initiative to take a stand and scold coldly, "The school road is neither a race track nor a place for you to speed. If Averì doesn't dare to tell you your mistakes, that doesn't mean you're right. Apologize to the girl who you almost knocked down!"

Averì's face changed drastically. If Trevor happened to irritate Garry, he also would be blamed because he was the one who had stopped Garry.

Then it would be bad for Averì and his father as well!

He wished he could just strangle Trevor.

However, a lot of students had gathered around and were paying attention to them.

They were excited when they heard what Trevor said and waved their arms.

"Apologize! Apologize!"

"Yes, apologize! The school is not a place for you to race!"

"Apologize to the girl! You cannot be wild on the Bella University campus!"

"Apologize! Apologize!"

More students gathered around after they heard the commotion.

Trevor crossed his arms and stared coldly at Garry as the latter's face changed from embarrassment to anger and gloom.

Garry glared at Trevor like a fierce wolf that wanted to pounce on him and tear the flesh off his bones.

On the other hand, Trevor calmly looked at Garry and didn't give in.

The shouts from the students grew louder and louder.

Soon, Garry started to panic. He threw Trevor a ferocious glare and walked up to the girl. Every step was a reluctant one.

Garry said flatly, "Sorry."

After that, he gritted his teeth. He couldn't help but think that Trevor embarrassed him in public.

He once again turned to glare at Trevor. Then, he remembered that it was Averi who stopped the car.

That thought made him look at Averi angrily.

Averi seemed to have sensed something in Garry's expression and was about to cry.

"Mr. Cullen, I didn't want to get involved. This is none of my business..." He tried to beg for mercy.

However, Garry was beyond the point of listening to him. He walked to his Porsche and said with a fake smile, "I apologized. Are you satisfied now? Now how about I take you to the supercar club and let's have a chat?"

[Chapter 696 Invitation Or Threa](#)

Although it seemed to be an invite, Garry's words were filled with obvious threat.

Trevor sneered and bluntly refused.

"I'm not interested. The campus celebration is still on, and since I'm a student union member, I need to patrol..."

Trevor paused and looked at Garry from top to bottom with a faint smile on his lips. He then continued, "To prevent some uneducated people from racing in their cars around the campus."

Garry gritted his teeth at the sarcasm in Trevor's words. He thumped the roof of the Porsche angrily.

He was too angry to say anything.

He fanned the front of his shirt with one hand, and with the other, he pointed a trembling finger at Trevor. After a long time, he said through gritted teeth, "You! Just wait and watch!"

Trevor just shrugged his shoulders indifferently, ignored Garry's threat, and continued to patrol.

This made Garry look as if he was an idiot.

"Hey, you." Garry looked at Averi and raised his chin. He ordered angrily, "Come with me. Let's wait for that bastard at the school gate."

Averi was already frightened, so he quickly nodded.

Morse, who stood next to him, gleefully rubbed his hands. He also wanted to get into Garry's good books, so he said in a hurry, "Mr. Cullen, could you give me a chance? I also want to see Trevor make a fool of himself."

Morse liked Cecelia a lot. Recently, he had been driven mad with jealousy as Cecelia had been in constant touch with Trevor.

Also, he felt it was absolutely harmless to take this opportunity to establish a friendship with Garry.

There was disdain in Garry's eyes when he looked at Morse.

Although these students were ready to betray their classmate to please him, he looked down upon them.

"All right, get in the car."

Garry sneered and didn't mind taking Averi and Morse as his temporary henchmen.

They waited at the school gate until Trevor's patrol was over. It was a long wait.

"Mr. Cullen, he's done."

Even though Averi was in high spirits, he suppressed his voice. It was as if a hunter was afraid of scaring away his prey.

Garry immediately jumped out of the Porsche, threw the half-smoked cigarette on the ground, and crushed it with the tip of his shoe as if it was Trevor.

"Come on, let's go!"

He fanned his leopard print shirt and strode towards Trevor with determination in every step.

"Hey, stop! Trevor! Stop!"

Averi and Morse couldn't wait to jump out. They didn't even wait for Garry's orders.

Trevor glanced at them indifferently.

When he was on patrol, Averi and Morse just disappeared. Somehow, he guessed what they were up to.

Garry stopped in front of Trevor and smiled maliciously.

"So, have you finished your patrol? Why don't you come with me to the supercar club?"

Before Trevor could refuse, Garry took another step ahead and grinned ferociously. "You have no more excuses this time."

Averi and Morse also yelled, "You should be honored that Mr. Cullen is inviting you. Trevor, don't be ungrateful!"

Trevor glanced at them and sneered.

Did these guys think that he was afraid of them? Did he make them feel that?

Trevor stared at Garry and said, "All right, let's go!"

And then he calmly walked to the passenger side of the Porsche, opened the door, and sat in.

Since this rich guy wasn't giving up, Trevor decided to teach him a lesson.

Garry sneered inwardly.

At that very moment, a cheerleader was passing by. She saw the entire thing, Trevor being surrounded at the gate and then entering the Porsche. She was shocked.

She went hurriedly to look for Clarissa in the fear that Trevor would be taken hostage.

Averi and Morse also sat in the car. They were excited and boasting about the luxurious interiors of the Porsche.

"Have you seen this, Trevor? The leather seats have a unique feature. Heated seats!"

"Dude, I'm afraid some poor people don't even know the Porsche logo."

Trevor just ignored them and closed his eyes to rest.

He had seen a lot of interiors of luxury cars.

So he didn't really care about the Porsche.

But Averi and Morse's flattery made Garry feel very proud. There was a satisfied smile on his face.

Garry looked at Trevor's closed eyes and thought that Trevor was just a country bumpkin who had not seen the world. He believed Trevor just pretended to rest in order not to get affected by luxury.

Garry snickered and started the Porsche.

He was ready to teach Trevor a lesson as soon as he reached the club!

[Chapter 697 Supercars](#)

The Porsche Trevor was in drove to the suburbs.

As the supercar club was built on an open field, it was conspicuous and impossible to miss.

Tens of luxury cars were parked in rows in front of the club.

Averi and More were stunned at the sight of them.

"Woah. It's a McLaren. The latest one!"

"Look! That one's a GT-R racing car. How amazing it is!"

"There's a Lamborghini as well. No, wait. There are two of them!"

The two guys could not stop shouting the names of the cars outside. They were in awe that they almost stood up from their seats as they gawked at the cars by the entrance of the club.

Trevor looked at them expressionlessly.

The sight of these cars was not new for him. He had seen similar, if not more impressive, sports cars at the racetrack in Jork.

So, unlike these two idiots, he did not feel impressed at all. They might be impressive to ordinary people, but to Trevor, it was nothing.

If Garry parked a battle tank or a bomber, maybe Trevor would feel a little astonished.

But these cars were just luxury cars. It was not worth his attention.

A sneer tugged at the corner of Garry's mouth when he noticed that Trevor was unmoved. He wondered how long Trevor could continue putting in an appearance.

The Porsche drove into the club.

Behind the club was an exclusive racing track for filthy rich men with their favorite sports cars.

As soon as the blue Porsche came to a halt, three supercars came rushing toward them from the distance.

Boom! The roar of the engines was like thunder. The said sports cars then rushed toward the four men

who had just got out of the car.

Averi's and Morse's faces went as white as a sheet, and their legs trembled.

When the cars got near enough, they circled the Porsche as if taunting Trevor.

The tires squealed, and smoke emanated from the burnt tires.

What was more, the engines were heard continuously. Garry must be willing to spend a lot of money just to intimidate Trevor.

Averi and Morse had never seen such a scene, so their legs trembled in fear.

Trevor, however, remained calm and composed. He merely crossed his arms and leaned against the door of the car.

Knowing Garry, these sports cars were nothing but props. They would not dare to hit Trevor in fear of damaging their cars.

This was just a show. There was nothing to worry about.

Meanwhile, Garry fumed in anger when he noticed the stark contrast between his followers and Trevor.

He had planned on giving Trevor a head-on blow and watch him humiliate himself.

However, Trevor did not seem bothered at all, unlike his two lowly followers.

Garry waved his hand with scorn, and the three supercars slowed down and stopped.

The drivers of these cars got out and walked over to Garry.

Trevor raised his eyebrows at them. It seemed that the four of them were discussing how to deal with him. It was obvious from their faces. When they finished talking to each other, they smirked.

Of course, Trevor remained unfazed.

These scumbags were easy to deal with.

While Trevor was eyeing them, his phone suddenly rang. He took it out to see who it was.

It was Clarissa.

Trevor was taken aback when he saw her name on the screen. Why would she call him at this time?

Trevor casually answered the call. "Hey, Clarissa. What's up?"

Clarissa asked anxiously, "My friend saw you being taken to a car. Where are you? Do you want me to call the police for you?"

Trevor looked at the arrogant rich men and chuckled. "I'm fine. I can handle these guys."

"You..." Clarissa was at a loss for words. She could not understand how Trevor could be so calm and confident.

On the other hand, Garry and the other men stared at Trevor with eyes burning with anger.

Nobody had dared to mock them like that.

One of them, who happened to be a short and fat rich man, turned to Garry and asked in a provoking manner, "Mr. Cullen, this brat deserves to be taught a lesson. Why don't we knock him down?"

"You're right. Let's beat him until he begs for mercy," Garry echoed. With that, he let out a roar and threw a punch at Trevor.

The other three followed suit.

Instead of being scared, Trevor laughed at their disorganization.

Before the men's fists could even land on Trevor, the latter slapped them one after another.

The sound of his palm hitting their faces was rather rhythmic.

Garry and his three companions fell to the ground one by one.

As if that was not enough, Trevor lifted Garry with one hand and threw him onto the hood of one of the sports cars.

Garry screamed in pain. The temperature of the metal was scorching hot.

"Help! I'm sorry, okay? I was wrong. I was wrong! I promise this won't happen again. Please let go of me!"

Clarissa, who was on the other end of the line, clearly heard the man's desperate call for help.

"You were the one who asked for trouble." As soon as Trevor said these words, he threw Garry, who was crying like a bitch, on the ground. He then brought his phone to his ear and said to Clarissa, "You heard it. These guys couldn't even touch me."

Clarissa was speechless.

The only sound that could be heard from her end was her heavy breathing.

"Clarissa?" Trevor tentatively asked when no response came from the other end of the line.

"Oh, Trevor. You're so handsome," Clarissa replied dreamily. She could imagine Trevor coming down from heaven and teaching those bad guys a lesson. It was like when he had driven away the hooligans in the past.

Clarissa blushed and clamped her legs as an indescribable desire for him arose in her heart and body. "Trevor, I think I'm falling for you. Tonight at Sheila Hotel—"

"Ahem!"

Trevor choked and hung up the call without letting Clarissa finish her words.

Well, she did not need to say the whole thing for him to know what she was trying to say.

How could Clarissa have the guts to say that anyway?

Trevor glanced at the four rich men sprawled on the ground and grinned. Averi and Morse were so scared they almost peed in their pants.

Without a word, Trevor waved them goodbye and left.

[Chapter 698 Business Trip To Noorsy](#)

The next day, Trevor returned to the university as if nothing had happened.

The campus celebration had ended, and the student union held a meeting to review and summarize the activities and organize the backup of relevant files.

Averi and Morse both kept their heads down during the meeting because of the bruises on their faces. Perhaps they were beaten up by those rich young men who vented their anger on the two of them.

They didn't dare to look at Trevor the entire time and hid in the corner timidly.

Trevor chuckled lightly, not taking them seriously.

But during the meeting, Tasha frequently looked over as if she had something to say.

Trevor pondered for a while. He realized that he had been busy with the student union, organizing the campus activities these days. He hadn't been working for the Byrd Group for some time.

And he guessed it right.

After the meeting, Tasha approached Trevor with two bottles of Coke in her hands.

"There's work again," Tasha said with a smile, handing one bottle to Trevor. "Do you have time to go on a business trip with me? I will go to another city to negotiate about cooperation on behalf of my grandfather."

Trevor took the bottle of Coke and smiled. He deliberately put on a helpless look and said jokingly, "You are really busy. You are the vice president of the student union and the representative of the Byrd Group at the same time."

He unscrewed the cap of the bottle and drank a mouthful of Coke. Then he continued, "And I'm also busy because of you."

Tasha was a little embarrassed. She held Trevor's arm and said coquettishly, "Help me. Do you have the heart to let a weak woman like me go on a business trip alone?"

As she spoke, she winked at him naughtily.

Trevor didn't know whether to laugh or to cry. He raised his hand and put the bottle of Coke on her forehead. Then he replied with a smile, "Okay, no problem."

Tasha touched her forehead. And when she heard his answer, she immediately smiled.

Then she explained in a low voice, "We are going to Noorsy this time. The potential partner I'm going to meet is the Ruiz family. Of course, the Ruiz family is not as powerful as your family. But they are as influential as the Byrd family. Also, they are the largest and wealthiest family in the city. My grandfather and the head of the Ruiz family have been good friends for many years. He actually wanted to go to Noorsy in person. But he had something urgent to deal with, so he asked me to go instead."

Tasha paused for a moment, then said in a serious tone, "Trevor, this cooperation is very important to me, so I must succeed in the negotiation. Perhaps after we reach an agreement, I will be qualified to represent the Byrd family on my own and gain some power over my family. So, I'm not allowed to fail."

Trevor nodded and said seriously, "I understand. I will try my best to help you."

It was only then that Tasha smiled. She unscrewed the cap of the Coke and gulped it down.

This time, Trevor really had to go on a business trip.

Since Noorsy was far from Dreles, he asked for a leave from his teacher. He also asked Bradley to go with him to protect him.

Tasha also attached great importance to this business trip. She even booked first-class tickets for the three of them.

At this moment, Trevor boarded the plane with Bradly and Tasha.

But not long after they entered the first class cabin, Trevor smelled something disgusting.

He frowned and looked behind him.

Then, soon found the source of the strange smell.

There were not many seats in the first class, so he saw a pair of feet high on the seat at a glance.

A pair of Martin boots were scattered under the seat. And the black sock-clad feet were obviously the source of the strange smell.

It was a young man with a diamond stud on his ear.

He held a phone in one hand, and he was half lying in the seat with headphones in his ears.

He looked very relaxed. And he didn't care about other people's feelings at all.

[Chapter 699 The Source Of Stink](#)

The young man with a diamond stud played with his phone as if no one was around.

His feet dangled on the seat in front of him.

He didn't have good breeding at all.

Most people in the first class cabin were wealthy. Many passengers had already complained in a low voice and expressed their dissatisfaction.

They all glared at him.

However, he didn't seem to care. It was as if he was completely isolated from the world since he was wearing headphones.

Trevor frowned and waved to a flight attendant.

He said, "Hi! Please do me a favor. Can you tell that passenger to stop it? What he is doing is giving us a terrible flight experience."

The flight attendant nodded gracefully, walked towards the man, and reminded him in a soft voice, "Sir, please pay attention to travel etiquettes. Can you..."

But before she could finish her words, the young man flew into a rage and shouted, "Who do you think you are? How dare you tell me what to do! This flight is going to Noorsy, and everyone there knows my name. I'm Brodie Moreno. I'm the heir to the Moreno family. Who dares to mess up with me?"

The flight attendant looked embarrassed. She couldn't afford to offend the Moreno family. But the call of duty put her in a dilemma. So she had to bite the bullet and try to persuade the man again. "Sir..."

"Fuck off!" Brodie suddenly picked up a glass of water next to him and poured the cold water on the flight attendant.

"Ahhh!" The flight attendant screamed.

"Don't fucking bother me!" Brodie ordered fiercely.

For a moment, there was pin-drop silence in the cabin.

Just now, many people complained about Brodie's behavior. But after they heard his name, they got a little scared.

The prestige of the Moreno family in Noorsy seemed to frighten the other passengers.

No one wanted to offend Brodie.

Although they still looked displeased, they stopped complaining.

The flight attendant was so aggrieved that she was about to cry. She stood there at a loss, clutching the hem of her wet uniform.

Trevor's frown deepened. Although the others acquiesced in Brodie's uneducated behavior, it didn't mean that he would do so.

Besides, it was he who called the flight attendant to remind Brodie.

Trevor looked at Brodie coldly.

He stood up from his seat, walked up to Brodie, and ordered in a cold voice, "Put your shoes on!"

Brodie was taken aback. Obviously, he didn't expect that Trevor would talk to him in such a way.

He became more furious and shouted, "Who the hell are you? So what if I don't want to put them on? What will you do to me?"

Trevor picked up his glass of cold water expressionlessly and slowly poured it on Brodie's head.

It was his revenge for the flight attendant.

"Fuck you!" Brodie cursed loudly, struggling to stand up.

But with both feet up on the front seat, it was inconvenient for him to quickly stand up.

"Damn! You're dead meat! I will kill you!"

Just when Brodie was about to stand up, Bradly stretched out his hand and pressed his shoulder.

No matter how hard he struggled, Bradly's hand pressed him down firmly.

"Don't you fucking know who I am? You must be courting death!" Brodie roared.

"So what if you're a Moreno? Does the Moreno family matter to us?"

Trevor turned to Bradly and ordered, "Put his stinky shoes up his nose and let him smell them."

Bradly smiled faintly, picked up the shoes under the seat, and pressed them on Brodie's face.

The expression on Brodie's face dramatically changed. Before he could break free, a strong stinky smell came to his nose.

At this moment, he finally realized how stinky his shoes were.

He immediately retched.

[Chapter 700 Invitation For Romantic Rendezvous](#)

Brodie struggled in an effort to get rid of the boots on his face.

He kept gagging so much that tears started to leak out of his eyes.

However, Bradly overpowered Brodie in terms of physical strength.

The more Brodie struggled, the more his face pressed into the smelly boots.

It was not until Brodie was about to faint that Trevor felt satisfied and ordered Bradly to let him go.

The boots fell on Brodie's lap. His reddened face looked almost purple as he gasped for fresh air.

"Just you wait and see! When we arrive in Noorsy, I'm going to teach you both a lesson! You won't even be able to take one step out of the airport!" Brodie shouted after catching his breath.

Because Bradley was tall and strong, Brodie had no guts to act as he liked. He could only threaten them verbally.

"Shut up, you idiot," Trevor scolded him. "If you keep on barking, I don't mind letting you smell the stinky boots again."

When he recalled what he had just went through, Brodie felt nauseous once more and his face paled.

He shut up and quickly put his Martin boots back on.

He didn't dare say anything more, but he gritted his teeth and glared at Trevor's back.

Something vicious flashed in his eyes.

He swore he would make Trevor and Bradley pay when the plane landed in Noorsy.

Contrary to Brodie's terrible mood, the atmosphere in the first-class cabin was relaxing and pleasant.

None of the other passengers had been brave enough to go against Brodie. However, they secretly gave Trevor a thumbs up for what he did. Some even came over to chat with him as if they were friends.

Brodie, the guy who broke the peace and acted immorally, should suffer the consequences of his actions.

The passengers didn't return to their seats until the plane was about to take off.

The airline stewardess, who had been bullied by Brodie earlier, changed into her uniform.

Standing at the entrance to the cabin, she watched Trevor shyly.

He must be loaded to be able to fly first class. On top of that, he was handsome and brave!

Her good impression of Trevor rose.

During the flight, she intentionally switched places with a colleague who was supposed to be in charge of preparing food for the first-class cabin. "Let me do it."

The young and beautiful woman blinked innocently as she handed Trevor his food and beverage.

She took out a pen and wrote down her phone number on the napkin.

When she bent down, she did it in a way that best showed off her sexy curves.

She made sure that her thighs—which were wrapped in silk stockings—were in Trevor's line of sight.

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"Here is my phone number."

She winked at Trevor with an enchanting smile.

"Can I help you with anything else, sir?"

Trevor glanced at the napkin with the phone number scribbled on it and smiled awkwardly.

Such naughty thoughts had not crossed his mind at all. He shook his head and said, "No, thank you."

She smiled and turned around. She assumed that Trevor would contact her after the plane landed.

When she saw the napkin with the phone number on it, Tasha joked, "Wow! Wherever you go, there are women who will offer themselves to you for a romantic rendezvous."

As she spoke, Tasha illustrated the sensual curves of a woman's body with her hands.

"What do you think? Isn't that girl really attractive?" Tasha playfully nudged Trevor with her elbow.

Trevor shook his head and smiled as if he couldn't believe what he was hearing. "What are you talking about?"

Tasha smiled back at him and said nothing.

Actually, when she saw how boldly the airline stewardess tried to seduce Trevor, she felt jealous.

She secretly admired Trevor's side profile and sighed inwardly.

Trevor really was a catch. The more time she spent with him, the more she saw how charming he was.