

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,

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 +90 Points at most

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!"