

## Chapter 501 Outplayed Trinity And Her Crew

After rinsing her hands at the sink, Elliana turned to leave, only to find the restroom door shut at some point. A second later, her sharp ears picked up the faint scuff of sneakers out in the hallway. A trap. Someone was out to get her.

A sly smile tugged at Elliana's lips. Calmly, she climbed onto the counter, slid the window open, and slipped out. With practiced ease, she shimmied down the drainpipe and landed softly by a window along the adjacent corridor. Without missing a beat, she slipped back inside.

The moment her feet touched the floor, she spotted Dylan tiptoeing toward the restroom, clutching a bucket.

The stench hit Elliana at once—foul and unmistakable. It didn't take a genius to piece it all together. Trinity and her crew had planned to drench her in filth the moment she stepped out.

Elliana smirked. If that was what Trinity and her crew wanted to pull off, she'd make sure they got a taste of their own medicine.

Decision made, she pulled a slim needle from her pocket. With a flick of her wrist, it zipped straight into Dylan's back. He froze where he stood.

Elliana's smile deepened. She stepped around him and waved a hand in front of his face. Nothing. His eyes were wide, his limbs stiff. Like a puppet with its strings cut. For the famous doctor Milena, hijacking someone's motor control was child's play.

Satisfied, Elliana reached into Dylan's pocket and pulled out his phone. With ease, she bypassed the lock and found Trinity's contact.

She scrolled through their chat, her face growing colder with each word.

Trinity had texted, "Don't hold back, Dylan. I want you to drench Lilah in that bucket of shit. Once it's done, message us. We'll come running to



take pictures for the school forum. She'll be so humiliated that she'll never show her face at Ublento again! Hey, if you can get some in her mouth, even better. I want to see her choke on it. Maybe she'll do us all a favor and jump off the roof, ha-ha..."

Dylan had replied, "Don't worry. Consider it done!"

Trinity texted back with a sly grin emoji. "Good. Hurry up—we'll be waiting nearby for your good news!"

Elliana's disdain toward the Craig family deepened. For his twisted amusement, Boris had pulled off stunts just to trick a kidney out of a naive woman. For her future with Cole, Wanda had employed assassins to murder an innocent life solely to eliminate any threat. And now Trinity was trying to ruin a girl's life over petty jealousy. The Craig family's genes weren't just bad—they were rotten to the core.

Elliana had already dealt with Boris. Now, it was Trinity's turn.

A cold smirk played on Elliana's lips. Her thumbs moved quickly over Dylan's phone screen to craft a text to Trinity. "Get to the restroom, quick. You're not gonna wanna miss this."

She hit send, deleted the message, slipped the phone back into Dylan's pocket. Then, she pulled the needle from his back. The next second, like a shadow, she disappeared into a nearby empty room.

Dylan blinked, dazed, as if waking from a strange dream. He rubbed his head, shrugged, then hoisted the bucket and continued toward the restroom.

Meanwhile, Trinity and her crew were practically vibrating with anticipation. The moment Dylan's message arrived, they bolted forward, phones in hand, giddy with anticipation. They barged into the restroom—only to find nothing. It was empty.

"What's happening?"

"Where's Lilah?"

"Dylan urged us to come! Hadn't he finished his work?"

Confused glances flew around. Trinity's face darkened, her scowl deepening with every second.



None of them heard the soft click as the door eased shut behind them.

"Check every single stall!" Trinity barked.

Her crew threw each stall door open—nothing. Every one was empty.

Earlier, after Elliana had gone into the restroom, they'd taped an "Out of Order" sign on the door and locked it from the outside, making sure she couldn't get out. They'd planned that once Dylan rigged the bucket above the door, they'd unlock the door. The moment Lilah stepped out—splash—humiliation complete.

Now, though, everything had flipped on its head. Nothing made sense.

Fuming, Trinity yanked out her phone and furiously typed a message to Dylan. "Did you wrap up the job or not? Where's that tramp Lilah?"

She hit send, but her screen remained stubbornly blank. No reply came.

She had no idea Elliana had already intercepted the message, snatching it from the network before it ever reached Dylan.

Impatience twitched at Trinity's brow. She spun around and stormed toward the door, her crew trailing behind, whispering among themselves.

Mindy stayed close, just a step behind Trinity.

"What the hell is Dylan playing at?" Trinity muttered as she flung the restroom door open.

And in that instant, the trap was sprung. The bucket tipped. A flood of foul, brown sludge crashed down. Trinity and Mindy were drenched from head to toe.

The girls behind them reacted a split-second too late and were splattered by the disgusting backslash.

An overpowering stench instantly flooded the small room.

"Ugh!" they gagged in unison.

Earlier, when the bucket of the smelly sludge crashed down, both Trinity and Mindy had instinctively looked up, mouths open in shock. The filth



poured straight in—down their throats, up their noses, coating their faces.

They collapsed, choking and coughing, trying to spit out the vile sludge, but it was too late. The damage had already been done.



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