

Chapter 652 Give In

"Don't look at me!"

Cecelia's face turned bright red as she realized what Trevor was staring at.

She was ashamed and angry. She covered her breasts with her hands and shrieked.

Trevor shrugged helplessly, turning around to show he wasn't looking at her.

It was harder for her to maintain her balance as she attempted to get up in a hurry. She soon fell again with a scream.

Trevor turned around quickly, concern written all over his face. "Cecelia, are you okay?"

The only answer he got was Cecelia's painful sobs.

She seemed to have sprained her left ankle as she covered it with her hand.

She sobbed pitifully, like a princess in distress or a pet cat that had gotten lost.

She could do nothing but sit on the floor and sob helplessly as she was unable to get up by herself.

Cecelia, in an attempt to not seem weak, restrained her sobs. She didn't want to show how vulnerable she was.

Trevor, standing full height over her, could see water flowing into her deep cleavage.

Her hair was wet and her blue wet dress clung to her body tightly, showing all her curves.

Most men would fantasize over it.

Cecelia had done nothing but show hostility towards Trevor, but he was still concerned about her.

"Cecelia, do you need me to take you to the infirmary?"

Cecelia was in excruciating pain because of the sprain in her ankle. Her eyes were red and wet with tears. "Go away! Don't look at me, you pervert!"

Trevor was amused by this. She was too proud to show her weakness.

However, he could understand why she was angry at the moment.

She purposely made difficulties for him, but things didn't work out the way she wanted, as she always ended up making a fool of herself instead.

"Well, I'll leave now," Trevor said as he deliberately walked towards the stairs of the swimming pool, like he was really going to leave. "You can keep an eye on me if I stay here with you. You will know all I do. But if I leave, you'll be all alone. If someone happens to pass by and take indecent pictures of you, I'm afraid that will spell trouble for you."

He turned around and smiled. "Good luck to you."

As expected, Cecelia's face turned pale with fear.

She stopped crying immediately.

Her status as the president of the student union and a prominent member of the university served to uphold both the student union's and the university's dignity.

It would be disastrous for the student union if someone took lewd photos of her and posted them online.

Besides, as a woman, she couldn't bear to see pictures of herself in a mess.

"Wait! Trevor..." Cecelia hesitated. She cried out pitifully as a bout of pain overtook her.

Trevor stopped and turned to look at her.

Cecelia pleaded piteously, "Well... Could you... Could you please take me to the infirmary?"

Seeing Cecelia finally give in brought a smile to Trevor's lips, but he said nothing.


He picked her up easily, as one would pick up a child, and carried her up the stairs of the swimming pool.


Cecelia pursed her lips. She didn't look in the mirror, but she had the impression that her face must be crimson at this point.

Her chest was pressing against Trevor's broad back, and he might even feel the lines of her lace bra.

The thought of this made her almost pass

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out from embarrassment.

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