

Chapter 653 Cecelia's Younger Brother

Trevor could feel the soft skin pressed against his back.

He held Cecelia's thighs, and enjoyed how soft and smooth they were.

Her skin was as smooth as porcelain.

This time, Trevor didn't dare to tease her.

On their way to the infirmary, neither of them spoke.

Trevor could feel the warmth of Cecelia's breathing on his ear.

He could sense the awkwardness and timidity of the beautiful girl on his back.

Once Trevor had brought Cecelia to the infirmary, he was about to register. But then, he heard someone push the door in and shout, "Cecelia! Are you alright? Is this guy bullying you?"

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A student wearing a black cricket cap arrived and ran towards Cecelia.

He pointed at Trevor and shouted, "What the fuck are you looking at, boy? Get the hell out of here or I'm going to knock your teeth in!"

Cecelia used the quilt to cover her wet clothes and hurriedly said, "Henrik, stop."

Then, she turned to Trevor. "Trevor Sanderson, please leave us alone. I just need to talk to my brother."

Trevor shrugged and went to log Cecelia's information.

Inside the infirmary, Henrik fiddled with the brim of his cap and asked, "What happened to you, Cecelia? Did someone harass you?"

He came in here the second he saw Trevor carry Cecelia on his back.

Cecelia touched her swollen ankle and replied, "I accidentally sprained my ankle. It shouldn't be a big problem, but it does feel kind of painful."

Henrik was relieved to hear her say that.

After a moment of contemplation, he creased his eyebrows and asked, "His name is Trevor Sanderson? Is he from the Sanderson family?"

Cecelia nodded.

Henrik pursed his lips, visibly disgusted. "What the hell happened? You shouldn't be hanging around people from the Sanderson family. Nothing good comes out of it!"

Cecelia turned her gaze towards the window and fell silent. Through the glass, she could see Trevor busy with logging information.

"Trevor is the director of the external affairs department. I've arranged a task for him to clean up the swimming pool. He told me that I was taking advantage of my position to enact revenge on him, which I refused to acknowledge. So, I agreed to clean the swimming pool with him. After that, I fell into the pool by accident."

Cecelia was too embarrassed to tell her brother the details.

Furious, Henrik clenched his fists.

The Wright family had a long standing conflict with the Sanderson family, and he himself had a bad impression of them.

Now that he had heard his sister's story, he got even more paranoid. He believed that Trevor deceived his sister into the swimming pool on purpose, leading to her injury.

"Bah! They are all assholes," Henrik grunted.

"You're supposed to clean the swimming

pool, huh? Fine. I'll do it for you!"

Cecelia grabbed her brother's sleeve, wanting to say something. But then, she decided to bite back her words.

She knew full well that Henrik was just saying that he wanted to clean the swimming pool for her, when in fact, he wanted to teach Trevor a lesson.

Cecelia was hesitant to let it happen. After all, she did fall down by accident, and Trevor was the one who brought her to the infirmary.

She'd feel really bad if she let her brother beat him up.

But then, she remembered that Trevor distributed her photos before, and it filled her with anger again.

After debating with herself on this matter, Cecelia said through gritted teeth, "Okay, fine. But take it easy on him!"

In her opinion, her brother was the most proficient fighter among the rich young men.

"Alright," Henrik answered vaguely before

opening the door.

"Hey, Trevor! Let's go clean the swimming pool."

The sound of his loud voice resonated throughout the corridor.

Trevor looked at Henrik in confusion.

Henrik's peaked cap was now in the opposite direction, and he was clenching his fists while walking. Clearly, he had ill intentions in mind.

A sinister smile appeared on his face. He was already thinking of ways how he'd beat the living daylights out of Trevor.

Trevor raised an eyebrow. It seemed as though Cecelia's younger brother wasn't going to let this matter go.


He wasn't afraid of this young man.

Trevor was sure that the one who'd get beaten up was not himself.


A smirk appeared on his lips as he nodded in response.

"Sure. The swimming pool is only half-

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 +90 Points at most

cleaned. Giving up halfway wouldn't be appropriate, would it?"

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