

Chapter 342 Trapped

"Ah!"

Corrie screamed at the top of her lungs as the lights in the equipment room suddenly went off.

Trevor, however, did not panic. He quickly took out his phone, opened the flashlight, and lit the room.

"Don't panic. It's just a blackout. Let's try to open the door first."

He reached out to open the door, but it was locked. He tried to open it with all his strength, but no matter how hard he tried, it did not budge.

The door had an intelligent lock, which relied on electricity. Perhaps it was because of the blackout that it could not be opened.

Trevor was starting to feel a little helpless. How unfortunate he was right now. As if he could not be any unluckier, he was trapped in a pitch-black room with a whiny woman.

But then again, he could not just do nothing. He had better find out a way to get out of here.

He decided to call Bessie. As a basketball coach, she had the key to the door of the equipment room. It should



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Unfortunately, the line was busy at the moment. He called Bessie three more times but to no avail.

Having no choice, he just sent her a message, telling her that he and Corrie were trapped in the equipment room.

Sadly, the only thing that the two of them could do was wait for Bessie to come and rescue them. Trevor could



call someone else for help, but there was no way they could open the door. Only Bessie could.

At this moment, Trevor pulled himself a chair and sat down.

Corrie eventually calmed down upon realizing that she would have to stay there for a while.

With her lips curled into a pout, she cast a disdainful look at Trevor.

"This is the worst day of my life! It would've been nice if I was trapped with Mr. Sanderson, but I was stuck with this loser instead!" she grumbled under her breath.

Although her voice was low, it was still loud enough for Trevor to hear.

Of course, he also had complaints about their current situation.

If only he had a choice, he would rather be with Luisa. Being stuck in a dark room would not have been so bad.

Ding—

While Trevor was lost in thought, his phone suddenly rang.

He looked at the screen to see who it was, and his eyes widened in surprise when he saw that it was a message from Corrie to 'Mr. Sanderson'.

"Mr. Sanderson, I'm trapped in the equipment room of

the school basketball hall with an idiot. I wish you were here instead. I don't want to be with him," the message read.

Just as Trevor was about to type a reply, he suddenly remembered something.

Corrie was in the same room with him.

Slowly, he turned his head to look at her. Just as he had expected, she was staring at him in utter shock.

Corrie blinked and asked with suspicion, "Trevor, what's going on? I just sent Mr. Sanderson a message. Why did your phone ring at the same time?"

'Oh, shit. This is bad,' Trevor thought.

He had turned the message notification ringtone on in order to hear Bessie's reply as soon as it came.

However, he forgot to turn off the social media alert.

Trevor's heart pounded in his chest. In order to hide his identity, he racked his brain to try and think of an excuse.

Fortunately, he was able to come up with one.

"It's just a coincidence. I'm talking with my roommates," he reasoned out.

As Trevor spoke, he switched the account on the social media app without Corrie noticing.

Coincidentally, the chat group of his dormitory was active at the moment. 📍

"My girlfriend asked me out for a vacation during her summer break. It's a bummer. I won't be able to hang out with you guys. What a pity," Aldrin said in the group chat.

"Stop showing off your love life in front of us single guys. Get out of here!" Rob retorted.

Corrie leaned over and peeked at Trevor's screen to confirm if what he was saying was true. All of a sudden, she burst into laughter when she saw the messages. She could not stop laughing at herself at how foolish she was for thinking that Trevor and Mr. Sanderson were the same person.

Trevor also breathed a sigh of relief.

It was not that it was forbidden to reveal his identity to Corrie.

It was that he had no idea how to reject her, especially when she was head over heels for 'Mr. Sanderson'.

Also, considering his friendship with Bessie, Trevor wanted to make use of Mr. Sanderson's identity to make a change in Corrie's bad character.

Even though Trevor was in deep thought, he did not stop typing messages, so Corrie would no longer be suspicious of him.

He took a tumble and learned a lesson. Now, he directly turned off the notification ringtone.

Despite this, he still received her messages to 'Mr. Sanderson'.

Meanwhile, Corrie secretly peeked at Trevor's phone as she sent Mr. Sanderson messages. Although she was convinced that Trevor and Mr. Sanderson could not have been the same person, she was still a little dubious.

But then, Trevor's phone did not ring anymore, and an inexplicable look appeared on her face.

Meanwhile, Trevor was glad he had muted the message. If he did not, he would not have been able to hide his true identity any longer, especially when Corrie had been sending messages one after another.

In all honesty, Trevor wanted to correct her shortcomings. However, she was starting to get on his nerves.

The messages she had sent were mostly complaints about him.

Trevor could not help but sigh in exasperation as he read her complaints to 'Mr. Sanderson' about him. ②

Sadly, he could not reveal his identity, which made Trevor dejected.


Well, Corrie was morose, too, as Mr. Sanderson did not reply to any of her messages.

As she was trapped in a dark room with nothing to do, she decided to vent her anger and frustration on Trevor.



"Trevor, why don't you make yourself useful? You know, knock on the door and try to make someone notice us."



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