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.

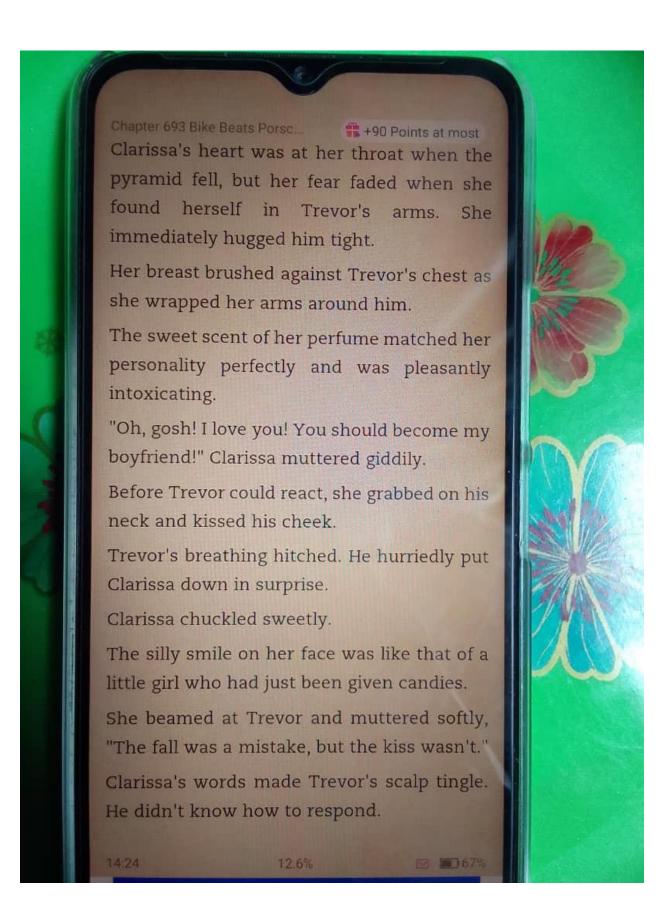
Even before the crowd screamed in alarm, he was already positioned below to catch Clarissa.

"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.





+90 Points at most

"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,

