

## Chapter 824 Mad Dog

The presidential suite on the top floor had the best amenities among all of the rooms in the hotel.

The spacious interior was lavishly decorated. Everything inside was of cutting-edge design and qualities.

Intelligent furniture and branded daily necessities filled the suite.

Trevor walked up to the large floor-to-ceiling windows. When he opened the curtains, the view of the bustling streets of Mordor welcomed his eyes.

It was as if the whole city was at his feet, making him feel dauntless and free.

"Wow, it's breathtaking." Even Cecelia, who came from the Wright family, couldn't help admiring the magnificent view. "I want to move in here."

At her words, Trevor subconsciously glanced at the guest room.

Apart from the living room, the master bedroom, and the study, there was also a guest room in the suite.

Theoretically, Cecelia could move in.

"No, uh... I mean..."

Realizing she had made a slip of tongue, Cecelia immediately covered her mouth and blushed.

"I was just kidding. I'm going to leave now."

She turned on her heel and left the suite in a hurry.

Trevor rubbed his nose awkwardly as he watched her disappear into the elevator.

Shortly after Cecelia left, another visitor came to Trevor's room.

Milo walked into the presidential suite with ease, as if he was used to seeing such extravagance. He took out a stack of documents from his briefcase to show Trevor.

"Mr. Sanderson, this is the hotel's revenue report in the last quarter. Please have a look."

Trevor sat down on the sofa and waved his hand dismissively. "There's no need for that. I only came here to attend the National University Games. I won't meddle with the

management of the hotel. "You're familiar with the city, right? I'm planning to go for a walk. Can you recommend some nice places to visit?"

Milo stood aside and thought about Trevor's question.

"Well, it depends on what you want to see or experience, sir. The city has many nice places. But in terms of good food, our hotel is second to none. If you want to go sightseeing, Mordor Tower would be ideal. We also have the amusement park, which is a good choice for a date..."

After recommending several nice places, Milo added, "I will prepare a detailed itinerary later."

Trevor nodded approvingly. He knew Milo would do an excellent job and could be trusted with these things because he was pretty meticulous with his work. "Okay. I'll visit the tower first. Just give me a call if you need anything from me."

Even after the long trip, Trevor still had a lot of energy to spare.

Seeing the beautiful view from his suite, he

decided to check out Mordor Tower first to see a more lively view of the city.

He refused Milo's offer to drive him since the tower was not that far from the hotel. He could already see it as he stepped outside. While looking around and up the sky-high tower, he walked leisurely down the street.

When he passed a narrow intersection, however, a burst of loud and aggressive barking caught his attention.

"Woof! Woof!"

When Trevor turned to look, he saw a large dog. It seemed to be a crossbreed of Golden Retriever and another breed type. It had a glorious light golden fur, but it looked mad.

There was a red collar on its neck but no traces of a leash attached to it. It must have gotten away from its owner.

"Woof! Woof!"

Trevor looked in the direction of where the dog was barking and saw a group of pupils cowering around each other in fear.

In front of them was a young lady who appeared to be a teacher. Though she was

protecting the pupils, her face was pale with horror.

Trevor strode over and shouted at the dog, "Go away!"

The dog didn't budge. It kept barking madly with saliva sprouting from its mouth.

Trevor glowered and gave a light kick to the dog's butt.

The dog jerked a bit and stopped barking. In fear, it whimpered and ran away with its tail between its legs.

"Are you all right?" Trevor turned around and asked the teacher and the pupils.


"Yes, we're fine. Thank you so much! The dog suddenly blocked our way. It was so scary," the teacher said, feeling very grateful for Trevor's help.

The pupils behind her also thanked Trevor politely.


"No problem," Trevor said and excused himself to them. As he turned to leave, however, he heard a shout behind him.

When he looked over his shoulder, he saw an angry woman walking forward. "Who the hell

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beat up my dog? Step forward, you bastard!"

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