

## Chapter 849 The Blame Game

Afraid of getting a hit between his legs, Reynolds brought his hands together to cover his crotch.

At least his friends had the protective gear on their bodies.

Still, the tennis balls in full swing hit them hard as they wailed more with every hit.

Reynolds could never accept getting hit by a ball and then getting a severe injury.

"Hey! Stop! I said stop!" Reynolds shouted, spooked by the raged tennis balls. "How dare you both attack the players of our school in such a diabolical manner? Don't you fucking know the rules of the competition?"

Even though he was the cause of trouble, Reynolds was brave enough to counter Trevor and Cecelia. He yelled, "I will hold no patience! You're standing in front of me, the top pick. You won't stand another moment

here if you even give me a mere scratch. You will suffer! I will make sure of it. So, I am warning you again. Think!"

Even though Reynolds was flaunting and trying to hinder the bravery of Trevor and Cecelia with his position as the top player, he was hiding the tremble from their fear.

But to his surprise, Cecelia and Trevor smiled at each other.

His threat couldn't rattle their nerves.

They weren't afraid even a bit. Could people from the Sanderson family and the Wright family be afraid of groundless threats?

Most of their hatred was directed toward those who bullied others under the cover of their power.

Plus, it was Reynolds, his friends, and Tatiana who actually initiated the fight.

That made the actions of Trevor and Cecelia pretty justified without making them feel any guilt.

The smirk on their faces and the chuckles that left their lips boiled Reynolds' blood.

"Laugh all you want! Now let the umpire

committee handle you both. You're done now!" Let's see how you can participate in the competition! And how you will explain this to the school."

Slowly trembling to their feet, Reynolds's friends kept their legs tied together with their hands covering their lower bodies.

"Exactly! You will be accountable for this! The members of the umpire committee will arrive for your doom in a minute."

Meanwhile, Reynolds brought his phone, dialed a number, and attached it to his ear.

As the call was picked, his voice was loud.

"Sir, hear me out for a dispute complaint. It's Reynolds Torres talking, the top tennis player in the mixed doubles. I was beaten outside the tennis court today. I need justice!"

As his words finished, the person at the end of the line started talking.

"What? How could they break the rules? I am coming in a minute."

There was a walking distance between the training ground and the stadium.

As the minutes turned with time, a person in

a suit and leather shoes paced towards the tennis court where they were standing.

Trevor watched him as he raised his eyebrows.

It was Lachlan, the person who had already helped Cecelia once before.

A damn good coincidence.

Meanwhile, Lachlan was also confused as he recognized Trevor and Cecelia.

Trevor's background was still a mystery to him, but at least Lachlan remembered that Cecelia was from the Wright family.

It wasn't a family to pick a fight against. Even their hatred was something only the rich could see.

"Yes? What happened?" Lachlan's voice didn't even show the ounce of anger it had on the phone.

He coughed with a nervous look as Reynolds suddenly stood up from his place. A flattering smile crept along his lips before he pointed toward Trevor and Cecelia.

"Sir, these two are also the players of the mixed doubles. They refused to exchange

experience with us. They even beat me and my partner for fear we may win the championship. My friends were trying to mediate, but they started using the tennis ball machine to attack us. They are shameless! They lack sportsmanship!"

With his half-truth and half-lie, Reynolds was satisfied.

He even managed to secretly direct a mocking smirk in Trevor's direction.

He was sure that this time, Trevor and Cecelia were getting their punishment.