Chapter 873 Fall On The Track

The next day, Abelard woke up early in the morning.

It wasn't like he was a morning person; he just had no choice but to complete the wake -up service that the hotel provided for Trevor.

With that thought in mind, he clenched his fists and stopped in front of the presidential suite for a few moments. He took several deep breaths to try and calm himself down.

Once he pulled himself together, he knocked on the door and forced himself to smile and say, "Good morning, Mr. Sanderson. It's currently 8:30 in the morning, and it's quite sunny today. Can I provide you with any other services?"

As soon as Abelard said that, he felt so ashamed that he immediately had the urge to hide in a corner.

What made him even more ashamed was that Trevor slowly opened the door and gave him a faint smile.

"Can you clean the room and put the breakfast on the table?"

At first, Abelard thought Trevor would mock him, but to his surprise, he didn't.

He was touched by Trevor's actions. He even felt like Trevor was much more broad-minded than Lemuel.

Despite that, he still couldn't stop himself from trembling as he pushed the dining cart into the room.

He was worried about the possibility that he might not be able to do his job well. If Trevor were to complain to him, his punishment would be much more severe.

Abelard stood still and acted like a waiter until Trevor finished his breakfast.

After a while, Trevor cleared his throat and wiped his mouth with a tissue.

Abelard's eyes widened for a moment. "Is there something wrong? What can I do for

you, Mr. Sanderson?"

Seeing that Abelard was slightly panicking, Trevor couldn't help but smile.

He patted Abelard's shoulder and said, "Keep working hard. We're going back to school now. Be sure to ask for a leave of absence."

Abelard heaved a sigh of relief before putting on a long face.

If it weren't for Lemuel's idea, he wouldn't have worked here without getting any salary.

At the thought of Lemuel, he instantly had an impulse to beat him up.

While the members of the football team continued to work in the hotel, Trevor and the others finished packing their luggage and got ready to leave.

After they took the train for about eight hours, they finally returned to Dreles.

"We're back!" Clarissa exclaimed excitedly, brimming with energy. When she took a deep breath and took in the air, she smiled. "I still like Dreles better."

In contrast, Cecelia looked pale, and she was staggering on her way out of the train.

"Cecelia, are you okay?" Makenna asked worriedly.

However, Cecelia didn't seem to hear what she said. Instead, she staggered to the other side of the platform, not knowing that the train tracks were there.

"Shit!" Trevor cursed. "Cecelia!"

When they set out from Mordor this morning, Cecelia was a little dizzy, and she wasn't feeling well.

Despite that, she still pretended to be fine.

As soon as she walked to the edge of the train platform, all she saw was pitch black and she fell onto the track.

She instantly felt a sharp pain surge through her body.

Before she knew it, she found herself on the train track.

The moment she felt pain during the fall, her dizziness dissipated. Her eyes widened in

🎁 +90 Points at most

shock when she looked in front of her.

She saw a fast train heading towards her.

Cecelia screamed in pure horror. She couldn't get herself to move a muscle.

"Cecelia!"

"Help! Someone fell onto the track!"

Many people were terrified for Cecelia as they rushed over to her.

However, because of the train that was approaching, the bystanders instinctively backed away.

They feared that once they would act rashly, it'd be likely that more people would die.

"Get out of my way!" Trevor exclaimed, pushing the crowd of people away and jumping onto the track without a moment's hesitation.

"Trevor!" Cecelia shouted, tears welling up in her eyes.

She felt so weak that she could only watch the train getting closer and closer.

At that point, the track was beginning to

shake because of the fast-approaching train.

"Climb up! Quick!" Trevor anxiously shouted as he tried to lift Cecelia.

"I'm not tall enough. I can't reach it! I feel too weak!" Cecelia replied as cold beads of sweat broke out on her forehead.

As soon as Trevor turned around and noticed that the train was getting closer, his heart skipped a beat.

If a person were to be hit by a train, they would be crushed into pieces. He was no exception.

"Hurry up! Sit on my shoulder!" Trevor ordered, forcing himself to calm down at such a critical moment.

Cecelia sobbed. "No, Trevor. Just leave me alone."

"Shut up! Do as I say! Hurry up!" Trevor roared at Cecelia for the first time.

Having no other choice, Cecelia nodded and obeyed him.

As soon as she climbed on his back and sat

🎁 +90 Points at most

on his shoulders, Trevor extended his hand to support her waist and stood up.

Fortunately, the people at the edge of the platform managed to pull Cecelia back on the platform.

When Trevor glanced at the train again, he clenched his jaw. The train was now close at hand.