

Chapter 903 Pick It Up Yourself

Trevor squinted his eyes slightly and looked at the resentful woman not far away.

He rummaged through his memory to recall her name. Then he remembered she was Annot.

Back then, there was a long-haired Taekwondo master at school named Marcel, and Annot was his girlfriend.

But from the looks of it, she had a new boyfriend now.

Trevor turned and looked at her boyfriend. Suddenly, he couldn't help laughing out loud.

He also knew this man.

The man was Flint of the Olson family. Clifton had beaten him up outside Honeymoon Cafe a few days ago.

Near them, Trevor also saw Zeke swinging the golf club.

Those abusive words should have come from these two people.

They looked at Trevor with eyes full of hatred. It was as if they were going to swallow him alive.

"Do you know him?" Flint asked his new girlfriend. He also noticed the strange expression on her face.

Annot's face twisted as she was reminded of the bad memory. She gritted her teeth and said, "This bastard insulted me back then."

She discredited Trevor without thinking, wanting Flint to avenge her.

Since she witnessed how Trevor beat Marcel up, she believed knowing how to fight was not a big deal.

In this day and age, money was the real power. She tried her best to seduce Flint, hoping to take this opportunity to enter the upper-class circle.

Flint also glared at Trevor. He was angry, but when he spoke up, there was a trace of fear in his voice. "I also don't like him. But he knows Cecelia. And he also has some connections with the leader of a local gang, Clifton. I'm afraid he is not easy to deal with."

A thought flashed through Annot's mind. She urged him, "Don't worry. I've already investigated him. His name is Trevor, and he is just a student at Bella University. He works with Cecelia in the student union, so they know each other. As for that gang leader, he is not here. Trevor is alone now. There is nothing to worry about. He is just an ordinary student, and I heard he has to work part-time in a company to support his studies."

When Flint heard this, his eyes lit up at once. He immediately called out, "Zeke! That loser appears again. It's our chance to take revenge."

Zeke, who was playing golf, gnashed his teeth when he heard Flint's shout.

He hated Trevor so much at the thought of how Clifton and his men tortured him.

Zeke and Flint soon came up with an idea, and they immediately walked towards Trevor with Annot.

"Hey, brat! We meet again," Zeke said in a voice full of malice. With a golf club on his shoulder, he seemed ready to attack anytime.

Flint looked at Trevor up and down and asked,

"You look so poor. Are you here to work part-time as a caddie?"

Annot covered her mouth and snickered. "Yes, that's right. This poor guy is only qualified to enter a high-end golf course like this as a part-timer."

A strange look crept across Trevor's face.

The entire golf course was his father property. How could it be difficult for him to enter?

However, Flint interpreted Trevor's expression as an embarrassment. He immediately laughed out loud and mocked, "Be clear about your identity. Don't think you can be arrogant just because you know some gangsters. Without Cecelia Wright backing you up, you are nothing.

Then he wrapped his arm around Annot's waist and said, "Come on, let's play golf. This caddie can pick up the balls for us."

With an enchanting smile, Annot took out a golf ball and put it on the grass. Then she hit it with a golf club, and the white ball slid down the grass slope.

"Hey, what are you standing there? Go pick up the ball," Zeke shouted. He took out another

ball, and he already had a plan in his mind. The moment Trevor went to pick up the ball, he hit Trevor with another ball.

Even if he couldn't hit Trevor, at least he could frighten him.

Zeke and Flint looked at each other and grinned hideously.

"You want me to pick up the ball?" Trevor sneered. Did he ever say he was a caddie?

The members of the Olson family didn't seem to be very smart.

Trevor stood with arms akimbo and looked at the two arrogant men.

Before they could react, he kicked Zeke's butt and smiled.

"If you want to pick it up, do it yourself."

"Ahhh!"

Zeke was caught off guard. He lost his balance and rolled down the slope. Although he was not hurt, his white shirt was stained with green grass juice, looking messy and dirty.

At the foot of the slope, he shouted angrily, "You bastard! I will kill you!"