

Chapter 669 Who Is That Weirdo

The two guys looked like scared little puppies, cowering in fright and whining.

They kept stepping back and threatening Trevor and the others.

"You... Stop! Don't come close!"

Gone was their arrogance. The looks on their faces were nothing but panic and helplessness.

Trey and the others exchanged mischievous glances a few times, looking thrilled and menacing. They approached a little faster with the buckets of paint in their hands.

The two guys took a few steps back hurriedly, but they could never escape.

Looking at the silly scene, Emmeline pursed her lips to hold back her laughter.

The image of the two guys naked and covered with paint made her turn away shyly.

It was a sight she didn't want to see.

Trevor also had a menacing smile on his face as he approached the two slowly.

The two stumbled to their feet and screamed.

At that moment, they only had one person in mind to ask for help. They took out their phones and frantically dialed their friend's number.

They took turns dialing, anxiously waiting for whose call would be picked up.

Trevor let them cower in a corner to make the call and simply followed them.

The look on his face, however, was full of menace. The two were more scared out of their wits.

Rowe was almost losing his mind. He pressed hard on his phone and dialed the number crazily as if he was rubbing out flames.

Fortunately, his call connected after a few attempts.

He almost leapt in joy, feeling as if God had blessed him and he had grasped the final life

-saving straw!

"Hello? Help us, please!" Rowe turned the speaker on unhesitatingly and started asking for help. "We've messed with a scoundrel in your school! He said we'd have to run around campus covered with nothing but body paint! We just saw someone who did, and we can't do such a silly thing! Please, you have to come and save us!"

The person on the line didn't respond, but the call itself had already given the two some courage.

Their arrogance showed up again.

"You punk, stop pretending like you're some superior! Our friend already knows what happened here. If you dare touch us, he will call someone to break your limbs later!" Rowe exclaimed.

"That's right! I didn't expect you could actually threaten someone into doing such a humiliating thing!" the other guy said.

"Well, that person must be a weirdo to actually agree on running naked on campus,"

Rowe snorted.

The labored breaths of the person on the other line could be heard from the speaker phone. After a while, the person spoke. "What did you say? You think he is a weirdo?"

The person's tone was tinged with rage.

Upon hearing the voice on the other line, Trevor raised an eyebrow. It seemed quite familiar to him.

Oh, wait. It sounded a lot like Henrik's voice. He had just taught Henrik a lesson earlier and recalled his voice well.

A grin escaped Trevor's lips.

No wonder the voice was oddly familiar.

It turned out this so-called friend was Henrik. Little did the poor guys know their friend and the man they called a weirdo was the same person.

Trevor tried hard to hold back his laughter and then turned around and shrugged his shoulders.

That explained why it took a while before

Henrik answered. He was pretty preoccupied with his own mess earlier.

"Where are you now?"

Henrik asked in gritted teeth.

It was already embarrassing to run around campus with nothing but paint all over his body, but he was drawing more attention because of the non-stop ringing of his phone.

He had no choice but to pick up the phone, only to find out that the two called for absolute nonsense. What was more, they called him a weirdo!

After knowing the location of the two idiots, Henrik told them to stay where they were.

"Don't go anywhere and wait for me!"

The other line went off after that.

Rowe didn't have any idea he had offended Henrik. He was smiling from ear to ear.

"Boy, did you hear that? My friend is on his way to deal with all of you!"

He arrogantly swung a fist, his fear subsiding. Trevor just looked at him with a mischievous

look on his face.

He wondered how Henrik would deal with these two idiots.

About a minute later, Henrik appeared in the woods covered in colorful paint, glaring at the two.

The other guy was startled by his gaze and asked hurriedly, "Rowe! Where is our friend? Why isn't he coming yet? Why is this weirdo here instead of him?"

"I don't know! Hey, weirdo! What are you looking at, huh?"

Rowe didn't recognize Henrik with all the paint, but he felt a little afraid of the weirdo he thought the man was.

He took out his phone and called Henrik again.

Suddenly, a loud ringing came in the direction of where the weirdo stood.

To be exact, it came from the pocket of Henrik's underwear, the only clothing he wore under all the paint.

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+90 Points at most

Rowe and the other guy froze, their brows creased. Finally, something clicked. They gulped hard as the color drained from their faces.

This time, they were absolutely doomed!