

Chapter 670 Stalking

That day, something strange happened in Bella University.

Three people running in their underwear. They were covered in paint from their heads to their toes.

Henrik was among them, feeling at ease.

The presence of his two companions made him feel less embarrassed.

But the other two drowned much more in shame than he did.

They were badly bruised from the whacking, limping as they ran.

Luckily, the paint covered their injuries, making them less noticeable.

This time, it wasn't Trevor's doing. They both became subject to Henrik's wrath.

They were even covered in paint at his mercy. Rowe and the other man prayed when Henrik

poured paint on them.

"Apply more on my face. I don't want to be recognized."

It was a laughable sight for everyone.

Watching that, Emmeline pouted, ready to stop Henrik from being so brutal.

But then, before she could speak, a sudden burst of crisp laughter left her lips.

That day, she was pleased. She invited Trevor and his friends over to a restaurant for lunch.

Everyone started getting to know Emmeline, showing friendlier terms towards her after that event. It was a relaxing day.

They were all talking while eating their lunch when, out of the corner of her eye, Emmeline noticed a figure outside the window. What caught her eye hitched her breath.

Her reaction was so obvious that Trevor had to follow her gaze to find out what happened.

It was a young man. Rafael, Emmeline's ex-boyfriend.

Last time, he drugged Emmeline and tried to rape her. Fortunately, Trevor knocked his senses back into his skull.

Remembering those events, Trevor knitted his brows, revolted by Rafael's presence there.

"Why are you here, Rafael?" Emmeline asked with a frown. She was filled with indifference towards Rafael. Her expression stayed cold as he walked toward her.

His hands were behind his back as Rafael approached his ex-girlfriend. Then, he brought a large bouquet of roses from behind and confessed in a loud voice, "Forgive me, Emmeline. I know I made a mistake. I tried to keep myself together, but my thoughts have proved that I still madly love you. I desire your forgiveness, Emmeline. Please, give me another chance to make things right."

Trevor felt disgusted by Rafael's shamelessness.

Rafael didn't commit a small mistake when he kidnapped Emmeline after poisoning her. Now, how could he even dare to think of

begging for forgiveness?

Noticing Trevor's piercing gaze on him, Rafael turned his head to meet his eyes.

There was a flick of fright in Rafael's eyes as he saw the person who almost beat him to a pulp.

But the terror disappeared as soon as it came.

They were in a fine restaurant. Also, there were too many people for Trevor to get his hands on Rafael again.

Rafael even dared to scoff at Trevor at that time.

Glaring at Rafael, Emmeline used a harsh tone as she said, "You have gone way past the limit to even consider getting forgiveness from me. We don't have a chance again. Do you think what you did can be requested to be forgiven? There is no freaking way for me to absolve you. And how did you find me? Are you, by any chance, following me? How shameful, Rafael!"

Rafael pulled a long face, but soon, he brought an affectionate smile to his lips. "I

swear that you're my only love, Emmeline. Forgive me, please! Let me prove myself. Let me prove my sincerity to you. Look, I especially brought you 77 Juliet roses. I hope you like them."

Rafael slowly pushed the bouquet in her direction.

Water droplets sparkled on the gentle petals of the roses as their beauty increased the visual influence of the apology.

People around them chattered. They were more eager to forgive Rafael at the sight of roses. To them, his behavior seemed cute and lovely.


"Wow. Those roses are a style of romance, trust me!"

"He is so sincere. Giving such a handsome man another chance won't hurt her, you know."

"Exactly. Juliet roses are extremely expensive. This apology shouldn't be overlooked."

Rafael hardly hid the smirk appearing on his face as he listened to the opinion of others in

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 +90 Points at most

his favor.

Trevor's gaze landed on the so-called Juliet rose Rafael had in his hands.

He raised his eyebrows as his face lit up with wry amusement.