

Chapter 805 Excellent Physical Quality

Trevor never played tennis before?

Graysen almost burst into laughter when he heard what Trevor said.

As the tennis club's director, Graysen was good at playing tennis. Since he was a child, he had been an achiever, winning trophies and medals left and right.

In the game of tennis, Graysen was confident that he could beat Trevor.

Thinking about his upcoming victory, a shadow of a smile escaped his lips.

With his racket in hand, Trevor stood in the tennis court, trying to mimic the player's posture he had seen on television.

Graysen scoffed at the sight of this. "You can't even hold the racket right. Let's see how well you're going to play later!"

He rocked his tennis racket back and forth with his hands as he flashed Trevor an evil smile.

Suddenly, Graysen came up with the idea of making Trevor run around the court trying to catch the ball like a complete fool.

"Come on!"

Graysen made it sound like he was trying to remind Trevor when in reality, he intentionally made a quick serve.

The angle of his shot was quite complicated.

Trevor's eyes narrowed. He had anticipated that Graysen would make things difficult for him.

But because Trevor had been working out, his endurance and agility were quite exceptional.

Hastily, Trevor chased after the ball and successfully caught it.

It was his first time playing tennis. He failed to assess the pressure and speed of the ball against the racket.

From the other side of the court, Graysen couldn't help but laugh.

He caught the ball easily.

With all the strength he had, Graysen swung his tennis racket. He thought Trevor could not take it this time.

Trevor had to run from one end of the court to

the other. The ball moved at a ridiculously fast pace.

Graysen was certain that Trevor would miss it. To everyone's surprise, Trevor was quick on his feet.

He grinned as his feet traversed the court like a swift whirlwind. Finally, he was able to catch the ball.

Doing so was almost impossible but he made it happen.

Graysen's eyes widened in disbelief. He found it hard to believe just how fit Trevor was.

Now that Trevor had established a sense of familiarity with how the ball bounced and how to maneuver the racket, he hit the ball with all the strength he had.

The ball shot through the air at the speed of light.

"No! Damn it!"

Graysen was in such a daze that he did not notice the ball going past him.

This time, he failed to catch the ball. It was a point for Trevor.

"Good job!"

"Trevor! You're awesome!"

The cheerleaders screamed all sorts of motivating words, encouraging Trevor.

Under Clarissa's leadership, they were able to have a short rehearsal.

The fact that Graysen failed to catch the ball upset him greatly. To make matters worse, he heard Clarissa cheer for Trevor.

He shot Trevor a deadly stare. After picking up the ball, he fixed his posture, making him look even more professional.

This was not lost in Trevor's eyes. He knew that Graysen was going to play seriously now.

As expected, Graysen's serves were faster and more violent this time around.

The ball endlessly flew through the air from either side of the court.

In the beginning, Trevor seemed to be at a disadvantage. However, after a couple of rounds, the two of them had their fair share of wins and losses.

Graysen used everything he knew about tennis to give Trevor a hard time.

However, Trevor had a fit physique.

The look on Graysen's face grew darker by the minute. As the moments passed, he became more anxious.

Seeing that Trevor seemed to have grown to be familiar with the game, Graysen felt pressured.

He did not want to admit that Trevor made good progress in such a short amount of time.

The sweat dripping all over Trevor's body was reflected by the light of the scorching sun, making it look as if he was shining.

All of the cheerleaders were frantically screaming. Even Makenna, who had always been shy, was blushing. Her eyes drifted to Trevor in his shirt seeping with sweat. She could see his perfectly toned body through his damp top.

Clarissa, on the other hand, was bolder.

While the two men were on their break, she walked up to Trevor and offered him some water as she gingerly wiped the sweat off of his forehead.

When Graysen caught a glimpse of this, he felt infuriated. There was nothing else he could do but wipe his own sweat in anger.

Now that Trevor finally knew how to play the game, it was Graysen who had to run around the court to catch the ball.

If things went on this way, Graysen, the tennis club's very own director, would lose the game.

With that in mind, Graysen tried to figure out a way to deal with Trevor.

He refused to be defeated by a novice.