

Chapter 523 Smashed The Car

A black sports car made an abrupt stop less than half a meter behind Trevor.

Trevor was taken aback, despite his usual calm demeanor.

A cloud of dark smoke from the car exhaust floated in the air, enough to soil his clothes a little.

Trevor's face darkened, looking at the young man in the sports car.

But the man ignored his glare and just sneered.

After scaring Trevor off with his sports car, the man ran toward Tasha with a wide smile.

"What a coincidence to see you here, Tasha! Are you going back to your dormitory? Hop in my car. I'll drive you home."

Tasha only looked at him coldly and exclaimed at his face in a fit of pique.

"I've already told you we couldn't be together,

Grady!"

Grady Haywood's face flushed with embarrassment and rage as soon as Tasha's echoing voice faded.

Indignant, he reached out to grab Tasha, but his hand was pushed away before he could do so.

Slap!

With a crisp sound, Trevor slapped Grady's out-stretched hand.

"Hey, don't you see that Tasha doesn't want to talk to you?"

Trevor narrowed his eyes to slits at Grady.

He didn't feel like treating this guy nicely since he wasn't Tasha's friend. Plus, the jerk obnoxiously showed off his expensive car earlier, which irritated him to the core.

Grady was equally worked up. Tasha rejected him again, and Trevor was testing his temper even more by intervening.

"Who the hell are you? What makes you think you can meddle with me? Fuck off!"

Trevor arched a sardonic brow. Grady's words were his last straw at restraining his

annoyance.

"And who are you? A crazy beast going around to find something to chew or bite on?"

Losing his cool, Grady pushed Trevor and glared at him.

"Get lost! If I see you near Tasha again, I'll make sure my car runs you over next time!

Your cheap life is nothing to me, you asshole!

"

Grady's snarly threat was only met with a resounding slap.

Trevor didn't hesitate to hit him in the face, reddening his left cheek abruptly. Before he could recover, another slap landed on his other cheek.

"That's a buy one, get one free! Such a bargain, right?"

A cold sneer appeared across Trevor's face.

He grabbed Grady by his collar, forced him to bend down, and gave him a knee-kick!

With just a few hits, Grady squirmed in pain.

Both sides of his face were swollen from the slap, while his abdomen felt like it was

smashed with a sack of rice, making his voice crack a little when he snarled.

"You prick!"

Trevor glared at him with hostility, his aura becoming ominous.

"What? Do you want to get slapped some more?"

Terrified, Grady staggered a few steps back, making him slip and fell on his feet again.

"That's enough, Trevor. You don't have to beat the crap out of him."

Tasha grabbed Trevor to stop him from getting carried away by his anger. Although she knew Grady was no match for him, this problem wasn't his to settle. It was her who should deal with it.

Grady's jaw clenched, obviously unappeased.

He rushed to his sports car when Trevor wasn't looking at him.

"You're gonna be a dead meat, you bastard!"

But before he could run away, Trevor grabbed him forcefully.

It seemed like Grady hadn't learned his

lesson after being beaten. He needed to be told off in a more demonstrative way.

Spotting a baseball bat inside the sports car, Trevor picked it up.

As he waved it twice, the corners of his lips curved up into a menacing grin.

"What do you think you're doing?"

Grady looked wide-eyed at Trevor and the baseball bat in his hands. He knew he was no match for the latter when he beat him up with his bare hands earlier. How much more now with the baseball bat?

Just the thought of being hit by the bat made him shudder.

However, Trevor pointed it at the sports car, his smile growing even more menacing.

Grady wanted to run him over with this junk of a sports car and kill him, didn't he?

Then he would smash it with the bat and see what the idiot would do!

Trevor wasted no time and swung the bat with much force.

Bang!

The windshield exploded with just one hit. The broken glasses spattered down on the driver's seat, and the headlights flashed rapidly.

But Trevor wasn't finished yet. He went over to bust the easiest parts to break—the front and back lights, the door, and then the hood.

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