

## Chapter 465 Betrayal

"Ouch! Ouch!"

Newell cried out in pain in the corner, covered with a sack. The blows of the wooden sticks kept falling like rain.

Watching the chaotic scene, Noemi was completely stunned. She couldn't believe what she was seeing.

The rich young men that Newell had invited to help were getting more and more brutal.

Noemi wanted to ask them, "Why are you so intense?" <sup>1</sup>

Looking at Noemi with a faint smile, Trevor nudged her and said, "Well, how long do you plan on holding me like this?"

It was not until then that Noemi realized what she had been doing. She staggered backward and screamed, "What the hell are you doing? You're hitting the wrong guy! You should be hitting Trevor!"

nudged her and said, "Well, how long do you plan on holding me like this?"

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Her piercing voice made the men stop for a while and look at each other.

But then they started beating Newell even harder.

Kody, with a big belly, glanced at Trevor fawningly and shot back at Noemi, "What do you mean we're beating the wrong person? This idiot, Newell, is the one we should beat! How dare you provoke Mr. Sanderson again, you pig?! Don't you know that he can easily ruin Astley Medicine if he wanted?"

The other young men beside Kody nodded to show their approval.

They acted in unison as if they were just one person.

Hearing these words, Noemi swallowed hard.



She looked at Trevor up and down, and her face became paler and paler by the minute.

A chill ran down her spine as she hurriedly tried to connect the dots. Mr. Sanderson must really be a powerful, influential person based on what they said to her. ①

If she went up against him, she would surely meet her end.

After a while, Newell finally struggled to poke his head out of the sack and cried out, "Noemi, go and find Harrell now! Be quick about it! I'm going to kill that bastard Trevor!"

He had talked to Harrell before, and now it seemed that he was his only chance left to get out of this mess.

However, Noemi's legs seemed nailed to the ground. She froze, unable to move amid the chaos.

After hesitating for a while, she suddenly raised her hand timidly and said, "Mr. Sanderson, I want to be a witness! I want to join you and expose the true nature of that psycho, Newell." ①

The original plan was for them to throw Trevor in the ladies' room and take pictures of him.

They would then call Harrell in to be a witness. Noemi's role was to accuse Trevor of being a pervert who wanted to do something sinister to her.

Unfortunately, the whole thing backfired, and it now worked in reverse.

Newell was the one thrown into the ladies' room instead.

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Newell had his pictures taken, looking completely flustered.

It was such a disaster for him.

Harrell, who had been in contact with Newell, heard the noise and came over to look at what was happening.

"Mr. Astley, you... What are you doing?"

Harrell peered into the ladies' room and saw Newell panting on the floor.

He remembered that Newell had told him



there was something very interesting going on there.

Before it all went down, Newell had strongly urged him to come and have a look.

What Harrell saw was something he had not expected at all. He saw that Newell was the one behind it all.

Before he could ask Trevor and others about what happened, Noemi went to him and cried out, "Harrell, Newell is a freak! He followed me to the ladies' room. He wanted to rape me!"

Now Harrell was even more confused. After all, Noemi and Newell were supposed to be a couple.

However, Noemi's exaggerated acting skill and the testimony of Trevor and the others proved that Newell was really a pervert.

Newell felt like crying but no tears came out. He didn't understand why the people he had enlisted to help suddenly turned against him.

All the evil ideas he had concocted had backfired on him.

If only his friend, the one who came up with the idea, could come to his rescue.

Newell narrowed his eyes as he looked at Trevor.

He then turned his gaze to Bradly, who was standing beside him.

When he finally realized what was up, his eyes almost popped out.

"Trevor, you were the guy wearing a peaked cap that day, weren't you?"

"You aren't so stupid after all."

With a faint smile, Trevor browsed the photos of Newell that he had just taken and teased him.

"Newell, you don't want your father to see your strange behavior, do you?"

Newell trembled with fear when he heard Trevor's threat.

If his father saw those photos of him in the ladies' room, he would surely disown him.

At the moment, it looked as if all of Newell's willpower was sapped all of a sudden. With

tears and snot on his face, he begged Trevor, "Mr. Sanderson, I was wrong, I admit it! I shouldn't have set you up. Please let me go. I'm willing to do anything!"

Raising his eyebrows, Trevor smiled and said, "Okay, if that's what you want. If you can do the things you had planned for me, I won't send the photos to your father."

"As planned..."

When Newell finally remembered what he had planned, he trembled and panicked. "Mr. Sanderson, please. I can clean the toilet, but licking it..."

While speaking, Trevor picked up his phone, pretending to send the photos.

Newell was completely desperate.


It was rare for him to come up with those vicious tricks, but in the end, he was the one who had to bear all the consequences.

His face almost twisted in pain when he glanced at the toilet in the cubicle.

In the end, he had to take the risk. There was no other option.



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He rushed over and held the toilet. Closing his eyes, he stuck out his tongue and moved closer.

EW!

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