

## Blessed 130

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"How dare someone as poor as him come to the high-end club?"

Due to the voices, several waitresses nearby also gathered around Trevor and they all looked at his ordinary clothes with a look of disdain on their faces.

Because of the support from the girls, Sylvia became more and more confident. Wrinkling her nose in disgust, she said, "This is a student from our school, who is a lucky loser. Just because he won a lottery and earned more than one hundred thousand dollars, he thought he could become a member of the upper class. I came here by riding the taxi that he drives."

One of the sexy ladies looked at Trevor and said coldly, "So, you are a taxi driver. Get out of here now."

Seeing the reactions from the girls, Sylvia was pleased. The truth was she just wanted to get back at him for treating her coldly at the gate of the school last time.

Well, right now seemed as a good opportunity.

With her hands akimbo, Sylvia pointed her finger at Trevor and snapped at him, "Don't you understand? Get out of here! The owner of this club is one of the ten richest young men in Jork. It costs a total of five hundred million dollars. The people who come here are all rich men from the wealthy families!"

Shrugging his shoulders Trevor said helplessly, "Brock is the one who invited me to come here."

At that time, in the lounge beside the hall, a young man who had yellow hair, a nose ring and earrings, was sleeping on the sofa with a magazine on his face.

He was woken up by the sound of the quarrel. When it got louder, he became angry.

Not being able to control his anger anymore, he threw the magazine away. When he saw that it was a poor guy, in ordinary clothes, who woke him up, he became even more furious.

Walking towards them angrily, he stared at Trevor and said coldly, "You bastard, who do you think you are? You not only woke me up from my wonderful dream, but also called Mr. Ramos' name casually."

Once Sylvia saw the young man, her eyes lit up. It was none other than Clint Loftus. She immediately greeted him in a warm voice, "Oh my god! Hi, Clint! I didn't know you'd be here today."

Holding Clint's arm, Sylvia continued, "You see, this Trevor is so annoying. Although we only dated for a few days, he followed me here to pester me. You have to help me punish him!"

Smirking, Clint looked down at Sylvia and said, "Don't worry about him, Sylvia. I don't like seeing this

kind of poor guy either. I'll definitely teach him a lesson."

Then, he looked at Trevor with contempt and mocked, "You bastard, don't you know whose territory it is? You dare to come here and make trouble?"

Without backing down, Trevor said, "You believe whatever Sylvia says without trying to figure out the truth? If so, I think you are so stupid like a pig."

At this point, Trevor was feeling a little morose. If it weren't for Brock's invitation, he wouldn't have come here in the first place.

Obviously, the way Sylvia was acting showed that she came to this club just to hook up with the rich men.

Actually, he thought that she was here for a part-time job.

Thinking about it, Trevor couldn't help but feel disappointed. Shaking his head, he thought, 'What did I even expect of her?'

The way Trevor mocked him made Clint even more furious than before.

Gritting his teeth, he shouted, "Poor guy, you are courting for death! Now, I'm giving you two choices. It's either you crawl on your hands and knees toward the door to get out of here or wait for the security guards to break your two legs and throw you out of here!"

Of course, in Clint's eyes, Trevor was just a poor student and had no strength to fight against him.

Since Clint kept insulting and provoking him again and again, Trevor shouted angrily, "I won't choose either. If you dare to fight me, I hope you don't regret it later!"

Clint chuckled dryly and said, "Are you kidding me? Why should I ever regret for beating the shit out of you, poor guy? Well, you are the one who chose this, so don't blame me for being rude to you!"

Looking around, Clint continued, "Where are the security guards? There's a poor loser here. All of you come over here and throw him out right now!"

However, before he could say more, someone slapped him hard across the face.

All of a sudden, a domineering voice sounded, "Clint, how dare you offend Mr. Sanderson like that?"