

Blessed 132

[Chapter 132 Sylvia's Regre](#)

Brock, who ran downstairs in a hurry, completely ignored what Clint was doing. He punched Clint hard right in the jaw. Clint could only put his hand over the broken jaw and groan in pain.

Then, Brock cast a cold glance at Sylvia. If he had been used to hurting women, he would have slapped her at least twice already.

After that, Brock looked at Trevor in panic, bowed to him, and apologized, "I'm so sorry, Mr. Sanderson. I shouldn't have let you be humiliated in my place."

Trevor replied unhappily, "Well, your people said that I was going to make trouble here."

Hearing that, Brock quickly bent down even lower. "I'm sorry, Mr. Sanderson! If you'd like to come here every day to smash several bottles and break several tables for fun, it wouldn't be a problem. In fact, it'd be my honor to have you here."

Brock was being so submissive to Trevor that everyone present could not believe what they were witnessing.

Clint had stopped shouting and started massaging his broken jaw with his hand. He was so scared that he trembled all over.

At the moment, all he could think about was the huge mistake that he had made.

He looked at Sylvia with burning, resentful eyes.

Sylvia was so frightened that she slumped on the ground like a rag doll.

Recalling how she threw away her relationship with Trevor, she wanted to grab on to her own hair and start pulling, but she neither moved a muscle nor made any noise.

How stupid she was! She had a chance to be with a super-rich man, and she sent it flying out the window.

If she had not, she would be standing beside Trevor now and watching Brock practically bend his knee before him.

Sylvia wondered just how wealthy and powerful Trevor really was.

Did his family have ten billion dollars in assets? One hundred billion? Or one trillion?

No matter how much Trevor and his family were worth, Sylvia definitely did not doubt him anymore.

More than anything, she regretted being a terrible girlfriend to him.

Unfortunately, it was too late.

"I will deal with these two people for you, Mr. Sanderson. Where are the security guards? Throw these two out through the back door!"

Brock did not give Clint and Sylvia too much time to think about what they had done. He directly ordered his men to dump them out back like garbage.

Several security guards rushed over and were about to take Clint and Sylvia away, but Sylvia just stayed on the ground and did not want to move.

She struggled against Brock's men who tried to touch her. She flailed and kicked around and screamed.

"Don't touch me! Don't you know who I am? I'm Mr. Sanderson's girlfriend!"

Her words stunned the security guards so much that they stopped in their tracks and looked at Trevor with hesitation.

"We broke up a long time ago. We have nothing to do with each other now."

Trevor could not help shaking his head. It really amazed him how far Sylvia could take her shamelessness.

However, considering their past relationship, he sighed and said, "You know what, forget it. There's no need to punish them. Just get them out of my sight."

Clint, of course, expressed his gratitude and immediately ran away.

However, Sylvia was not satisfied with how the situation turned out. Her ex-boyfriend, who she cheated on and abandoned, was her ultimate dream man.

He was richer than all the rich men she had ever dated.

'No. I can't let him slip through my fingers this time. This is my chance to marry the man of my dreams.'

Unwilling to give up, Sylvia knelt down and started begging. "I'm so sorry, Trevor. I was stupid for hurting you and dumping you. I will do anything for you now, even if it means I only get to be your mistress."

Hearing her words, Trevor had mixed feelings.

He was once head-over-heels in love with Sylvia and thought that she was going to be the woman with whom he was going to spend the rest of his life.

He had done everything to make her happy, but in return, all he had gotten was humiliation and pain.

If he felt anything at all for Sylvia now, it was only indifference.

He said coldly, "No, thanks, Sylvia. I don't think I'll ever date you again."

Then, he turned around and went upstairs without looking back.

Stunned into complete silence, Sylvia watched as Trevor walked away. The back of her eyes started burning, and soon, bitter tears streamed down her face.

She stared blankly at his receding figure as the determination and apathy in his voice echoed endlessly in her ears.

Remorse gripped her heart with an icy hand, and she sobbed against her palms.