

Blessed 22

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Who do you think your father is? He just runs a real estate company. Do you think he's worth mentioning in front of me? I work for Miss Sanderson. Your father is nothing to me.

With a sneer at the corners of his mouth, Maison flicked off the cigarette and added, "I have shown enough respect to you. If I wasn't respectful, you should be lying on the floor now."

Everyone believed that as long as Grant mentioned his father, Maison would show some restraint at least. However, he did not seem moved at all.

Grant's face darkened, and he felt humiliated. He did not expect that his trump card would not work this time.

Grant, what should we do now? Does he want me and my sister to sleep with him? Corrie asked in a panic.

There was nothing she could do at that moment but pin her hopes on Grant.

Don't worry. Our family can afford the two million dollars. Wait here. I'll call my father and ask him for money, Grant reassured. As soon as he finished speaking, he turned around to leave.

Bessie, did you hear that? We're lucky Grant is here; otherwise, we'll be doomed.

Corrie could not help but breathe a sigh of relief now that Grant was going to get the money.

But for some reason, Bessie still felt a little uneasy as she looked at Grant's receding figure.

She did not know why, she did not trust him.

Maison chuckled inwardly as he watched Grant leave. 'Whether that little bastard pays two million dollars or not, I'll surely sleep with those two pretty ladies tonight!'

He imagined pushing Corrie and Bessie to the bed, and the anticipation inside him grew even stronger. The thought of that aroused him that he did not bother to conceal the lust in his eyes anymore.

His lascivious gaze made Bessie and Corrie shudder.

At that moment, Trevor took out his phone and secretly texted Evie.

Evie, something happened at Kisas Tennis Club. A man named Maison is asking me to pay him two million dollars for something that isn't my fault.

On the other side, Evie's eyes narrowed upon reading her brother's message. She tapped her fingers on the table as hackles rose because of what she had read.

She turned to her secretary, who was standing beside her and handed her phone to her. "Check this out."

The secretary nodded respectfully and left without a word.

She returned to the office five minutes later, now with a stack of documents in her hands.

Evie took the folder on the top and looked through it.

Trevor's experience since he entered the tennis club was documented in this file.

Not only that, but every word Grant and others had said, as well as the industrial background of his family, was also written there.

Evie's face turned stone cold when she saw that Grant often humiliated Trevor.

Grant, how dare you, a mere member of the Norris family, insult my brother? Now that I know you've been making fun of him, you wait for your family's bankruptcy. I'd like to see you sleep on the streets!

As soon as she said those words, she suddenly remembered something. With a frown, she recalled the person Trevor had mentioned in his message. There was indeed a man named Maison who ran errands for her.

I hope that that big, brawny man isn't stupid enough to do anything to Trevor, or else...

Evie's gaze was so cold that it even frightened her secretary.

At that moment, she turned to her secretary and ordered, "Go and deal with it."

Yes, Ma'am.

Trevor now felt so much better after sending Evie a message.

With a comforting smile, he walked over to Bessie and reassured her, "Everything will be okay."

Bessie turned around and smiled at him.