

Blessed 221

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"Damn it! How many times do I have to tell you? I don't have Emada!"

On the other end of the line, Bernard thought that Platt was calling him to ask him for Emada as Platt hadn't contacted him for a long time.

When he heard the question that Platt just asked, he realized that he had overreacted.

However, his mention of Aldrin made Bernard grind his teeth with hatred.

After all, Aldrin was Trevor's roommate and Trevor was the one who told everyone that he would need to use Emada to have sex!

Clenching his jaw, Bernard said angrily, "Aldrin has no money at all! He is at most a middle class."

When Platt heard his words, he couldn't help but chuckle.

"That's good to hear. Come to the Spring Restaurant right now. Let's expose this bastard's lie together."

After hanging up the phone, Platt walked back towards Aldrin and the others.

"It's already noon. You guys must be hungry right? I have booked a private room at Spring Restaurant which is owned by my friend. Let me treat you guys a meal."

After all, Spring Restaurant was a famous high-end restaurant in Jork.

Since the two girls didn't disagree, the boys had no reason to object either. However, a thought flashed through Trevor's mind.

The Spring Restaurant was owned by Seth's family.

Although Platt seemed to be up to no good, he was Seth's friend. Therefore, Trevor wasn't afraid of him causing any trouble.

With a smile on his face, Trevor drove the car with Rob on the passenger seat.

The backseats were occupied by the couple who had just gotten together. Well, they needed some privacy to warm up towards each other.

Thirty minutes later, all of them arrived at the entrance of the Spring Restaurant.

When they got settled in the private room, Trevor noticed that there was one more empty seat left. He

called the waiter and said, "There are only six of us here. Please remove this seat."

Before the waiter could remove it, Platt smiled proudly and interrupted, "I have a friend coming. He is in the same department as you, so I invite him to have lunch with us."

Hearing it, Trevor's face changed slightly. At that moment, someone pushed open the door and came in.

Seeing the person, Platt greeted with a wide grin, "Hey, Bernard, you're here."

When Trevor found that the person was Bernard, his face darkened.

After all, he didn't expect Platt would invite Bernard over.

Since Bernard had a huge grudge against him, he would definitely vent his anger on Aldrin. Obviously, Bernard wouldn't help them hide Aldrin's identity. Instead, he would expose his lie.

Aldrin had just gotten a girlfriend. If Bernard exposed his lie, Cleo might even break up with Aldrin.

Just as he expected, Platt said surly, "Bernard, honestly, I was shocked when I saw that Aldrin from your department drives a Mercedes-Benz G-Klasse and spent two hundred thousand dollars on Juliet roses. I never thought that there is a rich student in our school that I don't know."

Hearing it, Bernard burst out laughing.

"Aldrin, I didn't know that you are that wealthy and generous. I thought you drive a BMW 3 series. When did you change your car?"

As soon as Bernard finished talking, Aldrin felt embarrassed and a bitter look appeared on his face.

He regretted for bragging too much.

Now that Bernard was mocking him, he couldn't help but blame himself for lying. Although Cleo trusted him, he had lied to her.

When Trevor saw that Aldrin was being slaughtered, he felt bad for his friend.

Even though he knew that he shouldn't help his good friend to make up a lie, he couldn't help it as these people were crossing the line. In a calm voice, he said, "Well, why do you say that Aldrin is pretending to be rich when you don't have any evidence?"