

Blessed 223

[Chapter 223 Ruin My Reputation](#)

The captain of security guards cast a disdainful look at Platt.

He just called the two distinguished guests for Trevor's sake. And yet, Platt acted so highly, as if he was the boss of them. How could he be so full of himself?

Meanwhile, the captain's stare irked Platt. In a fit of anger, he took out his phone and dialed Seth's number.

"Hello, Mr. Wright. This is Platt. Someone hit my friend in the private room of Spring Restaurant, but your security guards did nothing."

He said a few more words to Seth. A few moments later, he hung up the phone with a smug look on his face.

"Mr. Wright said that he's here right now, and he'll come by to see what has happened."

Just as Platt said, Seth walked into the private room a few minutes later.

The instant Platt saw Seth, he straightened up, stepped forward, and acted all chummy with Seth. "Mr. Wright, you're finally here! I'd like to report your guards. They saw with their own eyes that we were being bullied, but they didn't do anything! They didn't show respect for you, nor Mr. Sanderson at all!"

Platt happened to block Seth's view, so Seth did not see that Trevor was there.

Because of this, Seth strode over and took his minion's side. He cast a glance at the captain of the security guards with dissatisfaction and scolded him, "Do you even do your job? I'll tell you what, you don't have to come here tomorrow for work!"

Trevor, who had been watching from the side, could not stand it anymore. He stepped forward and coldly said, "They were the ones who started the fight. Are you sure you want to deal with it like this?"

Upon hearing the familiar voice, Seth turned his head to look at the person who had just spoken. When he saw that it was indeed Trevor, his body stiffened in fright.

He was surprised and, at the same time, terrified.

He never expected that Trevor would come to his restaurant. Having Trevor here was an honor.

Truth be told, Seth was afraid someone had used his name to threaten Trevor.

If that happened, it would be embarrassing, considering that Trevor was far more powerful than he was.

Meanwhile, Platt's lips curled into a sly smile.

Except for Trevor, a hotheaded loser, nobody else dared to talk to Seth so rudely, especially at his own restaurant.

How could a poor guy like Trevor be so pretentious in front of Seth?

Platt could not wait to watch Trevor get beaten up.

However, his smile dissipated all of a sudden. Unexpectedly, he fell on his behind with a loud thud. Some bastard had kicked him!

Platt wanted to curse at the person who had wronged him. But when he saw that it was Seth, he bit his tongue instead.

"Mr. Wright, it was Trevor who made trouble first. Why did you hit me?" he asked confusedly.

As Platt had the nerve to refute him, Seth kicked him a few more times. "You bastard!"

Platt's arrogance disappeared as Seth beat him to the ground.

Meanwhile, Cassie and Aldrin were shocked to see Platt beg for mercy.

Something was up.

Trevor, who was standing aside, nodded with amusement.

However, he was still not satisfied. They had made trouble thrice, and yet their punishment was not enough to make up for their sins.

At that moment, Trevor smiled meaningfully at Seth, hinting him to punish Platt more severely.

Seth understood what Trevor meant at once. He patted the security captain on the shoulder and said, "It seems that there has been a misunderstanding. You can come to work tomorrow just like you always do. But just so you know, you've done something wrong."

The captain of security guards was confused by the change in Seth's decision. Nevertheless, he did not dare to speak as he had noticed a hint of resentment in Seth's voice.

"You idiots! Why haven't you driven them away? They dared cause such a ruckus in my name! Do you want to ruin my reputation?"

It was only then that the captain understood what Seth meant. It was a good thing that his boss had

changed his mind. Well, the captain, too, was dissatisfied with Platt.

Without further ado, he straightened up and gave Seth a salute.

"Yes, sir! We'll immediately put them into the swill bucket and then throw them out!"

"I'm afraid that won't be enough. Put the lid on and let them stay in it for a few hours!"

Seth added with a wicked smile.

The two, Platt and Bernard, were scared shitless. They both had several questions in mind:

'Is a swill bucket safe for people? To think, we will stay in it for hours! Also, how smelly will we be when we finally crawl out of it? And lastly, how will we have the face to look at others after we've come out?'