

Blessed 225

[Chapter 225 Nasty Beggars](#)

Evie was a woman of action. Words meant nothing to her. So, without further ado, she hung up the phone before she could hear a reply.

Meanwhile, Trevor heaved a heavy sigh. It seemed that he had no choice but to change his route to the Willard Villa.

On the way, he happened to stop at a red light. While waiting for the lights to go green, he decided to shoot a text to Luisa.

"Sorry. Something came up. I might be a little late. I have to go back home."

Luisa replied a few moments later.

"It's okay. You can just meet us at Uphia Mall. We're having fundraising. Just message me as soon as you get here."

Trevor took a deep breath when he read Luisa's message. Thankfully, she did not seem upset that he would be late.

About ten minutes later, Trevor arrived at the Willard Villa.

Evie, his elder sister, was waiting at the gate with a suitcase in tow.

The moment she saw Trevor, she waved at him with a smile.

"Trevor, this is Jeanne, the new manager. She'll help you manage the commercial street while I'm away. You can leave everything to her."

As soon as she finished speaking, she got into her car with her luggage.

All of a sudden, something occurred to her. She rolled down the window and reminded her brother, "Trevor, don't forget to spend the money I've given you last time. Spend every penny of them!"

With that, she turned around and left in her Aston Martin One-77.

Trevor did not know whether to laugh or cry. His sister had given him two billion dollars last time.

He bought a top-of-the-line luxury yacht with it, but it only cost him two-thirds of the money Evie had given him.

For a person like Trevor, who was not extravagant and did not have a spending habit, spending that

much money was a headache.

Once Evie was gone, Trevor turned to the new manager and had a simple conversation with her.

He had just started business management, so he told Jeanne to help him deal with everything and maintain the said yacht.

Jeanne was a capable woman. Even so, she still could not help but feel a little insecure as she was in front of one of the most powerful people in the country. She bowed down and assured him, "Noted, Mr. Sanderson. I'll try my best to do whatever you say."

Trevor was satisfied with the new manager's attitude.

He took a look at his watch, and only then did he realize that he should get going.

Luisa was waiting for him at the mall.

Trevor ended the conversation with Jeanne and got into his Bugatti Chiron.

Without further ado, he sped away to the shopping mall.

Unfortunately, he got stuck in a traffic jam. It took him an hour to get to Uphia Mall.

As soon as he parked the car, he took out his phone and called Luisa.

"The subscriber you have dialed is unavailable. Please try again later."

He called her again and again as he walked, but she did not answer.

Trevor was starting to get worried.

Luisa was not answering her phone. Did something happen again?

At the thought of this, Trevor rushed into the shopping mall to look for her. As soon as he reached the second floor of the mall, he saw that there was a commotion by the entrance of a bookstore.

His heart skipped a beat. Without hesitation, he squeezed in the crowd to see what was happening.

Once he reached the front row, he saw a middle-aged man with dark skin and a short neck, pointing at a group of people and cursing at them. "You nasty beggars! How dare you enter our shop? Are you planning to steal something? Get out of here!"

In front of the man was a group of people.

They were Luisa, Jada and the children from the orphanage.

Fear and humiliation were written all over their faces.

Dilan was on the ground. His shin was swollen and bleeding.

Luisa was taking care of him, but she, too, looked disheveled. Her hair was messy, and her phone was on the floor not far from them.

It was then that Trevor understood why she was not answering his calls.

With a hint of anger in Luisa's eyes, she explained, "We just want to borrow the exchange area of your shop to raise money. We are not beggars. Also, how dare you push Dilan?!"

The manager remained unmoved. With a sneer at the corners of his mouth, he asked sarcastically, "Really? You aren't beggars? Then why did you bring that crotch goblin? Weren't you planning on making him beg? Perhaps you fooled around with a man and got pregnant with him. What a pity. Well, if you want to have money, come and sleep with me!"