

Blessed 248

[Chapter 248 My Yacht Is Occupied!](#)

Hearing his sister's words, Keanu was rendered speechless.

"Didn't you ask me to contact Mr. Sanderson? Why are you suddenly talking about sending me abroad?"

Jeanne gritted her teeth and glared at her laughably oblivious brother.

He knew that he should get in touch with Mr. Sanderson.

Jeanne sent him all the information about the man, and he still could not figure out that Trevor was Mr. Sanderson.

She had hoped that Keanu and Trevor would talk peacefully and bury the hatchet.

But Keanu thought better of it that he came in like a fox in a henhouse and offend the last person he could afford to offend. Jeanne's efforts to secure the meeting turned into ashes in her mouth.

With a disappointed look on her face, Jeanne patted her forehead and said, "Just prepare to leave the country in three days."

Then, she left without looking back.

During the next three days, Jeanne buried herself in her work to keep herself from worrying about her war-freak brother.

She had been busy organizing a party for Trevor, and after much planning and fussing, everything was ready.

On the day of the party, Trevor called her.

"Hi, Jeanne. Are we ready for the party?"

Jeanne hurried to report her work and said, "Yes, Mr. Sanderson. I've arranged everything well. I've gone over the guest list with Miss Miller and sent out the invitations."

Although he had not met personally with Jeanne to discuss the party and only got updates over the phone, Trevor was still very impressed. Jeanne was really a sharp arrow in his quiver.

Keanu's bad behavior did not hinder his recognition of her capability.

Trevor did not vent his anger on Jeanne. Instead, he said, "That's great. Thank you, Jeanne. I really appreciate it. And since you're responsible for what I'm sure will be an amazing event, why don't you

come tonight and have some fun? You've earned it."

Jeanne's eyes flashed with joy at Trevor's invitation.

This was the first time in three days that she felt utterly relieved. Trevor did not blame her for what happened at the coffee shop with Keanu after all.

Jeanne smiled and replied, "Thank you, Mr. Sanderson. Well, I still have a bit of work to do and then I have to go home and change for the party. I may be a little late."

After expressing his understanding, Trevor hung up with Jeanne. He assured her that he did not mind her being late as long as she showed up.

He knew all too well how finicky women could be with their outfits and hair and makeup.

Since the yacht was ready, as the host, Trevor wanted to inspect it before the party began.

But when he arrived at the dock, he felt that something was wrong as soon as he got out of the car.

It was still an hour before the party was supposed to start. The yacht should be empty apart from the crew.

But even from afar, Trevor could hear the music and some cheers.

Trevor boarded the yacht through the side ladder and overheard the security guards whispering.

"The party was supposed to start at six o'clock. It's only five o'clock now."

"I'm also confused, but we can't kick these rich people out. They're enjoying themselves, and it's none of our business."

"But they came in without invitations. I don't know why the captain allowed them."

Trevor walked quietly to the security guards and handed them his invitation.

Jeanne also prepared an invitation for him to the masquerade party just in case.

He was going to tell the guards who he was, but at the last second, he decided against it. If he made a fuss, he would not be able to find out who crashed his party.

Who the hell was so bold?

After confirming the authenticity of his invitation, the guards let Trevor in.

As Trevor climbed the stairs to the deck, the noise became louder and louder, which made him frown.

As soon as he stepped on the deck, a cork flew toward him.

He would have been hit in the face if it were not for his sharp reflexes.

Trevor observed the scene in front of him.

A group of well-dressed young men and women were having fun on his yacht.

None of them wore a mask, and they were all strangers. They were obviously not the rich young people he had invited.

The party crashers eventually noticed Trevor standing there, but they did not pay him any mind.

A young man with a bottle of champagne in his hand said with disdain, "Who are you? What are you doing here?"

The cork that had popped out of that champagne bottle he was holding was the one that almost hit Trevor in the face. He did not seem to regret that he almost took Trevor's eye out.

Before Trevor could introduce himself, the others burst into laughter.

"What the hell are you wearing, man? Did you just crawl out of a ravine or something?"

"Hey, don't say that. He hasn't said why he's here yet. Maybe he came to wash the dishes."

They looked down on Trevor, completely unaware that they were trespassing on his property.

Trevor clenched his teeth and tried to suppress his anger.

These people in front of him had no idea that they were committing a crime against him, and they dared to insult him to his face.

How could thieves behave like this?

Trevor was about to question the trespassers when a man in sunglasses and board shorts walked out of the yacht's private music hall.

Two women in bikinis flanked him, and he snaked his arms around their waists as they strode out.

It was Keanu who was about to be driven out of the country by his sister.