

Blessed 329

[Chapter 329 This Was My Friend's Turf](#)

"You're here in Jork. How could you not know me? Are you tired of living?"

The drunken man widened his eyes, spat on the ground, and shouted.

Not to be outdone, Marlon retorted, "Do you think you're the president and that's why you expect everyone to recognize you? If you don't get out now, you're going to regret making trouble here!"

Seeing the commotion, Trevor turned his head toward the door.

Although the drunken man blathered on like he was somebody to be known and even feared, Trevor didn't know him.

At the previous parties, Trevor knew all the well-known rich young attendees. He knew everyone who came from money in Jork.

Since he didn't remember the drunken man, he decided that the guy was probably just another barfly with delusions of grandeur.

Trevor didn't want to get involved in the matter.

Seeing that Marlon was playing tough, the drunken man sneered, "I'll give you one last chance, boy! Leave the private room to me, or I'll teach you a lesson!"

Marlon flew into a rage.

He was already in a bad mood, and now he was being provoked by some nameless drunkard.

He couldn't believe the kind of guts the wasted hooligan had. The man had to be insane to make trouble in front of him.

Marlon said to the students behind him, "Come, boys! Time to teach this drunk idiot a lesson! Don't worry. The owner of this place and I are good friends. Everything will be fine."

The students had long been unhappy with the drunken man.

Hearing Marlon's words, they stood up and prepared to give the pie-eyed troublemaker a beating.

The drunken man had no idea what hit him. Before he could draw another breath, Marlon and the boys were upon him.

Marlon, together with his little friends, beat the hell out of the drunken man and didn't throw him out of

the private room until his skin was practically black and blue.

Marlon punched and kicked the man, finally able to vent his anger.

Now he felt comfortable.

The other students in the student union also flattered Marlon.

"Marlon, you are such a hero. You are always the first one to stand up against difficulties."

"That's what a real man does!"

Flattered, Marlon put on a smug smile and looked at Trevor with disdain.

"Some people only rush forward when the situation is easy and beneficial to them but shrink back when the going gets tough."

The others were amazed by Marlon's attitude. They all chimed in to flatter him.

"That's right. Look, he's still taking the two beautiful girls' protection for granted."

Trevor was not interested in this kind of competition.

So he ignored them.

However, Trevor's reaction only made everyone think he was being timid. So they grew even more contemptuous toward him.

Marlon thought that all the little quips frustrated Trevor, so he was more complacent. He patted his chest and promised, "I will school every loser that crosses my path."

As soon as he finished speaking, the door of the private room was kicked open again.

Marlon looked at the door unhappily and hissed, "Why do idiots keep bursting in?"

A group of men with malicious expressions on their faces entered the room like a pack of snarling wolves.

The drunken man, who Marlon and his friends had just beaten up and tossed outside, was at the helm and smiling menacingly at Marlon.

"Come on, boy! Didn't you just say you're going to school me?"

Looking at the bruised face of the drunken man, Marlon swallowed hard.

And the faces of the boys who had taken part in the beating earlier turned deathly pale.

But Marlon had seen and experienced a lot. After the initial shock, he held his head high and smirked.

"This restaurant is owned by my good friend. How dare you make trouble in his turf? He doesn't tolerate arrogant bastards like you, and after I call him over here, you're going to wish you never set foot in his territory."