

Blessed 55

[Chapter 55 Is Trevor Rich](#)

Kirby breathed a sigh of relief upon hearing that it was Trevor who had smashed the bottle of wine. The whole manor belonged to Trevor, after all.

At that moment, Trevor smiled knowingly at Kirby, and the two continued to put an act in front of everyone.

All of a sudden, Kirby pounded the table and exclaimed, "Trevor, you broke the wine! What happened?"

"Kirby, I've never seen such an expensive wine in my life. I just wanted to take a look at it. But when I put it on the table, it slipped and fell to the floor,"

Trevor said, his eyes wide in bewilderment.

Kirby touched the table and frowned. "So it's not your fault. The table was slippery, so it fell?"

"Kirby, you're so smart! It's the table's fault. I think you should change the table, or else such a thing will happen in the future."

"Well, customers are always right. Your suggestion is worth considering."

Kirby immediately agreed with what Trevor had said. He then turned to the waiter, who was standing aside, and ordered, "Change this table today. Change it to a new one that isn't slippery."

"Uh... I will, sir." The waiter was confused, but he still nodded and dared not question Kirby's decision.

Meanwhile, Xavier and Corrie were at a loss because of Trevor and Kirby's conversation.

'Has there been a mistake?

Trevor dropped the wine and blamed it on the table,'

Xavier thought to himself, unable to believe his eyes.

Trevor was caught two times in a row, and yet he was fine. The only reason Xavier could think of why the management had let Trevor go when he sneaked in was kindness.

However, Kirby did not even ask Trevor to pay for breaking a bottle of wine that cost millions of dollars.

He even put the blame on the table!

Unbelievable! It was totally unbelievable!

'Is Trevor a son of a wealthy businessman? Why doesn't Kirby dare to offend him?'

Zavier broke out in a cold sweat at the thought of this.

He had offended Trevor a lot today. What if Trevor suddenly decided to get even with him in the future?

When Kirby was gone, Corrie grabbed Trevor's hand and anxiously asked, "What happened? Why didn't Kirby reprimand you?"

It was not only her that was curious as to why Kirby did not ask Trevor to pay for the expensive wine. Everyone else too.

Of course, they were not stupid enough to buy Trevor's reason. They did not believe that it was the table's fault. It was not plausible, after all. As a matter of fact, it was outrageous.

Since everyone was looking at him, Trevor racked his brain for a believable explanation.

"Not long ago, I saw an old man fall to the ground, and then I rushed him to the hospital. His son happened to be the owner of the manor. He was grateful to me, so he promised he'd let me in to play. Kirby didn't make things difficult for me for the sake of his boss."

"Oh. I see!"

Corrie finally understood everything. If it were not for his explanation, she would start to believe that the reason Kirby did not dare to offend Trevor was that he was rich.

It turned out that he was still a poor loser, just like before. If the owner of the manor did not owe him a favor, how could a person like him enter such a luxurious place?

And now, Corrie's distaste towards Trevor grew even more. After returning his favor, he would return to being nobody.

Trevor and his roommates returned to their dormitory after leaving the manor.

Aldrin and Rob were still a little giddy about what had happened today. It was the first time they had gone to the Willard Villa and probably the last.

If it were not for Trevor, they doubted they would be able to go to such a high-end place ever again.

Enthusiasm was written all over their faces when they arrived at their dormitory. But if it were not for that bastard, Zavier, they still could have played with Jaycee and her roommates.

Nevertheless, Trevor did not think too much of it and just slept.

The next day, he received a notice from his class group, "Hello, everyone. I would like to inform you that you have to pay three thousand dollars for the accommodation today. Please prepare the money, and then we'll collect it in the classroom in the morning."

Trevor opened his wallet and found that his cash was not more than a hundred dollars.

"It looks like I have to go to the bank to withdraw some cash," he mumbled to himself.

As soon as he finished speaking, he put his wallet away, freshened up, and went out.

He arrived at the bank a few minutes later. There were quite a lot of people lining up today.

At that moment, Trevor patiently stood behind the queue just like he always did.

When it was finally his turn, the teller looked at him in astonishment. "Trevor, it's you! How is that possible?"