

Blessed 88

[Chapter 88 He Looked Familiar](#)

At that exact moment, a man came into the room.

He had a scar on his face and his arms were covered with tattoos. The man was none other than Maison Ellis.

Actually, Maison got out of the manager's office and rushed here once he heard that someone was making trouble in the private room.

The moment he entered the private room, he was shocked. The security guard was about to beat Trevor. Seeing it, he got so frightened and rushed towards them and blocked in front of Trevor.

As the security guard wasn't expecting it, he couldn't stop in time and punched Maison in the face.

Of course, everyone was stunned. No one expected he would take the punch for Trevor at that time.

It was needless to say that the security guards were even more confused as they had never seen Maison act this way. No matter what they couldn't figure out why Maison would do that.

When the security guard realized that it was Maison whom he punched, he got so scared.

With wide eyes, the guard stuttered, "Boss, I..."

However, Maison didn't seem to care a little about the security guard or the bruise that was starting to form on his face.

Immediately, he turned around to check Trevor's condition. Only when he saw that Trevor was fine, he felt relieved.

At that moment, the only thought that was running in his mind was that he wouldn't be able to stay in Jork anymore if Evie found out that Trevor was injured in his territory.

Furrowing his eyebrows, one of the security guards asked, "Boss, what on earth is wrong with you?"

"Nothing. I think I lost my balance and fell down. Don't worry about me. By the way, what is going on here?"

Maison quickly thought of an excuse and changed the topic.

Truth was, he knew that Trevor was keeping a low profile. Therefore, he didn't say hello to Trevor as it would reveal his identity.

Pointing at the mess on the ground, the security guard explained, "Maison, the people here got drunk and smashed the bottles everywhere. See? Even the table is smashed! Plus, they ordered a bottle of expensive red wine which is worth at least several thousand dollars. We have to make them pay for that wine and all the things they broke."

Taking a glance at the ground, Maison said casually, "It's just a table and a bottle of wine. Not a big deal. Haven't you ever heard that the customer is always right?"

Not knowing what Maison was trying to say, the security guards nodded and agreed reluctantly, "Yes..."

Looking at the guards, Maison said, "Well, now that you get that the customer is always right, then why don't you satisfy their needs by bringing them ten bottles of red wine and let them smash until they are satisfied?"

All the guards were shocked and dumbfounded to hear Maison's words.

Of course, everyone was shocked as it wasn't normal not to blame the customers for smashing the things. What was more, he even told the security guards to bring the wine and let them smash as much as they wanted.

None of the security guards understood why Maison was behaving in an abnormal way today.

All the girls were taken aback by his actions. They thought that he would teach them a lesson for the mess they had made.

However, Maison reacted completely opposite to the way they thought. Not only Maison didn't punish for the mess they made, he even treated them respectfully and let them smash the wine bottles.

What on earth was going on right now? Was there someone who made Maison scared?

Thinking of this, Corrie took a look at the people around her. In the end, her eyes fell upon Trevor and his roommates.

Frowning, she thought to herself, 'Is Rob the powerful one among us? No, no. It's impossible. The only thing he can do is eat.'

Shaking her head, her eyes fell on Aldrin and thought, 'Does Aldrin have that ability? No, he can't be. Although his family owns a medicine company, he doesn't have that kind of ability.'

One after another, Corrie excluded the people. Finally, her eyes fell on Trevor.

Gritting her teeth, she said lowly under her breath, "Is it Trevor? No, that's impossible. He is just a poor man. He could never make Maison scared."

No matter what she didn't believe that Trevor would have this kind of ability. She even scolded herself for thinking about it in the first place.

Maybe the way Trevor saved her not long ago changed the opinion she had on him.

Soon, the waiter brought ten bottles of red wine.

Actually, everyone didn't think Maison really meant what he said about the wine.

"Everyone, you can enjoy the wine and smash them as much as you want. You won't be held accountable for it."

Although Maison tried to give them a kind smile, he didn't succeed as his smile looked a little scary.

This time, Corrie didn't dare to smash the bottle anymore. Since she had sobered up, she didn't dare to do anything recklessly.

With a smile on his face, Trevor said, "Maison, I think you misunderstood us. We just drank too much tonight and accidentally smashed a few bottles of wine. I will pay the money back. Can we leave now?"

Waving his hand, Maison said dismissively, "Of course, you can leave, sir. But you don't have to pay the money because you didn't break them deliberately. Plus, you don't have to pay for your drinks either. It's my treat."

Obviously, he didn't dare to ask Trevor to pay for anything here.

Just like that, everyone was allowed to leave the club unharmed. They had no idea why Maison was so respectful and even looked a little scared.

The girls and the boys respectively took a taxi back to their dormitory.

When they got into the taxi, Rob asked in confusion, "Don't you think Maison looks a bit familiar?"