

Chapter 263 How The Tables Have Turned

"Mr. Sanderson, what an honor to have you here! Please accept this money as a little gift from me,"

Gavin said politely albeit indirectly.

Even though Trevor already knew the answer, he could not help but sigh.

It was no wonder that gambling was like a bottomless pit.

No one really knew whether or not someone was manipulating the outcome behind their victory or defeat.

If Gavin suddenly asked him to win, someone else must have been making him lose until now.

As he thought of this, Trevor glanced at Brent who was following after Gavin.

Meanwhile, Brent was worried because he had been so rude to Trevor.

Not only did he mock Trevor and call him a poor man, but Brent also treated him like a waiter and ordered him to clean the bathroom. He even played a trick on Trevor to make him lose money.

If Trevor wanted revenge, it would only be too easy for him to take it out on Brent.

Brent was so frightened that he immediately dropped on all fours, knocking his head against the floor.

The floor of the casino was paved with marble tiles, so his forehead swelled up immediately.

He ignored it and kept apologizing, "Please forgive me, Mr. Sanderson! I was wrong to offend you!"

Gavin glared at him before turning to ask Trevor, "Mr. Sanderson, what should we do with this guy?"

Brent no longer looked like the arrogant man he was when they first met. He looked very flustered.

Trevor smirked and replied, "In that case, if you'll head over to the bathroom..."

Damn it! Trevor still remembered what Brent had said.

When Brent heard the word "bathroom", he started trembling in embarrassment.

Having a good feel for what the other man must be thinking, Trevor didn't finish his sentence immediately.

His lips curled up a little as he scanned Brent from head to toe. The more interest he showed, the more miserable Brent looked.

Brent looked like he was about to cry. Gritting his teeth as if he had just made up his mind about something, he begged, "Mr. Sanderson, can I eat less?"

Trevor almost burst into laughter when he heard this, renewing his vision of Brent.

Did this guy really want to go to the bathroom to taste that thing?

Trevor didn't want to waste any more time on such a

person. He scoffed, "Well, I wasn't going to ask you to do those disgusting things. Didn't you say earlier that you wanted me to clean the bathroom? Consider yourself removed from the position of supervisor. However, you can start over as a waiter who is responsible for cleaning the bathroom."

Brent went into despair.

He thought he was going to get promoted and a pay raise. He had not expected to get a demotion instead. ①

His jaw dropped in disbelief.

But who else was to blame for all this?

Brent wanted to slap himself twice out of extreme regret. Gavin, who was watching from the sidelines, exclaimed, "Why are you still standing there? Mr. Sanderson ordered you to clean the bathroom!"

After saying that, he angrily kicked Brent twice.

Brent was just a nobody. How dare he act so recklessly and offend Trevor?

After driving Brent away, Gavin turned to Trevor with enthusiasm and offered, "Mr. Sanderson, why don't you go upstairs and have a cup of tea?"

Because Trevor had yet to eat or drink anything since he got up that morning, he was a little thirsty.

He agreed to Gavin's invitation but went to the bathroom first.

Inside the bathroom, Trevor took out his phone and

found several text messages from Corrie.

"Hi, Mr. Sanderson! Did you like the selfie I sent you?"

"I'm in Room 204 on the second floor, and it's so boring here. Hey, Mr. Sanderson... Would you like to have some fun with me?"

Trevor found his screen flooded with her messages the moment he turned his phone on.

He shook his head in disbelief.

Through today's text messages alone, Corrie had managed to say so much more to him compared to when they met.