

## Chapter 699 The Source Of Stink

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The young man with a diamond stud played with his phone as if no one was around.

His feet dangled on the seat in front of him.

He didn't have good breeding at all.

Most people in the first class cabin were wealthy. Many passengers had already complained in a low voice and expressed their dissatisfaction.

They all glared at him.

However, he didn't seem to care. It was as if he was completely isolated from the world since he was wearing headphones.

Trevor frowned and waved to a flight attendant.

He said, "Hi! Please do me a favor. Can you tell that passenger to stop it? What he is doing is giving us a terrible flight experience."

The flight attendant nodded gracefully, walked towards the man, and reminded him in a soft voice, "Sir, please pay attention to travel etiquettes. Can you..."

But before she could finish her words, the young man flew into a rage and shouted, "Who do you think you are? How dare you tell me what to do! This flight is going to Noorsy, and everyone there knows my name. I'm Brodie Moreno. I'm the heir to the Moreno family. Who dares to mess up with me?"

The flight attendant looked embarrassed. She couldn't afford to offend the Moreno family. But the call of duty put her in a dilemma. So she had to bite the bullet and try to persuade the man again. "Sir..."

"Fuck off!" Brodie suddenly picked up a glass of water next to him and poured the cold water on the flight attendant.

"Ahhh!" The flight attendant screamed.

"Don't fucking bother me!" Brodie ordered fiercely.

For a moment, there was pin-drop silence in the cabin.

Just now, many people complained about Brodie's behavior. But after they heard his name, they got a little scared.

The prestige of the Moreno family in Noorsy seemed to frighten the other passengers.

No one wanted to offend Brodie.

Although they still looked displeased, they stopped complaining.

The flight attendant was so aggrieved that she was about to cry. She stood there at a loss, clutching the hem of her wet uniform.

Trevor's frown deepened. Although the others acquiesced in Brodie's uneducated behavior, it didn't mean that he would do so.

Besides, it was he who called the flight attendant to remind Brodie.

Trevor looked at Brodie coldly.

He stood up from his seat, walked up to Brodie, and ordered in a cold voice, "Put your shoes on!"

Brodie was taken aback. Obviously, he didn't expect that Trevor would talk to him in such a way.

He became more furious and shouted, "Who the hell are you? So what if I don't want to put them on? What will you do to me?"

Trevor picked up his glass of cold water expressionlessly and slowly poured it on Brodie's head.

It was his revenge for the flight attendant.

"Fuck you!" Brodie cursed loudly, struggling to stand up.

But with both feet up on the front seat, it was inconvenient for him to quickly stand up.

"Damn! You're dead meat! I will kill you!"

Just when Brodie was about to stand up, Bradly stretched out his hand and pressed his shoulder.

No matter how hard he struggled, Bradly's hand pressed him down firmly.

"Don't you fucking know who I am? You must be courting death!" Brodie roared.

"So what if you're a Moreno? Does the Moreno family matter to us?"

Trevor turned to Bradley and ordered, "Put his stinky shoes up his nose and let him smell them."

Bradley smiled faintly, picked up the shoes under the seat, and pressed them on Brodie's face.

The expression on Brodie's face dramatically changed. Before he could break free, a strong stinky smell came to his nose.

At this moment, he finally realized how stinky his shoes were.

He immediately retched.