

Chapter 259 Brent's Words

Trevor stared coldly at Brent.

As soon as they saw each other, Brent wanted to show off in front of Trevor, which made Trevor's mood turn sour like curdled milk.

In the entire city of Jork, no family was richer and more powerful than the Sanderson family.

Trevor might have the freedom that came with tons of money, but he wouldn't be caught dead spending his free time doing a meaningless part-time job.

He really just wanted to keep Corrie from getting suspicious, but he didn't expect that he would run into another complication.

Brent didn't expect that Trevor would dare to speak to him the way he did. He asked flatly, "Then what are you doing here?"

Trevor had planned to leave the first chance he got, but now he had changed his mind.

He looked at Brent, flashed him a mocking smile, and said, "What else does one come to a casino for? I'm here to have fun!"

Brent scoffed and shook his head as if he had just heard the most ridiculous thing in the world. He sneered, "Don't pretend to be high and mighty here. This is a high

-end casino. The cheapest chip costs five hundred dollars here. How many chips can you afford?"

Casting a scornful glance at Brent, Trevor went straight to the front desk.

Brent got even more annoyed when Trevor ignored him and walked out on him.

But to him, Trevor was still just a poor, nameless student who got easily frustrated when his betters scolded him.

He probably dodged the question because he was trying to find a way out to save face.

Thinking of this, Brent sniggered and followed Trevor suit.

If Trevor was going to make a fool of himself, Brent wanted to make sure he had front-row seats.

Seeing that Trevor handed the clerk at the front desk a bank card, Brent cackled.

"The minimum consumption here is ten chips. If you can't afford that much, then don't blame me for breaking your leg and throwing you out."

The woman at the front desk put on a confused look. She didn't understand why Brent was being rude to the handsome young man who just approached. Still, she cast her questions aside and put on a professional smile.

"Hello, sir. How may I help you today?"

Trevor glanced at Brent and let him see the knowing

glint in his eyes. He was going to embarrass him today. Brent really thought that he couldn't afford the minimum value of chips. He was about to be proven wrong.

Curling his lips into a smile, Trevor replied to the front desk clerk lightly, "I have never gambled before, but I would like to start with ten chips, please. Give me the highest value you have."

The clerk was about to swipe Trevor's bank card on the terminal, but she suddenly stopped after Trevor finished his sentence.

The highest chip value available was one hundred thousand dollars. Ten of those equaled one million dollars.

The clerk asked nervously, "Are you sure, sir? The highest chip value that we have is one hundred thousand dollars."

When Brent heard Trevor's words, he laughed unscrupulously and jeered, "Oh, you have got to be kidding me! I'll tell you what. If your card goes through for one million dollars' worth of chips, I'll eat shit." 🤔

Brent looked at Trevor mockingly, ready to teach the latter a lesson after his payment failed.

How dared this loser pretend to be powerful in front of him? Brent had made up his mind to beat Trevor up for causing all the pointless commotion.

But to Brent's surprise, Trevor nodded at the clerk.

He insisted buying ten hundred-thousand-dollar chips. Not only that. He also asked the clerk for another two hundred thousand dollars' worth of chips in different chip values.

The clerk ran Trevor's bank card as Brent watched.

Ding! "Your payment is successful, sir. That's one million, two hundred thousand dollars. Here are your chips. Have a wonderful time."

Brent stared at Trevor with wide eyes.

After paying for his chips, Trevor rubbed his hands together and said with a grin, "You said that you would eat shit if my payment went through. Should we go find a loaded toilet for you to exercise your word of honor?"

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