

Chapter 453

Compensation

Trevor cocked his arm back and swung his fist into Newell's face. Not long after, Newell's face became disfigured with cuts and bruises.

Blood spurted from his nose and mouth. He looked absolutely miserable.

Noemi, who stood on the side lines, lost her arrogance. She screamed in horror, "Help! Help! Mr. Astley is dying!"

However, what those two did earlier had already caused the public to scorn them.

No one from the crowd stepped forward to stop Trevor let alone come to their aid.

Some even wanted to buy popcorn to snack on as they watched Trevor teach Newell a lesson.

Finally, the ship's captain arrived on the scene. He was accompanied by several security guards, and they stopped Trevor

from beating Newell to death.

Newell groaned, unable to speak through the pain.

His clothes were now a tattered mess, making him look like a beggar.

Even so, his flamboyant personality remained.

Now that someone had come to mediate the fight, Newell managed to say, "Harrell, I'm the most distinguished guest on your cruise. I've even booked the most expensive room.

Explain why this is happening to me!"

He pointed at Trevor with a hateful glare.

"This man should know there are consequences for laying a hand on me!"

"Yes, this guy dared to hit Mr. Astley in public. He must be severely punished," Noemi agreed as she quickly wiped the blood from Newell's nose.

Trevor sneered indifferently despite the accusations being thrown at him by these two shameless people.

He turned to look at Harrell Davidson who just arrived. Trevor wanted to see how the other party was going to deal with this

matter.

Because all eyes were on them, Harrell felt that this issue would not be dealt with so easily.

He had no idea why he was unlucky enough to run into this mess.

Some onlookers whispered among themselves.

Harrell was aware that it was Newell, a young man from a rich family, who stirred up trouble first. As a result, Newell was being punished.

However, Newell did book the grandest suite of the Platinum. After giving the matter some thought, Harrell quelled his depression and asked Trevor, "Sir, why did you hit him?"

However, before he could even finish his question, several people chimed in, "I can testify that it was that Astley guy who started it!"

"That's right. Why didn't you come to intervene when that guy was being arrogant and provocative?"

Harrell became even more helpless in the

face of the crowd's indignation.

'What an annoying guy... You cause me nothing but trouble,' Harrell cursed in his heart.

Unfortunately, he still had to play the role of mediator.

"Listen here. It's not right to hit people.

Why don't we settle things right now? Sir, you should foot Newell's medical bill and pay for any other relevant losses.

I'll take care of the rest. What do you say?"

Compensation?

Trevor's eyebrows rose in disbelief. Harrell actually wanted him to pay the jerk?

Before Trevor could respond, Newell became excited.

He knew that he was no match for Trevor in a fistfight, and the staff of the Platinum was not entirely under his control.

He had come up with a good idea.

'Everyone knows I wear branded clothing. I'll just make him go bankrupt!'

Despite how much his face hurt, Newell

grinned and quickly responded, "Good idea, Harrell. This bastard should pay up!"

After saying that, he screamed and writhed his body exaggeratedly.

"Ouch! It hurts! I must be bleeding internally. Also, my suit is worth tens of thousands of dollars, and my shoes are made of genuine crocodile leather. They are both dirty because of him."

Seeing this, Noemi chimed in, "On top of that, the silk handkerchief I bought is now stained with blood. That's not going to wash off!"

The two wailed and complained before Harrell.

How they wished they could gather more broken items and blame it all on Trevor.

They wanted Trevor to pay them millions of dollars in compensation!

The onlookers eventually understood what was going on.


The two just shamelessly wanted to extort all of Trevor's money.

Newell and his girlfriend acted as if they were not receiving disdainful gazes from all

directions.

They scanned Trevor from head to toe with teasing glints in their eyes.

Newell's beaten-up face seemed to say, 'Let's see if you can compensate for this, you bastard!'

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