

Chapter 395 VIP Area

At table 8, Orion got energetic when he saw that Trevor had finally finished talking to the waiter.

He was secretly happy and believed that Trevor and his friends would be driven away.

Orion signaled to his girlfriend, and the two of them took out their cellphones and were about to record the scene when something happened.

To their surprise, Trevor, along with Luisa and two little kids, walked toward them.

What was going on?

With his eyes wide open, Orion shouted loudly, "Trevor, why haven't you left yet?"

"Why should we leave?"

Trevor replied with a smile.

"I have also booked a table here."

The waiter leading the way frowned and swore under his breath, 'What is wrong with this guy?'

Then he calmed himself down and looked at Orion coldly, saying, "Please mind your language when having dinner in our restaurant. Thank you!"

The waiter added under his breath, 'Although this will be

the last time you have dinner here'.

Orion and Tillie, on the other hand, didn't notice what was going on around them.

"You booked a table here? That must've been hard!"

Tillie laughed so loudly that she twisted her waist. Someone had commented on the post she had posted. It had exposed Trevor's glorious past.

Since he became a freshman, he had been looking for part-time jobs. How did he have the money to spend in such a luxurious restaurant?

She knew that Trevor was just pretending to be rich.

Perhaps he couldn't stand being laughed at, so he was determined to dine there that day.

It was easy for him to come to this fancy restaurant. If he couldn't afford it, he would humiliate himself in front of everyone.

All of them just wanted to watch a good show.

The waiter beside them frowned and said, "Mr. Sanderson did book a table at our restaurant. It has been confirmed."

Orion was surprised.

Still unwilling to give up, Orion gritted his teeth and asked, "Trevor, which table did you book?"

Trevor replied calmly, "Table No. 9."

"No! Did you just say 9? Isn't it next to ours?"



Hearing this, Orion showed a look of disgust and said arrogantly, "If that's the case, then I would like to change our table. I can't eat with you guys sitting right next to us."

Despite all of this, Trevor raised his eyebrows and said playfully, "Why don't you just eat at your table? Who said the table I booked is next to yours? I'll be more disgusted if I eat next to you!"

These words angered Orion and his girlfriend. They cursed under their breath, 'I'd like to see what trick you'll play, you poor loser!'

They stared at Trevor with resentment, and their mouths opened in shock.

The waiter guided Trevor and the others toward their table. First, they walked towards the more luxurious dining table that they had ever seen.

It seemed as if it was for the VIPs.

Trevor had booked table No. 9 in the VIP area, which was not next to the public tables for the rest of the people, unlike Orion's.

The table that Trevor had booked was near the window of the Blue Lake Restaurant. Looking out, they saw the beautiful natural scenery.

The services in that area were much better than that of Orion's.



The wooden carvings on the seats were exquisite, with fluffy armrests, and the back of the chair was padded with a soft material.

Even the napkins that were placed on the table were made out of silk, with gold-laced edges.

When they thought that there was nothing more, a special waiter greeted them politely. Then he stood there with his hands on both sides of his body, highlighting how important the guests were for them.

Not long after, a small band came in, all dressed in black tuxedos and started playing saxophone, violin and accordion. They surrounded the No. 9 VIP table and played happy songs, attracting the two kids' attention. ①

Trevor had planned all this to celebrate Dilan's recovery and getting discharged from the hospital.

All the efforts made Orion and Tillie stunned. They couldn't enjoy their time there, because they were jealous. ①

At first, they thought that they had come to experience the life of the nobles, but now...

If Trevor's dinner was like that of a king's, then perhaps, Orion and his girlfriend were not even nobles at all. ②

How could Orion let go of this jealousy when they were so different from each other?

