

## Chapter 872 Working In The Kitchen

Milo had been standing at the entrance of the hotel, waiting for Trevor nervously.

But instead of Trevor, Abelard and the others were the ones who came. They entered the hotel, talking and laughing.

"Sir, where is Lemuel? Are you going to show us around the presidential suite?" Abelard asked Milo.

He thought that Milo was standing at the hotel entrance to wait for him. He believed that Lemuel must have strong connections.

At this moment, Milo saw Trevor walk into the hotel with a smile.

"You want to see the presidential suite? Of course, you can."

Upon hearing this, Abelard glanced at Trevor proudly. It was a pity that he didn't notice the strange expression on Milo's face.

"Please follow me," Milo added and turned to lead the way for them.

Before following Milo, Abelard turned his head, winked at Trevor, and said, "Trevor, hurry up. Don't get lost."

He was overjoyed, and he began to secretly plan his next move.

Abelard planned to meet Lemuel and cooperate with him in mocking Trevor.

But as they walked, he sensed that something was wrong.

He knew where the exclusive elevator going to the presidential suite was, and they were not going in that direction.

"Sir, I think we are going the wrong way," Abelard said to Milo.

Milo turned to him and smiled. "Aren't you looking for Lemuel? He is here."

Abelard looked around in confusion. They were in the kitchen of the hotel. What would Lemuel do here?

After being stunned for a moment, Abelard

smiled.

"Oh, I see. Lemuel must be enjoying his meal now," Abelard said aloud, looking at Trevor. "See? This is what you call the best treatment and ultimate enjoyment. The chefs must have cooked delicious food for Lemuel and personally served him."

Abelard looked very proud.

Then he reached out and pushed the door open. But what he saw inside made his expression instantly freeze, and his eyes were about to pop out.

What was Lemuel doing? Wasn't he supposed to be enjoying a sumptuous meal? But why was he peeling potatoes with a sad look?

Lemuel's two friends were also there. One was washing the dishes, and the other was mopping the floor, sweating profusely.

"Wait... What is going on here?" Abelard asked in shock.

Milo suddenly patted him on the shoulder, which startled him.

Then Milo said coldly, "Since you want to see

the presidential suite, I'll give you a chance. You will be responsible for cleaning the presidential suite. But if the distinguished guest, Trevor, is not satisfied with your service, then you will suffer."

When Cecelia and Harmoni heard this, they couldn't help bursting into laughter.

"Trevor, you're good at making fun of people."

But Trevor didn't say anything. He just smiled.

Abelard's face flushed. He was still unconvinced. "Why? I'm a guest of your hotel. How can you make me a cleaner?"

Milo had long expected that Abelard would ask such a question.

He sneered coldly and said, "You cut off the power supply of our exclusive elevator, which has seriously damaged the reputation of our hotel. If you refuse to work for us to pay off your debt, you can pay from your own pocket. You need to pay us two hundred thousand dollars in compensation."

Two hundred thousand dollars?

When Abelard heard this amount, he almost

collapsed to the floor. He was just a student. How could he have that much money?

He looked at Lemuel, who was chopping onions now, looking embarrassed.

Abelard was still full of resistance.

He argued, "What does this have to do with me? You don't have any evidence."

However, Milo was well prepared. With an expressionless face, he took out his phone and played the surveillance video.

Abelard knew what it was at a glance, and his flushed face turned pale at once.


He was too scared to even say a word.

Milo continued, "Why don't you just give up? Your accomplices have already betrayed you. All you need to do is work in our hotel for a month. Then we will let you go."

Abelard felt like his mind went blank. He didn't get any of the benefits he had imagined. And now, he even had to be a hotel staff for a month.


He suddenly fell into despair, looking at

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Lemuel with tears in his eyes.

Lemuel was an unreliable man.

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