

Chapter 316 I Work For Mr. Sanderson

"Thank you! Thank you so much, Mr. Sanderson!"

Theo was so excited that he didn't care about his broken hand anymore. He happily got out of the house with his men following behind.

Looking at the retreating figures of the gangsters, Trevor could finally feel relieved.

He believed that Theo wouldn't dare to bully Luisa again now that he taught him a lesson.

After solving the problem, Trevor thought of an excuse and sent a message to Luisa.

"Luisa, when I drove past your house, I found that those gangsters came back to make trouble again. But they were arrested by the police on spot. Then, I explained the situation to the officers. I'm sure that they won't dare to harass you for the time being. So, you can go home now."

"Oh my god! That's great, Trevor. Thank you so much for telling me this good news! I was worried that if the police didn't catch this group of people, they would come back to take revenge."

After chatting for a while, Trevor put away his phone

with a smile on his face.

Then, he said goodbye to Bradly and drove back to school.

As usual, Trevor parked his Bugatti Chiron at the parking lot of a nearby shopping mall.

However, once he got out of his car, a familiar voice sounded from behind, "Trevor, why did you get out of that car? How can you drive a Bugatti Chiron?"

Hearing the voice, Trevor was startled. When he turned around, he found that it was Corrie.

Although Corrie looked shocked, it didn't seem like she bumped into him by chance at all!

Actually, Corrie had been suspecting Mr. Sanderson's true identity since she found a clue.

She noticed that Mr. Sanderson drove a Bugatti Chiron!

Therefore, when she found that a Bugatti Chiron was parked near her school, she investigated about it and realized that the car was the same as the one Mr. Sanderson drove!

Since that day, Corrie came here every day to meet the owner of the car by chance. However, she didn't expect to see Trevor getting out of the car. ②

When Trevor didn't say anything, Corrie bombarded him with a lot of questions, "Who is the owner of the car? Who on earth are you, Trevor? What is your relationship



with Mr. Sanderson?"

Corrie's questions got Trevor off-guard and he didn't know what to answer to her.

After racking his brain for some time, he finally came up with an excuse.

"Do you remember that I work part-time in the Willard Villa? Actually, I work for Mr. Sanderson and I am responsible for dealing with his daily affairs. Because we have the same surname and age, he feels that we have fate, so he occasionally asks me to do something and then pays me salary. He also asked me to park this car here." ②

Hearing his words, Corrie looked at Trevor suspiciously as she kept thinking if there were any holes in his words.

In her eyes, Trevor was totally different from the handsome Mr. Sanderson.

In fact, she didn't want to believe that Trevor was Mr. Sanderson.

Hearing this explanation, the more she thought about it, the more reasonable it became. Only then could she breathe a sigh of relief.

If Trevor was the Mr. Sanderson like she suspected, why would he have to work part-time? Why would he be so poor?



Everything made sense if Trevor worked for Mr. Sanderson.

Corrie seemed to be satisfied with his answer.

After all, people tended to believe what they wanted to believe.

Nodding her head, Corrie said with her eyes filled with admiration, "Mr. Sanderson is so kind-hearted. He is even willing to help a nobody like you."

Even though Trevor was smiling outside, he felt a bit annoyed in his heart. ②

With a scoff, Trevor thought, 'A nobody like me?

What would she think if she found out that I am the mysterious Mr. Sanderson?

I'm sure that my weakness would become merit in her eyes.'

Corrie was lost in her thoughts and she didn't notice the change on Trevor's face. Then, she asked in a softer tone, "In that case, can you help me create an opportunity to meet Mr. Sanderson?"

Since she just insulted him, Trevor said crossly, "You said it yourself that I'm just a nobody. Why would Mr. Sanderson listen to me?" ①

Moreover, where was he going to find another Mr. Sanderson?



Did he need to wear a mask like before again?



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