

Chapter 446 See The Power Of Colt Python

"Ah, ah, ah, you... You are a dead meat! I'll call my dad to teach you a good lesson!

You bastards! There's no way you're getting out of this club alive!"

Calvert, whose body was covered in bruises, cried and swore fiercely.

His face was swollen and he was bleeding profusely from his nose.

Several girls handed him handkerchiefs for him to wipe off. Calvert took them and wiped the blood from his nostrils while still cursing.

Trevor frowned. After the beating they had given to Calvert, he still had the audacity to threaten them?

He and Bradly had really restrained themselves when beating up this jerk and his hounds, otherwise he wouldn't even have the strength to curse again.

This idiot was really ungrateful!

Calvert's threats only angered Trevor further. His face suddenly turned cold and fierce.

He decided that he was no longer going to hide his

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Calvert's threats only angered Trevor further. His face suddenly turned cold and fierce.


He decided that he was no longer going to hide his identity.

"Do you know who I am?" Trevor asked coldly.

"I don't give a damn who you are..."

He leaned on a young boy nearby and stood up.

However, as soon as Trevor took off the black mask he was wearing, Calvert was seized with fear.

"Mr. Sanderson!" he exclaimed in a shaky voice. 

Calvert was one of the privileged few to have attended the Season Hotel banquet last time. That day he saw with his own eyes what Ronald had done to those who had dared to slander his son. Ronald was so furious that he made Noelle and her family to go bankrupt.

Reckless as he was, he too had just provoked Trevor...



rather, Mr. Sanderson.

Calvert was so frightened that his limbs staggered and he soon found himself face the ground.

How come he didn't recognize Trevor earlier?

Calvert bitterly regretted his earlier imprudence. At this point, he didn't care that he was bleeding. He crawled up to Trevor and begged, "Mr. Sanderson, I really didn't know it was you. If I had known it earlier..."

Trevor sneered and cut him off.

"So if it had been an ordinary person you would have had no qualms about killing him because your family is powerful, right?"

Although he was an idiot, Calvert still knew that Trevor was seriously upset with him, so he hurriedly apologized,

"No, no, no, Mr. Sanderson! I-I really know I was wrong. Please forgive me this time. I'm willing to do anything!"

By this time, Calvert had lost his earlier arrogant and even rude attitude.

Calvert's friends watched in amazement, wondering what was going on.

Although among these people there were young people from wealthy families, none of them had been able to attend the banquet at Season Hotel. So they didn't know who Trevor was.



However, they all could notice that as soon as Calvert saw Trevor's true face, he immediately became humble.

Apparently, his name was Mr. Sanderson! These young people quickly made their deductions and decided that Trevor must be someone really special. At this point, some of the girls even started winking suggestively at Trevor.

However, Trevor simply ignored them.

He looked around and then his gaze fell once again on Calvert who was still kneeling in front of him. A faint smile appeared on Trevor's lips as he said, "You said that you are willing to do anything, right?"

Since the beatings couldn't bring Calvert back to common sense, Trevor decided to change methods so as to leave an unforgettable memory for Calvert!

Calvert on the other hand thought that his pleas had worked and that Mr. Sanderson was willing to let him go.

That was a good thing.

He nodded excitedly and said, "Yes yes! I'll do anything if you'll just let me go, Mr. Sanderson! I'll do anything you ask me to do. I'm even ready to be your footman if it makes you happy!"

Hearing what Calvert said, his friends couldn't help but laugh at him in their hearts.

'Look how miserable you are now. You bend over backwards to flatter him! Seems like being his footman isn't a punishment but an honor after all!'

Of course, Trevor also knew what Calvert was up to.

Trevor didn't agree to his suggestion but said casually, "I understand you brought the Colt Python, right? You know, I'm pretty dumb about guns. How about you first tell me about its advantages?"

Hearing this, Calvert was really excited and relieved. He was sure he had already guessed what Trevor had in mind. He actually thought Trevor had taken a liking to that classic gun.

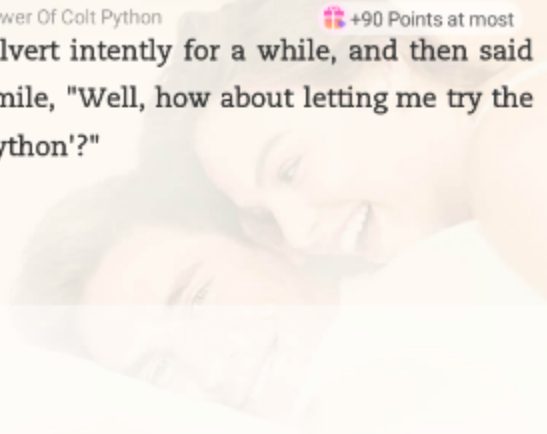
The Colt Python was a revolver worth three thousand dollars. As far as Calvert was concerned, if it could make Trevor happy, he wouldn't hesitate to give it to him. The price of the gun was not worth his life.


Calvert replied with a broad smile, "Mr. Sanderson, I think this revolver is really suitable for you!

You really look great with that Colt Python in your hand. In fact, you look like a movie hero! As for the advantages of this revolver, it is powerful enough to allow you to take down a large beast at close range."

Trevor seemed interested in what Calvert was saying, though he ignored all the crummy attempts at flattery in the long speech.

He looked at Calvert intently for a while, and then said with a deeper smile, "Well, how about letting me try the power of this 'Python'?"



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