

# My Sudden Rich Life by Rickie Appiah

## Chapter 9

### Chapter 9 Smelly Hand

A taxi stopped in front of the Marston Hotel.

Trevor got off of it. The moment he entered the hall, he saw a slim and beautiful lady waving at him.

It was Bessie. She was standing by the elevator and waving at Trevor with a smile.

She was wearing a white dress, which accentuated her skin that was as white as snow. She looked like a noble and elegant princess. No wonder many men were drawn to her.

Trevor's eyes lit up. He quickly walked over to Bessie and handed her a gift box. "Sorry for being late, Miss Taylor. Here's my birthday gift for you, by the way."

Bessie smiled and put his gift into her handbag without even checking what was inside.

Trevor was a little disappointed. "Aren't you going to open it first?"

"I want to keep the surprise until I go back home in the evening. Let's go. I'll take you to the private room I've booked."

Bessie smiled and took Trevor's hand. Together, they entered the private room of the hotel.

When Trevor entered the room, he found that all the members of the basketball team were present, except for Dennis.

"Oh, you're finally here. Have you finished washing our clothes? Well, since you're here, I'll take it as a yes,"

Bernard said with a sneer.

Several basketball team members laughed.

Bessie frowned and ordered, "Stop asking Trevor to do that!"

The basketball team fell silent and exchanged glances at each other.

"Trevor, come and sit here."

With a smile, Bessie patted the seat beside her.

Trevor looked in her direction and fell stunned.

On the other end of the seat was a woman, whose beauty was not in any way inferior to Bessie's. She was swinging her long legs in her seat leisurely and looking at them.

The woman was only wearing a white shirt, which emphasized her plump chest, and a pair of shorts.

Every man's dream is to be sandwiched between two beautiful women.

Trevor was hesitant at first. But then he decided to sit down at the seat Bessie had designated for him.

"Bessie, is this the guy you want to introduce to me?" the sexy girl next to him asked while looking at Trevor up and down.

"Yes. You should get to know each other. Trevor, this is my cousin, Corrie Taylor. She's a freshman in the university, the same as you."

Bessie introduced the girl to him with a smile.

The reason she introduced Corrie to Trevor was that he had left quite an impression. He attended school while diligently doing part-time jobs on the basketball team.

She appreciated him because he was not only handsome, he was also reliable and ambitious even though he was poor.

Corrie, her cousin, had just gone through a breakup. Bessie figured that this was a great chance for her cousin to get to know a trustworthy man such as Trevor.

"Hello, Nice to meet you, Corrie. I'm Trevor."

Trevor reached out his hand politely and waited for Corrie to shake it.

However, Bernard would not allow it. He could not sit still, especially when Trevor, a sore loser, was sitting between two beautiful ladies. He could not help but grit his teeth in envy.

Bernard let out a snort and scoffed, "Trevor, you're just a poor loser. Of course, you should be happy to meet her." He then turned to the beautiful lady and added, "Corrie, this guy just runs errands for us on the basketball team. He washes our stinky socks and shoes all day long to earn some money."

"Oh."

Corrie's eyes flashed with contempt. She averted her gaze from Trevor and moved as far as she could away from him.

"I'm a neat freak. Who knows if there's a strange smell in your hand?"

Embarrassed, Trevor's hand froze in the air.

Of course, his hand was not smelly. It was obvious that what she had said was only an excuse and that she did not want to talk to him at all.