

Blessed By Sudden Wealth Chapter 1 - 10

Chapter 1

In the gym of a university. Trevor Sanderson in a blue basketball uniform walked through the gates of the gym. As soon as he entered the gym, he picked up the empty water bottles and soda cans left by the crowd that watched the last game. "It would be great if the university held a basketball match every day. I could easily make fifty bucks by gathering these bottles and cans. If I make that much every day, I can buy Sylvia an iPhone for her birthday." Trevor Sanderson raised his head and looked at the cluttered gym with excitement. While he was in the middle of collecting bottles and cans, a group of tall male students strode out of the locker rooms. The one walking in the middle of the group had red hair named Bernard and a cigarette in his mouth. He picked up a sock and threw it at Trevor. Before Trevor could dodge, the sock landed directly on his face, and a pungent sourness hit his nostrils. I asked everyone in the team to save their dirty clothes for an entire week so that you could earn more money, doesn't it? Bernard Collins waved his hand, and the others tossed their dirty laundry toward Trevor. This kind of trash, it's better to get out of our school before it's too late! This guy has disgraced the school! I think he's not picking up trash, but he's deliberately spoiling our fun! Wimp I... Trevor shook the dirty sock off his face and flushed. I... Trevor shook the dirty sock off his face and flushed. Trevor could not offend Bernard. After all, he was but a mere college student from a poor family. He could only work part-time on weekends and offer his errand and homework services to his schoolmates to make money. It was the only way he could afford to go to college. If Trevor had a choice, he would not do business with someone as obnoxious and self-important as Bernard. But since he had to make money to put himself through college, all he could do was swallow his pride and keep his anger at bay. He took a deep breath, picked up the sock Bernard threw and tossed it into the bucket. Fifty bucks for all of them, he said. Bernard took out his wallet, pulled out some dollars, and threw them at Trevor's feet. With a smug smile, he said, "Here's fifty-five and another errand I want you to run. I want you to pick up a parcel at the school gate and take it to the locker rooms. It's for Dennis Cooper, the leader of the basketball team." After saying that, Bernard turned around and left with the rest of the group with excitement. Trevor picked up the money from the floor and clenched it in his fist. I don't like dealing with that jerk Bernard and his friends, but as long as I can make money off them, I'm fine. After Bernard and his teammates left, Trevor carried on picking up empty water bottles and soda cans around the gym. After filling up his trash bag, he went to the recycling center outside the school to sell what he had collected. Then, he rushed to the school gate

to get the parcel for Dennis and then made his way back to the locker rooms. Along the way, Trevor carefully counted the money he earned today.

Chapter 2

In the locker room. Trevor saw his girlfriend, Sylvia, leaning against Dennis and kissing. Her face was red in ardor and lust. Meanwhile, Dennis was caressing her breasts lustfully. Fuck! Trevor bellowed in anger and shock. A strong sense of pain and humiliation filled his heart. Sylvia hastily pulled down her waist-high skirt, concealing her snow-white thighs. what are you doing here? Trevor, didn't you say you'd go shopping with your best friend this afternoon? Why are you here? ! she asked, flustered. Sylvia, I know you don't like me being poor, but you don't have to be with someone like that, don't you know how many girlfriends he has changed? Trevor roared, his eyes red in anger. He had worked like a dog until midnight just to buy Sylvia her birthday gift. Unfortunately for him, his beloved girlfriend just cheated on him in the end. It was unacceptable! Instead of feeling ashamed, Sylvia snorted and scoffed, "Now that you know the truth, there's no point in hiding it anymore. Do you think that I would want to be with a poor loser like you? Sad to say, but our relationship was nothing but a bet with my friend. I didn't expect that you'd take it seriously." But I love you, Trevor fired back. "Your love means nothing to me. I wanted the latest phone, but you told me I had to wait for a month. "Your love means nothing to me. I wanted the latest phone, but you told me I had to wait for a month. How pathetic! Dennis here did not only buy me an iPhone 13 but also gave me a luxury Louis Vuitton bag." Dennis, looking at the parcel in Trevor's hand, stands up and laughs: Damn, Bernard is good at this. I asked him to deliver a parcel and he sent you. It's exciting, it's really exciting! Trevor's fists clenched as Dennis spoke. Bernard was playing a trick on himself! All of a sudden, Dennis threw a fifty-dollar bill at Trevor and mocked, "Poor Trev or. Do you think you can sleep with Sylvia? I'll tell you what. That won't ever happen. Here are fifty dollars. Just sleep with an old prostitute, you pathetic peasant." Dennis, I'll fucking kill you! Unable to stand the ridicule anymore, Trevor rushed to Dennis like a mad bull. How dare you fight back? Dennis threw a punch at Trevor, knocking him over. Dennis was over six feet tall. And as the leader of the basketball team, he was agile and muscular. Trevor, however, was a few inches shorter than Dennis and was lanky. Trevor fell to the floor with a loud thud, and he felt a sharp pain on his cheek from where Dennis had punched him. Although in a daze, he summoned all his strength to get on his feet. But before he could do so, Dennis raised his foot and trampled on Trevor's face, pinning him down to the floor. Trevor's face was covered with footprints. But even if every movement sent him groaning in pain, he still tried his best to

get up. Of course, Dennis would not let him. He sat on Trevor's back and took out a black pen from his backpack. Then, with a sly smile at the corners of his mouth, he wrote "Poor Loser" on Trevor's clothes. As if that was not enough, he spat on Trevor and warned, "If you dare to provoke me again, I'll beat you every time I see your face. Mark my words." With that, he held Sylvia's hand and left. Trevor was in so much pain. Other students could not help but point at him when they saw his bruised and dirty face. Sylvia, the girl he loved the most, betrayed him and broke his heart. Bernard's mean words, Dennis's humiliation, and Sylvia's ruthlessness filled his heart with resentment. Why? They all bully me and trample on my dignity! Why!!! Just because I'm poor, in their eyes, I'm not even a human being anymore!!!

Chapter 3

The more Trevor recalled what had happened, the more dejected he felt. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw several beer bottles his roommate had put under the bed. He took one and drank it without even pouring it into a glass. He drank one bottle after another. He continued drinking even if his head started spinning. His rationality had already disappeared, and he had lost control of his emotions. Unable to bear it any longer, he broke into tears on the floor. "It's so unfair! I may be poor, but I'm not a pushover! Money, money, money. All they think about is money! Sylvia, I'll make you regret what you've done to me." His eyes were red and brimmed with tears. At that moment, he poured all his anguish in his heart. But even after bawling his eyes out, he did not feel much better. Instead, he felt exhausted, and his head became even muzzier. All of a sudden, his phone rang, interrupting his cries. It was an unexpected call from abroad. Without thinking, Trevor answered it at once. "Trevor, listen carefully. Your nineteenth birthday is only a few days away. I can't hide the truth from you anymore. The truth is, our family isn't as poor as it seems. We're actually wealthy and powerful. We didn't tell you the truth as there's a rule in our family that children must live a poor life before they reach nineteen. But actually, our family is involved in different kinds of industries all around the globe. As a matter of fact, we not only have gold mines in Africa, but also have oil wells in the Middle East." On the other end of the line was a familiar voice that Trevor had heard all his life. On the other end of the line was a familiar voice that Trevor had heard all his life. But instead of being in awe, he sneered. "Dad, are you awake? Stop fantasizing about being rich, will you? Since I was a child, you keep saying that you've bought a helicopter in the United States and a yacht in Venice. Look at me. I have to fend for myself and earn my own tuition fees. Don't you think you're being ridiculous?" The man on the other end paused for a second and heaved a heavy sigh. "Trevor, I understand

what you feel. I know you won't be able to accept it right away. When your grandfather said something like that to me, I also thought he was merely joking. But, Trevor, I'm telling the truth. I'll transfer one hundred million dollars to you as your allowance." At first, Trevor thought that the man's voice was similar to his father's. But the more he listened to it, the more incredulous he became. He couldn't bring himself to believe that it was seriously his father. It must be a scam! "Liar! Fuck off!" Trevor roared at the top of his lungs. He then hung up the call as soon as he finished speaking. He was drunk, and his mind was befuddled at the moment. He had vented all the bitterness in his heart. And now, he was exhausted. Trevor closed his eyes and fell asleep at the foot of the bed. The next morning, he felt as though his head was being split. He kneaded his throbbing temples and then slowly got up. Last night, he dreamt that his father called and confessed that their family was actually rich. "I must've lost my mind. I'm just a broke college student. How could I even dream of being rich?" Trevor could not help but smile mockingly at himself. And until now, his eyes were still full of bitterness. At that moment, he picked up his phone and saw that he had an unread message. "The balance of your bank account with the ending number 666 is... 100000003.56 dollars." Trevor was stunned when he found one hundred million dollars in his bank account. All of a sudden, his eyes widened in shock. He counted the numbers carefully over and over again. It was real. There was indeed one hundred million dollars in his bank account! He quickly logged into his mobile banking app and checked his balance. "What. The. Fuck. Am I dreaming? I'm really from a wealthy family?" Trevor hurriedly dialed a number. "Dad?" he cautiously asked the instant the call was answered. "Son, are you sober now? I called you last night and noticed that something was wrong with you. Anyway, I'm going to the Middle East to inspect the mining of the new oil well. We can talk about it when I disembark," answered a familiar voice. Trevor had lived with his father for as long as he could remember. He was 100% sure that the man he was talking to was really his father. "Dad, are you for real? Tell me. How did you get one hundred million dollars?" He was at a loss that he could not process what his father had just said.

Chapter 4

"My son, I have something important to deal with right now. I have to go. By the way, I've sent you the family badge. Those who manage our family properties will immediately recognize the meaning of it. From now on, you're no longer poor, and you should now get learn to be a rich man." Trevor's father hung up the phone as soon as he finished speaking. From being a poor guy, Trevor became a rich heir in the blink of an eye. 100000000 dollars ! ! ! Trevor had mixed feelings in his mind. Heh, Sylvia, if you

haven't broken up with me, maybe you can get whatever you want now too, right? And Bernard, Dennis, you two rely on the wealth of your family, a group of people around you, several times to bully me, I do not know what the future, will be? I don't have to live paycheck to pick up rubbish anymore, he murmured to himself. In the afternoon, the parcel his father had sent had been delivered to Trevor. At that moment, Trevor excitedly opened the package and saw a dark golden redbud-shaped badge inside. He recalled his father's words and realized that this was his family's symbol. He recalled his father's words and realized that this was his family's symbol. He must take it with him at all times and not lose it. All of a sudden, his phone lit up. It was a message from Bessie Taylor, his basketball coach. She had sent an invite to the group chat of the basketball team.

Tomorrow is my 28th birthday. I booked a room at Marston Hotel at noon. I hope all of you can come. In addition to this message, she also sent Trevor a voice message, urging him to come. Bessie was the beautiful coach of the basketball team. She was the only one good to Trevor on the team. Everyone else bullied him or made fun of him. Bessie was the one who introduced him to one of his part-time jobs. She was the only one willing to lend him money for his tuition fee. Nobody gave him a hand but her. It's Miss Taylor's birthday. I should buy her a birthday gift, he said to himself. The most prosperous shopping mall in Jork I've never chosen a gift for a girl. What should I choose? The crystal ball on the left is beautiful. It's a little expensive, though,' he pondered. He was unsure which one to buy. Wait. There are one hundred million dollars in my bank account. Why am I looking for a hundred-dollar gift? I have to change this habit.' Except for my family, Miss Taylor is the only person who has treated me well. My gift for Miss Taylor should be the best.' At the thought of this, Trevor left the gift shop and went to the luxurious item section. This was the first time he paid attention to these shops. He was dazzled by the variety of luxury goods. Trevor is greeted by a series of beautiful waitresses in black stockings and sexy skirts. It was only then that he realized they were strangely gorgeous. It felt as though he had just entered a new world.

Chapter 5

The signboard of this shop selling diamond rings is too exaggerated. Are the rings even inlaid with real diamonds? It's so bright. A dress in this shop costs ten thousand dollars. What's the difference between wearing a dress costs ten thousand dollars and wearing one that's worth one hundred dollars?' As he was window shopping, Trevor thought a lot. Oh, Dennis, you're so kind to buy me such an expensive bottle of perfume. At that moment, a voice familiar to Trevor sounded. A sexy, good-looking girl appeared in the mall holding the arm of a boy. Trevor turned his head to look, and his face immediately changed.

Sylvia held Dennis' arm and pressed her whole body against him. They stood in front of the counter of the luxury store. Of course, babe. You can choose whatever you like. You're my woman, and I won't treat you shabbily. As Dennis spoke, he put his hand on Sylvia's butt and rubbed it. He obviously liked touching her inappropriately in public. This one looks gorgeous! Sylvia picked up a purple bottle of perfume. This one looks gorgeous! Sylvia picked up a purple bottle of perfume. As soon as she came into the store, she took a fancy to it. The bottle was shaped and had grooves like a diamond. It sparkled against the store's bright white lights, and its lilac hue made it eye-catching. Dennis asked the shop assistant, "How much for this bottle of perfume? I will buy it." "This one, Mr. Cooper? You really have good taste. This is a product of Hermès. It was made by one of their most famous perfume masters named Robert who used to work for the royal family. It took him two years to develop and finish the production of this exclusive perfume for Hermès. The process is very complicated, and the final product is known as the diamond liquid. There are only two hundred bottles of this perfume in the world, and the price is three hundred thousand dollars." Dennis was a regular customer at the store, so the shop assistant took her time to explain the product to him. Three hundred thousand dollars for one bottle of perfume? Did I hear that right? Dennis was so surprised that the bottle almost slipped off his hand. Dennis, I like this perfume so much. Sylvia's eyes lit up when she heard the price. She used her coquettish voice to try and persuade Dennis to buy her the insanely pricey perfume. Well, although the perfume is good, I think it's unnecessary. It's more practical to buy clothes and bags. Let's go see other things. Dennis coughed to cover his embarrassment. He put the perfume back and towed Sylvia away to check out the rest of the store. It was then that they saw Trevor standing there. Dennis sneered, "Trevor? What the hell are you doing here?" Trevor glanced at Sylvia whose arm was linked to Dennis'. Her face was still beautiful and charming, but the more Trevor looked at her, the stranger she became to him. Bitch!!!

Chapter 6

Trevor, if you still know shame, get the hell out of here! "Everything here is luxurious, including lingerie. The Hermès bag costs fifty thousand dollars and this ribbed sweater costs thirty thousand dollars. Even if you wash laundry for the basketball team for an entire life, you still won't be able to afford a thing here!" Dennis' tone was riddled with sarcasm as he pointed at the items on display at the store. He could only think of one thing. 'Yes, I used to be a poor guy, But now, I have one hundred million dollars in my bank account. Dennis, so you're the poor loser now, and not me.' Didn't you just say that I won't be able to afford anything here? Let me show you, who's the real poor loser here!

Excuse me, I would like to buy this bottle of perfume! "Well, What are you pretending to pretend ah? I have seen a lot of poor losers like you who come to stores like these to pretend to be rich. This bottle of perfume is the most sought-after limited edition fragrance from Hermès, that's worth more than three hundred thousand dollars! Even if you end up selling a few of your organs for cash, you still won't be able to afford it!" Even the store assistant was rude to Trevor. Instead of treating him like a customer, she treated him like a beggar who had come there from the streets. Even the store assistant was rude to Trevor. Instead of treating him like a customer, she treated him like a beggar who had come there from the streets. Take this, and pay for it! He quickly handed his Centurion Card to the store assistant. She hesitated for a moment before she took it from him and walked to the billing counter. "Trevor, you are just a garbage collector. Are you that obsessed with pretending to be rich? Security guard, this man is trying to make trouble here. If he can't pay for the product with his card, then I suggest you break his legs and throw him out of here!" Sylvia's eyes were filled with contempt and disdain when she saw that Trevor, who was just a garbage collector, dared to refute her over and over again. She was glad that she had not chosen Trevor, or else she would also be facing humiliation now. Noticing the commotion, everyone in the store, including the staff, turned to look at the front desk. The security guard, who was standing by the door, was holding a rubber stick in his hand, ready to thrash Trevor at any moment. All of a sudden, the register sounded. The payment is successful. Three hundred thousand dollars received, the automated response said. Holding the card in her hand, the store assistant was stunned. And instantly, Trevor became the center of attention as everyone wondered what kind of a wealthy man would pay three hundred thousand dollars in the blink of an eye. At the same time, the store assistant packed up the perfume bottle beautifully and handed it to Trevor. She smiled enthusiastically and straightened up, her full bosom almost popping out, which made Trevor blush. Taking his card and the perfume from her, Trevor forced himself to look away from her as he turned around and was about to leave. Although the change in the store assistant's behavior made him realize the powers and charms of wealth, he was also disgusted by it. Dennis and Sylvia were shocked too. They knew Trevor very well, and they also knew how he struggled to pay for his expenses by working odd part-time jobs assigned by the school. How could a poor guy afford to pay three hundred thousand dollars?

However, the reality was undeniable. Sylvia also gasped in shock as she thought to herself, It is three hundred thousand dollars! What kind of fortune did Trevor stumble upon? This scavenger has had a crush on me for so long now. He has to listen to me! All of his money belongs to me! Taking a step forward, she was about to say something nice to him. But Trevor cast a cold glance at her as though he was looking at some rubbish on the street. The coldness from his eyes caused Sylvia to freeze in her tracks. Ignoring her, Trevor was about to walk past her. It's impossible! How could someone like you, a poor loser, have the money to buy this bottle of expensive luxury perfume? It's just not possible! Even Dennis couldn't accept the reality. Sylvia also came back to her senses: "Yes, how can this poor person afford such expensive perfume and how can he have a Centurion bank card!" "That's not true! Just yesterday, he was collecting trash at the gym. How could he have three hundred thousand dollars all of a sudden? He must have stolen the card from someone else!" They were so furious that they could not just believe that Trevor would have so much money on him. Upon hearing his words, the store assistant also became suspicious. After all, Trevor's clothes were quite plain, which indicated that he was not all that rich. Moreover, Dennis was a regular customer at their store, so his words were more credible. Dennis, do you have any evidence to prove that the card I gave them was stolen from someone else? Trevor could not believe that Dennis would say such things. Did he have to stay poor forever to please them? Dennis replied coldly, "I seriously suspect that you stole the money. After all, you are known to be a thief. You must have stolen something from this shop too!" You... You are talking bullshit! Trevor's face started to turn red with anger. I just saw you sneak a bottle of perfume into your bag. Dennis pointed at the bag that was on the counter. After hearing that, the store assistant could not help but become vigilant. Her flattering smile from just moments ago disappeared as she alerted the security guards. Several men blocked the door to prevent Trevor from escaping. You are slinging mud at me. I put my bag on the counter and went to the bathroom. As soon as I walked out, I saw you. How could I have had the time to steal anything? Trevor argued with a fierce look in his eyes. Even when they all picked on him for being poor, he did not refute, but he would never even think of committing a crime like theft. Soon, a uniformed lady in her thirties, with elegant looks and excellent temperament, came over. Lily, the store manager also heard the commotion. "What's going on here? " When Dennis saw the manager, he immediately rushed over to him. Manager Lily, I'm Dennis. Do you remember me? Trevor is a notorious poor guy from our school. We suspect that he is a thief. He has no money, and yet he came to your luxury store to shop. I suspect that he has stolen something. Is it? Lily glanced at Trevor suspiciously. If you want to prove that you're innocent, then let Manager Lily go through your backpack. If you don't then you're guilty, Trevor! Dennis suggested checking

Trevor's backpack because he had stuffed a perfume bottle in his backpack when everyone was looking at the bell desk. If you want to check my bag so badly, then go ahead. Saying that Trevor tossed his backpack to the manager. Lily opened the backpack and took out all of its contents one by one. Soon the counter was filled with clothes, books, and notebooks. And the next second, she saw something shiny in the bag. It was a perfume bottle!

Chapter 8

Just when Lily was about to take out the perfume bottle from Trevor's backpack, she noticed something else next to it, which seemed quite familiar to her, so she picked it up and examined it. The moment she saw what it was, she was so scared that her hands started shaking. She immediately recognized that it was the Sanderson family's crest. It was a dark golden badge in the shape of a redbud flower. Luckily for him, she had seen it once, so now, she remembered the symbol. The Sanderson family had existed since medieval times and it was a very mysterious family. The wealth and power they possessed were unimaginable. The Sanderson Profumeria founded by the family had a market value of five hundred billion dollars already, which made it one of the biggest enterprises in Jork. However, that was barely a small portion of the family's assets. Is... Is this young man a part of the Sanderson family?' Looking at Trevor, Lily's expression changed instantly. Trevor's surname was indeed Sanderson, and he had the family crest in his possessions, so he was a part of that family! Every one of the family's important members had a badge like that, and one word from Trevor could determine Lily's fate. Moreover, the luxury store belonged to the family. How could it be considered theft if Trevor only took something from a store that was owned by his family? He had every right to take it. Dennis was still waiting to see Trevor humiliated, so he said proudly, "Manager Lily, you found it, right? As I said, he's a thief..." Damn you! How dare you slander Mr. Sanderson? Security, throw him out! Lily roared as she raised his hand and slapped Dennis. Her palm print appeared on Dennis' cheek, and tears fell down his face, making him look miserable. Security! Get this bastard out of here, and do not let him come back again! He is banned from this store from this moment onwards! Lily shouted hysterically. Everyone in the store was shocked. They did not know what was going on. They were thinking that Trevor would get beaten, and they never expected Dennis to get slapped. Seeing that, Sylvia also didn't dare to stay there any longer and ran out of the store at once. Mr. Sanderson, I'm sorry to have caused you trouble. Saying that Lily put Trevor's things back in his backpack neatly. The store assistants were also confused. Why

did their store manager, who was known to be arrogant, suddenly become so polite? After arranging Trevor's things in his bag neatly, Lily zipped it up. However, she accidentally used more strength and broke the zipper. Mr. Sanderson, I'm sorry for breaking your bag. I will compensate you for it immediately! She quickly took out ten thousand dollars from her wallet and handed it to Trevor. Feeling embarrassed to take her money, Trevor said, "It's alright. This is just an ordinary bag. It's not worth much." Please accept this. It is my fault. Please forgive me for my mistake. Stuffing the money in his hand, Lily almost knelt, begging him to take the money. Trevor was perplexed. What's up with this world? ' After seeing her continuously pleading to accept the money, Trevor finally reluctantly accepted it. Suddenly, his phone rang. It was a call from the basketball coach, Bessie. Hello, Trevor! The birthday party started. When will you come? I'll be there soon. I was just buying a gift, and that's why I am a little late. Hurry up, wear a good look, today I want to introduce a beauty girl by the way to you know! Trevor hung up. He rarely ever went to such birthday parties because he did not have money to buy the host a gift. But things were different for him now. He is a rich guy. I don't know if Miss Taylor is going to like this gift?'

Chapter 9

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 girl waving at him. It was Bessie. She was wearing a white short dress, which accentuated her sweetness and sexy. 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. When Trevor entered the room, he found that all the members of the basketball team were present, except for Dennis. Oh, Trevor, you're finally here. Have you finished washing our clothes? 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. 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. 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 Trevor 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, but 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 scoffed, "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. It was obvious that what she had said was only an excuse and that she did not want to talk to him at all.

Chapter 10

I know right! How could a loser like Trevor win Corrie's favor? I mean, she's the prettiest of all! What a loser! ! Seeing the crowd burst into laughter, Trevor's pale face turned livid with rage. Do I deserve to be humiliated just because I do not have money?' Anger boiled within him, and if it weren't for Bessie, he would have left the place immediately. Unfortunately for him, no one really cared about his feelings. Noticing the gloomy look in their coach's eyes, Bernard knew that she was at her limit. "Everyone, don't laugh at this poor loser anymore. Miss Taylor's birthday mustn't be ruined. Let me see what kind of present you got for her. Why don't you take it out and see which one would be the most perfect present for her?" Bernard gathered everyone's attention and was about to open his gift box with a sense of pride in his heart. The next moment, a delicate perfume bottle was placed on the table. Wow, what a beautiful bottle of perfume! It must be quite expensive, right? Bernard is so rich. The gift he bought must cost a lot! This is a new limited edition Hermès perfume. A single bottle of it costs more than ten thousand dollars! Wow! A perfume that's worth more than ten thousand dollars is something that a student can't afford so easily!' Those beautiful girls looked at Bernard and their eyes

changed. This man is too generous. When Bernard saw the admiration in the girl's eyes, his complacent smile grew bigger. He then glanced at Trevor and teased, "Trevor must have bought a gift for Miss Taylor, too, right? Why don't you show it to us?" Trevor glanced at them and then looked at Bessie gently. "Miss Taylor, why don't you show them what I bought for you?" Bessie said, "Don't compare how valuable your gifts are. I like them all equally, regardless of their worth." Upon hearing those words, Trevor's expression darkened. He could tell that Bessie was only doing it to stop him from feeling embarrassed in public. He was a poor boy, so there was no way for him to afford expensive gifts. But things had changed, and Trevor believed that no one's gift could be as priceless as his. Miss Taylor, it's okay. Just show them, he said again, looking at Bessie with a firm glance. As soon as the velvet box was taken out of the bag, a beautiful light shone from it. The entire hotel room fell silent all of a sudden. It's so beautiful! Bessie exclaimed in amazement. She was not expecting it to be so gorgeous when she took out the box. What a beautiful gift box! A hint of astonishment flashed through everyone's mind and they all gasped. Even Bernard was shocked. Something did not seem right. Trevor, I am sure you must have found this box in a dumpster. It's so beautiful! You must be really caring and thoughtful for preparing such a pretty present for Miss Taylor. Bernard, who was waiting to see Trevor getting humiliated, was still not reconciled. Since you took the time to bring me a gift, I don't care what's inside. Actually, Bessie also suspected that Trevor had only brought such an elegant box because of his high self-esteem. Since she knew that he was not wealthy, she said something to prevent him from facing embarrassment. Well, he took time and effort to bring you this gift, right? So would it hurt for us to take a look at it? However, Corrie pouted and snatched the gift box from her cousin before she opened it without any hesitation.