

Chapter 11

All of a sudden, everyone in the room gasped. They were indeed surprised when they saw how marvelous Bernard's gift was, but the moment they saw Trevor's gift, they were left speechless. His gift was also a bottle of perfume. However, it was a crystal bottle that looked like it was made out of the best quality amethyst. It was so bright and glimmering like it had a myriad of stars inside it. In comparison to Trevor's gift, Bernard's looked like rubbish. "It is the most exquisite Hermès perfume. There are only two hundred bottles of this limited edition perfume in the whole world. It was developed by the famous perfume master Robert... It is worth three hundred thousand dollars! " Three hundred thousand dollars? How could that be possible?" A girl with short hair took a photo of the perfume bottle before she looked it up online and read about it loudly. Everyone was shocked. If boys had bought such a beautiful, expensive bottle of perfume for a girl, then they could certainly hope to spend several memorable nights with her. No way! All of a sudden, something occurred to Bernard, and with an evil smile, he retorted, "Right! I am sure it is a fake! Trevor probably dug the bottle out of a dumpster and filled it with some cheap perfume!" It was because of Trevor's stereotype that everyone began to doubt him. You're right! How could someone like him afford such an expensive gift? It must certainly be a fake! I agree! He even wished to stretch the money that he earned from us. How dare he show so much generosity? someone said. Yeah, I am pretty sure that the cheap perfume he used only costs a dozen dollars! None of their words affected Bessie's opinion at all. She never really cared about the cost of their gifts, so she picked up the perfume bottle and packed it up again. She chuckled and said sweetly, "Well, even if it is worth only a dozen dollars, I am still very happy. At least, it is a very beautiful bottle of perfume! Thank you for the thoughtful and wonderful gift, Trevor. You are so considerate!" It's all faked! He tried to pretend to be rich, but we all saw right through him. At first, Corrie felt a little regretful for rejecting Trevor, but after listening to what Bernard said, she felt more disdainful towards Trevor. Several basketball team members also saw what was going on, and they laughed sarcastically to ease their shocked hearts. Trevor frowned and cast a resentful glance at all the people who were mocking him. No matter how much money he spent on the gift, they were only going to mock him and label it as a fake. Miss Taylor, happy birthday to you. Please excuse me, I have something that I need to take care of at home, so I will be leaving now. Trevor said goodbye as he stood up. He was bored and tired of all their insults. Hotel, Bessie couldn't stand it anymore. Bessie: "Bernard, can you bully someone else, just because Trevor is a good bully, isn't that bad

enough?" Bernard: "Oh, the shame is self-inflicted, who let him take a broken perfume to coax you, but also the fucking Hermes Collection, this poor bastard really knows how to pick ah!" As soon as he left the hotel, his phone rang. Hello, Dad. What's the matter? Trevor, I have decided to give you the Willard Manor as a birthday gift. Upon hearing his father's words, Trevor was stunned for a moment. Since he had lived in Jork for many years, how could he not know that the Willard Manor was one of the best and most famous resorts in the city? It should be worth at least three hundred million dollars ! Many celebrities and businessmen would often show off that they had access to the manor, and it was extremely expensive! For a poor student like him, it had always seemed like a dream. Don't you think that your gift is a little too expensive? Trevor found it hard to accept because his father always shocked him with such news, and he felt like he would collapse from a heart attack if his father continued to be that way.

Chapter 12

"I actually thought of giving you the whole business circle around the Willard Manor. Now, go to the manor and ask your sister to arrange the handover procedure for you." What his father said was quite a shock to Trevor. He had finally realized that his family was rich. However, he did not know how rich they were. To his surprise, he was far richer than he had imagined. The business circle around the Willard Manor was the most luxurious place in Jork. Many high-end hotels and clubs were built there. It was no exaggeration that an inch of land there was valued like gold. But, his father just said that those properties belonged to their family. Trevor bit the tip of his tongue to calm himself down. All of a sudden, something occurred to him. Wait. Dad, isn't my sister working in another city? "Ha-ha! You silly boy. How do you think we can rest assured that you are left living in poverty alone in Jork? Do you remember the richest woman in Jork, the one who owns the Sanderson Profumeria, which is worth at least five hundred billion dollars? You used to joke about her being your sister. Well, you're right. That woman is indeed your sister. She has been in Jork the whole time and keeping an eye on you, " the man on the other end of the line joked. But then, he suddenly turned serious. "Trevor, you have to remember that we raised you in poverty not only because we wanted you to experience hardships but because we wanted you to retain your virtues. Anyway, I've said too much. Go to the manor now. Your sister is waiting for you." Okay, Dad. Trevor ended the call as soon as he finished speaking. He was glad that his father was strict with him regardless of whether he was rich or poor. Once he calmed down, he took a taxi to the Willard Manor. Trevor was a little curious about his destination. This was the first time he would see the most popular place in Jork, after all. There was a pool of crystal clear water constantly

flowing in the fountain behind the tall and white arched door. What was more, the lush trees danced gracefully in the wind. Houses decorated with red bricks and green tiles were scattered among the trees, and they made the place look elegant. Trevor was so fascinated by the scenery in front of him that he mindlessly went into the manor. Sir, please stop. This is private property. The receptionist at the entrance, who has dressed in black stockings, a short skirt, and high heels a skimpy uniform, stopped Trevor from taking another step. She stared at him disdainfully and did not even bother to ask why he had come there. The people who were allowed to enter the Willard Manor were all dignitaries. Their clothes were never shabby, which led her to think that Trevor did not belong to the place. His clothes were worth no more than a hundred dollars in total. The receptionist figured that he must have come here to take pictures to post online to satisfy his vanity. I... I came here for Evie Sanderson, Trevor slowly said. I'm sorry, sir. But you need to book an appointment first before entering the manor, The receptionist coldly replied. At that moment, a young man got out of a Tesla car not far away and walked towards them with a bouquet in his hands. He glanced at Trevor and scoffed, "Why is there a beggar here? Drive him away ! " The moment the receptionist saw the man, her eyes lit up, and her attitude completely changed. Mr. Cairon, it's nice to see you again. I'll just call the security to deal with him. Her attitude toward the man was warm and friendly, and she seemed as though she wanted to throw herself into his arms. You're right. The man, Henson Cairon, laughed smugly and suddenly grabbed the receptionist's boob, which made her moan. Henson then raised his eyebrows at Trevor arrogantly as though Henson were flaunting his capability. With that, he turned to the receptionist and asked, "Is Miss Evie Sanderson in the manor today? Well, I came here to confess my feelings for her."

Chapter 13

"Miss Sanderson arrived earlier this morning. She seemed to be in a hurry to prepare something important. But right now, she should be playing golf with some VIPs." The receptionist eyed the bouquet with jealousy. It was so expensive that it was almost equivalent to a few months of her salary. "Alright, I'll go in first. Remember to ask someone to clean the trash near the door. It's really annoying to just see it there!" Henson sneered. The incident angered Trevor a little. He looked at the receptionist and asked, "This guy doesn't have an appointment, right? How is he able to just walk in directly?" How could he not see that his sister was being pursued by a playboy like him? And yet, the receptionist let him in so easily! She had double standards, for sure! The receptionist

rolled her eyes at him impatiently and said firmly, "Mr. Henson Cairon is the heir of the Sen Tale Group. You're nothing compared to him." Henson also heard Trevor's words, so he walked up to him and arrogantly pushed him hard. "Look at you, dressed in such shabby clothes! How can someone as miserable as you enter the Willard Manor? Can you even afford to pay for this place?" No appointment, no entry! the receptionist echoed. Alright, then. I must enter right away! Although Trevor was furious, he suppressed his anger, took out his phone, and stepped out for a while. Didn't you just say that you will get in? Why are you walking out then? Come back here if you have balls! Henson shouted after him with a scornful smile. To their surprise, Trevor seemed to have disconnected the call in the middle of the conversation and turned to look at them both. Shit! ! poor bastard ! Believe it or not, I am going to pummel you right now! Henson clenched his fists and threatened Trevor. He was obviously not taking him seriously. Mr. Cairon, please calm down. I've already called the security department. I have asked them to break his legs today. Let's see if he dares to step foot here again! The receptionist also shouted at Trevor, threatening him, in an attempt to please Henson. At that moment, they all heard a pleasant voice coming from behind them. I'd like to see who would dare to beat my brother! A tall young woman walked into the room. She was elegant and beautiful, like an angel dressed in a suit. The woman was Evie, Trevor's sister. She had long flowing hair that resembled a waterfall. Her skin was soft and dewy. She looked very sophisticated and intellectually sound for her age. Although she was quite pretty, her eyes were covered with a sense of gloom as anger rose within her like a tide. The entire lobby fell silent as soon as she entered. No one even dared to breathe loudly. It was the first time that the staff members and Henson were seeing her so angry. Miss Sanderson! The receptionist ran up to her and saluted her respectfully. Looking at his dream girl, Henson quickly took out the bouquet of roses that he had prepared in advance and handed them to her. With a flattering smile on his lips, he continued, "Miss Sanderson, this is a gift that I carefully selected for you. As for the cooperation with the Sen Tale Group this year, we should talk about the contract extension." Evie's face was as cold as ice as she said, "You bastard ! You were thinking of hurting my brother until a second ago, so don't even think about the contract extension." Upon hearing that, Henson's eyes went wide in horror. Looking at Trevor, he stopped for a second. Thinking that a guy like him could not be Evie's brother, he ignored him. He continued to look around for another five minutes. However, he could not find Evie's brother at all. Feeling bitter in his heart, he felt that Evie was just giving him some excuse to avoid signing the contract. Henson smiled bitterly and said, "Miss Sanderson, this... I haven't seen your brother at all, let alone beat him. If you are not satisfied with the contract, then maybe, we can negotiate the terms again." The Sen Tale Group had encountered a big financial crisis that year. If

they failed to get that project, then the company would certainly go bankrupt. And when that happened, even Henson would be reduced to a state of poverty.

Chapter 14

Does being poor really make me invisible? These people are acting like I'm not even standing here,' Finally, Trevor decided to not care about what everyone around him might think and strode straight to Evie. He raised his chin and said, "Sister, Dad asked me to come to you to sign the contract." As soon as Trevor finished speaking, the room fell silent. All heads turned to him, and everyone stared at him with wide eyes. What's wrong with this guy? Is he insane? How could he come up to Evie and claim that he was her brother? "Yes, you're right. He doesn't even look the part. His clothes are valued at less than one hundred dollars. How could someone like him be related to Miss Sanderson?" Everyone talked about Trevor as if he was not there to hear what they were saying. They eyed him with disbelief and even disdain. Suddenly it dawned on them that Trevor was the only stranger in the room. Everyone held their breaths and pricked up their ears. They waited for Evie to respond. Why didn't you call me when you arrived, Trevor? The coldness on Evie's face turned into a gentle smile. All the people present heaved a collective sigh of relief and a little bit of surprise. Seeing Evie with such a lovely, tranquil expression on her face was a rare sight. How... How could it be possible? Henson was confused. Without taking a look at Henson, Trevor said to Evie, "Sister, is this your pursuer? I don't think he is a good candidate. He wanted to hit me just now." Mr. Sanderson, I... Hearing this, Henson hurriedly attempted to explain. Evie snapped, "Enough! Henson, I'm not an unreasonable person. If you want to renew the contract with me, you have to make me happy first." Just tell me what you want me to do, Miss Sanderson, and I'll do it, Henson replied immediately and took a deep breath. The gentle look on Evie's face slowly melted away, and a knowing smile curled her lips. She looked like a queen who was about to squash one of her enemies under her heel. She pointed at the Tesla car parked not far away and said softly, "Your car is parked at the door. It blocked my way here to find my brother." Henson pressed his lips together in a thin line. After hesitating for a long time, he gritted his teeth and said, "Since it inconvenienced you, I'll smash it!" He strode toward his car and picked up a big stick on the way. He smashed the windshield with the stick. After the first strike, Henson chanced a glance at Evie and realized that she had no intention of stopping him. He smashed the windshield once again. Fifteen minutes of non-stop hits later, the elegantly shaped and fashionable luxury car was badly totaled. Panting and sweating all over, Henson went back to the reception hall and said to Evie, "Are you satisfied, Miss Sanderson?" No, I'm afraid not.

You almost kicked my brother just now. Evie's face remained unchanged, but her tone grew even colder. I... I see. Henson's throat bobbed, and color gradually drained from his face. He closed his eyes. He took a deep breath. Then, he raised the stick he was holding and struck his own leg with it. He tried to bite down his screams but miserably failed. Everyone present was stunned into complete silence. Some gasped and put their hands over their chests. They were not expecting Henson to do what he just did. How about now? Henson asked in a voice trembling with pain. Evie did not answer. She just looked at Trevor and asked, "Is that enough for you, brother?" Trevor whipped his head toward his sister. He was not expecting her to address him. Evie was usually quiet at home, but she could be so domineering in front of her people and arrogant outsiders. Without thinking too much, Trevor quickly answered, "Yes, that's quite enough." Hearing this, Evie smiled. She took out her checkbook and began writing. Here's a check for two million dollars. Buy yourself a new car, Mr. Cairon. After saying that, Evie turned around and said to a security guard, "You, get someone to drive Mr. Cairon home. As for the cooperation, Mr. Cairon, you can talk to my brother after your leg recovers."

Chapter 15

Evie, don't go too far! Henson shouted through gritted teeth. He was the eldest son of the Cairon family. Nobody dared to provoke him just like Evie did. His car had been totaled, and his leg was injured. However, he still had not had a chance to discuss the cooperation. Security, see him out! Evie commanded coldly. With her tall figure and sharp features, she was like an ice queen. The security guard grabbed a wheelchair from the side, dragged Henson onto it, and pushed him out of the Willard Manor. I can walk by myself! Henson cried out in grief and indignation while being wheeled out. He had just been humiliated. Not to mention, people were staring at him with a snicker. The heir of the Sen Tale Group was bullied. How pathetic. I wish I could be as domineering as my sister one day,' Trevor thought to himself. At that moment, Evie turned to him and asked, "Brother, are you okay?" Her demeanor changed in an instant when she talked to him. She was gentler and affectionate, unlike her usual temperament which was cold and unforgiving. The staff around was astonished by her attitude. This was the first time they had seen Evie like this. I'm okay. Trevor shook his head and added, "Sorry for the trouble, sister." It's okay. Dad should've told you that he's giving you not only the Willard Manor but also all the shops on this commercial street. Everything you see is owned by our family. With a smile on her face, Evie waved her hand, and her female secretary came up to her. Gather all the staff in the manor for me, Evie ordered. The secretary nodded in

response. Five minutes later, more than a thousand staff of the manor gathered on the vast golf course. They all wore the same black uniform, which made the course look black instead of green. They were lined in the golf course and waited for what Evie had to say. With Trevor next to her, Evie stood before them and announced, "All of you, listen. From now on, my brother, Trevor Sanderson, will be the boss of the Willard Manor!" All the staff, including security guards and managers, bowed respectfully upon hearing Evie's announcement. The beautiful girls who do waitress have, without a doubt, only one purpose, and that is to marry into a rich family. The young man in front is bound to become the target of sexy girls. What do you mean by rich man? This young man in front of them is a real rich man and a billionaire!!! Welcome, Mr. Sanderson! they shouted in unison. Their voice was loud and clear, and it echoed throughout the golf course. Not knowing what to do, Trevor just stood there in a daze. Is this the feeling of being the boss? Everyone respects you,' he thought to himself, in awe. In the crowd, the face of the receptionist who had just humiliated him turned ghastly pale. Trevor, an employee reported to me that the receptionist in the lobby disrespected you, Evie said with implication. Everyone held their breath and stared at Trevor, wondering what he would do next. Apart from respect, there was fear in their eyes. If the boss changed, who knew if he would change all the employees? The salary here in the Willard Manor was not only competitive, but it also came with benefits. Many people were dying to work there. I'm the boss now. How should I handle this issue? I don't know what to do.' Trevor was anxious as all eyes were on him. He did not even know where to place his hands. Meanwhile, the said receptionist was trembling like a leaf. All of a sudden, she rushed towards Trevor and stood timidly in front of him. She lowered her head and bit her lip in shame. To everyone's surprise, she revealed a large part of her boob and looked up at Trevor apologetically. Fear was written all over her face, which made everyone pity her. Trevor's face flushed. Never in his life had a girl approached him. But then, the receptionist's attitude crossed his mind, and he felt disdainful. The Willard Manor is now mine. If the employees, even one of them, disrespect a guest in the future, the reputation of the manor will be affected.' At the thought of this, Trevor cleared his throat and said in a deep voice, "I want to ask you something. Is this how you treat the guests?"

Chapter 16

French Restaurant I'm so sorry, Mr. Sanderson. I shouldn't have looked down on you, the female receptionist said as she bit her lip. I didn't recognize you sooner, and I really regret it. She raised her hand to slap her cheeks, causing the sound to resonate throughout

the entire venue while she slapped herself over and over again. Trevor's eyes widened. He couldn't understand what was happening. A trace of blood trickled down from the corner of the receptionist's mouth, and her face became swollen, but she didn't stop. Trevor didn't intend to make her hurt herself, so he announced, "Stop. Just don't do it again, okay?" The receptionist realized what he had just said, her eyes lit up. She stammered as she replied, "Mr. Sanderson, Thank you so much. I won't do it again!" She truly felt grateful that Trevor forgave her even after what she did. Evie subtly nodded in satisfaction. She felt content with how Trevor dealt with the matter because if he didn't punish the receptionist for her actions, she would have stepped in and punished her for him. Trevor had to learn to establish his authority in front of his subordinates, especially since he was the boss. When it was time for lunch, Trevor and Evie went out. They decided to ride on a yacht since they planned to go to the lake island of the Willard Manor. Trevor's eyes lit up in amusement when he saw two dolphins jump out of the water and follow the yacht. At that point, Evie also told him about the buildings in the villa. She explained that there were sharks in the aquarium, leopards in the zoo, and even an arctic museum where a group of polar bears was kept. Trevor's eyes widened upon hearing that. Half an hour later, they arrived at the island and went to a French restaurant. The chefs were also Michelin three-star chefs, so their cooking skills were on par with the most famous ones. The ingredients they used for their dishes were fresh, especially the beef. They often used the most tender part of the Charolais beef, which came from France. Trevor, this is the best restaurant in Willard Manor, and people who don't have a lot of money usually can't afford a diamond VIP membership card here, Evie explained with a smile. "This restaurant alone can bring in at least ten million dollars per month." After that, she went on to introduce Willard Manor's membership cards. The membership cards were divided into four grades: silver, gold, diamond, and supreme. The people who could spend more than five million dollars a year were eligible to apply for a silver card, which was considered to be the most basic. So, generally speaking, people who came to the villa had to spend millions of dollars just to be qualified. As for the gold and diamond cards, the people who possessed more than one billion dollars were the only ones who could get them. Trevor's breath hitched while he listened to Evie rambling on and on about the membership cards. He didn't feel like that kind of lifestyle was his thing. How can someone actually spend five million dollars for meals every year? Is this really how rich people live?' he wondered. At that moment, he also couldn't believe that such a luxurious property was about to be his. He even felt giddy inside when he thought about the restaurant's monthly income, especially since the restaurant could pull in tens of millions of dollars every month. Evie smiled at her brother as she looked at him. She didn't look down on Trevor at all. In fact, it was the opposite because she was fond of his

behavior and overall personality. Ten minutes later, they served French dishes one after another. Every dish looked incomparably exquisite. One of the dishes that caught Trevor's eye was the famous Charolais steak. The chef had carved the carrot into tiny roses, and it served as a decoration on top of a small piece of steak that was in the middle of the plate. Trevor looked confused for a moment when he glanced back at Evie and asked, "Evie, isn't this a bit over the top? The plate is so big, but all they gave me was a small piece of meat. How can you expect me to feel full by eating this?" Evie shook her head. "That doesn't matter. You should just keep tasting a few more dishes." With that, she showed Trevor how to eat the steak using a knife and fork. After Trevor finished a dish, one of the waiters served him another one. The plate was big, but the portion of the food was the same as before. He ate more than ten dishes before he cleared his throat, looked Evie in the eye, and asked, "Evie, do they have bread in this restaurant? I'll only be able to feel full if I eat that."

Chapter 17

After hearing Trevor's words, Evie burst into laughter before she glanced at him tenderly and said, "Trevor, this is a French restaurant, so you won't find any rice here." Alas, I don't understand the lives of the wealthy, Trevor said with a heavy sigh, feeling helpless. You will soon get used to it. By the way, I still haven't given you a birthday present! Saying that she opened her latest LV handbag, and took out a box that was about the size of her palm. This is a customized Patek Philippe watch. I hired someone to specifically design it for you, and don't worry, it's not too expensive. It is only worth five hundred thousand dollars. Trevor took the gift box and opened it. Inside it was a delicate wristwatch. This damn thing costs five hundred thousand dollars? That's unbelievable! Trevor thought to himself. He wanted to live a very normal and peaceful life and did not want people to ingratiate themselves with him for the sake of his wealth. After they had lunch, Trevor walked out of the Willard Manor and to the commercial street. It was a place filled with hip youngsters and bosses. He had been a little self-abased in the past, but now, he owned all of the businesses on the commercial street. I can't be so self-abased anymore. I have to slowly adapt to the wealthy lifestyle! Trevor said to himself with determination. That moment, he heard a familiar voice calling his name from behind him. Trevor. What are you doing here? He looked back and saw many of his acquaintances. Bessie, Corrie, Bernard, and his sidekicks were about to walk into the Kisas Tennis Club. Trevor! Why didn't you reply to my texts? Bessie seemed a little angry because she had texted him a few hours ago, trying to apologize to him, but he had not replied to her. And

now, he was caught wandering the streets. Feeling awkward, Trevor scratched his head. He actually wanted to avoid Bessie and Bernard. Moreover, Bessie was also just pretending to be mad at him. She knew that Trevor must have felt sad when he was questioned by everyone in the hotel, so she said, "We're going to play tennis now, so why don't you join us?" But the next second, Bernard sneered, "Miss Taylor, a loser like him doesn't deserve to play with us." Although Corrie remained silent, even her eyes were filled with contempt as she looked at Trevor. She just did not want to be around him. Bessie rolled her eyes at them, and said, "Enough, Bernard!" She was normally a very easy-going person, but it wasn't right for Bernard to go up against the couch like that. Turning towards the entrance, Bernard waved and shouted, "Grant, here!" Everyone turned to look at the man he was calling out to. Grant Norris was a handsome young man dressed in an Armani suit. Seeing them, he walked over to them with a warm smile. Bernard said to Trevor, "This is Grant, son of Ensfield Hotel's owner in this city. If it weren't for him, you wouldn't be able to gain entrance to this club." Grant looked at Trevor up and down and asked, "Who's this?" Trevor Sanderson, the poor guy who found his girlfriend making out with Dennis. Oh, that's you? I've heard a lot about you, man, Grant sneered and then burst into laughter. The moment he saw Bessie, his eyes lit up. He bowed like a gentleman and smiled. Miss Taylor, I've already booked tennis courts for us. We can go in now. Bessie also gave him a polite smile and nodded. Grant was very enthusiastic toward Bessie. He was trying to please her.

Chapter 18

What's that supposed to mean? Trevor asked, clenching his fists. He was getting a little tired of tolerating their implied insults. Grant was about to mock Trevor more, but Bessie stopped him. "That's enough. Are you going to snipe at each other on my birthday?" You're right, Miss Taylor. This is your day. My apologies. Let's go inside and play tennis. Grant flashed Trevor one last condescending look and then ushered everyone into the exclusive tennis club. Trevor also decided to bite down his anger. He did not want to embarrass Bessie, but he kept in mind how Grant treated him. They walked into the tennis club, which was luxuriously decorated, and all the people inside were well-dressed. It was a place where the rich worked out and hung out. With a deeply impressed look on her face, Corrie commented, "I heard that the Kisas Tennis Club is a private club for the super-wealthy. Everything inside is very expensive, and only people with a membership card are allowed to gain entrance." It was not very expensive. I rented two top-grade open-air tennis courts, and it only cost me twenty thousand dollars, Wow,

Grant! You are generous! one of Bernard's friends exclaimed. Hearing what Grant said, Corrie was in awe and liked him even more. He was rich, giving, and handsome. Who would not like someone like that? Seeing that everyone was flattering Grant, Trevor kept his silence. He thought, 'The industries around the manor are all owned by my family. I can also gain entrance into this club if I just tell my sister that I want in.' But Trevor did not plan to do that. He just followed the crowd. Bernard said to the attendant at the front desk, "Hi. Can we please have five famous-brand tennis rackets, the latest Wilson? And one cheap racket for a poor guy?" Wilson was a famous tennis racket brand in the world, which many Olympic champions used and endorsed. Every racket was processed by the most intricate manufacturing machinery and came out with excellent quality. Their designs were grand and high-end and, therefore, pricey. On the other hand, the cheap racket was rather simple and a common item in the market. Yes, sir. Please wait a moment. Before leaving to grant Bernard's request, the attendant glanced at Trevor with contempt in her eyes. Then, she came back with the rackets and handed the cheap one to Trevor. You don't mind a cheap racket, do you, Trevor? I mean, we can only get you one that's fit for you. After all, we already let you come along with us out of the kindness of our hearts. Bernard smirked and handed the attendant a credit card. The branded rackets cost him ten thousand dollars, two thousand for each one. The cheap one cost him twenty. Trevor gritted his teeth and gripped the cheap racket they gave him. He did not want to lose his cool in front of Bessie. Bernard winked at Grant, and Grant immediately understood. Grant turned to Trevor and said, "Trevor, Bernard, and I have already paid for the rackets and the entrance. Now be a man and treat us to something. How about some water?" Six bottles of water, please. Trevor knew Bernard and Grant's intention. They wanted him to spend more than he could, but it was only six bottles of water. He could afford those for sure. Sir, it's one thousand and two hundred dollars in total. Would you like to pay by a card or by cash? The attendant took six bottles of water out of the freezer and set them on the counter. Trevor could not believe what he just heard. How could a bottle of water cost two hundred dollars? That was more expensive than oil. No wonder Grant asked him to buy water for everyone. Seeing the awful, humiliated look on Trevor's face, Bessie felt sorry for him. She stepped forward and decided to deal with the situation. Don't worry about it, Trevor. I'll pay for the water.

Chapter 19

Miss Taylor, today is your birthday. It's not appropriate for you to pay. Trevor should pay, Bernard protested. A man should pay for a woman, or he is no man at all. Seeing that

Trevor had not made a move to pay, the attendant stared at him with condescending eyes. But... Bessie tentatively glanced at Trevor. She knew that he only earned one thousand dollars a month to support himself and his studies. If he paid for the bottles of water now, he would not have had anything left for the rest of the month. Don't worry, Miss Taylor. I'll pay. Trevor took out his card and gave it to the attendant. He knew that Bernard wanted to see him make a fool of himself. He would have folded and suffered the humiliation in silence in the past. But he was different now. He was no longer the Trevor who let others bully him just so that he would not go hungry in the next few days. He now held a card that housed one hundred million dollars. He did not have to live a hard life anymore or cower before anyone's mocking stare. The attendant swiped Trevor's card. The terminal beeped and the one thousand and two hundred dollars was successfully paid. Gee! There's real money in it! The attendant's disdainful expression softened a little, thinking that this poor loser's card might only have that one thousand and two hundred dollar. The attendant took out the card and set it on the counter without looking at it. She said coldly, "It's done." Trevor's face darkened, but he reined in his temper. He thought to himself, 'All the shops around here are owned by my family. The attitude of this attendant is heinous. I have to tell my sister when I get home. Employees like this one are bad for business. Waiters who look down on customers must be fired!' Trevor grabbed his card and put it back in his wallet. Then, he picked up the bottles of water and left. This idiot bought the water with the money for his bread. Let's see how he will live until next month. Bernard snickered together with his friends. Corrie shook her head. She could not believe how stupid and careless Trevor had just been. He squandered all of his hard-earned money just because everyone goaded him into doing so. Taking back his card, Trevor thought to himself, 'Anyway, the shop is my family's business. Anything I spend here will eventually return to the Sanderson account.' I need two caddies to pick up balls for us. Grant spent another ten thousand on two caddies. The Kisas Tennis Club also offered caddies to help guests pick up tennis balls for them during the game. The charge for one caddie was five thousand dollars. The attendant replied apologetically, "I'm sorry, sir. We have too many guests playing today. We only have one caddie available." Okay, then send that one caddie to us. Grant paid, and the caddie was arranged immediately. The caddie was an innocent-looking young woman with tan skin. A pair of smooth, strong, and well-shaped legs shot out of her short tennis skirt. She was not as beautiful as Bessie or Corrie, but she was pretty in her own right. It was understandable why she cost five thousand dollars. Grant led everyone to the tennis courts. The tennis courts were very large, covering an area of at least ten thousand square meters. They rented two courts and divided themselves into two groups to play. Bernard and Grant formed one group and Corrie and Bessie another. They were open-air courts

surrounded by lawn, and there was nobody around but them. The field was very private and exclusive. Bernard played against Grant and Corrie against Bessie. They played several games in a row. Every time Bernard or Grant hit the ball and it went out of bounds, the caddie picked it up for them. But at Corrie and Bessie's court, that was not the case. Bernard suggested, "Trevor since you have nothing to do, I'll give you five hundred dollars if you act as a caddie for Corrie and Bessie." Oh, stop it, Bernard! Trevor is here to play tennis with us, not to be our caddie! Bessie snapped. She had just about enough of Bernard's rudeness to Trevor. She could not stand the bullying any longer. "I'm just trying to help him, Miss Taylor. After all, he did just use up all of his money to buy us some water, " Bernard reasoned.

Chapter 20

It's okay, coach. Let me pick it up for you. Trevor stood up to pick up the ball. Since it's boring here, I might as well make five hundred dollars. After all, Miss Taylor is not only beautiful, but she's also kind to me. It's not a big deal to pick up the balls for her.' At the thought of this, Trevor no longer felt aggrieved. Bernard and Grant exchanged a glance and snorted. In their eyes, Trevor was more obedient than a dog. He obeyed them without a second thought. Thirty minutes later, everyone had gotten a little tired. But as the coach of the basketball team, Bessie still had the energy to play with others. Meanwhile, Corrie, Bernard, and Grant went to the bleachers to rest. Trevor had been picking up the balls for a long time, so he thought it was finally his turn to play with Bessie. Unfortunately, Bernard stopped him. "Hey! It's not your turn yet. It's my friend's!" Thank you, Bernard! With a smug look on his face, Bernard's follower chuckled and went to the court with a high-end racket. He looked as though he was rubbing it against Trevor's face. Even though he was only Bernard's follower, his status in the team was higher than Trevor's. He was gloating as his tennis racket was popular and expensive, whereas Trevor could only use a cheap one. With a sly smile, Bernard walked up to his friend and whispered, "Teach Trevor a lesson." As Trevor saw that the two were talking furtively and seemed to be conspiring against him, he became extra vigilant. At that moment, Bernard's follower walked to the other side of the court and, with his left hand, threw the ball high and hit it with the racket in his other hand. The ball flew straight like a bullet. Bessie's eyes widened in shock when she realized the ball was not flying towards her but Trevor. Trevor, watch out! she shouted. The instant Trevor heard Bessie's words, he stepped aside, and the ball whizzed by his ear. To everyone's surprise, a man's voice boomed from

where the ball had landed. Son of a bitch! Who the fuck hit this ball towards here?! Everything happened so fast that everyone was stunned. Bernard and his follower had planned on hitting Trevor. However, they did not expect him to react so quickly. So when he dodged the ball, it hit the person behind him instead. Everyone looked behind Trevor and saw a big and bulky man with tattoos on his arms. He had used his right hand to block the flying ball. But as he did so, his watchband snapped, and his watch fell to the floor and shattered. Two of the diamonds that had been embedded on the watch fell off. And now, they were missing. Grant's face turned white as a sheet. Mr. Ellis... it's you! Fuming with anger, Maison Ellis picked up his watch and roared, "Who the fuck broke my watch?! I can't find its diamonds! Do you know how much this Rolex watch is? It costs two million dollars!" Mr. Ellis, please calm down. We didn't mean it, Grant politely said, not daring to offend the man. Bernard, who was behind Grant, whispered, "Who is he?" He's a loan shark and a powerful man in a gang. I heard that he's working for Evie, the richest woman in Jork, Grant replied. The faces of Bernard and his friends changed dramatically. No wonder Grant was polite to Maison. They could not afford to offend him at all. Trevor was in a panic too. But when he heard what Grant had said, he calmed down. He works for my sister. Everything should be fine.' Grant, I don't care if you did it on purpose or not. You have to pay for it, or else I won't allow you to leave this place. Don't let me ask you again. Who hit the ball just now? Answer me! Maison cast a glance at Bernard and the others. But then, his gaze fell on Bessie and Corrie, and an idea occurred to him. Suddenly, a cunning grin appeared on his face.