

## **Blessed 100**

### [Chapter 100 Don't Touch It If You Can't Afford I](#)

"I..."

Trevor was rendered speechless upon hearing his sister's words.

Evie sneered, "You can buy a car and use it to practice driving. You don't need to borrow a car from another person."

Trevor could not decide whether to be happy or teary. He knew that his sister cared about him and could not bear to see him suffer. He was touched.

After hesitating for a while, he replied, "Then I'm going to buy a cheap Japanese car to use to practice driving. What do you think?"

Evie fell silent all of a sudden.

"Hello, Evie? Are you still there?"

There was no response.

After a few moments, Evie roared, "My car is worth 40 million dollars! If you buy a cheap car and people see you driving around in it, you'll ruin our family's image!"

"It's just a practice car, Evie,"

Trevor answered, putting the phone a little far away from his ear and rubbing his ear.

"I don't care. If you buy a cheap car and I see it, I'll smash it to bits."

Trevor wrinkled his nose and pressed his lips together in a thin line. He could tell that Evie was being serious.

His sister did not seem to care about the waste of money that would result from destroying a cheap car.

Trevor had such a thought in his mind but did not dare say it to Evie.

He did not want to upset her.

Fortunately, Evie finally offered a useful suggestion. A car show would be held at the commercial exhibition center in Jork in the next two days.

After hanging up the phone, Trevor decided to go there and check it out.

The next morning, Trevor got up early.

He rushed out to the car show, leaving himself plenty of time to select a car.

He was worried that the car he would buy would not be up to his sister's standards, and if she really smashed it, he would be devastated.

When Trevor arrived at the exhibition center, there were not many people. Apart from a few car enthusiasts, only the salesmen and saleswomen were there, yawning at their respective stands.

Trevor looked around and then approached the exhibition stands of Mercedes-Benz and Volkswagen.

After hesitating for a while, he decided to visit the Mercedes-Benz exhibition stand first.

The salesperson manning the stand was a young, beautiful woman in a black silk uniform.

She smiled warmly at the show's visitors. But when she saw Trevor, she scowled and looked at him up and down.

'Just my luck. A poor guy checking out my stand,'

Thelma Perkins thought.

When Trevor walked closer, she pretended not to see him. She did not even turn her head to his direction.

"Excuse me, what's the price of the most expensive car here?"

Trevor was busy thinking about buying the most expensive car in the show so that Evie would not destroy it when she saw it. He did not notice Thelma's thinly veiled hostility.

"McLaren SLR. It's priced at about four million,"

Thelma replied coldly after contemptuously glancing at Trevor.

"I think it's still a little cheap. Is there a more expensive one?"

Trevor asked in a voice tinged with disappointment. If he bought that four-million-dollar car, Evie would surely wreck it.

Hearing the question, Thelma could not help sneering. "That's just the mass-production car that we have here. Of course we have more expensive ones. There's one over there. Can you afford it?"

In her eyes, Trevor deliberately went to the exhibition stand to pretend to be rich and maybe even to get her attention.

Having been quite satisfied with her own pretty appearance, she rolled her eyes while thinking to herself, 'This guy is just some poor student wearing cheap clothes. I'm way out of his league.'

If Trevor knew what Thelma was thinking, he would roll on the floor laughing.

Although he had been destitute before, he had still been surrounded by many beautiful women.

He used to be easily impressed by pretty girls, but because of his sister, Evie, he acquired good taste in women.

But pretty girls like the saleswoman he was talking to was not his focus at the moment but the luxury car in front of him.

It was a typical sports car with a low base plate and a curvy, metallic silver body. The tail spoiler looked so cool and matched the entire car so beautifully.

Trevor began to imagine the roar of the engine. He was sure that this magnificent hunk of metal could go off the road like an arrow off a bowstring.

Trevor rubbed his hands together and said with expectation, "Can I get in it and have a taste of the interiors?"

"You? No. I can't let you touch it if you can't afford it,"

Thelma scoffed, curling her lips with arms akimbo.