

Blessed 137

[Chapter 137 Are You Here To Be A Part-Time Security Guard](#)

Wendy sent Trevor back to school on her Porsche. Trevor only stayed to rest for one night.

Brock sent the invitation in person.

The date of the race was set on Saturday.

That morning, Trevor had a simple breakfast and took a taxi to the International Circuit.

Although it was called an International Circuit, it had never hosted any international race. It was just a PR stunt.

But if one underestimated this field, he or she would be totally foolish.

The International Circuit was located in the eastern suburbs of Jork, covering a vast area of ten square kilometers.

It included a racetrack, a business expo area, a cultural and entertainment hall, and a development reserve area among other things. All those spaces had been jointly built to form a massive entertainment center with car culture as its central theme.

Trevor had lived in Jork for a long time, but he had never gotten the chance to visit the International Circuit.

So, when he got out of the taxi and feasted his eyes on the place, he gawked. He was so amazed that he had forgotten how to close his mouth for a moment.

He did not expect it to be unbelievably huge in person.

Half of the racetrack could be seen through the row of glass panes separating the lobby and the field. Even without seeing it whole, Trevor thought that the winding track was spectacular.

Even though he had broadened his vision and experienced more out of life recently, he still looked around curiously like a young explorer entering a new world.

"Hey, look at that loser. Doesn't he look like an idiot, gazing around like that?"

"Is he lost? What the hell is he looking at? Hasn't he been here before?"

Several beautiful girls there whispered among themselves in disgust when they saw Trevor.

Trevor did not pay attention to them. He was numb to such side comments.

He touched the gold-plated invitation card in his pocket and headed to the ticketing counter at the lobby.

The inspector who was guarding the gates was a tall, beautiful woman.

When Trevor approached the gates, the inspector stopped him.

The woman's face was cold and expressionless. She looked at Trevor up and down. With a trace of contempt in her eyes, she said, "The racetrack is booked today for a private event, sir. Only those with an invitation can enter."

Trevor was about to show the inspector his invitation, but a man in a Lamborghini drove toward the gates. The inspector let him through, no questions asked. It hit a nerve in Trevor.

"Why does that guy get to go in without an invitation?" Trevor asked in mixed confusion and resentment.

The beautiful inspector retorted, "Sir, didn't you see that he was driving a Lamborghini?"

Although Trevor expected such an answer from the inspector, he still could not help feeling a little belittled.

He tried to enter on foot, so he had to be policed while some guy in a luxury car got to pass through without a hassle.

Trevor wanted to lash out, but he chose to restrain himself. Instead, he glanced at the inspector's name tag and memorized her name. He would tell Brock later that such an employee was bad for business.

The inspector's name was Trudy Finch.

However, when Trudy realized where Trevor was looking, she felt more disdainful toward him. She thought, 'What in the world is this pervert doing? Why is he looking at my chest? What a disgusting jerk!'

Well, Trudy liked to display enough of her bosom so that men could have a peek.

But who were those men?

To put it bluntly, they were upper class men dressed in Armani, Louis Vuitton, or any other famous luxury brands.

Rich men were the only kind of men that Trudy wanted to look at her, not some carless albeit good-looking lad.

She said flatly, "This race is being held by the richest man in Jork. No one is allowed to enter without an invitation. Please step aside, sir. You're blocking the way for other guests."

Trevor did not want to talk to the inspector anymore and was about to take out his invitation.

But then, a familiar voice called to him from behind, "Hey. Is that you, Trevor? Are you here to be a part-time security guard? Or have you come to collect some plastic bottles to sell?"