

Blessed 140

[Chapter 140 Someone I Can't Afford To Offend](#)

"Don't think you're the same as us after you sneaked into the circuit with a stolen invitation.

A professional car racer like me drives expensive cars that you can only dream of. You can't afford to offend me.

Think it over and then come back here. Maybe I'll skip slapping some sense into you and let you go if I'm in a good mood about what happened last time."

After saying that, Billy stared at Trevor with contempt.

Billy's blatant threat and brag made Trevor angry and amused at the same time.

He thought, 'It seems that Estrella has been deceived by the kind of words this guy says. If he hadn't mentioned it, I would've forgotten that he's a 'professional racer' who mistakes a Porsche 911 for a Cayenne.'

Trevor was not worried about Billy at all. He saw through every lie that came out of his mouth.

Even if Billy was a real professional racer who drove cars worth hundreds of millions of dollars, the Sanderson family could still easily squash him like a bug.

Trevor sneered, "What if I don't want to do that?"

"Then you're asking for it, you loser!"

Rage flared in Billy's chest after Trevor flashed him a smug smile. He spat, rolled up his sleeves, and charged at Trevor. Billy was about to grab Trevor by the collar when something caught his attention.

The sound of roaring engines made Billy turn his head.

"Damn it! Does it ever end?"

Billy cursed under his breath. When he saw what was coming, he was stunned.

The supercars team had returned, and they were driving backward toward his and Trevor's direction.

The rich young men who were driving the supercars were like children who had gotten caught doing something wrong. They had just driven a fair distance forward, but as if they were afraid that they would be scolded by an angry adult waiting ahead, they quickly and carefully retreated to where they were. That was how they played in the racetrack.

What made Billy want to curse most was that the supercars stopped beside him and Trevor. What was going on?

'Did I offend one of these rich men just now?' Billy thought.

Billy watched as the drivers got out of their respective supercars with Brock leading them.

The rich young men ignored Billy and went straight to Trevor.

Billy breathed a sigh of relief and gloated in his mind, 'It seems that they have realized that the poor loser has sneaked into the hall. About time. A destitute man like Trevor sticks out like a sore thumb around here.'

Billy grinned, anticipating a good show.

But then, Brock and the others bowed and greeted Trevor in unison.

"Hello, Mr. Sanderson."

It was such an unbelievable sight, seeing a group of extremely wealthy young men respectfully address some nobody like Trevor.

What was more unbelievable was what they called him.

"Mr. Sanderson... Mr. Sanderson!"

Billy suddenly felt like a canoe being tossed around violently in a storm at sea.

How powerful this poor loser was to make this group of rich young men bow to him? Billy could not believe that he had just provoked Trevor.

His legs went limp.

Plop!

He knelt down.

"Who is this guy, Mr. Sanderson? Is he bothering you?"

Brock asked after Billy went on his knees in front of Trevor.

"Well, according to him, he's a professional racer. He drives cars worth hundreds of millions of dollars that I can only dream of. He also said that I can't afford to offend him."

Trevor took a glance at the coward Billy and flashed him a triumphant smile.