

BLESSED BY SUDDEN WEALTH

Chapter 17 Patek Philippe Watch

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.

If you find any errors (broken links, non-standard content, etc..), Please let us know < report chapter > so we can fix it as soon as possible.