

BLESSED BY SUDDEN WEALTH

Chapter 19 Being A Caddie

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.

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