

Blessed 218

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Turning to look at Aldrin, Cleo shook her head and said, "Forget about it.

You can go with Platt. I'll just stay with Aldrin."

Hearing it, Trevor smiled knowingly. It seemed that his good friend indeed had a good taste.

Thinking of this, he said to Aldrin and Rob, "Trust me. These tickets aren't fake and they will definitely work."

Of course, the two of them believed in Trevor and Cleo also decided to follow them.

Seeing the scene in front of her, Cassie got a bit anxious. When Cleo walked away with them, she said, "They are stupid. You can't follow them, Cleo! How are you going to get in with fake tickets? The security guard will kick you out!"

With a smirk on his face, Platt looked at them gloatingly.

In fact, he wanted to see how they would be kicked out.

Besides, he wanted the beauties to realize that he was the good man whom they could rely on instead of Aldrin and his friends.

However, what happened next shocked him.

When Trevor came to the queue and showed his tickets, the staff respectfully invited them in.

Just like that, both Platt and Cassie were left outside the door in confusion.

The result was totally opposite to what Cassie had imagined. Stamping her feet, she said in an annoyed voice, "Do they think they are extraordinary to have tickets? We have tickets too! Let's go, Platt!"

Just like Trevor, the two of them approached the staff directly. However, they were stopped by the staff before they could go in.

"This is a high-end flower exhibition. In order to let our honored guests have a good time, we allow a certain number of people to enter at a time. You can go in only when someone comes out. So, can you please line up to enter? Please follow the rules."

Feeling unfair, Cassie pointed at the receding figures of Trevor and the others and said angrily, "Then, why are they allowed to go in directly?"

In a calm voice, the staff said, "They have VIP tickets so they can enter here any time. But you only have ordinary tickets."

Now that Cassie was still by his side, Platt wanted to show off and pretend to be generous.

Squinting his eyes at the staff, he asked, "Do you still have VIP tickets here? Give me two tickets!"

If a poor loser could afford such a ticket, he could afford it too. Actually, Platt thought that those tickets would worth at most one or two thousand dollars!

Holding Platt's arm intimately, Cassie said in a spoiled tone, "Wow, Platt, you are so generous and amazing!"

Once again, she disdained Trevor and his roommates as she thought that they were just poor losers. Since Platt was from a rich family, she could easily get into the exhibition with him.

"Yes, the VIP tickets are indeed on sale here."

Thinking that they were going to buy the VIP ticket, the staff happily nodded and explained, "The price of each VIP ticket is 8, 888 dollars. You will get access to all the flowers in the exhibition throughout the process. If necessary, there will also be a special person who will explain to you about the flowers."

"Okay, give me two..."

As Cassie took the initiative to curry favor with him, Platt was in a good mood. At that time, he suddenly realized something and swallowed hard.

A ticket that cost 8, 888 dollars. Wasn't it too expensive?

If it was one thousand or two thousand dollars, it was acceptable to buy one. However, the price of the ticket was really too high!

Thinking about it, Platt shook his head and decided to just line up.

Licking his lips anxiously, Platt said, "Well...I think we should just wait in line."

Hearing it, Cassie pouted childishly and said, "Platt, but I want to experience the VIP treatment too."

However, Platt didn't agree with her and went straight to line up.

Although Cassie was angry, she couldn't do anything except stamping her feet and following him helplessly.

Looking at the long queue, they felt desperate and depressed!

The thing that made them more embarrassed was when the staff behind them complained in a low voice, "If you don't have money, then you don't have to pretend to be rich!"