

## BLESSED BY SUDDEN WEALTH

### Chapter 6 I Will Buy This Perfume!

Trevor, if you still know shame, get the hell out of here!

"Everything here is luxurious, including lingerie.

The Hermès bag costs fifty thousand dollars and this ribbed sweater costs thirty thousand dollars.

Even if you wash laundry for the basketball team for an entire life, you still won't be able to afford a thing here!"

Dennis' tone was riddled with sarcasm as he pointed at the items on display at the store.

He could only think of one thing. 'Yes, I used to be a poor guy, But now, I have one hundred million dollars in my bank account.

Dennis, so you're the poor loser now, and not me.'

Didn't you just say that I won't be able to afford anything here? Let me show you, who's the real poor loser here!

Excuse me, I would like to buy this bottle of perfume!

"Well, What are you pretending to pretend ah?

I have seen a lot of poor losers like you who come to stores like these to pretend to be rich.

This bottle of perfume is the most sought-after limited edition fragrance from Hermès, that's worth more than three hundred thousand dollars!

Even if you end up selling a few of your organs for cash, you still won't be able to afford it!"

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Take this, and pay for it!

He quickly handed his Centurion Card to the store assistant.

She hesitated for a moment before she took it from him and walked to the billing counter.

"Trevor, you are just a garbage collector.

Are you that obsessed with pretending to be rich?

Security guard, this man is trying to make trouble here.

If he can't pay

for the product with his card, then I suggest you break his legs and throw him out of here!"

Sylvia's eyes were filled with contempt and disdain when she saw that Trevor, who was just a garbage collector, dared to refute her over and over again.

She was glad that she had not chosen Trevor, or else she would also be facing humiliation now.

Noticing the commotion, everyone in the store, including the staff, turned to look at the front desk.

The security guard, who was standing by the door, was holding a rubber stick in his hand, ready to thrash Trevor at any moment.

All of a sudden, the register sounded.

The payment is successful. Three hundred thousand dollars received, the automated response said.

Holding the card in her hand, the store assistant was stunned.

And instantly, Trevor became the center of attention as everyone wondered what kind of a wealthy man would pay three hundred thousand dollars in the blink of an eye.

At the same time, the store assistant packed up the perfume bottle beautifully and handed it to Trevor.

She smiled enthusiastically and straightened up, her full bosom almost popping out, which made Trevor blush.

Taking his card and the perfume from her, Trevor forced himself to look away from her as he turned around and was about to leave.

Although the change in the store assistant's behavior made him realize the powers and charms of wealth, he was also disgusted by it.

Dennis and Sylvia were shocked too.

They knew Trevor very well, and they also knew how he struggled to pay for his expenses by working odd part-time jobs assigned by the school.

How could a poor guy afford to pay three hundred thousand dollars?

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