

Blessed 74

[Chapter 74 The Poor And The Rich](#)

"It's... It's impossible!"

Sylvia covered her mouth in shock when she saw Trevor taking out the same Guerlain lipstick as hers.

And she also saw he had written something on his handkerchief with the lipstick.

The lipstick was so expensive that many girls couldn't even afford it, and he was just using it as a pen. 'What a waste!'

Taking a glance at Dennis, who was silent the whole time, Trevor said, "It's possible, of course. If a poor guy like me can get such an expensive lipstick, then it only proves that your boyfriend still hasn't shown his sincere feelings towards you, so I advise you to break up with him at once!"

Sylvia stomped her feet in anger, turned to Dennis and said, "Say something! Why... Why are you keeping silent?"

Dennis was still wondering who the owner of the Maserati could be, so only when he heard her voice he came to his senses.

When he first glanced at Trevor's handkerchief, he immediately noticed that it was a Chanel one.

Even though the handkerchief was not too expensive, ordinary people would not be able to afford it even if they wanted to. Only the truly wealthy had a way to buy it.

And even Dennis could not buy it.

He then looked at the numbers that were written on it.

"Wait! Isn't that phone number... Selma's?"

Shocked, Dennis recalled the sports car model.

It was the Maserati MC12, which was worth twenty million dollars!

There were only a few people in Jork who had the ability to own such an expensive car, and Selma was one of them.

Dennis gasped excitedly.

Just when he was about to ask Trevor how he knew Selma, he heard Sylvia talking non-stop.

"Trevor, don't be so arrogant! That old rich woman probably left the lipstick for you because you are young and full of energy. She must have thought that you can serve her and please her. She must be an ugly fat bitch..."

Sylvia continued to badmouth Selma with her hands on her hips like a furious shrew.

Frightened, Dennis covered her mouth, and said, "Stop talking!"

"Dennis, come on, she's just a shameless woman. What's the big deal? She only knows how to keep gigolos..."

"Damn it! Are you courting death? Hurry up and run!" Regardless of what was going on, Dennis left with Sylvia at once.

Trevor stood still, not knowing the reason behind his panic.

Dennis dragged Sylvia to a place in the school where no one was around.

Unable to understand why he left in such a hurry, she protested angrily, "Dennis, what's wrong with you? Why aren't you letting me scold that shameless bitch?"

"Enough!" Dennis' expression darkened. How could he allow Sylvia to scold his goddess?

Sylvia trembled when she saw him lose his temper with her. She quickly restrained her anger and asked, "What happened?"

Dennis replied at once, "Do you know who sent Trevor back? It was Selma!"

"I don't care who Selma is. She is just some old woman. Who is in her sixties!" Sylvia snorted.

With an excited look in his eyes, Dennis said, "Selma is the daughter of the Moran family's master. The Cloud Technology Company, the largest internet company in Jork, belongs to the Moran family. Even ten Cooper families won't match up to one Moran family."

Sylvia took a deep breath after hearing that.

She had also heard of the Cloud Technology Company, which was very famous in Jork.

"Dennis, are you sure? How could Trevor hang out with someone like Selma? How could a big shot like her drive him back?" Sylvia questioned.

"I never make such mistakes! Both the phone number on his handkerchief and the Maserati are Selma's!"

Dennis said firmly.

However...

He did not tell her that he had seen Selma's phone number countless times ever since he got it.

Although he had not been able to pluck up the courage to call her, he had always remembered her number.

Upon hearing that, Sylvia became depressed. "How can a man, whom I rejected, be with the daughter of the Moran family now? Trevor, how are you so lucky?"

Sylvia was very indignant.

It had taken a lot of efforts for her to be able to hook up with Dennis, but the woman Trevor was with, was much wealthier than Dennis.

How could she accept such a fate?

Besides, Dennis was also shocked by it.

Trevor was just a poor college student, who couldn't even afford to pay for his food. And Selma was from the Moran family, who had countless pursuers.

Dennis couldn't figure out how Trevor had a chance to be in a relationship with someone like Selma.

"How could Trevor get off Selma's sports car? There must be something wrong!"

Dennis felt morose. He had always dreamed of getting in her car someday.

Now, a loser, whom he had always loathed had gotten the chance before he had.

In his eyes, Selma was like a noble goddess, and the Moran family was a large, wealthy family that no one could afford to offend.

"Something is wrong. It is possible that Trevor might be a wealthy man's son, and yet he is keeping a low profile.

Or else there is just no way for him to be with someone like Selma!"

Dennis said suspiciously.

After thinking about it for a while, he felt like he had finally arrived at a convincing answer.

