

BLESSED BY SUDDEN WEALTH

Chapter 18 You Were A Poor Guy

What's that supposed to mean?

Trevor asked, clenching his fists.

He was getting a little tired of tolerating their implied insults.

Grant was about to mock Trevor more, but Bessie stopped him.

"That's enough. Are you going to snipe at each other on my birthday?"

You're right, Miss Taylor. This is your day. My apologies. Let's go inside and play tennis.

Grant flashed Trevor one last condescending look and then ushered everyone into the exclusive tennis

club.

Trevor also decided to bite down his anger.

He did not want to embarrass Bessie, but he kept in mind how Grant treated him.

They walked into the tennis club, which was luxuriously decorated, and all the people inside were well-dressed.

It was a place where the rich worked out and hung out.

With a deeply impressed look on her face, Corrie commented, "I heard that the Kisas Tennis Club is a private club for the super-wealthy. Everything inside is very expensive, and only people with a membership card are allowed to gain entrance."

It was not very expensive. I rented two top-grade open-air tennis courts, and it only cost me twenty thousand dollars,

Wow, Grant! You are generous! one of Bernard's friends exclaimed.

Hearing what Grant said, Corrie was in awe and liked him even more.

He was rich, giving, and handsome. Who would not like someone like that?

Seeing that everyone was flattering Grant, Trevor kept his silence.

He thought, 'The industries around the manor are all owned by my family. I can also gain entrance into this club if I just tell my sister that I want in.'

But Trevor did not plan to do that.

He just followed the crowd.

Bernard said to the attendant at the front desk, "Hi. Can we please have five famous-brand tennis rackets, the latest Wilson? And one cheap racket for a poor guy?"

Wilson was a famous tennis racket brand in the world, which many Olympic champions used and endorsed.

Every racket was processed by the most intricate manufacturing machinery and came out with excellent quality.

Their designs were grand and high-end and, therefore, pricey.

On the other hand, the cheap racket was rather

simple and a common item in the market.

Yes, sir. Please wait a moment.

Before leaving to grant Bernard's request, the attendant glanced at Trevor with contempt in her eyes.

Then, she came back with the rackets and handed the cheap one to Trevor.

You don't mind a cheap racket, do you, Trevor? I mean, we can only get you one that's fit for you. After all, we already let you come along with us out of the kindness of our hearts.

Bernard smirked and handed the attendant a credit card.

The branded rackets cost him ten thousand dollars,

two thousand for each one.

The cheap one cost him twenty.

Trevor gritted his teeth and gripped the cheap racket they gave him.

He did not want to lose his cool in front of Bessie.

Bernard winked at Grant, and Grant immediately understood.

Grant turned to Trevor and said, "Trevor, Bernard, and I have already paid for the rackets and the entrance. Now be a man and treat us to something. How about some water?"

Six bottles of water, please.

Trevor knew Bernard and Grant's intention.

They wanted him to spend more than he could, but it was only six bottles of water.

He could afford those for sure.

Sir, it's one thousand and two hundred dollars in total. Would you like to pay by a card or by cash?

The attendant took six bottles of water out of the freezer and set them on the counter.

Trevor could not believe what he just heard.

How could a bottle of water cost two hundred dollars?

That was more expensive than oil.

No wonder Grant asked him to buy water for everyone.

Seeing the awful, humiliated look on Trevor's face, Bessie felt sorry for him.

She stepped forward and decided to deal with the situation.

Don't worry about it, Trevor. I'll pay for the water.

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