

My Sudden Rich Life by Rickie Appiah

Chapter 131

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Chapter 131 Mistook Him For
Someone Else

Now, a sexy hot woman who was wearing a short sleeved T-shirt and shorts was standing next to Clint.

She was the one who slapped Clint across the face!

The woman snorted and said, "Clint, if you dare to disrespect Mr. Sanderson again, I'll slap you again!"

Turning his head to look at the girl who slapped him, Clint was stunned to see the person.

"Wendy, you! What do you mean by this?" Covering his face, Clint looked at her with a strong look of fear.

Although they were all from the rich families, there was still a huge gap between the two of them.

Among them, Clint barely got the qualification to join the club by working for Brock as his follower. After joining the club, he managed to make some friends at his level. 2

Of course, he knew very well that it wasn't easy for him to build a relationship with Wendy beyond his social circle. In fact, she had never shown any interest in him.

Wendy's behavior just now confirmed that. After that, she went straight to Trevor without even talking to Clint. She approached Trevor coquettishly and asked, "Mr. Sanderson, do you remember me?"

Scratching his head, Trevor said sheepishly, "Who are you?"

Truth be told, he really didn't remember her. During a short amount of time when his identity had changed, he came across a lot of people.

Surprisingly, Wendy didn't mind that Trevor didn't remember her. With a smile on her face, she said, "Don't you remember what happened in the pool with me and several girls that day?" Wendy's bold words shocked everyone in the hall!

'Oh my god! He stayed in the pool with several girls?'

All the waitresses around them looked at Trevor with surprise.

If Trevor could make a noble lady like Wendy serve him like that, was he a top class rich man who was keeping a low profile?

Hearing it, Sylvia's eyes widened in disbelief and then she said with a sneer, "How could Trevor be Mr. Sanderson? When we were dating, he didn't even dare to touch my hand. Plus, I broke up with him less than a month ago. I'm sure he doesn't have the courage to do such kind of things. I think you have mistaken him for someone else."

Once Trevor heard her mocking laughter, his face turned red with embarrassment.

Actually, Sylvia's words hit him on his wound. He had never had the courage to hold a girl's hand. The only exception was when he hugged Luisa once and that was only because he didn't realize it.

With a livid face, Clint withdrew his gaze from Trevor and snorted while saying, "Wendy, let me advise you one thing. Don't make trouble in Mr. Ramos's territory!"

Clint thought to himself, 'Everyone knows that the Moran family and the Ramos family are among the top ten families in Jork. For now, there are some conflicts between them concerning the investment in a real estate project. Perhaps, Selma sent Wendy to make some trouble here!'

In the end, he speculated that he had figured out the intention behind Wendy's actions. She was using Trevor to stir up trouble for the Ramos family!

At that moment, a handsome man in suit walked down the stairs. "What is happening here? Who is making trouble?"

The one who spoke was none other than Brock. Actually, Brock was getting the golden club card ready the moment he got the message from Trevor. After that, he was about to rush downstairs when he heard the noise downstairs. Once Clint heard Brock's voice, he became more confident. He chuckled and thought to himself, 'Well, it's my time to shine.'

Now that there was someone to back him up, Clint became smug. Pointing at the two people in front of him, he said, "Wendy and this idiot came here just to make trouble!"

When Brock looked at the direction where Clint was pointing, he was absolutely shocked to see Trevor.

In a daze, Brock looked at Trevor up and down with wide eyes. Licking his lips nervously, he muttered lowly under his breath, "Is...h-he... Mr. Sanderson?"

After observing carefully, Brock confirmed that the man standing in the hall was indeed Mr. Sanderson.

If he somehow offended Mr. Sanderson, his father would definitely beat him to death. Thinking about this, Brock cursed, 'That good- for-nothing Clint is going to get me into trouble.' Immediately, he rushed downstairs and literally ran towards Trevor.

At that time, the quarrel became intense and there were people who walked over to see what was happening.

"Now that Mr. Ramos is here to deal with this matter, I'm sure both of them will be punished seriously. I thought you have a crush on Wendy. Why don't you go and persuade her?"

"Even if I want to, I don't have the guts. Mr. Ramos is here. Who will dare to offend him?"

"I don't think Wendy will get punished though. After all, she is also from a rich family. But I'm sure that poor guy will have to suffer a lot. I don't even want to know how many of his legs will be broken."

Almost everyone, including Clint and Sylvia started to discuss how Trevor and Wendy would get punished. 1

However, what happened the next second shocked everyone!

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Chapter 132 Sylvia's Regret

Brock, who ran downstairs in a _ hurry, completely ignored what Clint was doing. He punched Clint hard right in the jaw. Clint could only put his hand over the broken jaw and groan in pain.

Then, Brock cast a cold glance at Sylvia. If he had been used to hurting women, he would have slapped her at least twice already. :

After that, Brock looked at Trevor in panic, bowed to him, and apologized, "I'm so sorry, Mr. Sanderson. I shouldn't have let you be humiliated in my place."

Trevor replied unhappily, "Well, your people said that I was going to make trouble here." Hearing that, Brock quickly bent down even lower. "I'm sorry, Mr. Sanderson! If you'd like to come here every day to smash several bottles and break several tables for fun, it wouldn't be a problem. In fact, it'd be my honor to have you here." 1

Brock was being so submissive to Trevor that everyone present could not believe what they were witnessing.

Clint had stopped shouting and _ started massaging his broken jaw with his hand. He was so scared that he trembled all over.

At the moment, all he could think about was the huge mistake that he had made.

He looked at Sylvia with burning, resentful eyes. Sylvia was so frightened that she slumped on the ground like a rag doll. 1

Recalling how she threw away her relationship with Trevor, she wanted to grab on to her own hair and start pulling, but she neither moved a muscle nor made any noise.

How stupid she was! She had a chance to be with a super-rich man, and she sent it flying out the window. 2

If she had not, she would be standing beside Trevor now and watching Brock practically bend his knee before him.

Sylvia wondered just how wealthy and powerful Trevor really was.

Did his family have ten billion dollars in assets? One hundred billion? Or one trillion?

No matter how much Trevor and his family were worth, Sylvia definitely did not doubt him anymore. More than anything, she regretted being a terrible girlfriend to him.

Unfortunately, it was too late.

"I will deal with these two people for you, Mr. Sanderson. Where are the security guards? Throw these two out through the back door!" Brock did not give Clint and Sylvia too much time to think about what they had done. He directly ordered his men to dump them out back like garbage. 1

Several security guards rushed over and were about to take Clint and Sylvia away, but Sylvia just stayed on the ground and did not want to move.

She struggled against Brock's men who tried to touch her. She flailed and kicked around and screamed.

"Don't touch me! Don't you know who! am? I'm Mr. Sanderson's girlfriend!" 1

Her words stunned the security guards so much that they stopped in their tracks and looked at Trevor with hesitation.

"We broke up a long time ago. We have nothing to do with each other now."

Trevor could not help shaking his head. It really amazed him how far Sylvia could take her shamelessness.

However, considering their past relationship, he sighed and said, "You know what, forget it. There's no need to punish them. Just get them out of my sight."

Clint, of course, expressed his gratitude and immediately ran away.

However, Sylvia was not satisfied with how the situation turned out. Her ex-boyfriend, who she cheated on and abandoned, was her ultimate dream man.

He was richer than all the rich men she had ever dated.

'No. I can't let him slip through my fingers this time. This is my chance to marry the man of my dreams.'

Unwilling to give up, Sylvia knelt down and started begging. "I'm so sorry, Trevor. I was stupid for hurting you and dumping you. I will do anything for you now, even if it means I only get to be your mistress."

Hearing her words, Trevor had mixed feelings. He was once head-over-heels in love with Sylvia and thought that she was going to be the woman with whom he was going to spend the rest of his life.

He had done everything to make her happy, but in return, all he had gotten was humiliation and pain.

If he felt anything at all for Sylvia now, it was only indifference.

He said coldly, "No, thanks, Sylvia. I don't think I'll ever date you again."

Then, he turned around and went upstairs without looking back.

Stunned into complete silence, Sylvia watched as Trevor walked away. The back of her eyes started burning, and soon, bitter tears streamed down her face. 5

She stared blankly at his receding figure as the determination and apathy in his voice echoed endlessly in her ears.

Remorse gripped her heart with an icy hand, and she sobbed against her palms.

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Chapter 133 Car Racing

With a smirk, Wendy said, "Well, there is no use in crying over spilt milk."

Curling her lips, she looked at Trevor with a smile and continued, "Actually, it's such an honor to be Mr. Sanderson's girlfriend."

Clearly, someone didn't cherish it.

If I were her, I would be waking up with a smile on my face every day."

Hearing Wendy making such kind of comments on his ex-girlfriend, Trevor could do nothing but show a bitter smile.

In his heart, he was thinking, 'You and everyone threw me into the pool when we first met. So, I don't think you're better than her.'

At that time, the owner of the club, Brock came into the room, holding a pot of tea that he made by himself.

"Mr. Sanderson, have you heard about that big activity that is going to be held for rich young men recently?"

Pouring a cup of tea for Trevor, he handed him the club's golden card as he started the topic. In an excited voice, Wendy shouted, "Oh, I know! I heard that a car racing competition is going to be held at the international race circuit. All kinds of top-grade sports cars will show up to it. It has been a long time since we had that kind of exciting event!"

The word "car racing" caught Trevor's interest and his eyes lit up immediately. Since he just got his driving license, he really wanted to inquire more about it.

Raising his eyebrows, he asked in curiosity, "Oh, when is it going to be held?"

Giving a smile, Brock said, "Maybe in two or three days. But I know for a fact that it will be a large-scale activity. A lot of famous racing drivers have been invited. Not only we can see many luxury cars, but also we can see the beauties. It will definitely be an exciting car racing."

Of course, Brock was shrewd enough to notice how Trevor's eyes lit up at the mention of car racing.

Obviously, he was pleased as this was a perfect chance to be on the good side of Trevor. Patting his chest, he promised, "If you are interested in it, I will send the invitation of the activity to you." Without hesitation, Trevor agreed, "Okay, thank you very much."

After listening to the two people's words, he was really curious about the competition. Therefore, he nodded.

A broad smile appeared on Brock's face as he was praised by Trevor. "You are very welcome. It's my honor to work for you!"

Seeing the two people trying their best to flatter him made him smile faintly.

However, to his surprise, he found himself enjoying the attention they were giving to him. He enjoyed being flattered by them like this. After that, both Brock and Wendy kept trying their best to flatter Trevor.

“Mr. Sanderson, look at you. You have such a good temperament. I mean you look stylish even in the ordinary clothes...”

“I know right. Your hairstyle is so fashionable. I’ll definitely cut my hair like your style some other day!”

“Stop. You guys are making me blush.”

Well, it turned out that Trevor was a little sensitive to compliments.

Because of their flattering words, Trevor was at a loss whether to cry or to laugh.

Because he knew very well that he wouldn’t be mocked wherever he went if he looked good in his cheap clothes or with the ordinary haircut like they said.

Although their compliments sounded pleasant, Trevor still couldn’t handle their enthusiastic flatter. If he didn’t leave right now, he would surely be drowning in their flattery.

When he told them that he was going to leave, the two of them started to argue with each other about who would give him a ride.

“Mr. Sanderson, can I drive you back with my Porsche 911?”

“How will that car deserve Mr. Sanderson? Mr. Sanderson, let me send you back with my Ferrari Enzo.”

Although Trevor hesitated, he chose to let Wendy drive him back in the end.

After all, Trevor was a man and a beautiful woman was more attractive than a man.

It was needless to say that Wendy was proud to get chosen. Waving her hand, she headed for the underground garage to take her car.

On the way back to the club hall, Trevor was accompanied by Brock. By that time, he didn’t see Sylvia anymore.

Sighing, Trevor told Brock not to see him off. Then, he left the Wind Club alone and waited at the roadside for Wendy to arrive.

After waiting for some time, he heard a sharp familiar voice.

“Trevor? What are you doing here?”

Turning his head, Trevor found that Estrella was now Staring at him with her eyes filled with disgust.

She had wrapped her arms around the waist of a young man with mousse on his hair and face power. Judging by the way they were standing, the two of them seemed to be in a close relationship. 1

With a disdainful look on his face, the man asked, "Estrella, do you know this man?"

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Chapter 134 Things Seemed To Have Become More Interesting

Holding the man's hand fawningly, Estrella sneered and said, "Billy, don't mind him. He is just a poor loser who lives off a woman."

In fact, the man who was standing next to her was her boyfriend, Billy Payne. It was known that his family owned over 100 million dollars and they had five or six villas. In her eyes, a good-for-nothing like Trevor would never be able to compare with him!

Raising his eyebrows, Billy said jokingly, "Oh, I see. That's why he doesn't seem like someone who is here to experience the rich life." 1

When Trevor heard their insults, he gritted his teeth and retorted coldly, "What I am doing has nothing to do with you guys."

To show that she was dissatisfied with his words, Estrella glared at him and exclaimed,

"Why are you talking rudely to Billy? Do you know who he is? He is not only from a rich family, but also had become a professional racing driver at a young age. Also, he had won so many awards in international competitions! A loser like you shouldn't be talking back to him like that!" 1

Then, she stared at Trevor for a while before she continued, "Oh, wait. Now, I get it. You must have found out that this is a club for rich people. Maybe you are waiting at the gate so that you can get a chance to hook up with a rich woman, right?"

Hearing it, Billy teased him with a sneer,

"Actually, what kind of rich woman will like a poor loser like him?"

After mocking Trevor for a while, Estrella started to distort the truth as she said, "Billy, you have no idea how disgusting this guy is! Last time, he even tried to molest me. You should teach him a lesson for me."

When Billy heard her complaint, he got an idea. Then, he whispered something in Estrella's ear and nodded his head towards Trevor.

The way the two of them discussing the plot against him made him frown in confusion. Judging by the way people treated him made him rethink about the society they were living. There were some weirdoes who liked to make trouble and despise the others just to show their superiority.

Not bothering to argue with such kind of disturbing people, Trevor walked away from them.

However, before he could get away, he was stopped by these two people.

After stopping Trevor, Billy took out a stack of several thousands of dollars from his bag and handed it to Estrella with a smirk on his face.
"Well, in this way, my Estrella can be considered as a rich woman now."

"Aww, Billy, you are so sweet and generous!" Holding a stack of money in her hand, Estrella gave Billy a kiss on his face.

Then, with her head held high, she mocked, "Trevor, you like to earn money from rich women, right? You see, Billy's shoes are stained with dust. Why don't you get down on your knees and lick them clean? I'll give you a little tip!"

They had gone too far by this!

The more Trevor looked at the shameless people in front of him, the more he became angry.

With a gloomy face, he scolded coldly, "Fuck off! Stay away from me!"

As if he didn't say anything wrong, Billy sneered arrogantly, "Damn! Why are you being angry? See? Some people's parents are good-for-nothing, so their children become nobodies too. Just accept your fate!"

His words earned himself a punch from Trevor. Because of rage, Trevor's eyes were filled with anger. He punched Billy square in the face! Although he could bear when others insulted him, it was impossible to tolerate when it came to his family!

Spitting out a mouthful of blood, Billy exclaimed, "You... How dare you punch me?"

Then, he rolled up his sleeves and prepared to fight with Trevor.

At that moment, a loud horn sounded from the roadside.

Billy was about to curse the one who pressed the horn when he suddenly saw the car logo which caused him to tremble. 1

In a low voice, he muttered, "Porsche... Cayenne?" When Trevor heard his words, he looked up. His eyes instantly lit up seeing the scene in front of him.

What was more, his anger seemed to have subsided. Well, things seemed to have become more interesting...

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Chapter 135 The Coward Couple

The door of the Porsche opened, and Wendy got off of it.

The moment she stepped out of the car, her charm caught the attention of two young men not far away.

But Wendy paid no attention to them. She only wanted Trevor to notice her pretty face and voluptuous figure.

But in Billy's eyes, this beautiful woman was alluring him. He kept his eyes wide open as he ogled at her.

There was a huge difference between Estrella and Wendy.

In terms of temperament, Wendy's elegance was not something a gold-digger like Estrella could imitate. 1

At that moment, Billy straightened up and put on a posture, which he thought would make him look handsome.

"Hello, pretty lady. My name is Billy. What can I do for you?"

Wendy merely glanced at him and then continued to make her way to Trevor. Unexpectedly, Billy reached out his hand to stop her. "Don't go that way. That guy over there is just a pathetic loser. He doesn't deserve to be seen by you," he advised as if he was concerned about her.

Wendy had just driven over, so she did not notice the conflict between Trevor and the two other people.

She could not help but frown upon hearing what Billy had said.

'These stupid bastards are making trouble for Mr. Sanderson again! But it doesn't matter. I've finally found an opportunity to please Mr. Sanderson, and I'll make sure that it doesn't go to waste.'

Wendy pretended to know who Billy was talking about. She looked around and put on a surprised look on her face.

“Are you talking about that ugly woman? Yeah, she disgusts me too. How could there be such an ugly person like her? What a shame.”

She did not lower her voice on purpose, so Estrella heard everything she had just said.

“What... what are you talking about?! Billy, look at her!”

Estrella stamped her feet and glared at Wendy in grievance.

She looked at her boyfriend expectantly, waiting for him to stand up for her.

However, Billy just smiled awkwardly and explained to Wendy, “I’m not talking about Estrella, but the guy next to her. He’s a pathetic loser—”

But before he could finish his words, Wendy slapped him across the face.

Billy fell stunned because of what Wendy had done.

‘Why did she hit me? She likes me, doesn’t she?’ he asked himself inwardly.

At that moment, a sneer tugged at the corners of Wendy’s mouth.

“Have you looked at yourself in the mirror? How dare you insult other people when you, yourself, look hideous?”

Estrella’s eyes widened as she looked at her boyfriend’s red and swollen face. She rushed over and defended him.

“How dare you hit him? Don’t you know who he is?”

Slap!

Wendy did not spare Estrella and slapped her as well.

Estrella was at a loss for words. She clutched her face in pain and looked at Wendy in terror. But what hurt her more was not Wendy’s slap but her boyfriend’s cowardice.

A woman just slapped the two of them across the face, and yet Billy did not seem to have the courage to fight back. ;

‘What a coward! Unlike him, Trevor would fight back if someone pissed him off,’

Estrella cursed resentfully in her heart.

The thing was, she did not have the guts to fight with Wendy on her own.

Billy had just told her that Wendy drove a Porsche Cayenne, after all. Although she did not care about the car, she surmised that Wendy must be rich and powerful.

However, her boyfriend was different.

Billy once bragged that his sports cars were worth over a million dollars. Not only that, but his family's cars cost several million dollars more.

Estrella was aggrieved.

She could not figure out why her boyfriend conceded just because Wendy's car was a luxury one.

Meanwhile, Wendy was pleased as she looked at the two cowards in front of her.

'These two are so ignorant. How dare they think highly of themselves and provoke Mr. Sanderson? If Mr. Sanderson reveals his identity, you two will be scared to death!'

At the thought of this, she strode to Trevor with a beaming smile.

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Chapter 136 Hook Up With Another Rich Woman

"Let's just leave these two people alone. They are not worth it!"

While talking, Wendy got close to Trevor and placed his hand around her waist.

Seeing the scene in front of them, both Billy and Estrella were stunned and stood frozen in place. The things that happened just now proved that Trevor and Wendy knew each other and they seemed to have a close relationship!

Trevor was pleased to see the two people's expressions changed little by little. 1

He didn't expect that Wendy would be this good at fighting.

It meant that she showed him mercy when she pushed him into the pool that day.

Although Trevor was a little embarrassed because of the situation, he gave her a thumbs up when he noticed the expectant look on Wendy's face.

The slap in the face was a sight to see.

Giving him a smile, Wendy said, "You don't have to deal with these annoying guys. Let's go back to the school!"

With his arms around Wendy's waist, Trevor happily walked towards the Porsche after glancing at the two people.

Only after the Porsche drove away, Billy and Estrella came back to their senses.

Covering her burning cheek, Estrella stamped her feet as she gritted her teeth and said, "Damn it! Trevor is so disgusting. He is now hooking up with another rich woman!

You're such a poor loser, Trevor! Just wait and see! I'll definitely get back at you."

Since she had been embarrassed for several times, she would not be satisfied unless she took revenge on him. 4

Only after taking a few deep breaths, Estrella remembered about Billy.

"Billy, are you injured on your face too? Let me help you wipe it." 2

Hissing in pain, Billy said, "Ouch! Be gentle!" Billy couldn't vent his anger up until now. Wiping his swollen face as gently as possible, Estrella pursed her lips and thought to herself, 'What's the point of losing your anger now? You didn't even stand up for me just now!' 2

Even though she was mad with the way Billy acted, she tried her best to hide her emotions. Billy looked like a coward as he was beaten by a woman. However, that was also because Wendy was too overbearing for him!

Even if her new boyfriend was imperfect, he was still much better than Trevor who lived off women.

Well, Billy was rich after all!

At that time, in the Porsche.

Recalling what had happened just now, Trevor said with a thoughtful look on his face, "That man looks very rich." 1

"Actually, I don't think so. He must be a fake rich man. I've never seen a rich man so coward like him."

Not even hiding her contempt, Wendy also made a casual comment on Billy.

A smile immediately appeared on Trevor's face as he said, "If I remembered clearly, your car is Porsche 911, not Cayenne, right?"

Nodding her head, Wendy answered, "Of course. This one is several hundred thousand dollars more expensive than the Cayenne."

Her answer brought out a smile on Trevor's face. Although the man called himself a professional racing driver and had a lot of luxury cars, he even mistook Porsche 911 with another luxury car.

Although he wasn't sure, the probability of him being rich was very low in Trevor's eyes. Moreover, he thought that Billy was too coward judging by the way he acted just now. All in all, Billy didn't look like someone from a rich family at all.

Since he became rich, he found that all the rich young men were all very arrogant. They would never get scared just by the sight of a Porsche. What was more, Wendy didn't tell him about her family and Billy didn't dare to resist. Thinking about everything, Trevor came to the conclusion that Billy wasn't a rich man as Estrella mentioned. 1

With his eyes slightly narrowed, Trevor placed his hand on behind his head as he leaned back in his seat and said under his breath, "If it was someone else, I would absolutely remind her. But since it's Estrella..."

As long as she didn't offend him, he wouldn't care about someone who always tried to slander him every chance she got!

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Chapter 137 Are You Here To Be A Part-Time Security Guard

Wendy sent Trevor back to school on her Porsche. Trevor only stayed to rest for one night. Brock sent the invitation in person.

The date of the race was set on Saturday.

That morning, Trevor had a simple breakfast and took a taxi to the International Circuit. 3 Although it was called an International Circuit, it had never hosted any international race. It was just a PR stunt.

But if one underestimated this field, he or she would be totally foolish.

The International Circuit was located in the eastern suburbs of Jork, covering a vast area of ten square kilometers.

It included a racetrack, a business expo area, a cultural and entertainment hall, and a development reserve area among other things. All those spaces had been jointly built to form a massive entertainment center with car culture as its central theme.

Trevor had lived in Jork for a long time, but he had never gotten the chance to visit the International Circuit.

So, when he got out of the taxi and feasted his eyes on the place, he gawked. He was so amazed that he had forgotten how to close his mouth for a moment.

He did not expect it to be unbelievably huge in person.

Half of the racetrack could be seen through the row of glass panes separating the lobby and the field. Even without seeing it whole, Trevor thought that the winding track was spectacular. Even though he had broadened his vision and experienced more out of life recently, he still looked around curiously like a young explorer entering a new world.

“Hey, look at that loser. Doesn’t he look like an idiot, gazing around like that?”

“Is he lost? What the hell is he looking at? Hasn’t he been here before?”

Several beautiful girls there whispered among themselves in disgust when they saw Trevor. Trevor did not pay attention to them. He was numb to such side comments.

He touched the gold-plated invitation card in his pocket and headed to the ticketing counter at the lobby.

The inspector who was guarding the gates was a tall, beautiful woman.

When Trevor approached the gates, the inspector stopped him.

The woman’s face was cold and expressionless. She looked at Trevor up and down. With a trace of contempt in her eyes, she said, “The racetrack is booked today for a private event, sir. Only those with an invitation can enter.” Trevor was about to show the inspector his invitation, but a man in a Lamborghini drove toward the gates. The inspector let him through, no questions asked. It hit a nerve in Trevor. “Why does that guy get to go in without an invitation?” Trevor asked in mixed confusion and resentment.

The beautiful inspector retorted, “Sir, didn’t you see that he was driving a Lamborghini?” Although Trevor expected such an answer from the inspector, he still could not help feeling a little belittled.

He tried to enter on foot, so he had to be policed while some guy in a luxury car got to pass through without a hassle.

Trevor wanted to lash out, but he chose to restrain himself. Instead, he glanced at the inspector’s name tag and memorized her name. He would tell Brock later that such an employee was bad for business.

The inspector’s name was Trudy Finch. However, when Trudy realized where Trevor was looking, she felt more disdainful toward him. She thought, ‘What in

the world is this pervert doing? Why is he looking at my chest? What a disgusting jerk!’

Well, Trudy liked to display enough of her bosom so that men could have a peek.

But who were those men?

To put it bluntly, they were upper class men dressed in Armani, Louis Vuitton, or any other famous luxury brands.

Rich men were the only kind of men that Trudy wanted to look at her, not some carless albeit good-looking lad.

She said flatly, “This race is being held by the richest man in Jork. No one is allowed to enter without an invitation. Please step aside, sir. You’re blocking the way for other guests.” Trevor did not want to talk to the inspector anymore and was about to take out his invitation.

But then, a familiar voice called to him from behind, “Hey. Is that you, Trevor? Are you here to be a part-time security guard? Or have you come to collect some plastic bottles to sell?”

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Chapter 138 A Man With Bad Character

When Trevor turned around, he saw Estrella. She was wearing a pair of short pants and a beige-colored half sleeve shirt today which revealed her navel. All in all, she looked very sexy and hot.

However, her beautiful face turned ugly when she saw Trevor. She looked at him with a trace of disdain and disgust.

In fact, Estrella had been holding grudge against Trevor for the thing that happened two days ago.

At that time, Trudy said, “My dear cousin, do you know him?”

With a sneer, Estrella said, “Trudy, he used to be a poor loser in our school, but now after hooking up with a rich woman, he became a jerk! I’m sure he came here today with an ulterior motive which is to harass those rich girls. You have to beware of him.”

Since Trudy already had a bad impression of Trevor, she immediately believed what Estrella said without a doubt. Showing full vigilance in her eyes, Trudy said, “Hey, if you don’t have the invitation, don’t wander around here, or I’ll have to

call the security to drive you out." 1 Since he was suspected like this when he was already in a bad mood, Trevor glared at the two girls in disdain and took out the invitation directly while saying, "Who said I don't have it?" Looking at the beautifully gilded invitation, the two girls were slightly stunned.

Immediately, Estrella came back to her senses and said, "Trudy, check carefully. It might be a fake one."

Hearing her cousin's words, Trudy quickly turned it over and checked carefully to see if something was wrong. However, she found nothing.

"If there's no problem with the invitation, don't waste my time anymore."

Glancing at the two girls coldly, Trevor snatched his invitation back rudely and walked straight towards the racing track.

After facing such snobbish women, he felt disgusted and didn't want to stay any longer with them!

As there was no reason to stop him, Estrella and Trudy couldn't do anything except looking at him in a daze. Looking at the retreating figure of Trevor, Estrella pouted and said in a low voice, "Why are you even showing off when you and I both know that you got it from a rich woman?"

"Humph! This loser is so lucky to hook up with a rich woman!"

Billy, who was standing next to her said with jealousy. Seeing that Trevor came alone this time, he came up with some ideas to revenge him. 1

Then, he continued, "Sweetheart, don't be angry. We should go inside too. I'll definitely find an opportunity to teach that bastard a lesson!"

On the one hand, he was flattering Estrella.

On the other hand, he wanted to revenge Trevor since he was beaten by Wendy last time because of him.

"Although I can't offend the super-rich men who drove cars that are worth millions of dollars, I can deal with a poor loser like him!" Thinking of this, Billy's eyes darkened. However, when he put his hand into his backpack, he was stunned.

Furrowing his eyebrows, Billy searched frantically around while muttering, "Damn it! Where the hell is my invitation?"

Hearing it, Estrella was shocked and tried to help him search hurriedly.

"Huh? Wasn't it still there when we were in the car just now?"

Even though her invitation was still here, she couldn't find her boyfriend's.

After pondering for a while, Billy suddenly smacked his head as if he remembered something and said, "Didn't I go to the bathroom just now? Now that I think about it, I left my backpack when I go there. Maybe someone stole it at that time!"

"Billy, thinking about it, I think Trevor is the one who stole it! Or else, how can he come to such kind of high-end place alone without a rich woman by his side?" «4

With a frown on her face, Estrella naturally suspected Trevor.

In her eyes, Trevor was a man of bad character. What else he couldn't do when he could even pretend to be rich and lived off a wealthy woman? 2

My Sudden Rich Life by Rickie Appiah

Chapter 139

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Chapter 139 The Invitation

After hearing the discussion between Billy and Estrella, Trudy was a little flustered.

Licking her lips, she asked nervously, "What? If it is the case, I will get that poor guy as soon as possible. If he dares to make trouble inside, the director will hold me accountable for my dereliction of duty!" z

Grinning hideously, Billy said, "Don't worry about him, Trudy! I'm a man. I can take care of him easily. Just wait for me here!"

After saying that, he rushed inside.

Of course, Trevor had no idea what was happening to them after he left.

At that time, he was exploring the business expo area of the circuit. All the shops on both sides of a wide road were showcasing the things related to the cars. It was almost like the commercial street.

The only difference was that there were not many people here like the commercial street. Most of the tourists were stopped outside at the ticket check-in counter as the whole area was reserved today.

In addition to the staff, Trevor saw a few rich young men and women, who were all well-dressed.

Seeing a store selling plush dolls, Trevor wanted to go in and find a small gift for Luisa. However, before he could go in, he saw Billy, who was running towards him,

looking out of breath. When he got closer to Trevor, he shouted loudly, "Damn it! You really are good at hiding. I've been running the whole circle to find you."

As Trevor wasn't expecting the annoying 'fly' to come back to him again, he just glanced at Billy coldly and said, "Are you insane? Why do I have to hide?"

Gritting his teeth, Billy shouted, "Cut the crap, Trevor. Hand over my invitation!"

Furrowing his eyebrows, Trevor asked, "What do you mean? Why are you asking for your invitation from me?" Raising his own invitation in his hand, Trevor looked at Billy while saying, "You mean this is yours?"

Glaring at Trevor, Billy said, "Yes, that's it. Hand it over to me so that I can check!

My invitation is missing and you must be the one who stole it!"

After saying that, he snatched the invitation from Trevor's hand.

Because of the barbaric behavior of the other party, Trevor didn't rush to take back the invitation.

Instead, he warned him coldly, "You are robbing openly in broad daylight! Believe it or not. I'm going to call the police!"

Despite Trevor's warning, Billy looked confident and fearless.

Smirking, he even provoked arrogantly, "Well, just go and call the police then."

Then, he continued, "There's no name on the invitation. If I say it's mine, then it's mine! You want to call the police? Call then. Who do you think the police will believe among us, a rich man who is wearing brand clothes like me, or a loser in cheap clothes?" 2

Well, his purpose was very simple. He just wanted to irritate Trevor so that he could teach him a lesson reasonably.

Since the time he was slapped by Wendy last time, his cheek was burning. His swollen face only subsided yesterday. For the shame he had felt that day, Billy was eager to get even with Trevor.

With a proud smile on his face, Billy thought, 'If I can't hurt the rich lady, I can hurt her gigolo. When Billy was about to provoke Trevor further, he heard a burst of low-pitched whistles and deep siren behind him.

At that time, Billy was standing on the side of the road. Because of the sudden sound, he got so scared that he subconsciously took two steps back before he tried to see what was going on. A dozen super sports cars passed through the road. Although the speed wasn't fast, the loud sound of the engine was enough to frighten ordinary people.

Only the top rich men in Jork dared to drive super sports car in the International Circuit. The scene in front of him made Billy jealous. He wanted to become such kind of person one day. When Billy glanced next to him, he found that Trevor was also looking at the group of sports cars. Seeing this, he couldn't help but say with a sneer, "Poor guy, see? These supercars are all worth tens of millions of dollars. Only rich people can afford to come and play here." 2

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Chapter 140

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Chapter 140 Someone I Can't Afford To Offend

"Don't think you're the same as us after you sneaked into the circuit with a stolen invitation. A professional car racer like me drives expensive cars that you can only dream of. You can't afford to offend me.

Think it over and then come back here. Maybe I'll skip slapping some sense into you and let you go if I'm in a good mood about what happened last time."

After saying that, Billy stared at Trevor with contempt.

Billy's blatant threat and brag made Trevor angry and amused at the same time.

He thought, 'It seems that Estrella has been deceived by the kind of words this guy says. If he hadn't mentioned it, I would've forgotten that he's a 'professional racer' who mistakes a Porsche 911 for a Cayenne.' 2

Trevor was not worried about Billy at all. He saw through every lie that came out of his mouth. Even if Billy was a real professional racer who drove cars worth hundreds of millions of dollars, the Sanderson family could still easily squash him like a bug.

Trevor sneered, "What if I don't want to do that?" "Then you're asking for it, you loser!"

Rage flared in Billy's chest after Trevor flashed him a smug smile. He spat, rolled up his sleeves, and charged at Trevor. Billy was about to grab Trevor by the collar when something caught his attention.

The sound of roaring engines made Billy turn his head.

"Damn it! Does it ever end?"

Billy cursed under his breath. When he saw what was coming, he was stunned.

The supercars team had returned, and they were driving backward toward his and Trevor's direction.

The rich young men who were driving the supercars were like children who had gotten caught doing something wrong. They had just driven a fair distance forward, but as if they were afraid that they would be scolded by an angry adult waiting ahead, they quickly and carefully retreated to where they were. That was how they played in the racetrack.

What made Billy want to curse most was that the supercars stopped beside him and Trevor. What was going on?

'Did I offend one of these rich men just now?' Billy thought.

Billy watched as the drivers got out of their respective supercars with Brock leading them. The rich young men ignored Billy and went straight to Trevor.

Billy breathed a sigh of relief and gloated in his mind, 'It seems that they have realized that the poor loser has sneaked into the hall. About time. A destitute man like Trevor sticks out like a sore thumb around here.'

Billy grinned, anticipating a good show.

But then, Brock and the others bowed and greeted Trevor in unison.

"Hello, Mr. Sanderson."

It was such an unbelievable sight, seeing a group of extremely wealthy young men respectfully address some nobody like Trevor. What was more unbelievable was what they called him.

"Mr. Sanderson... Mr. Sanderson!"

Billy suddenly felt like a canoe being tossed around violently in a storm at sea.

How powerful this poor loser was to make this group of rich young men bow to him? Billy could not believe that he had just provoked Trevor.

His legs went limp.

Plop!

He knelt down.

"Who is this guy, Mr. Sanderson? Is he bothering you?"

Brock asked after Billy went on his knees in front of Trevor.

"Well, according to him, he's a professional racer. He drives cars worth hundreds of millions of dollars that I can only dream of. He also said that I can't afford to offend him."

Trevor took a glance at the coward Billy and flashed him a triumphant smile.