

# My Sudden Rich Life by Rickie Appiah

## Chapter 17

*My Sudden Rich Life*

### Chapter 17 Patek Philippe Watch

After hearing Trevor's words, Evie burst into laughter before she glanced at him tenderly and said, "Trevor, this is a French restaurant, so you won't find any rice here."

"Alas, I really don't understand the lives of the wealthy," Trevor said with a heavy sigh, feeling helpless.

"You will soon get used to it. By the way, I still haven't given you a birthday present!"

Saying that, she opened her latest LV handbag, and took out a box that was about the size of her palm.

"This is a customized Patek Philippe watch. I hired someone to specifically design it for you, and don't worry, it's not too expensive. It only worth five hundred thousand dollars."

With a gentle smile, Evie handed the box to him.

"Five hundred thousand! And you said it's not expensive? Dear sis, you're scaring me to death!"

Trevor's heart raced, but he had to keep calm because he did not want his sister to look down upon him.

He took the gift box and opened it. Inside it was a delicate wrist watch.

'This damn thing costs five hundred thousand dollars? That's unbelievable! Trevor thought to himself.

After they had lunch, he rested for a while in the manor before he decided to go home.

"Trevor, would you like me to drive you?" Evie asked

Shaking his head, he replied, "No, I can go on my own, so why don't you carry on with your work?"

Once people found out that he was wealthy, their attitudes toward him had changed a lot, so he was unable to figure out their true intentions.

“Maybe, it is only possible to see their true colors when one is poor.”

He actually wanted to live a very normal and peaceful life, and did not want people to ingratiate themselves with him for the sake of his wealth.

After saying goodbye to his sister, Trevor walked out of the Willard Villa and to the commercial street.

It was a place filled with hip youngsters and bosses.

He had been a little self-abased in the past, but now, he owned all of the businesses in the commercial street.

“I can’t be so self-abased anymore. I have to slowly adapt to the wealthy lifestyle!” Trevor said to himself with determination. 1

That moment, he heard a familiar voice calling his name from behind him.

“Trevor. What are you doing here?”

He looked back and saw many of his acquaintances.

Bessie, Corrie, Bernard, and his sidekicks were about to walk into the Kisas Tennis Club.

“Trevor! It’s you, isn’t it? Why didn’t you *reply* to my texts?”

Bessie seemed a little angry, because she had texted him a few hours ago, trying to apologize to him, but he had not replied her. And now, he was caught wandering the streets.

Feeling awkward, Trevor scratched his head. In fact, it was not that he had not wanted to text her back.

It was just that when he was about to reply her, his father had called him, so he had forgotten to reply to her.

Moreover, Bessie was also just pretending to be mad at him. She knew that Trevor must have felt sad when he was questioned by everyone in the hotel, so she said, “We’re going to play tennis now, so why don’t you join us?”

But the next second, Bernard sneered, “Miss Taylor, a loser like him doesn’t *deserve* to play with us.”

Although Corrie remained silent, even her eyes were filled with contempt as she looked at Trevor. She just did not want to be around him.

Bessie rolled her eyes at them, and said, "Enough, Bernard!"

She was normally a very easy-going person, but it wasn't right for Bernard to go up against the coach like that.

Turning towards the entrance, Bernard waved and shouted, "Grant, here!"

Everyone turned to look at the man he was calling out to

Grant Norris was a handsome young man dressed in an Armani suit. Seeing them, he walked over to them with a warm smile.

The moment he saw Bessie, his eyes lit up.

He bowed like a gentleman and smiled. "Miss Taylor, I've already booked tennis courts for us. We can go in now."

Bessie also gave him a polite smile and nodded. Then, everyone followed Grant into the tennis club.