

The Underrated Son-in-Law is Secretly A Trillionaire Chapter 2

A Low-Life Scum

It was real. The green numbers he saw at the top of his phone's screen. He pinched himself,
and the phone began ringing, startling him.

"Hello?"

"Good day, young master. I presume you've seen your inheritance."

His heart plummeted. He couldn't piece this puzzle together as everything happening now
felt like a dream. A too-good-to-be-true dream.

Jason asked the cheerful, gruff voice at the other end of the line. "What the hell are you
talking about?"

"Master Stormwell has just passed away. He was survived by no one, unfortunately. So, he
named you, his distant relation, as his successor in his will."

"I can't recall any Master Stormwell—may his gentle soul rest in peace—but sir, I think
you've got the wrong number."
The voice went silent for a moment.

"Let tomorrow be the judge of that," the man said vaguely. "Come down to Maxe Group's
HQ. We'll be expecting you, Jason."

The line went dead. Jason slowly took his phone away from his right ear. Shock made his

bones weak. A hundred million dollars was ready in his bank account.

A while ago, he had been insulted by the pompous Rick. Now, he was not only able to buy two houses but the entire high-end community.

Jason couldn't believe it.

He was rich. A minute-turned millionaire!

Suddenly, he heard voices coming from the bedroom next to his. He placed his ear to the 'wall, hoping to make sense of the sounds, but he couldn't.

What was Mila up to?

Jason couldn't sleep, so he knocked on Mila's door after minutes. She answered, dressed in black pyjama shorts and a chic crop top.

"How may I help you, Jason?" She glowered.

Mila had make-up on. She had even styled her blonde hair flawlessly, but her lower half looked different. Half of her was ready for bed while the other half of her looked like she 'was about to step out for a date.

"Easy there. I can't sleep. The voices bickering in your room are keeping me awake—"

"And?" Mila shrugged. "How is that supposed to be my problem?"

"I can't sleep."

"Go buy yourself a sound-proof home with a rooftop pool, then—Oh, wait! You can't afford

it"

Mila put ideas in his head. He didn't need to share his apartment with this hot, sassy girl to be able to afford it anymore.
"Twill think about it."

Mila scoffed, crossing her arms. "Jason, you should wake up more often. Stop living in your dreams."

"Are you sure you won't consider keeping your voice down?"

"How about I keep it down when you are a millionaire? Get out!"

Mila slammed the door in his face.

"Millionaire?" Jason touched his nose, "Perhaps I'm already one." He murmured and turned away, walking back to his room just as his face split into a laugh.

The next morning, Jason woke up excited and left the apartment too early.

He was eager to know what was waiting for him.

At Maxe, he felt so out of place inside the grand, luxury glass building. He didn't own a suit,
50 he settled for his dark ripped jeans and faded tee-shirt.
Eyes scorned him left and right.

"I'm here to see the general manager."

"Do you have an appointment?"

It was the pink stained puckered lips of the woman behind the front desk that caught his attention first. She was tall, and she had straight ginger-red hair, tucked neatly behind her left ear.

"No, but I was asked to come here today."

"What is your name?"

"Jason."

The woman's eyes scanned through something on the screen in front of her. She kept a straight face as she replied.

"You cannot enter Maxe without a prior appointment, sir. Please, leave."

"But I'm telling you that your boss asked me to come here."

The landline rang, interrupting him. The receptionist picked the call, nodding her head to 'whatever she was being told.

Jason waited.

"Maxe doesn't want you here." She dropped the phone. "I just spoke with our top tier client.

He saw you on his way in, and he is worried about valuable things going missing."

"That's none of my business. I told you what I'm here for already."

The woman wore a fake kind smile. "Please, Mr. Jason. I have to ask you a third time to leave quietly. You are causing an uproar amongst Maxe's clients, guests, and employees with

your mode of dressing."

"Let them come and tell it to my face, then. I demand to see your boss."

"You will be seeing no one."

Frustrated, Jason dashed for the entrance. His long strides suffered the woman's attempts to

catch up with him in heels.

'When he reached the elevator, he realized that he needed a key card to access it.

"Let me up." Jason turned to the woman chasing after him.

But at once, security arrived at the scene. Jason didn't want to get caught. He thought this

'would finally be the end of his miserable life as a pauper.

"I'm innocent! I just want an audience with the general manager." He backed away from the

two huge guards.

"Is this him?" They asked.

'And the woman said, "Yes, he's the pauper who stole a hundred million dollars from our top-tier client!"