

# My Sudden Rich Life by Rickie Appiah

## Chapter 1

### Chapter 1 The Groan Through The Door

In the gym of a university.

A young man in a blue basketball uniform walked through the gates of the gym.

His hands were in a pair of latex gloves, and he was carrying a big trash bag. As soon as he entered the gym, he picked up the empty water bottles and soda cans left by the crowd that watched the last game.

"It would be great if the university held a basketball match every day. I could easily make fifty bucks by gathering these bottles and cans. If I make that much every day, I can buy Sylvia an iPhone 11 for her birthday."

Trevor Sanderson raised his head and looked at the cluttered gym with excitement.

While he was in the middle of collecting bottles and cans, a group of tall male students strode out of the locker rooms. Each of them was carrying a large bucket of dirty basketball uniforms, and they were walking toward Trevor.

"Hey, Trevor, we've got a job for you. Wash the team's uniforms. We'll give you ten dollars per bucket."

The one walking in the middle of the group had red hair and a cigarette in his mouth. He threw his bucket at Trevor's feet.

"We're all members of the basketball team. Of course we'll look after you. Take the job."

After saying that, the red-haired young man named Bernard Collins waved his hand, and the others tossed their dirty laundry toward Trevor's direction.

"I asked everyone in the team to save their dirty clothes for an entire week so that you could earn more money. Smells ripe, doesn't it?"

Bernard picked up a sock and threw it at Trevor.

Before Trevor could dodge, the sock landed directly on his face, and a pungent sourness hit his nostrils like a brick.

"I..."

Trevor instantly shoved down the curse that almost escaped his throat. He shook the dirty sock off his face and flushed.

Trevor could not offend Bernard. Even if he was being a jerk about it, Bernard did give Trevor an opportunity to make some money, and Trevor could not pass up on any potential source of income.

After all, he was not from a wealthy family. He was but a mere college student from a poor family.

He did not have any connections or professional skills. He could only work part-time on weekends and offer his errand and homework services to his schoolmates to make money.

It was the only way he could afford to go to college.

If Trevor had a choice, he would not do business with someone as obnoxious and self-important as Bernard. But since he had to make mone

y to put himself through college, all he could do was swallow his pride and keep his anger at bay. He took a deep breath, picked up the sock Bernard threw, and tossed it into the bucket. "Fifty bucks for all of them," he said.

Bernard took out his wallet, pulled out some dollars, and threw them at Trevor's feet. With a smug smile, he said, "Here's fifty-five for the clothes and another errand I want you to run. I want you to pick up a parcel at the school gate and take it to the locker rooms. It's for Dennis Cooper, the leader of the basketball team."

After saying that, Bernard turned around and left with the rest of the group.

Trevor picked up the money from the floor and clenched it in his fist.

"I don't like dealing with that jerk Bernard and his friends, but as long as I can make money off them, I'm good."

After Bernard and his teammates left, Trevor carried on picking up empty water bottles and soda cans around the gym. After filling up his trash bag, he went to the recycling center outside the school to sell what he had collected. Then, he rushed to the school gate to get the parcel for Dennis and then made his way back to the locker rooms.

Along the way, Trevor carefully counted the money he earned today. He was tired, but he felt that it was worth it. Apart from the monetary reward, the sense of accomplishment and satisfaction filled his heart.

He hummed a happy tune as he walked to the locker rooms to deliver the parcel. He could not wait to save enough money to buy gifts for his dear girlfriend.

Trevor was about to open the door to the locker rooms when a woman's groan stopped him in his tracks.

"What? Why is that voice so familiar?"

The woman on the other side of the door squealed with delight. Trevor's face turned red as his heart started thudding against his ribcage.

He suddenly came to the horrifying realization that the voice was so similar to his girlfriend Sylvia Farrow's.

"Oh, Dennis, I love it when you touch my breasts like that. Just like that. Don't stop."

"Come now, Sylvia. We don't need to rush. Hey, I bought you some sexy lingerie today. Put it on later, and we'll have some more fun."

When Trevor heard their conversations, he could not deny it any longer.

'Sylvia? What are you doing?'

Trevor's blood boiled as he kicked the door open.

He was stunned and petrified by what he saw. It was a scene that had indelibly imprinted itself on his mind.