

My Sudden Rich Life by Rickie Appiah

Chapter 12

Chapter 12 The Richest Woman In Jork

"I actually thought of giving you the whole business circle around the Willard Villa, but I was worried the news and your sudden move would be hard on you. Now, go to the manor and ask your sister to arrange the handover procedure for you."

What his father said was quite a shock to Trevor.

He had finally realized that his family was rich. However, he did not know how rich they were. To his surprise, he was far richer than he had imagined.

The business circle around the Willard Villa was the most luxurious place in Jork.

Many high-end hotels and clubs were built there. It was no exaggeration that an inch of land there was valued like gold.

But, his father just said that those properties belonged to their family.

Trevor bit the tip of his tongue to calm himself down. All of a sudden, something occurred to him.

"Wait. Dad, isn't my sister working in another city?"

"Ha-ha! You silly boy. How do you think we can rest assured that you are left living in poverty alone in Jork? Do you remember the richest woman in Jork, the one who owns the Sanderson Profumeria, which is worth at least five hundred billion dollars? You used to joke about her being your sister. Well, you're right. That woman is indeed your sister. She has been in Jork the whole time and keeping an eye on you,"

the man on the other end of the line joked.

But then, he suddenly turned serious. "Trevor, you have to remember that we raised you in poverty not only because we wanted you to experience hardships but because we wanted you to retain your virtues. Anyway, I've said too much. Go to the manor now. Your sister is waiting for you."

"Okay, Dad."

Trevor ended the call as soon as he finished speaking. He then took a deep breath and gazed into the distance. He was glad that his father was strict with him regardless of whether he was rich or poor.

Once he calmed down, he took a taxi to the Willard Villa.

Trevor was a little curious about his destination. This was the first time he would see the most popular place in Jork, after all.

There was a pool of crystal clear water constantly flowing in the fountain behind the tall and white arched door. What was more, the lush tr

ees danced gracefully in the wind. Houses decorated with red bricks and green tiles were scattered among the trees, and they made the place look elegant.

Trevor was so fascinated by the scenery in front of him that he mindlessly went into the manor.

“Sir, please stop. This is private property.”

The receptionist at the entrance, who was dressed in a skimpy uniform, stopped Trevor from taking another step.

She stared at him disdainfully and did not even bother to ask why he had come there.

The people who were allowed to enter the Willard Villa were all dignitaries. Their clothes were never shabby, which led her to think that Trevor did not belong to the place.

His clothes were worth no more than a hundred dollars in total. The receptionist figured that he must have come here to admire the villa and take pictures to post online to satisfy his vanity.

If it were not for her supervisor’s orders, she would not have bothered to talk to Trevor in the first place.

“I... I came here for Evie Sanderson,” Trevor slowly said.

“I’m sorry, sir. But you need to book an appointment first before entering the manor,”

the receptionist coldly replied.

At that moment, a young man got out of a Tesla car not far away and walked towards them with a bouquet in his hands.

He glanced at Trevor and scoffed, “Why is there a beggar here? Do you need my help driving him away?”

The moment the receptionist saw the man, her eyes lit up, and her attitude completely changed.

“Mr. Cairon, it’s nice to see you again. You don’t have to waste your time on this humble person. I’ll just call the security to deal with him.”

Her attitude towards the man was warm and friendly, and she seemed as though she wanted to throw herself into his arms.

“You’re right.”

The man, Henson Cairon, laughed smugly and suddenly grabbed the receptionist’s behind, which made her moan.

He then raised his eyebrows at Trevor arrogantly as though he were flaunting his capability.

With that, he turned to the receptionist and asked, “Is Miss Evie Sanderson in the manor today? You must be wondering why I have a bouquet in my hands. Well, I came here to confess my feelings for her.”