

My Sudden Rich Life by Rickie Appiah

Chapter 14

Chapter 14 Poor People Have No Sense Of Existence

The staff looked around for another five minutes but failed to find her so-called brother.

'Does being poor really make me invisible? These people are acting like I'm not even standing here,'

Trevor sighed and thought to himself as everyone ignored him.

Finally, he decided to not care about what everyone around him might think and strode straight to Evie. He raised his chin and said, "Sister, Dad asked me to come to you to sign the contract."

As soon as Trevor finished speaking, the room fell silent. All heads turned to him, and everyone stared at him with wide eyes.

"What's wrong with this guy? Is he insane? How could he come up to Evie and claim that he was her brother?"

"Yes, you're right. He doesn't even look the part. His clothes are valued less than one hundred dollars. How could someone like him be related to Miss Sanderson?"

Everyone talked about Trevor as if he was not there to hear what they were saying. They eyed him with disbelief and even disdain.

Suddenly it dawned on them that Trevor was the only stranger in the room.

Everyone held their breaths and pricked up their ears. They waited for Evie to respond.

"Why didn't you call me when you arrived, Trevor?"

The coldness on Evie's face turned into a gentle smile.

All the people present heaved a collective sigh of relief and a little bit of surprise. Seeing Evie with such a lovely, tranquil expression on her face was a rare sight. It was like drinking up the first blows of the spring breeze.

"How... How could it be possible?" Henson was confused.

Without taking a look at Henson, Trevor said to Evie, "Sister, is this your pursuer? I don't think he is a good candidate. He wanted to hit me just now."

"Mr. Sanderson, I..." Hearing this, Henson hurriedly attempted to explain.

Evie snapped, "Enough! Henson, I'm not an unreasonable person. If you want to renew the contract with me, you have to make me happy first."

"Just tell me what you want me to do, Miss Sanderson, and I'll do it," Henson replied immediately and took a deep breath.

The gentle look on Evie's face slowly melted away, and a knowing smile curled her lips. She looked like a queen who was about to squash on

e of her enemies under her heel.

She pointed at the Tesla car parked not far away and said softly, "Your car is parked at the door. It blocked my way here to find my brother."

Henson pressed his lips together in a thin line. After hesitating for a long time, he gritted his teeth and said, "Since it inconvenienced you, I'll smash it!"

He strode toward his car and picked up a big stick on the way.

He smashed the windshield with the stick.

After the first strike, Henson chanced a glance at Evie and realized that she had no intention of stopping him.

He smashed the windshield once again.

Fifteen minutes of non-stop hits later, the elegantly shaped and fashionable luxury car was badly totaled.

Panting and sweating all over, Henson went back to the reception hall and said to Evie, "Are you satisfied, Miss Sanderson?"

"No, I'm afraid not. You almost kicked my brother just now." Evie's face remained unchanged, but her tone grew even colder.

"I... I see."

Henson's throat bobbed, and color gradually drained from his face. He closed his eyes.

He took a deep breath.

Then, he raised the stick he was holding and struck his own leg with it.

He tried to bite down his screams but miserably failed.

Everyone present was stunned into complete silence.

Some gasped and put their hands over their chests. They were not expecting Henson to do what he just did.

“How about now?” Henson asked in a voice trembling with pain.

Evie did not answer. She just looked at Trevor and asked, “Is that enough for you, brother?”

Trevor whipped his head toward his sister. He was not expecting her to address him.

Evie was usually quiet at home, but she could be so domineering in front of her people and arrogant outsiders.

Without thinking too much, Trevor quickly answered, “Yes, that’s quite enough.”

Hearing this, Evie smiled. She took out her checkbook and began writing.

“Here’s a check for two million dollars. Buy yourself a new car, Mr. Cairon.”

After saying that, Evie turned around and said to a security guard, “You, get someone to drive Mr. Cairon home. As for the cooperation, Mr. Cairon, you can talk to my brother after your leg recovers.”