

My Sudden Rich Life by Rickie Appiah

Chapter 15

Chapter 15 Welcome, Mr. Sanderson

"Evie, don't go too far!"

Henson shouted through gritted teeth. He was the eldest son of the Cairon family. Nobody dared to provoke him just like Evie did.

His car had been totaled, and his leg was injured. However, he still had not had a chance to discuss the cooperation.

"Security, see him out!"

Evie commanded coldly. With her tall figure and sharp features, she was like an ice queen.

The security guard grabbed a wheelchair from the side, dragged Henson onto it, and pushed him out of the Willard Villa.

"I can walk by myself!"

Henson cried out in grief and indignation while being wheeled out. He had just been humiliated. Not to mention, people were staring at him with a snicker.

The heir of the Sen Tale Group was bullied. How pathetic.

'I wish I could be as domineering as my sister one day,' Trevor thought to himself.

At that moment, Evie turned to him and asked, "Brother, are you okay?" Her demeanor changed in an instant when she talked to him. She was gentler and affectionate, unlike her usual temperament that was cold and unforgiving.

The staff around was astonished by her attitude. This was the first time they had seen Evie like this.

"I'm okay." Trevor shook his head and added, "Sorry for the trouble, sister."

"It's okay. Dad should've told you that he's giving you not only the Willard Villa but also all the shops on this commercial street. Everything you see is owned by our family."

With a smile on her face, Evie waved her hand, and her female secretary came up to her.

"Gather all the staff in the manor for me," Evie ordered.

The secretary nodded in response.

Five minutes later, more than a thousand staff of the manor gathered in the vast golf course. They all wore the same black uniform, which made the course look black instead of green.

They were lined in the golf course and waited for what Evie had to say.

With Trevor next to her, Evie stood before them and announced, "All of you, listen. From now on, my brother, Trevor Sanderson, will be the boss of the Wi

llard Villa!"

All the staff, including security guards and managers, bowed respectfully upon hearing Evie's announcement.

"Welcome, Mr. Sanderson!" they shouted in unison.

Their voice was loud and clear, and it echoed throughout the golf course.

Not knowing what to do, Trevor just stood there in a daze.

'Is this the feeling of being the boss? Everyone respects you,' he thought to himself, in awe.

In the crowd, the face of the receptionist who had just humiliated him turned ghastly pale.

"Brother, an employee reported to me that the receptionist in the lobby disrespected you," Evie said with implication.

Everyone held their breath and stared at Trevor, wondering what he would do next.

Apart from respect, there was fear in their eyes.

If the boss changed, who knew if he would change all the employees?

The salary here in the Willard Villa was not only competitive, but it also came with benefits. Many people were dying to work there.

'I'm the boss now. What should I handle this issue? I don't know what to do.'

Trevor was anxious as all eyes were on him. He did not even know where to place his hands.

Meanwhile, the said receptionist was trembling like a leaf.

All of a sudden, she rushed towards Trevor and stood timidly in front of him. She lowered her head and bit her lip in shame.

To everyone's surprise, she pulled down her collar as if to beg, revealing a large part of her chest, and looked up at Trevor apologetically. Fear was written all over her face, which made everyone pity her.

Trevor's face flushed. Never in his life had a girl approached him.

But then, the receptionist's attitude crossed his mind, and he felt disdainful. 'The Willard Villa is now mine. If the employees, even one of them, disrespect a guest in the future, the reputation of the manor will be affected.'

At the thought of this, Trevor recalled the boss's gesture he had seen on TV.

He cleared his throat and said in a deep voice, "I want to ask you something. Is this how you treat the guests?"