

My Sudden Rich Life by Rickie Appiah

Chapter 21

Ny Sudden Rich Lite

Chapter 21 For My Father's Sake

Bernard and his sycophants were usually *arrogant* at school. But even they knew better not to provoke a real ruthless gangster. Their heads were lowered to the ground, and they did not say a word. They did not even dare to look at Maison in fear that he would shift his attention to them.

The culprit was trembling in fear. He cast a glance at Trevor, and an idea flashed in his mind. All of a sudden, he pushed Trevor from behind.

"Ah!" Caught off guard, Trevor almost fell to the floor.

"What? Are you the one who hit me?" Maison grabbed Trevor's collar with one hand and hoisted him up.

"Yes, Mr. Ellis. He's the one who broke your watch," Grant lied. "Yes. I saw it with my own eyes!" Bernard echoed.

Maison raised his eyebrows at Trevor and scoffed, "You poor, lowly bastard. How are you going to compensate for my watch?"

"I... I can afford it, but I refuse to compensate you!" Trevor looked at Maison firmly.

"Bah. Even if you sell your organs, you won't afford it. I'll tell you what. No matter what method you use, you have to pay for my loss one way or another," Maison said in an icy cold tone while looking at Trevor fiercely.

"I would pay for it if I was the one who broke it. But it wasn't me. Bernard's sidekick was the one who broke your precious watch!"

With his veins bulging on his temples, Trevor tightly clutched his tennis racket and glared at the culprit.

Trevor would not have been misunderstood if he had not pushed him from the crowd. It was not his fault.

Bessie came to his defense. "He's telling the truth. He wasn't the one who hit the ball. It was indeed that man!"

Maison loosened his grip on Trevor's collar and walked to Bernard's follower with a tennis racket in his hand. "Were you the one who hit the ball?" he asked while looking at him with narrowed eyes.

"I..." The follower's face turned ghastly pale, and his legs trembled in terror. He cast a glance at Bernard and hoped that Bernard would save him.

But then, Maison suddenly swung the racket and hit the follower in the stomach.

"Ah!" The follower groaned in pain and knelt down while clutching his stomach. His forehead also broke out in a cold sweat.

Corrie and Bessie were terrified. They held each other and did not dare to move an inch. Even Bernard and Grant were scared shitless. They were just fooling around like they always did, but it led to something unexpected. Besides, they had never been in a real fight.

Judging from the ferocious look on his face and the scar on his body, Maison would not spare them. He was obviously strong enough to beat them all, so they did not dare to provoke him.

Unlike everyone else, Trevor was not afraid. In fact, he was happy that Bernard's follower got beaten up. 'You guys always bully me. And now, I'm going to make you have a taste of your own medicine.'

Maison snorted in disdain. "You have two choices. Pay two million dollars for the damage you've done, or make those two women sleep with me."

He pointed at Bessie and Corrie as he spoke. Since he laid his eyes on those two, he could not stop thinking about sleeping with them.

Corrie's face turned pale. She turned to Trevor and, to his surprise, blamed him. "Trevor, this is all your fault! If you hadn't dodged the ball, it wouldn't have hit Mr. Ellis! You should be held accountable for this."

"Yes. Why did you have to dodge?" Bernard also condemned him.

"Enough!" Trevor bellowed, "Bernard, how bold of you to blame me when your sidekick hit the ball towards me on purpose. You have to pay for what you've done!"

"I'm not in the mood to listen to your petty argument. Are you going to pay me two million dollars, or are you going to make those two beauties sleep with me?"

Corrie backed into the corner out of panic. Even if she sold herself, she was not worth that much.

“Mr. Ellis, two million dollars is too much. How about this, for the sake of my father, please let it go this time.”

Grant took out a whole pack of cigarettes from his pocket and handed it to Maison, trying to ingratiate himself with him.