

Slumdog 4

Chapter 4 Vivian and Irene Are Families Indeed

At the door of the construction site, Gerald went back to the security booth and took back his things from the security guard.

Trevon stood next to Gerald with a bitter face and said, "Well, Gerald, you are too impulsive. There aren't as many people in the construction field as you think. Simeon knows a lot of contractors. Now that we offend him, I don't think we can continue to earn a living in Los Angeles. Besides, we won't get our money back. Liam is still waiting for the money for his chemo, and you have to give the money to your wife and your mother-in-law, or they will scold you again."

"Irene and I have already divorced." Gerald let out a breath.

"What?" Trevon was stunned. "You guys have divorced?"

"Yes. To be precise, she and her mother kicked me out. I signed the papers this morning. They packed my things and threw them out." Gerald gave a wry smile and lifted the garbage bag in his hand.

"Well..." Trevon smiled bitterly. "I told you to put down your name on the deed back then, and you said it was fine... "Forget it. I have enough on my plate. Liam will have a chemo tomorrow..." Trevon became sad again. He looked at Gerald and said, "Now that they kicked you out, you don't have a place to live, right? You can go to my place for a while!"

Gerald's heart warmed slightly.

He thought, so far, Trevon hasn't blamed me. He *hasn't* quarreled with me, *since* we can't *get* our money back *What's* more, *he offers to take me in!*

He is indeed a *friend worth making.*

"Don't worry.

confidently.

Simeon will be back in less than five minutes. He will beg us to give us the money back," Gerald smiled

Trevon curled his lips and said, "Yeah, right. I know you, OK? That's enough talking. We have lost our jobs anyway. Let's go back to my place now!"

"No rush!" A confident smile appeared on Gerald's face.

Meanwhile, Simeon walked towards the construction site and smiled disdainfully. "Two losers. How dare you quarrel with me? Who gave you the nerve? I will make your lives in Los Angeles miserable!"

"Beep, beep, beep..."

Suddenly, his phone rang. He took out his phone and glanced at the screen, and then his expression changed slightly. He quickly picked up the phone. Although he couldn't see the other party's face, he still sm

iled flatteringly, "Hello, Mr. Hawthorne! What can I do for you? Rest assured! I will complete the project on time, and the quality will be guaranteed!"

"You don't have to do it anymore," a cold voice said on the other end of the line.

"What?" Simeon's expression changed slightly. "What did you say?"

Aidan Hawthorne said calmly, "I said, you may step down. We have already found someone else to do the job. In addition, we found that you've cut corners a lot in your previous projects. We have already joined forces with several other real estate companies to sue you. You will receive the lawyer's letter tomorrow! Be prepared to lose everything."

Simeon's expression changed drastically. He quickly said, "Mr. Hawthorne, is there a misunderstanding here?"

"Misunderstanding? Gerald... You know him, right?" Aidan's voice on the phone became even colder.

"Gerald? He works for me. He is just a loser! He..." Suddenly, Simeon thought of the call Gerald made just now, and his

face twitched.

"Blame yourself for messing with the wrong person!" After Aidan finished speaking, he directly hung up the phone!

Simeon was stunned, and a cold sweat broke out on his forehead.

The image of Gerald, who wore a worn vest all year round, appeared in his mind. He was on the verge of collapsing!

At the door of the construction site, Trevon looked at Gerald and said, "Why are you still standing here? Let's go!"

"Tinkle!"

Suddenly, Trevon's phone rang. He picked up the phone and glanced at the screen. "Huh?"

He received a transfer from Simeon. It was a full 3,200 dollars, which was 500 dollars more than his salary deducted

by Simeon.

At the same time, he saw a chubby figure not far away running madly toward them. Who else could it be but Simeon?

For a moment, Trevon was stunned. He glanced at Simeon and then looked at Gerald next to him. He swallowed his

saliva and felt his mind was a mess.

Meanwhile, Simeon had already run to Gerald and Trevon. Simeon's fat face was full of sweat, which was probably because of tiredness or fear. He trembled, took out a box of cigarettes, opened it, and handed a cigarette to Gerald, saying, "Gerald... Gerald, have one!"

Gerald did not pick up the cigarette. He turned on his phone and checked the transfer record. After accepting the money, he transferred the extra part back to Simeon and said, "I will only take my share of the money."

"Gerald, I was wrong. I sincerely apologize to you. Can you please be generous and spare me?" Simeon said

flatteringly.

Simeon was completely different from the arrogant him from before.

Gerald glanced at him and said, "What you have done has nothing to do with me. I just want to get back the money I deserve. The rest has nothing to do with me!"

After that, he turned around and looked at Trevon, who was stunned, and said, "Let's go!"

"Plop!" Simeon slumped to the ground and muttered, "I'm doomed!"

"Damn! What's going on?" Trevon was dumbfounded.

Gerald smiled and did not explain anything.

He had no way to explain this to Trevon!

Gerald thought, *the woman said I used to be in the secret army. Then there must be a lot I can't say. I can't tell Trevon anything without confirmation.*

Besides, even if *I told* him, he *wouldn't* believe me.

Gerald glanced at Simeon, and then pulled Trevon and left the construction site. He no longer cared about Simeon.

Simeon had it coming.

"You weren't behind this, were you?" After walking for a while, Trevon was still in disbelief.

"What do you

think?" Gerald asked with a smile.

"I don't think so. I know who you are. If you are capable of this, why would you work your ass off on the construction site in the first place? And your wife wouldn't..." Instead of continuing, Trevon grinned and changed the topic. He said, "Tell me honestly. Did you get any goods on Simeon?"

Gerald smiled, "Maybe."

Trevon smiled and said, "I knew it. Well, it feels good to get our money back anyway... Watch out!"

On the sidewalk, a woman was riding a motorcycle. Without braking, she headed straight for Gerald.

Gerald naturally saw her as well and quickly dodged to the side. Because of that, the woman's motorcycle tilted, and

she crashed into a nearby tree. The papers on her motorcycle were scattered all over the ground.

On the motorcycle sat a young and beautiful girl. Seeing that she did not hit anyone, she heaved a sigh of relief. Then she turned around and saw Gerald. She said in astonishment, "Gerald?"

Gerald also recognized her and frowned slightly.

It was Vivian Everett, Irene's cousin!

Gerald did not have a good impression of the whole family.

Vivian came from a relatively rich family. Her parents were teachers, and Vivian had a decent job. When Irene married Gerald at the beginning, Vivian and her parents opposed it strongly. It was Sheldon who stood up to it and arranged for Irene to marry Gerald.

Vivian and her parents never treated Gerald nicely.

"Gerald, are you blind?" Vivian glared at Gerald and said. "Didn't you see my motorcycle coming over? You made me hit the tree!"

Gerald was speechless.

In these three years, he had always been humiliated by Irene's relatives and friends. He had basically endured their ridicule.

But now, he was divorced, and he was no longer that man.

He sneered and said, "You were riding on the sidewalk, and you almost hit me. And you are blaming me?"

"Do you think you are the righteous one?" Vivian said. "Your dirty appearance disgusts me. I don't get it. Why did Sheldon insist on Irene marrying you? I'm glad that you two are divorced! I'm glad that Irene has found her happiness! You deserve it!"

Gerald's eyes flashed with a cold light. Vivian and Irene were families indeed!

"What is it? Do you want to get physical?" Seeing Gerald's fierce eyes, Vivian was not afraid at all. Instead, she stepped

forward and scolded him.