

## Slumdog 5

### Chapter 5 Remember Your Words

"You are so unreasonable." Trevon, who was at the side, couldn't stand it anymore.

Vivian glanced at him and whispered, "What has it got to do with you?"

Trevon wanted to say something, but Gerald stopped him. Gerald looked at Vivian and said, "I don't bot her arguing with you. Remember, all of you will regret it in the future, including you, Irene, and your relatives!"

"Regret? About what? Losing you, a worker working your ass off on a construction site every day?" Vivian said

disdainfully.

Gerald didn't want to waste his time on her. He let out a breath and said, "Trevon, let's go!"

Seeing that Gerald was about to leave, Vivian quickly scolded, "Stop right there! My motorcycle was wrecked. You'll have to pay for it. And pick these papers on the ground up."

Gerald was anxious. He thought, *people like you just think of me as a pushover, don't you?*

He slowly let out a breath, ignored Vivian, turned, and left with Trevon.

"Humph! Loser!" looking at Gerald's back, Vivian curled her lips and said disdainfully.

After walking for a while, Trevon said helplessly, "Come to think of it, are you going to let it slide just like that?"

"I did my best to take care of them. I worked my ass off earning money, and when I was back home, I had to cook for them and do chores!" Anger flashed across Gerald's face. He said, "And now, they kicked me away just like that... If something hadn't happened, I would have slept on the construction site today. How could I have let it slide?"

Trevon sighed, "Maybe you should. Irene hooked up with Adriel. Adriel comes from a rich family in Los Angeles, and hasn't Irene's uncle opened a company as well? We are commoners, and we are no match for them."

Trevon was telling the truth. Irene's uncle opened a company, but it was not very big.

Gerald once proposed to go to Irene's uncle's company to work, but Irene's uncle thought that Gerald could do nothing and would only accept Gerald as a security guard there. The salary was too low to support Irene and Mary. That was why Gerald came to the construction site.

Gerald curled his lips and did not say anything!

Trevon lived alone. He rented a single room in the old district of Los Angeles. Like Gerald, Trevon didn't lead a

satisfying life. On the contrary, his life was worse.

Trevon was born in the countryside and was married and had a kid when he was 20 years old.

Later, when he came to the city, his wife left, and he hadn't heard from her since then. The worst part was that his

son, Liam Nott, was diagnosed with a congenital disease and had to undergo chemo once a month.

Trevon was thin, but he worked the hardest since Liam might have died otherwise.

When Trevon and Gerald got back to Trevon's place, Trevon changed his clothes and said, "You can stay here. I'll go to school to pick up Liam for his chemo. Fix something for yourself."

"I remember that an operation can cure Liam, right?" Gerald asked.

"Yes, but it costs 50 thousand dollars. You know that I spend all my salary on Liam's chemo every month. I can't afford 50 thousand dollars at all," Trevon sighed.

"I can pay for it," Gerald said.

Trevon was stunned for a moment, and then he said in disbelief, "Don't mess with me. I'll go pick up Liam now."

After that, he no longer said anything. He opened the door and left.

Gerald smiled bitterly, touched his nose, and said, "Sure enough. No one wants to believe I'm suddenly rich!"

He shook his head, went to the bathroom to take a shower, changed his clothes, and tidied up his things. He frowned slightly.

Not all of his things were here. There was an iron box that he had held in his arms when he was saved. It was just that he could not remember what it was. Later, it was used by Mary and Irene to pad things on the balcony.

Now it seemed that the box had a lot to do with the mission he lost his memory on.

"I have to go back," Gerald muttered.

When he thought of Irene and Mary, his face went sullen.

*I remember Vivian working in a company called "Glory World" as an HR worker,* Gerald thought, took out his phone, and found Keira's number.

Soon, Keira's pleasant voice sounded from the other end of the line. She said, "Hello, Mr. Kenneth. Is there anything I

can help you

with?"

"Do you know a company called 'Glory World'?" Gerald asked.

"Yes. It's a relatively large logistics company in Los Angeles, and it has some business dealings with our bank. It just so happens that I am in charge of contacting," Keira said.

Gerald pondered for a moment, exhaled, and said, "Then... Can I buy the company with the funds I have?"

"Oh? You want to acquire Glory World?" Keira asked in astonishment.

"Yes." Gerald nodded.

"You have enough funds to buy the company. Its market value is about 32 million dollars. Your cash flow alone will be more than enough," Keira said, nodding.

"Great. I don't know much about acquisitions. Can I hire you to help me with it? Your pay can be negotiated. If it's possible, the sooner the better!" said Gerald.

Keira smiled, "No problem. I'll take care of it for you today, and you can just sign the contract tomorrow."

"Thank you," Gerald quickly said.

After hanging up the phone, Gerald smiled and said to himself, "I am so looking forward to seeing Vivian's expression when she finds me sitting in her CEO's office!"

He thought, tomorrow, that beautiful woman will *pick* me up at the construction site. I hope that she can help me recover my memory by then. I am the legendary Slughterer of a secret army...

He sat in situ and organized his thoughts. Then he got up and left the place, planning to bring the iron box back before everything!

When he went out, he habitually took the subway home!

Over the past three years, saving has become his habit.

When he arrived in the neighborhood, he went straight home... No, to be more precise, it was his former home!

When he reached the door, he took out his key and was just about to open the door when he heard a burst of laughter from the room.

"Irene, congratulations! You finally got rid of Gerald, that loser. Do you know that I ran into him today? He was dressed like a beggar! I'm glad that you found yourself a handsome and rich boyfriend! I'm so envious! I heard that he gave you a BMW and even bought you a fund of tens of thousands of dollars?"

It was Vivian's voice.

Gerald was slightly surprised that Irene wasn't stupid enough to spend the night with Adriel.

"Hey, you are so pretty. I'm sure you'll find a husband richer and more handsome than Adriel," Irene said with a

smile.

"I hope you're right. Anyway, it's a good thing that you divorced Gerald. What was Sheldon thinking back then? Why did he insist on you marrying Gerald? What does Gerald have but brute force? Nothing! We are in the 21st century now. Physical force means nothing. A man like him will only be at the bottom of society for his entire life."

Another voice sounded. It was Vivian's father, Leroy Everett!

"Hey, forget about that loser. We should congratulate Irene on finding a rich husband. After so many years, she has finally made it out."

"That's right..."

Immediately, everyone echoed.

Gerald was at the door, and his eyes flashed with a cold light!

The divorce between him and Irene was like a festival for the family inside.

"Phew!" Gerald exhaled and inserted the key. He twisted it and found that he couldn't unlock it!

The lock had been changed!

He sneered and then knocked on the door.

"Who is it?" A voice came from inside the room.

Then the

door was opened. Mary was standing at the door. When she saw Gerald, she was stunned for a moment and then said impatiently, "Why are you back? Stop pestering Irene and me!"

In the living room, there was a large table. At this time, more than a dozen people were sitting at it. When they saw Gerald, their faces showed undisguised disdain.

"I came back to get something," Gerald said calmly.

"Haven't I already sent your things over? I have already tossed the rest away," Mary said and was about to close the

door.

Gerald pressed his hand against the door and said, "There is an iron box at the bottom of a box on the balcony. I had it in my arms when Sheldon saved me. I have to take it away."

As he spoke, he was about to walk in.

"Don't come in. I'll go get it for you. Don't stain my place," Mary hurriedly said.

Gerald was furious.

He thought, *stain* your place? I bought this place! And I was also the one who mopped the floor!

Yet he did not go in. He just sneered in his heart and thought, *tomorrow*. Just wait *till* tomorrow. I am looking forward to seeing your expressions after I *acquire* the *company* Vivian works for!

He stood at the door. In the living room, Irene's relatives looked at him with disgust. The originally lively living room became quiet because of his arrival.

Irene

frowned. She got up and walked to the door. She looked at Gerald and said, "I know that you are resentful and think that my mother and I have gone too far.

"But you should know that I'm out of your league," Irene said. "I married you mainly to fulfill my father's wishes."

Gerald snorted and ignored her.

"Take your box and don't come to see me ever again. I don't want to upset Adriel," Irene said.

Meanwhile, Mary walked to the door with a small metal box covered with dust between her fingers and threw it at

Gerald. "Alright. You can go now."

Gerald took the iron box and felt slightly relieved. Then he looked into the room and sneered, "You ... will I regret it!"

"Regret it? Gerald, come on. If you really manage to do something big, I will stay single forever!" in the room, Vivian said disdainfully.

Gerald raised his head and looked at her. His lips curled into a smile. "Remember your words!"