

From Outcast to Overlord: The Unyielding Heir Novel

Chapter 2 - Chapter 2

Chapter 2 Find Somewhere Else to Stay Yvette's voice was cold as she crossed her arms, assuming the demeanor of a spoiled heiress. She had initially intended to be more tactful, but when she saw that Leander hadn't refused Monica's offer to stay, it became clear that he intended to settle in. So, she dropped all pretense and spoke bluntly, without any regard for his feelings. There was no way she would let Leander stay under the same roof as her.

It was just absurd-she had never allowed any of the good-looking scions from her school to get this close, so why would she tolerate a down-and-out guy like him? Sure, Leander had once helped her mother, but Monica said she had already given him ten thousand dollars as a thank-you. As far as Yvette was concerned, that debt was paid in full. Now, seeing Leander show up in rags, accepting cash, and even taking clothes from her mother, yet still refusing to leave, he struck her as shameless. A guy without self-respect or pride was someone she could never look up to.

Leander's expression remained unchanged. From the moment he saw Yvette, he had noticed the disdain and contempt in her eyes. But someone like him wouldn't lower himself to argue with her. To him, Yvette was just Monica's daughter. Without that connection, he wouldn't have bothered speaking to her at all. His impassiveness made Yvette frown. "You're young and able-bodied, so why rely on others? Why not work for your own living? If you need, I can ask around to get you a job. It might not pay a fortune, but it'll be enough to cover your basic needs.

That should be fine, right?" She was determined to get Leander out of her house, even if it meant inconveniencing a few of her friends by finding him a job in one of their family businesses. She wasn't going to let him stay in their villa. Leander chuckled lightly and shook his head. Without even glancing at Yvette, he picked up a pen from the table and scribbled a note. Then, he pulled a small, new brown paper package from his worn shoulder bag, slipped the note inside, and sealed it. "Tell Ms.

Hollis that this is from me," he said as he tossed the worn bag into the trash and walked out of the villa, leaving behind a single, aloof figure. Yvette watched him go, feeling a sudden, inexplicable pang of guilt. She almost called him back but hesitated and let the moment pass. Are you mad, Sitwell, thinking about calling that country hick back! she

reprimanded herself and shook her head before heading upstairs to get ready for an afternoon shopping trip with her bestie. As for the brown paper package Leander left on the chair, she didn't pay it any mind.

Something pulled from that filthy bag couldn't possibly be valuable. If it weren't for the fact that it was meant for Monica, she would've tossed it away without a second thought. After leaving the villa, Leander hailed a cab. "Where to, buddy?" the driver asked cheerfully. "Take me to Leandrix Tower," Leander replied offhandedly. The driver started the car immediately, glancing curiously at Leander. "You don't look like someone who works at Leandrix Corp." Being a veteran of five years in Ravenridge, he had seen plenty of Leandrix Corp employees-always impeccably dressed in suits.

A guy in casual clothes like Leander heading to the corporate tower was a first. Leander smiled faintly. "I don't work there. The CEO works for me. I'm just going to check on things." The driver glanced sideways at Leander and fell silent, suppressing a scoff. The CEO of Leandrix Corp. was one of the most prominent figures in Ravenridge, surrounded by high society and influential people. Even getting a meeting with him was nearly impossible for most. For a young man like Leander to claim that the CEO worked for him-that would mean Leander was the owner of Leandrix Corp.

What preposterous bullsh*t! If he's the chairman of Leandrix Corp., then I'm the king of the world! Kids these days, they talk without thinking. Always exaggerating, the driver thought, shaking his head and losing interest in talking to Leander. About ten minutes later, the towering Leandrix Tower came into view, standing head and shoulders above the surrounding buildings, imposing and grand. Those who pass by almost always couldn't help looking up in awe. After paying the fare, Leander headed straight into the reception area. "Good day, sir.

How can I assist you?" The receptionist greeted Leander with a professional smile. "Could you call Frankie Wainwright and let him know I'm here?" Leander replied casually. The receptionist blinked in surprise. She racked her brain, but no one named Frankie Wainwright came to mind among the company's employees. After a moment, she apologized, "I'm sorry, sir. Could you tell me his department and position? That would help me look him up." "Position?" Leander's tone remained indifferent. "Oh, he's the CEO." At that, the other receptionists turned to look at Leander with strange expressions.

The receptionist who had been speaking with Leander finally realized who Frankie Wainwright was-their CEO. With that, she sized him up, her mood shifting to irritation. Frankie Wainwright was a leading figure in Ravenridge's high society and the number one entrepreneur in the city. Though his official title was CEO, many speculated that he was also the chairman of Leandrix Corp., merely keeping a low profile. People from all walks of life tried to meet him, but Frankie was known for turning down meetings unless the person was highly influential.

Yet here was this casually dressed young man, demanding that Frankie come down to see him. The audacity! "I'm sorry, sir. Our CEO is currently in an important meeting and does not take unannounced visitors. I'm afraid you won't be able to see him today," the receptionist replied politely, though she thought Leander's request was outrageous. "You don't need to worry about that. Just tell him my name, and he'll come down to see me. I'm Leander Ashcroft," Leander said, still unperturbed. The receptionist hesitated, concerned that she might be dealing with a VIP after all.

Not wanting to risk a mistake, she nodded. "Alright, please wait here while I make a call to confirm." As she prepared to call Frankie's secretary, a young woman dressed in a stylish business suit approached. She was in her mid-twenties, heavily made up, with an alluring presence that could easily captivate men. The receptionists all turned their heads to greet her. "Miss Larkin!" The woman nodded slightly, maintaining an air of superiority.

She glanced at Leander's plain attire and asked the receptionist, "What's going on here?" The receptionist quickly explained the situation, and the alluring woman frowned. "Joyce, are you out of your mind? Do you know the caliber of people the CEO meets with? Do you really think a shabby kid like this could be one of them?" the alluring woman scolded. "If you have to ask every time someone wants to see the CEO, he'd be overwhelmed. You clearly can't handle this job.

Report to the warehouse tomorrow!" The alluring woman's tone was harsh and uncompromising, leaving the receptionist, Joyce, pale and stammering apologies. She knew full well that the alluring woman could fire her if she wanted to. After berating Joyce further, the alluring woman turned her gaze to Leander, her eyes filled with scorn. "Listen, kid, this is Leandrix Corp.'s headquarters, not a playground," she sneered. "Leave now, and I'll let you off easy. Otherwise..." She shot a glance at the burly security guards nearby. "I'll have them 'escort' you out."