

From Outcast to Overlord: The Unyielding Heir Novel Chapter 3 - Chapter 3 (English Translation)

Chapter 3 Leandrix Corp The alluring woman was named Cherise Larkin. She had started as a receptionist at Leandrix Corp., but with her striking looks, keen sense of fashion, and knack for seducing men, she quickly climbed the ranks. She had orchestrated several encounters with the company's CEO, Frankie Wainwright, and eventually, he succumbed to her charms. After that, she climbed onto Frankie's bed and found herself promoted to sales manager with a significant salary increase.

Cherise was now one of the people closest to Frankie, but she had never heard of him being familiar with any young man, let alone someone who could summon him downstairs with a single word. Given Frankie's status, even the most powerful figures in Ravenridge treated him with respect; no one had the right to demand his presence. Despite the smile on her face, Cherise's words carried a thinly veiled threat. She had expected Leander to take the hint and leave, but he didn't budge an inch. Leander lifted his gaze slightly, his tone turning a shade darker.

"It's their duty as receptionists to make that call. This young lady was about to do just that, and she was right to do so. Yet, you criticized her as soon as you came in and claimed she wasn't fit for her position. What kind of logic is that? You didn't even check before deciding I was here to cause trouble and called for security to throw me out. Is this how a manager at Leandrix Corp. conducts business?" His questioning tone left Cherise and the others momentarily stunned. Cherise quickly recovered, her expression becoming more controlled. "Do you think I'm joking, kid?"

Employees at Leandrix Corp. are not for some wet-behind-the-ears kid to lecture." "Oh, really?" Leander said plainly; his expression remained unchanged. "Not only can I lecture you, but I can also fire you. You wanna bet?" "Fire me? You?" Cherise couldn't help but laugh, finding this the most amusing thing she'd ever heard. She was currently Frankie's favorite, and as long as he was in charge of Leandrix Corp., no one-no matter how high-ranking-would dare to talk about firing her. Who was this nobody to think he had that power? "Kid, this isn't a place for you to daydream.

If you want to fire me, come back in a few decades," she said, completely losing her patience with him. She turned to another receptionist and ordered, "Call security and have him thrown out!" With that, she stepped into the elevator, heading straight for the top floor. The other receptionist hesitated for a moment but eventually called security. Joyce, the receptionist who had spoken with Leander earlier, looked on with a troubled expression, unsure of what to do. Within minutes, four burly security guards arrived, wielding batons and surrounding Leander.

"Kid, are you going to leave on your own, or do we have to make you?" one of them threatened. Leander glanced at the four men, then shook his head slightly. "Do you really think the four of you can handle me?" The guards bristled at his dismissive tone,

their anger flaring. Leander's attitude made it clear he didn't consider them a threat. "Throw him out!" the team leader ordered, and the other three lunged at Leander, ready to drag him away. Thud! Thud! Thud! Three muffled sounds echoed as the three guards staggered backward, clutching their stomachs and groaning in pain.

"I told you, you're not qualified," Leander said, standing tall with his hands in his pockets, his eyes calm and unwavering. Everyone in the lobby turned to watch, the receptionists and the remaining guard staring in shock. None of them had seen how Leander had moved. ... At the top floor of Leandrix Corp., within the private office reserved for the CEO, a middle-aged man with a square face and piercing eyes sat at a desk, reviewing documents. His gaze was sharp, his presence commanding-a natural aura developed from years of leadership.

This man was Frankie Wainwright, the CEO of a billion-dollar corporation. The office door knocked, and without looking up, Frankie responded, "Come in." His voice was authoritative, carrying a strong masculine presence that sent a shiver down Cherise's spine as she entered. Remembering his dominating nature in bed made her cheeks flush with warmth. "Mr. Wainwright!" Cherise purred, slithering up to his side like a seductive serpent, her voice dripping with sweetness. "This is work time.

What are you doing up here instead of working?" Frankie asked sternly, though his body was already reacting to her presence. "I've handled today's tasks already. Besides, I've missed you," Cherise purred as she slid into his lap, presenting herself like a willing prey. "You little minx!" Frankie growled, his self-control slipping as he considered taking her into his private lounge to sate his desires, if not for the work still left to do. "Mr. Wainwright, it seems we need to tighten up security in the building.

We can't have just anyone coming in and causing trouble," Cherise suggested with a sycophantic smile. "Oh? What happened?" Frankie asked offhandedly. "I just came up from the lobby. There was this kid-looked like a high schooler-who said he wanted to see you and insisted the receptionist call you down to meet him. When I told him to leave, he criticized our staff's professionalism and boasted about firing me!" Cherise's voice dripped with scorn as she recounted the story. If she hadn't been in a rush to see Frankie, she would have stuck around to see Leander get thrown out.

"A young man asking for me?" Frankie's expression didn't show the disdain Cherise had expected. Instead, his eyes sharpened. He suddenly sat up, pushing Cherise aside, his voice urgent. "Did he give his name?" "Mr. Wainwright, what's wrong?" Cherise asked, confused by his sudden intensity. Still, she answered truthfully, "He said his name was Leander Ashcroft and that if you heard his name, you'd go down to see him. Ridiculous, right?

I already told the receptionist to have security deal with him!" She finished with a contemptuous smile, but the next moment, she felt a sharp, stinging pain on her cheek. "Mr. Wainwright, why did you hit me?" She clutched her swelling cheek, shocked and hurt, unable to comprehend why Frankie would suddenly strike her. "You idiot! Do you

know who he is? How dare you try to have security remove him?" Frankie's face twisted with rage, more furious than she'd ever seen him. "Get up and come with me.

You'd better pray nothing has happened to him, or I will kill you!" Frankie's voice was menacing, and the fear in Cherise's heart was palpable. She knew Frankie wasn't just a businessman; he was also the underground kingpin of Ravenridge. He had risen to power through his control over the city's criminal underworld, only later transitioning to legitimate business. But his influence and reputation in the underworld had only grown, with many powerful figures looking to him for guidance. If he truly wanted her dead, she wouldn't live to see another day.

Terrified and bewildered, Cherise couldn't fathom who Leander was to warrant such respect from someone of Frankie's caliber, someone who would lower himself to go down and meet him. ... Back in the lobby of Leandrix Corp., over a dozen security guards were sprawled on the floor, groaning in pain. Dozens more surrounded Leander, none daring to approach him, their nerves frayed. Leander stood with his hands in his pockets, having bested all these professionally trained guards with nothing but his legs. "All of you, attack at once!

I refuse to believe he's that tough!" the security team leader shouted, his anger reaching a boiling point. His pride had been trampled by Leander, and he was desperate to reclaim it. The remaining guards exchanged nervous glances, ready to charge when a thunderous shout suddenly echoed from the elevator area. "Stop right now, all of you!" Everyone turned to see the source of the voice, their expressions quickly changing to ones of fear and reverence. Emerging from the elevator was none other than Frankie, taking large strides forward, with Cherise following behind, her cheek swollen. "Mr.

Wainwright!" The security leader bowed respectfully, ready to explain the situation, but Frankie didn't even look at him before delivering a stinging slap across his face. "Get out of my sight!" Frankie barked. The team leader's face burned with pain, but he didn't dare protest. He simply moved aside, utterly confused by the turn of events. Everyone watched in stunned silence as Frankie approached Leander. Then, to their utter disbelief, the CEO leaned forward slightly and bowed deeply, showing Leander the utmost respect. "Mr.

Leander, I sincerely apologize," he said, his voice full of deference. The entire lobby fell into a deathly silence.