

From Outcast to Overlord: The Unyielding Heir Novel Chapter 4 - Chapter 4 (English Translation)

Chapter 4 Mr Leander, I Apologize "Mr. Leander, I sincerely apologize." Frankie's deep bow left everyone in the lobby stunned, their expressions filled with shock and fear. This was Frankie Wainwright, the most famous and powerful man in Ravenridge. Even the highest-ranking officials in the city couldn't make him bow his head, yet here he was, bowing deeply to a young man-no older than twenty and dressed casually-and apologizing. If word got out, it would be headline news across Ravenridge.

Most people were simply stunned, but those who had directly interacted with Leander-like the receptionist and especially Cherise, who stood behind Frankie-felt nothing short of terror. Cherise, in particular, had been the most vocal in mocking Leander and had even called for security to throw him out. Now, seeing her strongest backer bowing and scraping before Leander, how could she not be terrified? Leander looked at Frankie, a hint of a smile appearing in his otherwise cold gaze. "You've managed Leandrix Corp. well," he said.

Though his words were indeed praise, Frankie heard them as a sarcastic jab. He knew that without Leander's financial backing, Leandrix Corp. wouldn't exist. Frankie was merely an employee, while Leander was the real chairman of the company. And now, the chairman's first visit had nearly ended with him being thrown out by security-an unforgivable embarrassment for Frankie. His heart raced as he turned toward his employees, barking, "All those who have offended Mr. Leander, step forward now! Apologize to him, and then go collect your final paycheck from the finance department.

You're all fired!" The employees who had interacted with Leander-the receptionists, Cherise, and the security guards-went pale with fear. Frankie was essentially telling them to pack their bags and leave. They stood rooted to the spot, paralyzed with fear, their feet feeling as heavy as lead. Even Cherise, usually so bold and confident, was now utterly silent. As Frankie was about to explode again, Leander stepped forward and waved him off. His gaze swept over Joyce, the receptionist, and he nodded with a smile. Joyce stood there, stunned, still trying to process the dramatic turn of events.

Leander then turned to the visibly anxious Cherise. "Earlier, I told you that I could not only lecture you but also fire you. You said I didn't have the authority and that it would take decades. So, do you believe me now?" Cherise's entire body trembled as she looked to Frankie for help, but the man who had always catered to her every whim now stared back with a cold, indifferent expression. "Mr. Leander, I-" she stammered, desperate to explain, but Leander cut her off with a wave of his hand. "No need to be nervous.

I can see that you have some connection with Frankie, so I won't fire you." Cherise's heart leaped with hope, thinking that Leander might still care about maintaining Frankie's favor. But Leander's next words sent a chill down her spine. "However,

starting today, you're no longer a manager. If you want to stay at the company, you'll get changed at work your way up from a receptionist. If that doesn't suit you, pack your things and leave." Cherise felt as if she had plunged into an icy abyss.

She had been living the high life, lording her success over others, and now she was being demoted back to the bottom. To make matters worse, after this incident, she would no longer be in Frankie's good graces. He might not even look at her again. She would be stuck as a receptionist for the rest of her life. Though she was bitterly disappointed, she could only nod in agreement. After all, even as a receptionist at Leandrix Corp., the salary and benefits were still better than those of a white-collar worker at another company.

Leander didn't spare her another glance, turning instead to the security guards he had floored. "As for you, you'll cover your own medical expenses, and I'll consider this matter closed. Any objections?" None of the guards dared to utter a word. As long as they weren't fired, they were grateful. Paying for some medical bills was a small price to pay, especially considering how deferential Frankie was toward Leander. Certainly, they wouldn't dare demand Leander to pay for their treatment. Finally, Leander's gaze landed on Joyce, the receptionist. "Starting today, you'll take over as manager.

Leandrix Corp. needs employees like you." He was, of course, referring to Cherise's former position. Joyce was momentarily stunned, then overjoyed, almost fainting from disbelief. Just moments ago, she thought she was about to be demoted to warehouse duty, but now, with one sentence from Leander, she had leapfrogged several levels to become a department manager. She repeatedly bowed and thanked Leander, her eyes sparkling with delight. "That's enough. Let's go upstairs and talk," Leander said, motioning to Frankie as he headed toward the elevator.

Frankie turned to the still-stunned crowd and suddenly announced, "All of you, listen up! Mr. Leander is the chairman of Leandrix Corp. The 'Leand' in the company's name comes from his! From now on, if anything like this happens again, no matter who you are or what position you hold, you'll be packing your bags and leaving!" His words carried a streetwise toughness that no one dared question. The crowd's initial fear was now mixed with awe, surprised that the casually dressed young man, barely twenty, was the mysterious chairman of their company.

On the top floor of Leandrix Corp., Leander was seated at Frankie's desk while Frankie himself sat on the nearby couch, beaming with joy. "Mr. Leander, it's been five years, and you've finally come!" Frankie had never feared anyone, nor had he ever truly respected anyone-except for Leander. The respect he held for this young man was genuine. Years ago, Frankie had been on the run in Ravenridge, leading a small group of followers. Outmatched by a rival, he was forced to flee the city, nearly dying in a foreign land.

It was Leander who had saved his life and provided him with a large sum of money, enabling him to return to Ravenridge, eliminate his enemies, and establish himself as

the city's underground kingpin. With Leander's backing, he founded Leandrix Corp. and became a successful entrepreneur with assets worth billions. Though Frankie now enjoyed immense power and success, he had never forgotten that he owed it all to Leander. Loyalty was everything to men like him, and this was why he had always served as CEO while leaving the chairman's position vacant for Leander.

"I never imagined you'd achieve all this in just five short years. Looks like I was right to place my trust in you," Leander said, sipping his tea. His eyes suddenly sharpened, and a fierce determination filled his gaze. "Five years ago, I told you that if you chose to work for me, you'd better be ready for anything. The things I intend to accomplish are beyond your wildest imagination." Then, he drained his tea and stood up. "You will continue managing the company, but within a week, you need to mobilize all resources and find the most fertile land in the state, perfect for cultivation.

Once you've located it, inform me immediately. This is of the utmost importance. Do not let anything disrupt my plans." Frankie, fully aware of Leander's terrifying capabilities, nodded fervently, committing the task to memory. "Also, help me find a girl named Madeline Gardner. She's a senior at Ravenridge Senior High. Find out which class she's in, and then arrange for me to be enrolled as a student in her class," Leander added, his eyes tinged with sadness and guilt. Frankie's face registered surprise. The chairman of a billion-dollar corporation wanted to pose as a high school student?!

Although curious, he didn't ask questions and immediately began making the necessary arrangements. ... Evergreen Galleria, the largest department store in Ravenridge, was a shopping paradise for young people, offering clothing, entertainment, dining, and fitness all under one roof. In a cafe on the third floor, Yvette, dressed in youthful and trendy attire, sat across from a friend decked out in designer brands. "I was nearly scared to death today," Yvette said with a look of disgust. "A hobo showed up at my house out of nowhere, and my mom actually let him take a bath in our home.

It was so gross!" Her friend, a girl with a doll-like face and an impressive figure, was shocked. "What? Your mom let a hobo bathe at your place? Her charity has gone too far this time!" "It's not quite like that," Yvette explained. "That guy apparently helped my mom out once when she was lost in Glenwick, and now, it seems like he's down on his luck and came to my house for help. My mom gave him some money, and that should've been the end of it, but she even offered him a place to stay! I'm furious!" Her friend burst out laughing.

"If Shiloh and the others find out some country hick moved into your house, they're going to lose it!" Then, she pressed on with a mischievous grin. "Well, did the country hick actually move in?" Yvette shook her head, exasperated. "Who knows? I told him it wouldn't be convenient for him to stay at our place and suggested he rent a room somewhere. I even offered to help him find a job. But he just left a brown paper package and walked out!" "Ha, if he shows up again when you get home, you're going to be so annoyed!" her friend teased, clearly enjoying the situation at Yvette's expense.

"Ugh, don't even talk about it. I'm already fed up with the whole thing!" Yvette muttered, stirring her coffee with a frown. She was genuinely worried that Leander might return. Before her friend could tease her further, a figure appeared at the entrance of the café. Yvette instinctively turned to look, and her expression froze. There he was-the country hick she had just been talking about, Leander Ashcroft.