

From Outcast to Overlord: The Unyielding Heir Novel Chapter 5 - Chapter 5 (English Translation)

Chapter 5 The Country Hick Leander naturally noticed Yvette. After leaving Leandrix Corp., he decided to explore a nearby mall to pass the afternoon. He spotted a cafe with a nice atmosphere and decided to go in, not expecting to run into Yvette, who appeared to be there with a friend, enjoying some coffee. His gaze merely brushed over Yvette as if she were nothing more than a stranger. "A caramel macchiato, please," he ordered, walking past Yvette's table without a word and settling into a seat toward the back.

Ginny Lancaster, the girl with the doll-like face, softly gasped when she saw Leander. "Oh my, he's so hot. He's even more of a hunk than those TV stars!" Ginny was Yvette's best friend and had always had a soft spot for good-looking guys, so her eyes lit up with excitement upon seeing Leander. "Hmph, what's so great about him? He's just a country hick, wearing clothes my mom gave him!" Yvette huffed. She was sure Leander had seen her when he walked in, but he hadn't even acknowledged her existence, as if she were invisible. His aloof attitude grated on her nerves.

"Country hick?" Ginny was taken aback. "Wait, is that the hobo who showed up at your house today?" Yvette nodded, her gaze drifting back to Leander, who was leisurely sipping his coffee, looking entirely relaxed. Ginny glanced at Leander again, then turned back to Yvette, her expression dismissive. "Okay, I'll admit he's got the looks, but good looks don't put food on the table.

A guy like that, who doesn't try to work and make his own way but instead looks for shortcuts by relying on others, is just pathetic." Any initial attraction she might have felt toward Leander was completely gone, replaced by disdain. "To think he had the nerve to try and live under the same roof as you-he's delusional!" Ginny, noticing Yvette's growing annoyance, decided to take action. "Don't worry, Yvette. I'll go talk to him and make sure he understands he's not welcome." Before Yvette could stop her, Ginny was already on her way to Leander's table. "Hey there, handsome.

Mind if we chat for a bit?" She sat down across from Leander, her eyes appraising him. "Chat with me?" Leander chuckled softly. He had already overheard the girls' conversation, even though they were several tables away and were whispering. Someone like him wasn't easily kept out of the loop. "Here's the thing," Ginny began, adopting a superior tone. "Yvette's mom was just being nice by letting you stay at their place. But you should have enough self-awareness to know that it's not appropriate for you to live there, especially since Yvette is a young woman.

If I were you, I'd find a job and get my own place instead of freeloading off someone else. "My boyfriend's family owns a clothing store. I can ask him to give you a job as a salesperson. The pay's decent, with a base salary and commissions, enough to cover your basic needs. What do you think?" Ginny's tone was condescending, as if she were doing Leander a huge favor. She clearly saw herself as the one in control, dispensing

charity to someone she considered beneath her. Leander scoffed under his breath. "I'm afraid you're mistaken."

I never planned to stay at her house in the first place, and even if I did, what business is it of yours? As for the job offer, no thanks-I'm not interested." At that, he waved his hand dismissively, as if shooing away a bothersome fly. "If that's all, you can leave now. Don't interrupt my coffee." Ginny's expression darkened with anger. She had been pampered her whole life, with her family catering to her every whim, and she was used to being the center of attention at school, with boys lining up to please her.

But now, a country hick audaciously talked down to her, telling her she was a bother. She could feel the rage bubbling up inside her. "You... you..." she stammered, pointing a trembling finger at Leander, but she couldn't find the words to express her fury. Frustrated, she stomped back to Yvette's side. "Hmph, you were right, Yvette. He's nothing but a low-class bumpkin! I offered to help him get a job, and not only did he refuse, but he even had the nerve to say I was bothering him! Ugh, I'm so mad I could scream!" Ginny pouted, still fuming.

Yvette patted her shoulder, saying nothing, but her dislike for Leander deepened. Refusing help out of pride and maintaining dignity was one thing but doing so when one couldn't even feed or house oneself was foolish. That kind of pride was cheap, and no one would respect that. Useless and ambitionless. People like him are nothing but leeches on society, and to think Mom thinks highly of him! Yvette shook her head as any remaining goodwill toward Leander vanished. Leander continued sipping his coffee, completely unconcerned with Ginny's little outburst.

To him, she was just a spoiled girl, not worth his attention. About ten minutes later, two young men in their late teens entered the cafe. One was dressed in an Armani suit, standing nearly six foot three, with a strong, athletic build. The other wore a white suit, his handsome face framed by perfectly styled hair, looking every bit like a prince from a fairy tale. The two quickly spotted Yvette and Ginny and made their way over to the table. "Hey, babe, you're finally here!" Ginny's face lit up as she greeted the Armani-clad young man, sliding over to make room for him.

He wrapped an arm around her shoulders and sat beside her. The young man in the white suit casually took the seat next to Yvette. "Sorry I'm late, Yvette," he said, his tone apologetic. "It's fine, we just got here ourselves," Yvette replied with a smile. The young man in the white suit was named Shiloh Wolfe. He was the student council president and the captain of the school's martial arts club, as well as the heir to a well-known building materials company in the city. Talented, wealthy, and charming, Shiloh was the school's golden boy, admired by countless girls.

But since he first laid eyes on Yvette, he had been utterly smitten, always playing the role of her knight in shining armor. Though Yvette didn't have strong feelings for Shiloh, she liked him well enough and allowed him to get close, considering him a good friend. Their relationship was in a state of friendly ambiguity. As she looked at Shiloh's

gentlemanly demeanor, Yvette couldn't help but glance at Leander across the room. The difference between the two was night and day. The boy in the Armani suit was Ginny's boyfriend, Hendrix Shuler, captain of the school basketball team.

Strong and well-built, he came from a family that owned a successful clothing brand, which was a big part of why Ginny was attracted to him. "Ginny, what's wrong? You seem upset," Hendrix asked, noticing Ginny's pout. "Hmph, it's all because of that country hick! He annoyed Yvette earlier, and now he's gotten on my nerves too!" Ginny huffed and recounted the story, adding her embellishments to make Leander seem even more obnoxious. "Oh? If you know him, why don't I invite him over to join us?" Hendrix suggested with a sly grin, clearly up to no good.

He stood and walked toward Leander's table while Yvette's face filled with concern. Hendrix had a reputation for causing trouble at school. He once beat up a student who had crossed him, breaking the boy's arm. The victim's family didn't even dare to press charges and quietly transferred him to another school. Leander was just a farm boy from Glenwick, here to seek help from her mother. If he got on Hendrix's bad side, the consequences could be dire. "Hey, buddy, I hear you know Yvette. Why don't you join us?"

"We can all get to know each other better," Hendrix said, standing in front of Leander's table, a fake smile plastered on his face. He was an expert at hiding his true intentions behind a friendly facade. Leander set down his coffee cup and glanced at Hendrix with a half-lidded gaze. After a brief look, he lowered his head again, his tone indifferent. "No thanks. I'm not that familiar with her. And as for you, I'm not interested in getting to know you either."