

My Sudden Rich Life by Rickie Appiah

Chapter 2

Chapter 2 Trampled

In the locker room.

Trevor saw his girlfriend, Sylvia, leaning against Dennis and kissing him passionately. Her face was red in ardor and lust. Meanwhile, Dennis was caressing her breasts lustfully.

"You!" Trevor bellowed in anger and shock.

His breathing was short and loud, and a strong sense of pain and humiliation filled his heart.

Sylvia and Dennis, who were immersed in their intimacy, suddenly came to their senses upon hearing Trevor's voice. Slowly, they turned to face the door at the same time.

Sylvia was taken aback when she saw Trevor by the door. "Trevor, what are you doing here?" she asked, flustered.

"I'm the one who should be asking you that. Didn't you say you'd go shopping with your best friend this afternoon? Why are you here? What the hell is going on?!"

Trevor roared, his eyes red in anger.

His blood boiled in resentment. He had worked like a dog until midnight just to buy Sylvia her birthday gift. Unfortunately for him, his beloved girlfriend just cheated on him in the end. It was unacceptable!

Sylvia immediately regained her composure. Instead of feeling ashamed, she snorted and scoffed, "Now that you know the truth, there's no point in hiding it anymore. Look at yourself. Do you really think that I would want to be with a poor loser like you? Sad to say, but our relationship was nothing but a bet with my friend. I didn't expect that you'd take it seriously."

"But I love you," Trevor fired back.

"Your love means nothing to me. I wanted the latest phone, but you told me I had to wait for a month. How pathetic! Dennis here did not only buy me an iPhone 13 but also gave me a luxury Louis Vuitton bag."

The more Sylvia spoke, the more disdainful and arrogant she seemed.

All of a sudden, Dennis threw a fifty-dollar bill to Trevor and mocked, "Poor Trevor. Do you really think you can sleep with Sylvia? I'll tell you what. That won't ever happen. Here's fifty dollars. Just sleep with an old prostitute, you pathetic peasant."

"Dennis, I'll fucking kill you!"

Unable to stand the ridicule anymore, Trevor rushed to Dennis like a mad bull.

"How dare you fight back? Have you forgotten who you are?" Dennis snorted and threw a

punch at Trevor, knocking him over.

Dennis was over six feet tall. And as the leader of the basketball team, he was agile and muscular. Trevor, however, was a few inches shorter than Dennis and was lanky. In a word, he was outmatched.

Trevor fell to the floor with a loud thud, and he felt a sharp pain on his cheek from where Dennis had punched him. Although in a daze, he summoned all his strength to get on his feet.

But before he could do so, Dennis raised his foot and trampled on Trevor's face, pinning him down to the floor. "You loser. This is what you get for fighting back. Take this! I'll trample on you until you die."

He then stomped on Trevor's face several times without holding back.

Trevor's face was covered with footprints. But even if every movement sent him groaning in pain, he still tried his best to get up.

Of course, Dennis would not let him. He sat on Trevor's back and took out a black pen from his backpack.

Then, with a sly smile at the corners of his mouth, he wrote "Poor Loser" on Trevor's clothes.

As if that was not enough, he spat on Trevor and warned, "If you dare to provoke me again, I'll beat you every time I see your face. Mark my words."

With that, he held Sylvia's hand and left.

Trevor was in so much pain. He could not even stand straight, so he had to drag himself back to his dormitory. Other students could not help but point at him when they saw his bruised and dirty face.

Sylvia, the girl he loved the most, betrayed him and broke his heart. At that moment, he no longer cared if people laughed at him. He was already dead inside, after all.

Now, Trevor was alone in his room. He took off his stained and ragged shirt and washed off the insulting words Dennis had written a while ago.

What had happened kept flashing through his mind. Bernard's mean words, Dennis's humiliation, and Sylvia's ruthlessness filled his heart with resentment.

"No wonder you never let me hold your hand and hug you like what normal couples do. You never loved me and just detested me for being poor."

Trevor was full of grief and indignation. He could not help but clench his hands into fists as he recalled what Sylvia had said to him.