

Chapter 1181 Notorious Playboy

Trevor's brow shot up. He didn't expect Michael would return to cause more trouble.

This time, however, Michael wasn't alone.

Standing next to Michael was a young man with expensive clothes.

The young man held a glass of wine and seemed already drunk.

His skin was slightly pale, and he was a bit plump. He seemed somewhat unsteady on his feet, looking as if excessive drinking and sexual activity had worn him out.

Behind him were two burly bodyguards.

When his eyes fell on Doris's sexy figure, he beamed and flashed a lecherous grin. "Look at that! A beauty! She has a perfect figure. I thought you were lying, you brat!"

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Under the bar's dim lights, Michael looked like an evil ghost as he regarded Doris maliciously.

He purposely lured Morris into taking an interest on Doris because he was pissed. Doris always refused to sleep with him. Seeing her close to Trevor pissed him off. If he couldn't have her for himself, he might as well destroy her.

As a security guard of the bar, Michael naturally knew some of those in Corden's upper-class circle.

Among them was Morris, a notorious playboy. He was known for using his money to lure women into sleeping with him and doing overly perverted sex.

He was the perfect tool for Michael's plan to destroy Doris.

Doris grimaced. "I'm a bartender, not a waitress. It's not part of my job to drink with him."

As an intelligence collector, she had heard of Morris and his reputation with women.

She knew it was only a matter of time before Michael would get back at her, but she didn't expect him to go as far as having a pervert like Morris mess with her.

Morris didn't get angry when Doris refused. Instead, he was thrilled by her feistiness.

"Oh, you have a temper. I like that! It makes me want to ravish you more."

He downed the remaining wine and slumped the empty glass on the bar counter with a loud thud.

Waving his hands, Morris gave an order to his bodyguards. "Take her here. I want to drink with her."

Michael's smile grew even more sinister. "Let me help you with that, Mr. Novak."

Morris looked down his nose at Michael and said nothing.

The bodyguards wasted no time and approached Doris in ominous steps.

Following behind the bodyguards, Michael muttered viciously, "This is the price you pay for rejecting me, Doris!"

However, before they could get near Doris, Trevor stepped in and blocked their way with his hand.

The bodyguards and Michael halted on their steps and glared at Trevor.

Michael sneered, "Do you want to die, brat? Get your fucking face out of—"

Without warning, Trevor splashed his wine on Michael's face.

"Fuck off," Trevor said coldly.

"What the hell? Damn you, you moron!" Michael was livid.

Morris had just lit a cigarette when the commotion started. He didn't expect someone would dare stand against him and his men in Corden.

He puffed a smoke ring and sneered. "Foolish bastard."

Waving his hand at his bodyguards, he narrowed his eyes and ordered sternly, "Take him down! I want

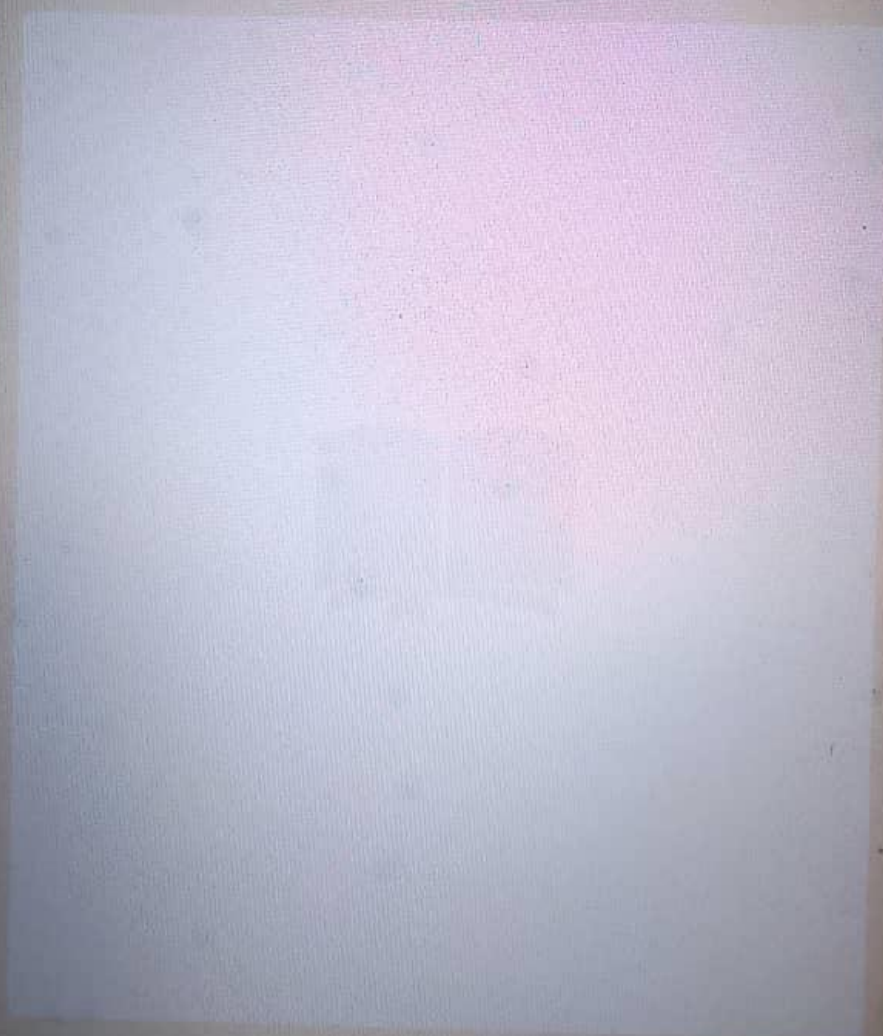
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that brat thrown in the trash in ten minutes. Maybe some scavenger will take an interest in him. That's what he'll get for defying me!"

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