

Chapter 984 Silent Mockery

"Unfortunately, I don't have the power or the influence to find the tattooist."

Trevor sighed heavily.

It was safer for Trevor to be regarded as Dragon, but that identity wasn't as rich or powerful as Mr. Sanderson.

In the past, he only needed to make a phone call and Bradly would investigate everything he wanted to know. But now, Trevor could only shake his head dejectedly.

Trevor had no choice but to put the matter of the men in black aside for the time being. Now, he could only pay attention to the local news to see if anything suspicious popped up.

"I have to let it go first and focus on dealing with Dooley and his family!"

Although a little disappointed, Trevor forced himself to lighten up.

The following morning, he went to work at Glory Company as usual.

However, as soon as he stepped inside the building, he found an angry Sigrid standing there, her eyes full of hostility and resentment.

Sigrid crossed her arms before her chest and said in a voice dripping with sarcasm, "Dragon, you're here! How dare you leave me halfway yesterday? I'm telling Mr. Sanderson about this! You'll be fired!"

Trevor narrowed his eyes at Sigrid, who had on heavy makeup, and sneered.

Sigrid's identity as a hooker was exposed in public yesterday, yet the woman still had the nerve to confront Trevor and even shout at him.

Just then, Martin stood beside Sigrid. It seemed he had become one of her followers.

"Dragon is too arrogant. Mr. Sanderson should've kicked him out a long time ago!"

Martin's men also nodded in agreement, hurling more insults at Trevor.

However, Sigrid wasn't the only one with followers. The bodyguards Trevor had recruited soon swarmed to his side to defend him.

"What the hell are you idiots talking about? You work for Dragon, not that woman."

"What?! Damn it! Martin's probably trying to take Dragon's position so that he can boss us around. That bastard!"

The bodyguards were instantly divided into two factions, and they quarreled with each other fiercely.

Just then, a luxury car pulled to a stop at the entrance of the company.

It was Zakai's car.

Sigrid's eyes lit up. She hurried to greet Zakai, her high heels clicking against the floor noisily, and said in a charming voice, "Mr. Sanderson, you're here."

Zakai nodded and slapped Sigrid's plump butt, regardless of everyone watching, and then got out of the car.

Sigrid slipped her arm around Zakai's and pouted like a spoiled child.

"Mr. Sanderson, you have to punish Dragon! He was supposed to drive me home yesterday, but he dropped me off halfway. You gave him this task, but he didn't complete it. Obviously, he doesn't take you seriously. Employees who disobey your orders won't add any value to this company. We can't keep him. Maybe he'll even influence the other employees into disobeying. By then, the whole company will be difficult to manage. Mr. Sanderson, don't you agree?"

As Sigrid spoke, she leaned against Zakai's arm, rubbing her soft breasts against him meaningfully.

She shot Trevor a smug smile, gloating over his misfortune.

Getting Zakai to fire a lowly bodyguard would be a simple enough task, she thought.

Trevor, on the other hand, had nothing to fear and looked particularly calm.

Although he and Zakai were going to fight against each other sooner or later, Zakai still needed his help at present.

Zakai would try to get the ways to pursue Sally from Trevor

first.

Smiling faintly, Trevor glanced at Sigrid and said, "I already explained yesterday that I have the right to spend my personal time however I want to when it is beyond working hours."

As expected, Zakai hesitated for a while. Then he cleared his throat and shouted, "Don't bother me with such trifle matters! Everyone, get back to work! Why are you all loitering at the entrance?"

Sigrid's jaw dropped.

She wasn't expecting Zakai to shrug her off like this, let alone leave Trevor unpunished!

What annoyed Sigrid more was that Trevor simply turned around and left.

With his back to Sigrid, Trevor waved his hand as if to say goodbye, but it was more like a silent mockery to Sigrid.

Sigrid was so angry that her face turned purple.



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