

## Chapter 425 Failed Escape

Trevor was confident because he had been carefully planning for this moment.

He looked in the direction of the hotel doors and smirked.


He presumed that Maison was already stationed outside.

If Jacob had the gall to come to today's banquet to conspire against him, that only meant one thing.

He would not be allowed to escape!

On the other side of the hall, Jacob—who had a hood over his head—found an excuse to sneak out of the Season Hotel after hearing who Trevor truly was.

He was scared out of his wits.

Why did the young man he looked down upon have to come from such a prominent background? 

The fact that Trevor was Ronald's son had been beyond Jacob's expectations.

That loser turned out to be a young master of the Sanderson clan.

Good God!

The sinister thoughts in Jacob's mind were blown away by his fear of the Sanderson family.

Getting out of the hotel as soon as possible was all he



could think about.

'Fortunately, I have been hiding behind the scenes all this time.

Except those three stupid women, no one else should know about my involvement in this,'

Jacob thought to himself as he quickened his pace.

As long as Noelle and others didn't recognize him on his way out, he should be safe. ①

Once he managed to escape from this troublesome place, who was going to point to him as the author of those fake articles?

As Jacob thought this, color started to return to his face.

He tried his best to squeeze to the outer edges of the crowd.

He just needed to pass through two tall men before him.

He even felt as if he could see the "light of victory".

How lucky that he had several idiots who could serve as his scapegoats!

Jacob had lost all motivation to go after Trevor.

He straightened his collar as if to celebrate his evasion of a possible disaster.

With a wicked grin, he muttered, "This viper will go dormant once again."

But when he tried to push the guy in front of him, he

was surprised when the other person did not budge.

'Damn it! What's the big deal with this muscular fool?'

Jacob cursed to himself.

He didn't have the nerve to say that out loud so, instead, he asked with a flattering smile, "Excuse me. Could you please let me through?"

When he heard this question, Maison bared his teeth in a huge grin.

He turned slightly to make some space for the other man.

Seeing how narrow the gap was made Jacob feel disgruntled, but he said nothing else.

However, just as he was about to squeeze through that gap, something happened.

All of a sudden, Maison's big hand clamped on Jacob's shoulder. Maison chuckled darkly and said, "Oh, I'm sorry. I changed my mind."

Jacob did not understand what was going on. He was shocked when Maison pulled out his phone and called someone.

"Mr. Sanderson, we've caught the stinky rat that has been hiding in the sewer!"

Mr. Sanderson?!

Just by hearing that name, Jacob felt as if his legs were going to cramp up.

He had a feeling he knew exactly who the person on the other end of the phone was...

Meanwhile, Trevor seemed to be in a good mood after hearing Maison's report.

There was no need to be polite or soft-hearted towards such a vicious guy. He asked Maison to put the phone near Jacob's ear.

With a faint smile, Trevor asked, "Well, well, well... Where did you think you were going?"

Jacob trembled in fear. There was no trace of cunning left in his expression. Instead, he looked completely panicked.

He braced himself and argued back, "Who are you? I don't know what you're talking about!"

"It doesn't matter. I think Maison and his men will be very happy to help you remember something,"

Trevor taunted. He then ordered Maison, "Carry out the plan as scheduled. I trust that your men will do their best.

I want you to beat him up until his own mother cannot recognize him!"

