

Chapter 978 Drive Me Home

Trevor was unaware that Sigrid had a grudge against him, and his day went on like usual.

He was training at the security department of Glory Company.

One of his hands was on the floor, and the other was placed behind him as he painstakingly continued doing push-ups.

"Wow! Look at Dragon."

The bodyguards couldn't help applauding in awe of Trevor's workout.

They were all recruited after Trevor became the leader of the bodyguards.

The bodyguards under Martin's wing were being sidelined.

For Trevor, what he did was a mere exercise, so he did not understand why they were impressed by it.

Once done doing push-ups with one hand, he moved on to lifting weights. His routine appeared grueling for others, but Trevor was on another level. He executed each set effortlessly.

Some of the men watching challenged themselves to imitate him since they were confident in their strength.

However, no one came close to Trevor. They couldn't even finish any of it.



Upon hearing his men's praises, Trevor just smiled faintly.

Undergoing the special training from Pearce helped Trevor immensely, and he had no doubt he would be able to take on five people as powerful as his old self.

He had indeed made a pivotal breakthrough in terms of strength.

The sole reason Trevor held deep in his heart was what kept him going, to push through harder.

He must find out the truth and deal with the traitors of the Sanderson family and the men in black that night.

He had already taken the first step to exact his revenge, and all he had to do was wait for Dooley and his men to fall into his trap. Only then would they be utterly destroyed.

Trevor would not let the traitors whose names appeared in the confidential agreement off the hook easily.

However, Dooley had been building his hold of Esterham for a long time.

Toppling his authority wouldn't be a piece of cake. Trevor needed to take things slowly and carefully.

While he was in training, his plans grew heavy on his mind.

Before he got carried away, Trevor reminded himself it was almost time to get off work. He changed his clothes and said goodbyes to his subordinates on his way out.

As he was about to reach the door, a sudden clack of stilettos echoed in the area.

Raising his eyebrows, Trevor directed his gaze to the source of the sound. It was Sigrid, walking over provocatively.

She held her head high and said in arrogance, "Hey! Dragon, huh? Our boss instructed you to drive me home safely."

Trevor checked the time on his phone. Only five minutes left before six o'clock.

In other words, he was still on shift.

Trevor frowned. Completing the escort task arranged by his superior was one of his duties.

After thinking for a while, he obliged and replied, "Let's go, then."

Trevor picked up the car keys, cautious of the cunning woman.

As soon as Sigrid entered the room, her eyes burned with hostility toward Trevor.

On the other hand, Trevor did not falter. He seemed calm.

Sigrid maintained her disdain toward him. She sneered silently, "Who do you think you are, Dragon? You ignored me earlier. Now you have to listen to my orders!"

As she looked at Trevor's figure, she felt complacent.

Sigrid also noticed that many men peeked at her after she came in.

The desire in the eyes of Martin and his companions was so obvious.

Sigrid turned her head, glancing at the men, convinced that such lowlife pigs didn't deserve to look at her.

Although she despised the likes of Martin, she was proud and satisfied with her undeniable charm keeping men swooning on their toes.

And Sigrid hated Trevor even more with a passion.

Her memory of their meeting that noon was as clear as day and still stung her. Trevor just looked at her for a second, then looked away.

He didn't pay attention to her after that.

Gritting her teeth, Sigrid flipped her long hair and demanded, "Let's go to the parking lot. I have something urgent to deal with."

She decided to teach him a lesson he would never forget.