

## Chapter 1056 Free Labor

Colson dared to threaten a general! Was he in his right mind?

Trevor raised his eyebrows. And for the first time, he gave Colson a formal look. But his eyes were full of pity.

Some people always exposed their ignorance. Whether it was intentional or not, who knew?

But one thing was for sure. Colson was courting death.

Nicolas was so angry that he couldn't help kicking Colson in the butt.

Colson didn't expect it, so he was unprepared. He fell to the ground defenselessly. And since his hands were in his pockets, he didn't even have time to protect his face. He got bruises on his face, and his nose bled.

"Ahhh! Are you fucking courting death? You don't know who I am, old man! You're dead meat! Let me tell you, my bodyguards are professionals in beating old men. A single slap from them can kill you," Colson threatened arrogantly, wiping his bleeding nose.

However, the bodyguards he brought were not as arrogant as him.

Out of the corners of their eyes, they glanced at the armed soldiers who suddenly appeared. And they couldn't deny the fact that they were scared. One of them said in a trembling voice, "Mr. Quimby, stop talking now."

But Colson didn't turn around, so he didn't realize the seriousness of the matter at all. He stood up, covered his nose, and continued shouting, "Damn! What are you afraid of? I'll take responsibility for whatever happens. Even if I kill this old man, I can afford to pay for his life. Damn you, old man! How dare you kick me! You're dead today!"

Colson was still arrogant. He had no idea that the bodyguards behind

him were already about to cry.

This rich and mindless man only dared to speak like this because he hadn't turned around to look at the scene behind him.

A group of soldiers appeared out of nowhere and pressed the muzzles of their guns against the bodyguards. How could these bodyguards bear this scene? It was a decent thing that they didn't wet their pants on the spot.

"Mr. Quimby, shut up!" one bodyguard cried anxiously.

At the thought that a mere bodyguard yelled at him, Colson was so furious that he scolded, "How dare you talk to me like that! Do you want to die too?"

His voice suddenly stopped.

When he turned his head, he saw three black muzzles of guns pointing at his head, and a sharp dagger was pressed against his neck.

"Humph!"

Nicolas snorted coldly and nodded at Trevor, hinting at him to deal with the situation.

Trevor saw that Colson's face quickly turned from red to pale. And this made him almost burst into laughter.

"What now? Why don't you say anything anymore? Have you lost your tongue?" Trevor smirked. "Speak louder. I prefer your arrogant and domineering look just now."

But would Colson still dare to be arrogant?

His face was as pale as a sheet now. He stood still, trembling. He didn't even dare to wipe his bleeding nose again, fearing that the soldiers nearby would shoot him if they misunderstood his movements.

Seeing Colson so cowardly now, Trevor lost interest in teasing him.

"Since you brought so many people here, I will accept free labor. Go move everything in for me. Set up this place and arrange all the things

inside. If I'm not satisfied with your work, prepare to suffer the consequences."

Colson hurriedly nodded, not daring to say a word.

Then he and his bodyguards began to move things in. They were more diligent than the professional porters at the side. They even carefully connected the computers and other electrical circuits, fearing that Trevor would be dissatisfied.

Under the threat of the guns, these people did not dare to rest for a moment. Their efficiency was ridiculously high.

"It's all done. Can I leave now?" Colson asked after fixing and arranging everything. Sweat trickled down his forehead.

Trevor looked around the new office and glanced at Colson playfully.

He found it amusing that instead of destroying things, Colson was better at arranging and decorating.

When Trevor was about to let Colson go, the latter's phone suddenly rang.

Colson hurriedly took out his phone. He looked at the screen and saw Caitlin's name.

Trevor raised his eyebrows and smiled. Then he waved at Colson.

Colson smiled bitterly, but he had no choice. He had to hand his phone to Trevor.

Trevor pressed the answer button. And sure enough, Caitlin's voice came from the other end of the line.

"Hello, Colson? How is it? Did that man beg for mercy?"

When Trevor heard this, he teased, "I'm so sorry to ruin your fantasy. But I'm thankful to the people you sent. They worked very hard and didn't charge me any fees. I'm very satisfied with them."

Obviously, Caitlin recognized Trevor's voice. She became furious at once. "It's you! What are you doing?"

 +120 Points at most

Trevor sneered, "As I have said, Colson is helping me here. He is very hardworking."

"Damn it!" Caitlin was so furious that she smashed her phone against the wall, breaking it into pieces. "You bastard! You're really pissing me off!"

Commented [Ma1]: