

Chapter 1169 Intruders

"Someone's here? That's impossible."

Bewildered, Asho furrowed his brow.

The house was his. How could anyone live there without his permission?

Asho took out the house key from his backpack, nudged it into the keyhole, and pushed the door open.

To his surprise, the light in the living room was on.

Then, a middle-aged couple rushed toward the door in their pajamas and slippers.

"Hey, who are you? How did you get in?"

Wearing an unfriendly expression, the husband snarled at Asho and Trevor behind him.

Asho was stunned. "I should be the one asking you that! Who are you and how did you get in?"

The husband grimaced, put his hands on his hips, and regarded Asho angrily. "Nonsense! Get out! You're trespassing! If you don't leave in this instance, I'll call the police!"

The wife also drove Asho out. "Get out of here!"

Behind Asho, Trevor watched the commotion in silence. He had no idea what was going on.

The couple didn't look like homeless people. Why were they inside Asho's house?

Asho sneered coldly. "You want me to get out? This is my house! You have no right to drive me out!"

The couple froze, and a hint of panic crossed their eyes.

Then they looked at each other and exchanged knowing glances.

It was as if they had expected Asho's words and knew how to get their way around the situation.

The husband glared at Asho and snarled, "You brat! Stop spewing bullshit! Get your ass out of here, or I will beat you up!"

His eyes were full of hostility.

He looked like he was about to pounce on Asho and Trevor.

Seeing that the situation was getting out of hand, Trevor naturally wouldn't just stand and watch.

He stepped forward and stopped the man from advancing.

The husband tried to push Trevor out of the way but failed.

Realizing he couldn't get rid of Trevor that easily, the husband withdrew his advances and touched his nose awkwardly.

"Damn fools! Have you lost your mind? How dare you come inside someone else's house and cause trouble in the middle of the night?"

Trevor sneered coldly. "How should I address you two?"

Thinking little of Trevor, the woman crossed her arms and regarded him haughtily.

"Do you want to know who you're trying to scare off? Let me make it easy for you. I'm Rosalin Pierce, and this is my husband, Edgar Pierce! Do you think you can threaten us? We live in this house, so get your faces out of here, or else we'll call the police!"

Trevor wasn't a bit scared of their threat. After thinking for a moment, he turned to Asho.

"Did you ask someone to take care of your house before you left Corden?"

Realizing something, Asho frowned.

"I did. I gave a spare key to one of my friends and asked him to... Wait, are you saying...?"

Trevor nodded.

"I'm afraid that's what happened here. Your friend must have disposed of your house without your permission. The Murray family was probably behind it."

Rosalin suddenly looked uneasy and hugged herself as she felt a chill down her spine at Trevor's almost perfect speculation.

What truly happened was very similar to Trevor's assumption. The Murray family was indeed the ones who told them to take over Asho's house.

They wouldn't give the house back to Asho.

Rosalin nudged Edgar with her elbow and signal him to do something.

Though a little flustered, Edgar quickly came with an alibi.

"You're right. The Murray family told us to live here. Satisfied? Now get out of here! Don't wait until the Murray family drives your asses out!"



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