

## Chapter 1183 Doris ' Flirtation

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Trevor drove Doris back to the base of Klein.

He drove around for a while, making sure no one was following, and drove into the base.

Margaret greeted them when she saw them return.

"I'm afraid I won't be able to remain in the bar as an informant for the time being," Doris told them, shrugging. "We offended Morris in the bar. He would get his buddy, Aldwin, to make things difficult for me. The situation may become a bit dicey if I'm still there. But it felt good to see those bastards get beaten up!"

Trevor felt guilty about this, and he said, "You got involved in this matter because of me."

Doris fluttered her eyelashes flirtatiously. She drew close to Trevor and said, "If you feel guilty, you can make it up to me. I've lost my job, and I live alone in Corden. You could let me live in your house."

The corner of Trevor's mouth twitched. He hadn't expected Doris to be so direct.

He scratched his head, embarrassed, and said seriously, "If you need a place to stay, I can buy you a house."

Apart from the financial support he got from Klein, Trevor was the boss of Sky Film and Television Company. Buying a house wouldn't be a problem for him.

Doris moved her hips seductively as she rubbed her soft, full bosom against Trevor. In a voice as smooth as butter, she said, "I don't want a house. I want to live with you. What's wrong? Are you shy? We are both members of Klein. It'll make it easier for us to discuss work if we live together."

Trevor could feel his scalp start to tingle. He didn't know how to deal with Doris' flirting.

He had a girlfriend already.

Margaret, upon noticing this, closed the folder, patted Doris lightly on the head, and said, "Don't do that. He is our colleague, not a target for your theft!"

Trevor raised his eyebrows in surprise and asked, "Theft?"

He looked at Margaret, then at Doris.

Doris stuck out her tongue playfully. She wasn't in the least embarrassed.

Margaret replied expressionlessly, "Yes, Doris, code-named Cocklebur, is mainly responsible for information collection. She was trained in intelligence. Her fighting skills are average, but she has a knack for theft. Dragon, be careful. Don't get carried away by this bad woman."

Doris wrinkled her nose and snorted, "Margaret, don't talk nonsense. I'm not a bad woman. I think you are just jealous of me. That's why you brought this up again."

Margaret glanced at her and asked, "Jealous? Why would I be jealous of you?"

Doris held her plump breast, and the soft, delicate breasts almost spilled out of her clothes. It was attractive.

"Do you still need more clues?" Doris asked proudly.

Trevor couldn't help but hold his breath for a second.

Margaret's face froze, and she snorted angrily.

This reason was indeed undeniable for most women.

"Dragon, do you want to think about it again? I'm used to sleeping naked."

Doris' voice rose at the end, sounding arousing.

She winked at Trevor as though they both shared a juicy secret.

Trevor didn't know whether to cry or laugh. He just stood there awkwardly, his hand on his nose.

All he wanted was to save his father and grandfather. Otherwise, he might have been tempted by this coy girl.

"Or you can choose to live in the base," Trevor

suggested.

Doris burst into laughter. Her plump breasts jiggled as she shook with laughter.

"I'm just kidding. Don't worry, boy. I do have a place to live. Let's get together again when we have the time," she said.

They exchanged contact information, after which Doris left the base.