

Expert Down The Mountain by Summer Chapter 8

Chapter 8

Cyrus met the manager of the Project Department, Victor Flores. Victor looked him up and down in a calm manner.

“Here’s your nameplate.”

Cyrus took it and looked at it. He was assigned as the deputy manager in the Project Department.

“Thank you, Mr. Flores.”

“You’re welcome. You may report to your team leader now.”

After Cyrus left, Victor leaned against his chair and laughed as he shook his head. “What a pity that he’s assigned to Team Rich-Second Generation. I’m just afraid he might be bullied badly.”

‘Whatever, this has nothing to do with me. I’m just following the chairman’s orders.’

Cyrus found Team Four’s office.

When he entered, he noticed that the office was in a mess and very smoky. He saw a few male and female irresponsible employees gathered around, playing games. They looked extremely playful.

Cyrus frowned. ‘So... this is the Project Department’s Team Four?’

A young man with spiky hair, looking like Super Saiyan, took a glance at him. He was holding a cigarette as he asked, “Who are you?”

“I’m the new deputy manager, Cyrus Salazar. Which one of you is Mr. Long?”

“That’s me.”

The young man with spiky hair put down his phone and gave the rest of the employees a kick. “Stop playing already! Can’t you see that we have a newbie with us?”

“Oh, okay!”

The others put down their phones and stood up with Ekialde. Ekialde approached Cyrus and took a good look at him. He then sneered, “So, you’re Cyrus Salazar, huh?”

Cyrus nodded.

“Guys, beat him up!”

Ekialde's gaze suddenly filled with hatred. The few people at the back took out baseball bats that they had hidden, and rushed forward. Cyrus was a little surprised. 'What's happening? Do these people have something against me?'

Swoosh!

Cyrus stepped back, dodging a hit. He then rushed forward, and brought his knee up to hit the young man's abdomen.

"Ouch!"

The young man had a ferocious expression. He spat and his eyes bulged.

"D*mn it! He knows martial arts! Beat him up!"

Ekialde was slightly stunned. 'Ms. Gardner didn't mention that this recluse knows martial arts!'

The group of people swarmed and besieged Cyrus cruelly.

Clangor was heard from Team Four's office. It was extremely noisy.

Everyone in the company who passed by the office walked past swiftly. They thought to themselves, 'I wonder who's that unlucky guy who got assigned to the laziest team. Looks like he got beaten up pretty badly.'

'Pity him!'

After five minutes, Team Four's office became quiet again.

The other employees in the Project Department looked at the closed door, then shook their heads. They sighed and continued to work on their own tasks.

In the now quiet Team Four office...

"What's your name? Where are you from?"

"Bro, I'm Ekialde Long. My grandfather is Chester Long, one of the first shareholders of the company..." Ekialde mumbled. He was squatting against the wall with messy hair after getting beaten badly.

His left hand was supporting his right wrist as he covered his bleeding nose with his sleeves.

The rest of them were covering their heads with both hands as they squatted against the wall in a row. They were covered in bruises.

Cyrus sat in an office chair. His clothes were a little wrinkled. He was holding the baseball bat with his right hand. There was a hint of shock in his gaze.

He then looked at the second guy. "How about you?"

"I'm Nigel Mason. My grandfather is one of the shareholders..."

"And you?"

Cyrus turned to the third person. She looked like a young girl.

"I'm Talia Ray... M— My father is one of the..."

Team Four consisted of seven people, not including Cyrus.

After asking around, he realized that everyone's family members, either grandfather or father, were the shareholders in the company.

This team... consisted of rich-second generations!

They were just a group of slackers!

No one would dare to provoke the seven of them.

'I've beaten up seven rich-second generations!' This was the first thought that came to Cyrus' mind. He then thought to himself, 'That's bad!

'If the seven of them were to file a complaint, it would trouble Mr. Gardner.

'Mr. Frank wouldn't want to owe anyone a favor. I am the same.'

"Did Korah ask you to beat me up?" Cyrus asked Ekialde.

"Ye— No, no, no, no! I'm the one who wants to beat you up..."

"Do I look like an eyesore to you?"

"N—No..."

"Why did you want to beat me up, then?"

"I... Well, all the newbies are treated like this when they first come in! Yes, that's right. You can only join us once you get beaten up!" Ekialde said hurriedly.

Cyrus looked at the row of b*stards. 'What an eyesore. Who would want to join you guys?!'

After pondering for a moment, Cyrus said, “You guys have quite interesting backgrounds. If you were to file a complaint, Mr. Gardner might have to stand up for me. But I don’t want to trouble him...”

“We won’t!” Ekialde hurriedly said. “It’s embarrassing enough that the seven of us got beaten up by you alone!”

Cyrus looked at them in silence. The way he was staring at them gave Ekialde goosebumps. He trembled as he said, “Cy— Cyrus, I’m telling you the truth. I won’t file a complaint! They listen to me. They won’t file a complaint either!”

Cyrus chuckled and said, “Fine. Drop it. If you guys were to file a complaint, I’ll ask Mr. Gardner to stand up for me. But I’ll still be in this company for a few months. I have plenty of time to play around with you guys.”

After Ekialde heard this and saw how Cyrus smiled, chills ran down his spine. He felt extremely uncomfortable.

“No, we won’t...”

Ekialde smiled, embarrassed. At that moment, his phone rang.

“Pick it up.” Cyrus narrowed his eyes.

Ekialde did as he was told. The caller ID said, “Ms. Gardner.”

Cyrus smiled. ‘Well, say no more. This is definitely Korah’s doing.’

“I don’t need to tell you what to say, right?” Cyrus said softly. ‘Korah is the one who ordered them to do this. She must’ve been trying to teach me a lesson.’

‘Instead of Korah ordering someone else to beat me up again, I might as well let her think that Ekialde and the others had beaten me up.’

Ekialde nodded vigorously.

He then picked up the call.

“How did everything go, Ekialde? I heard a lot of noise coming from your office.”

Ekialde raised his head, looked at Cyrus, and suddenly trembled.

“Hah, don’t worry, Ms. Gardner! We’ve taught him a lesson! He’s currently squatting against the wall with both his hands covering his head!” Ekialde said loudly.

Korah was a little worried and said, "Nothing's broken, right? Are there any bruises on his face?"

"Don't worry, Ms. Gardner. We only hit his body. Anywhere else that's visible is not injured!"

"Good. I'll give you a bonus later."

"It's nothing!" Ekialde said proudly.

"Alright. I'm hanging up, then."

"Sure, Ms. Gardner!"

After the call ended, Ekialde asked, embarrassed, "Cyrus, how did I do?"

"You're clever." After Cyrus said this, he flicked several needles at them. The bruises and swelling on their bodies started to fade.

Everyone looked at this magical scene in amazement. They could not help but widen their eyes as they looked at Cyrus as if he were a god... 'Oh my goodness! This is too awesome!'