

Chapter 1420 Pay For The Overtime

Jack scratched his head and hemmed and hawed for a long time. He wanted to speak but words failed him.

The director looked at Trevor calmly, waiting for his next instructions.

He couldn't deal with this matter in the usual way. After all, the person in front of him was a member of Klein.

After a while, Trevor said calmly, "As the cleaning was an additional task that we were given, it should naturally be counted as overtime. So, I would like us to have our overtime pay."

The director nodded and said solemnly, "That's right. Pay all their overtime immediately."

Jack was at a loss. He scratched his head nervously, and even his hair was messy now. He didn't know how to retort, so he asked, "In that case, how much should I pay?"

Trevor smiled.

He had promised his men he would make sure they get more money today and there was no way he would break his promise.

Trevor thought for a while and said, "Before we get to that, you haven't forgotten that you abused us just now of being stupid and blind, right? That's discrimination and insult to workers. Your abuse caused us enormous psychological damage. As for the compensation... The director must know more than I do."

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As soon as Trevor finished speaking, the director said without hesitation, "Discrimination against workers is a very serious matter! You won't go to jail, but you must compensate each worker with at least twenty thousand dollars and get everyone's forgiveness. If you fail to comply, you will be sued by department of labor."

Twenty thousand dollars each person!

That amounted to a hundred and twenty thousand dollars for all the six of them.

Jack's face was as pale as a ghost and his hands were trembling.

For the Duffy family, one hundred and twenty thousand dollars was nothing.

One hundred and twenty thousand dollars was nothing to Trevor either.

However, to Jack, that was a huge amount of money. He felt like he had fallen in a bottomless abyss.

His heart was bleeding. One hundred and twenty thousand dollars! With that money, he could hire many professional cleaners.

Seeing that Jack was motionless, the director frowned and shouted, "If you are unwilling to pay, then just wait for the court summons. Moreover, your company will be blacklisted by the labor department."

Jack felt helpless. He had no choice but to comply at this point. He quickly took out a check book and paid the money with tears.

Seeing that Jack had finally complied, the director's face softened a little. He said sternly, "Make sure you comply to

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the labor code in the future. I'm leaving now."

Trevor took the check.

Of course, twenty thousand dollars meant nothing to him.

However, the men who were with Trevor were overjoyed.

They got so much money just by doing a little cleaning. It was as if they had won the lottery.

They were so happy they were squealing in delight, totally ignoring the ashen-faced Jack next to them.

"Wow! Dragon, you are awesome! You really made us get a lot of money! I'll buy you drink after work!"

"Dragon, how did you know the people of labor department would come? That was amazing!"

Trevor smiled and said casually, "I pay attention to this type of information and I also calculated their position on the map. I easily guessed that they would show up."

The five men were so happy to have received an unexpected fortune and did not even realize that Trevor's explanation was not at all reasonable.

The director had said this was a spot check. This meant there was no way Trevor could have learned about it sooner.

However, since no one pointed it out, Trevor didn't need to give any further explanation.

The security guards were very satisfied. Now that they had their money, they started cleaning vigorously.

Trevor also picked up the broom to clean.

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However, one of his men stopped him with a smile. "Dragon, you can rest now. If it weren't for you, we wouldn't have gotten so much money. Just sit here. We can handle the work!"

Trevor grinned.

It seemed that now that he was able to handle such a deal, his position as the director of the security department was consolidated.

Trevor didn't know if his underlings finally acknowledging him would help in the future.

Anyways, even if it wasn't of any substantial help, it would at least it make his work at the company easier.

Thinking of that, Trevor smiled happily.

While they were all happy and laughing, there was someone who didn't feel like laughing anymore.

It was Jack. His legs were weak. He left the hall in a haste and went to the staircase to call Kyson.

He felt desperate at the thought of having lost a hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

With a depressed face, Jack said, "Mr. Duffy, something went wrong..."

Chapter 1421 Put You In Your Place

Answering the call, Kyson burst out in anger.

"What did you say? I told you to deal with those lowly workers! What was so hard about it? Why couldn't you do such a simple job properly?"

Jack felt more upset, taking in Kyson's anger and explaining the situation in a low voice.

"The director of the labor department suddenly came, catching us red-handed. It was really just bad timing, Mr. Duffy."

Kyson snorted coldly. "Idiot! How could our family hire a useless slob like you? I thought you would do a good job, so I entrusted you with this. I attended the party of my friends, thinking everything would go well. But now, you're suddenly calling to tell me you messed everything up? Bullshit! Why would the labor department go against the Duffy family?"

Kyson's outburst was palpable on the other end of the line.

Trembling with fear, Jack couldn't dare mention that he also had to pay a hefty amount for the penalty.

Kyson's anger only rose the more he thought about how things panned out.

After a moment, he said through gritted teeth before ending the call, "You better not go anywhere. I'm coming over!"

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About ten minutes later, Trevor heard a faint car engine roar.

The roar slowly got louder and closer.

The noise caught everyone's attention.

Was it a sports car?

Trevor peeked through the window and saw a row of luxurious sports cars coming to a halt and lining up at the entrance.

Getting out of one of the cars was Kyson, who looked invigorated.

He shut the car door with a loud thud.

Putting his hands in his pockets, he looked around coldly and roared, "Where is the security head? Dragon, come here!"

Trevor lifted an eyebrow.

He wasn't surprised that Kyson showed up.

It would be more surprising if Kyson didn't.

Trevor walked out calmly, wanting to see what Kyson was up to.

Seeing Trevor, Kyson sneered and said through gritted teeth, "Dragon! Do you think you can do anything you want with the protection of the labor department? You are worth nothing in my eyes! I won't let this slide this time and put you in your place!"

Although furious, Kyson kept his voice low because many rich young men were behind him.

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Once they knew he couldn't deal with a mere security guard, Kyson would be a laughingstock.

Trevor remained calm. "Put me in my place? Well, I'd like to see how you'd do that."

Kyson wanted to retort but was interrupted by the young man in the silver Koenigsegg, poking his head out of the car window and looking annoyed.

"Hey! What's taking you so long? Didn't you say you'd take us to the art exhibition in the museum? Come on! Let's go!"

Looking over, Trevor was a little surprised to see who it was. It was Henrik.

A smirk escaped Trevor's lips.

He hadn't seen Henrik in so long, but because of his disguise, the latter didn't recognize him.

Henrik lifted his cap and frowned.

Kyson turned around and said to Henrik, "Just a moment, Henrik. I'll be done here soon."

When Kyson turned to Trevor again, his expression was stern.

"We're going to the museum now. Come with us as our bodyguard. That's your job!"

Trevor snickered and shrugged.

His job?

Newmere Cosmetics sent them here to protect the site, not Kyson.

Kyson thought so highly of himself.

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However, Trevor played along and didn't refuse.

He would like to see what Kyson was up to this time.

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Chapter 1422 Kyson's Driving Skills

Fixing his hair, Kyson waved his hand and exclaimed, "Let's go!"

He walked toward his yellow Lamborghini, but instead of opening the car door, he shook his head and called Trevor over.

With a malicious smirk, he gestured the door to Trevor and said, "You open it."

Kyson glanced at Trevor contemptuously.

He planned to embarrass Trevor, thinking the latter was only a security guard who knew how to fight but not to open a sports car door.

Kyson saw this as his chance to humiliate Trevor.

Though the Lamborghini was a standard sports car model, only a few people drove one.


After all, sports cars were usually for the rich and famous only.

Trevor cast an amused look at Kyson and strode toward the Lamborghini without a word.

Lamborghinis had trademark scissors doors, with the same car door lock design.

Kyson's yellow Lamborghini had a horizontal lock handle.

One gentle grab of the handle and the car door would open

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For those who weren't familiar with the car, the lock handle might be confusing. But not Trevor.

Grabbing the handle without hesitation, Trevor opened the car door to the driver's seat.

Kyson's expression stiffened. He couldn't help but curse Trevor inwardly.

"Damn it! How could a mere security guard know how to open the car door of a Lamborghini? Fuck! He must have only learned it from opening car doors for other people before."

Glancing down at the driver's seat, Trevor snickered.

Kyson had a driver!

Henrik and his peers drove supercars because they were members of the supercar club in town.

Most racers drove the cars by themselves because they enjoyed the thrill and adrenaline of racing.

Thus, it was amusing that Kyson had a driver when he was also a member of the supercar club.

Trevor feigned surprise and teased, "Don't you know how to drive, Kyson? How will you enjoy the thrill of the race if you aren't the one holding the steering wheel?"

The young men who came with Kyson drove their cars by themselves, even Henrik. Only Kyson came with a driver, making him utterly out of place.

Upon hearing what Trevor said, Henrik looked displeased.

He didn't know Kyson much and wouldn't have accepted

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him in the club if Kyson didn't insisted.

It turned out Kyson didn't know how to drive and only relied on his driver. How could Henrik consider him as one of them?

He regarded Kyson with disgust and agreed with Trevor's words.

The other young men were also displeased.

"Hey, Kyson! You can't stay in the club if you can't drive."

"You're shameful!"

"Why the heck did you want to enter the club if you can't even drive? Just have your driver join us and get lost!"

Feeling humiliated, Kyson blurted out, "I can drive! You! Get out. I'll drive myself!"

Booting out the driver, Kyson sat in the driver's seat and glared at Trevor. "And you, get in! I'll show you how I race!"

Shrugging, Trevor sat in the passenger seat and fastened his seat belt as he doubted Kyson's driving skills were anywhere near good.


As Trevor expected, Kyson was very bad at driving.

While Henrik and the others drove out at lightning speed, Kyson miserably fell behind.

Trevor shook his head helplessly.


Although a standard sports car, the Lamborghini was a good performing car. Moreover, there was no obstruction on the road that could cause a delay.

Obviously, Kyson couldn't drive the car properly because

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of his lacking driving skills.

No wonder he hired a driver for it.

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