

Chapter 1947 Getting The Wages

With a frosty stare, Trevor gazed at Kurt, his piercing eyes drilling into Kurt's soul. With a hint of mischievousness curling his lips, he retorted, "You're telling me you want to make the whole construction team suffer? Do you think you have dominion over Dreles? And it works at your fingertips?"

He smirked and added, "Just hang tight for the attorney's letter. The time is coming when you'll have to reckon with the consequences of your actions!"

Kurt, well, was taken aback, to say the least. His jaw hit the floor as his mind raced to catch up with the unexpected twist in the conversation.

A frantic turmoil raged in his mind. He mulled over the fact that the construction crew were running on empty pockets. As such, they could not afford to pay the attorneys and failed to deal with him.

However, Trevor appeared to reside in the lap of luxury; he could book a presidential suite without a second thought. It led him to conclude that this man was rolling in dough, making his anxiety rise a notch. And it became evident that Trevor did have the time to seek justice for those workers. The weight of the situation bore down on him like a ton of bricks, and he knew he had to come up with a plan fast.

Kurt's instinctual reaction was to shrink back, but as he contemplated the grave responsibility laid on him by Duran, he clenched his jaw and, with unwavering resolve, declared, "Block the door! Nobody's walking out of here!"

The team of bodyguards, well-trained and synchronized, moved in perfect harmony, forming an imposing human barricade around the room.

The spacious reception room had transformed into a bustling hubbub filled with bodyguards squeezed shoulder to shoulder.

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With a newfound determination, he raised his voice and directed his words at Trevor. "I'll grant you a pair of options. Either leave the construction team untouched or work with them and stay here together! Now you can choose."

The construction team's hopes had been rekindled moments ago, but Kurt's latest words cast a shadow of doubt upon them.

Furious whispers and agitated mutterings reverberated through the room, and it seemed as if a heated confrontation with the bodyguards was just a breath away.

Unperturbed by the rising tension, Trevor disregarded Kurt's words, instead donning a sardonic grin as he took measured steps toward him.

As Trevor approached him with a dispassionate expression, Kurt's bravado began to wane.

He involuntarily took a step back, his voice a mix of surprise and indignation as he demanded, "What are you up to?"

In a mocking tone, Trevor responded, "Seems like you're flirting with danger. Why would you want to cross paths with me?"

A wicked smile crept across Trevor's face as he continued, "Who will ensure your safety if all the bodyguards defend the door?"

In a swift, disdainful motion, Trevor's hand struck Kurt's cheek with a resounding slap, sending him sprawling to the floor.

With surprising strength, Trevor hoisted Kurt back to his feet with one hand and tossed him into the midst of the construction team, causing a collective gasp among them.

The members of the construction team stood stupefied for a moment, their anger giving way to a collective surge of raw emotions. "To hell with you! You wretched bastard!"

Fueled by a storm of resentment, they unleashed a torrent of pent-up grievances.

Kurt, besieged by the onslaught of enraged laborers, could do nothing but curl up, shielding his head with trembling hands. His voice was drowned beneath their furious outcries.

The tempest of emotions raged for what felt like an eternity, lasting a solid ten minutes before the fervor began to ebb, leaving a palpable tension in the air.

Kurt, battered and bruised, fought to regain his footing. As he gazed upon the crowd, his body bore the marks of their ire, each footprint a stark reminder of his confrontation.

In a tone devoid of sympathy, Trevor uttered, "Now it's time for you to make up for the back pay you owe them."

Kurt retreated a few steps, his anger unabated, and he retorted, "Not a chance! These folks can dream if they think they're getting their wages!"

Observing Kurt's unwavering obstinacy, Trevor maintained his air of indifference. "Well then, let's take this matter to court. Rest assured, we'll come out victorious. Your company's reputation will be in shambles by the end of it."

The more Kurt mulled over the situation, the more he felt a profound sense of injustice.

He cast a puzzled look at Trevor, wondering why he always seemed to end up on the losing side when crossing swords with him.

A growing sense of determination welled up within Kurt as he vowed to exact revenge.

After wrestling with his thoughts for a considerable time, Kurt gritted his teeth and declared, "There's no need for court! I'll pay their wages!"

Kurt, now resigned to the situation, obediently disbursed the unpaid salaries.

The construction team, with contented smiles on their faces, collected their hard-earned money and departed from the company premises in the company of Trevor.

Luisa beamed with delight, her emotions visible in her glistening eyes as she gazed at Trevor.

In him, she saw a man of unwavering righteousness, someone whose integrity she had always admired and trusted.