+120 Points at most

Chapter 2029 Come And Have A Cup Of Coffee

Gordon's question dripped with disdain. "Who are you?" he asked, a sneer tainting his voice.

Luisa's response cut through the air like an icy wind. "I'm the chairwoman of Newmere Cosmetics!"

Her words detonated in the room, a bombshell that left Gordon visibly shaken, nearly toppling from his chair in disbelief.

"You... You... Didn't the chairwoman of Newmere Cosmetics die a long time ago? What did you say?" he stammered, his world suddenly unsteady.

Silent but poised, Luisa didn't engage in further explanation. Instead, she probed, "I heard you claim you have the means to secure the chairman's position, right?"

Panic seized Gordon; attempting to escape, he hastily rose, only to be firmly pressed back into his seat by the insistent Trevor.

Gordon, now trembling, implored, "What are you going to do? If you dare touch me, I'll double the raw material prices and cut off the supply to Newmere Cosmetics!"

His eyes darted to Zoie, aware of her vulnerability.

Zoie had hesitated during their previous negotiations, reluctant to sever ties with his company entirely. After all, such a drastic move would not bode well for her company's growth and development.

Unexpectedly, Zoie remained composed in the face of Luisa's revelation, a demeanor that caught him off guard.

Zoie responded coldly, "You can cut off the supply. Newmere Cosmetics will find other suppliers."

Had Luisa chosen to remain silent, Zoie wouldn't have taken such a decisive stance. However, with Luisa now at the helm as the chairwoman, she had no qualms about severing ties with Gordon's company. His

+120 Points at most

threats held no sway in the face of Luisa's authority.

Observing Zoie's stoic response, Gordon's demeanor shifted abruptly. He donned a cold expression, attempting to salvage some semblance of control.

Then he sneered, "You'd better let me go. Don't try anything, or I will unite with the entire cosmetics industry to boycott Newmere Cosmetics! Zoie, do you know my business connections? Let me tell you! I work for Josue, the son of the Wright family."

Zoie's complexion paled upon hearing Gordon's revelation. His connections were more significant than she had anticipated. Yet, amidst this revelation, Trevor and Luisa exchanged peculiar glances, their amusement veiled.

Trevor, releasing Gordon, reclaimed his seat with a smile. "Sit down first. Don't rush with your threats."

Gordon, wearing a disdainful smile, provoked, "Now you are scared of me, huh?"

Unfazed, Trevor ignored him and dialed Henrik's number. "Come to Newmere Cosmetics."

Unperturbed by Trevor's actions, Gordon dismissed the call, arrogantly ordering Zoie, "Go and make me a cup of latte. Heat it up and add less sugar to it."

Zoie trembled with anger. She wanted to refuse, but Trevor said with a smile, "Zoie, make a cup for him. He'll finish it all later."

Zoie, frustrated and unable to contain her displeasure, stamped her feet and shot Trevor a reproachful look.

Trevor was stirring up trouble for her.

She couldn't understand why Luisa would fall for a good-for-nothing like him.

Ten minutes later, Henrik entered the room, prompting an exchange of smiles between Trevor and Luisa.

The stage was set for a riveting performance.

Familiar with Henrik, Gordon approached with a welcoming smile and asked, "Mr. Wright, why are you here?"

Henrik, ignoringGordon, turned his attention to Trevor, who, with a smile, briefed him on the situation.

Gordon, still trying to ingratiate himself with Henrik, faced an unexpected turn. Henrik, without warning, slapped him, leaving a red mark and causing dizziness.

"Do you know who stands before you?" Henrik's voice rang out with an icy edge as he shouted.

Shivering at Henrik's cold words, Gordon glanced at Trevor, confusion in his eyes.

Henrik clarified, "He is Trevor Sanderson! The eldest son of the Sanderson family! Josue offended him and paid the price. I've taken over all his assets. You, a mere supplier, dare to offend Trevor? Exploiting the Wright family is courting death!"

Gordon, now pale and regretful, looked at Trevor.

At that moment, Zoie, oblivious to the preceding events, entered with a hot latte.

Trevor's voice broke the silence. "Gordon, come here and have a cup of coffee."