

Chapter 704 Dropping By

Even if Gavin had heard of Zordan before, it was too late to turn back now.

Who's to say Quantrill Group won't come after me if I let Zordan go now?

That was why Donald was not worried.

After leaving the abandoned factory, he headed straight to Tangent Group.

Though Mila could safeguard herself from trouble by invoking his name, Tangent Group was not his, and Sandriel was not his employee.

The cab soon arrived at the lobby of Tangent Group. Donald circumvented the turnstile with ease and slipped in behind an employee.

After examining the outline of the floor, he lifted the access card from the pocket of another employee. He clipped it on his chest the other way around before casually pouring himself a cup of coffee from the machine beside him.

Sipping his coffee, he perused the newspaper.

Occasionally, the other employees stole curious glances at Donald but did not come forward to ask any questions at the sight of his casual demeanor and the access card clipped to his chest.

Due to the size of Tangent Group, seeing new faces at the office was routine.

Besides, it would be meddlesome to ask every single newcomer who their supervisor was.

The sixteenth floor of Tangent Group was used exclusively for meetings. To prevent visitors from entering the wrong conference rooms, every door came attached with glass windows.

Thus, the visitors could see the attendees of the meetings via the glass window before entering.

Donald found Mila in the third conference room he peered into.

Possibly due to Donald's suggestion of maintaining a low profile, Mila wore an exaggeratedly large pair of spectacles that concealed almost half of her face.

There was only one female bodyguard flanking her.

With his cup of coffee in hand, Donald promptly pushed open the door and strode in.

Mila's gaze turned odd when she saw Donald entering.

“What are you doing here?” she asked.

“I'm just here to listen. Pay me no mind.”

As Donald spoke, he brought his coffee to a corner of the conference room and quietly settled into a seat.

Not long after, the door was pushed open again. This time, it was a bespectacled man who looked to be in his early thirties.

“Excuse me. Ms. Mila Zurlo, is it?” The man glanced at the file in his hand and adjusted his glasses. “I heard from the receptionist that you have an appointment with Mr. Sandriel Haddock of the business department. May I ask what it's pertaining to?”

Mila glanced at Donald, and the man noticed the presence of another in the conference room.

“Who are you?” he asked with a frown.

“I'm from the maintenance department. There was a complaint about the projector being broken, so I'm here to see to that.”

The man did not say much else after hearing where Donald worked.

The maintenance department employees are an uncultured bunch. I don't expect to know anyone there.

“How rude of me, Ms. Zurlo; I have forgotten to introduce myself. My name's Louie Worley, and I'm in charge of Team C in the business department. You may also speak to me regarding any partnership proposals.”

Mila frowned at Louie's words. “My appointment is with Mr. Haddock, not you.”

As she spoke, she reached for her phone to call Sandriel.

To her surprise, Louie chuckled. “There was a complaint about a problem with his finances, Ms. Zurlo, and the company is investigating it. His phone has also been surrendered to the security department. Calling him right this moment would not help.”

Sandriel is being investigated by the company?

Clutching her phone, Mila wondered what to do.

She had come with these documents to discuss a partnership with Sandriel solely because of Donald's connections.