

Chapter 722 Something Strange About His Gaze

Still, Theron was a professional, and the wheels in his mind turned quickly enough.

He hastily said, “We're men, after all. Being busy at work is a sign of maturity, but truly capable managers always delegate their matters to their subordinates. Don't worry. As soon as you graduate from the course, I'll assign two assistants to you. You can get them to deal with these trivial matters while you do the bare minimum to get your one and a half million.”

Theron thought that he was already going along with Donald's words, but to his surprise, the latter said, “That doesn't sound right. If I'm not going to do anything, then why do you need me to undergo any training?”

F*ck! You're doing this on purpose, aren't you?

Theron was on the verge of strangling Donald there and then, but the thought of the seven-figure sum in the other man's account made him force himself to calm down.

“It's all about decision-making,” he forced out through gritted teeth. “You let your subordinates deal with the manual labor. What you need to do is make the decisions, that's all.”

“Oh,” Donald muttered in response before finally ceasing his questions on that aspect.

At that, Theron let out a sigh of relief. For the first time in his life, he was finding much difficulty dealing with Donald, a person with little intelligence.

Once Donald and the rest were led to the inside of the warehouse, Leonard and the others were astonished by the sight that greeted them.

Looking into the warehouse, they saw rows and rows of goods.

Leonard did a quick mental calculation and figured that there were over a hundred crates in each row.

If what was in those crates were Schlaufen's products, then the business was undoubtedly large in scale.

No wonder those people were waiting on Theron to try to score a business deal with him. Tens of billions would be a normal sum with this scale of shipments.

“How is it? This is just one of the eight hundred and eighty-nine warehouses we have across the country, and it's certainly not the biggest one around.”

One of the eight hundred and eighty-nine warehouses?

Leonard and Linda shared a look, wondering how large Schlaufen's business was.

“Can I take a look at the goods?” Donald asked as he walked over to one of the racks and reached out to open a crate.

That sight caused Theron to panic, and he dashed over to stop Donald. “These crates will be sent out today. Opening them means trouble for the logistics management.”

“I'm just opening it to take a look at the goods. Won't it be fine if we seal it back immediately?”

Just as Theron was scrambling for an answer, a blond-haired, blue-eyed foreigner came over.

“Mr. Johnstone is here.” Theron looked as if he had seen his savior when he caught sight of the foreigner. Hurriedly, he explained to Donald, “Mr. Johnstone is one of the head instructors of the training course. He came from the prestigious university, Springwyn University, and he knows many famous CEOs across the globe. Do you know Skovos? He was Mr. Johnstone's student. What about that billionaire investor, Geoffrey Burkett? You know who he is, right? He's a good friend of Mr. Johnstone.”

Sure enough, the way John Johnstone carried himself seemed to make him who Theron said he was.

John then walked over to Donald before smiling at Theron. “Mr. Dorst, is this the new student you were talking about?”

Theron swiftly replied, “Indeed. He's our newest addition. I think he has potential, and with some good training, he'll surely be able to graduate from the course.”

While he was seemingly putting in a good word for Donald, the latter stepped forward and asked John, “Do you really know Skovos and Geoffrey?”

It was not John's first time getting questioned about that, but somehow, Donald's query made his heart lurch.

There's something strange about this young man's gaze. Why does it seem like he's setting up a trap for me to jump right in?