

The Protector Chapter 486

Zoey knew that Maurice would take revenge, but she didn't expect him to do it by defaming Oriental Star Group on the night of the charity gala.

Horace took the microphone and spoke into it. "I'd like to make an announcement. Maurice Lorraine and the ten directors here had been personally invited to attend this event. Their presence here tonight has nothing to do with Oriental Star Group."

"Huh? How is that so?"

Some were confused.

"That's right. It was a private invitation!" Horace explained with a smile. "I once proposed to Oriental to invite a few directors to the event, but the president turned me down.

She doubted my kind initiative and thought we were planning to use the charity gala's reputation to earn blood money, so she refused to cooperate with us! Sigh... Triple Group sure has it rough. We get flamed when we don't take part in charity, but when we finally involved ourselves, our motives end up being questioned. This is just cruel!"

"What? Oriental is that despicable? Why would they question someone else's kindness?"

"How shameless can they be? Triple Group has really been doing charity work; they've already donated over two billion to South City and North Hampton! Is that not charity?"

“Oriental is a joke. A company like this deserves to fail. Let’s join forces and bring them down!”

...

With Horace adding fuel to the flame, the crowd became enraged.

They now utterly despised Oriental Star Group and wanted the company to fall into ruin.

The situation was even worse online.

Thousands of netizens began to boycott Oriental Star Group.

Let’s flood their movies with horrible ratings!

Within an hour, two major films received tens of thousands of bad reviews.

The films suffered greatly in regard to sales and reputation.

Oriental Star Group was now in a mess.

Horace continued, “I’d like to attest to Maurice Lorraine and the rest of the directors here. Even though it isn’t a huge amount, they had offered their contributions.

They disregarded the company regulations and are risking their jobs just to be a part of this charity gala! Therefore, I’d like to request for a round of applause for these youngsters!”

“Wonderful!”

“I’ll invest in any movie you make in the future!”

“Yeah! Maurice Lorraine should become North Hampton’s charity ambassador!”

Many big shots gave their responses.

A thunderous applause ensued.

The Internet was filled with positive comments about Maurice and the rest of the directors.

The ten directors were now regarded as powerful and fearless charity heroes.

Upon seeing this, Maurice curled his lips into a smile.

He didn’t expect things to turn out so well.

All the fame and fortune are now mine!

Then, he thought of Helena Engler.

“You must have a few screws loose! Now that Oriental is finished, so are you!”

Maurice announced to the crowd, “I refuse to work under such a despicable company! Is there anyone who’s willing to take me in?”

Wilford Boyd and the others chimed in, “Same goes for us! We don’t want to remain in Oriental anymore. We’ve had it with this trashy business!”

“Come work for us!”

Many bigshots were more than happy to hire Maurice and the others.

Horace smiled. “I’d be willing to give you guys a chance if you’re interested.”

“Please! Working for Triple Group is all we could ever ask for!” Maurice and the rest responded, immediately accepting the offer.

However, Maurice added, “But I’m still under contract with Oriental. They might refuse to let me go.”

“Don’t worry about that, Mr. Lorraine. You have the support of everyone here!” the audience exclaimed.

“In that case, I’d like to sign with Triple Group!” said Maurice and the others.

And just like that, all of them joined Triple Group.

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Zoey shook with rage in front of the television.

She was on the verge of tears.

She didn't think that Horace and Maurice would pull such a trick.

Oriental Star Group has become public enemy number one.

Just the public's opinion is enough to put the pressure on Oriental, not to mention if all the huge corporations decides to close in on us.

"Don't be mad anymore, honey," Levi assured her as he pulled her into his arms. "Let him sit on that high horse of his for now. I'll make it clear to them that it's just as easy for them to hit rock bottom as it is to be loved by everyone!"

"Do you have a plan in mind, Darling?" asked Zoey.

"Not at the moment, but remember the saying, the heavens are always watching!" Levi replied with a smile.

The charity gala was a success.

Horace achieved two of his goals.

One, to bring fame and fortune to Triple Group.

Two, to send Oriental Star Group into chaos.

The next day, Zoey arrived at work and noticed how gloomy the atmosphere was.

Gerry Wade and the others hadn't slept all night, so their eyes were extremely puffy.

Everyone turned to Zoey for help.

Evidently, the current situation was beyond their control. There was no way they could handle what was happening.

"Mr. Shawn Timmons and a few screenwriters are here to see you, Ms. Lopez," the assistant said to Zoey.

"Let them in."

Zoey knew what was about to happen.

Shawn Timmons walked into the office with over thirty other people following closely behind.

"Sorry, Ms. Lopez. We'd like to resign. We can't carry on working for Oriental Star Group after what happened," he explained.

Everyone else lowered their heads, feeling rather awkward.

Zoey smiled. "It's fine. You have every right to leave. I accept your resignation."

Shawn and the others were stunned.

They didn't think she would let them go so easily.

Over thirty directors, screenwriters and producers had just given in their resignation notice.

These individuals were the foundation of Oriental Star Group.

Aside from actors, they were the most important crew members when it came to making a film.

That was right.

Shawn and the rest had been bought over by Maurice Lorraine.

In fact, Horace had offered Shawn thirty million to get everyone else to leave the company.

Shawn stopped by the special effects studio before leaving.

“Come with us, James. There’s no point staying here with Oriental Star!”

Shawn tried to convince the special effects team to join him.

The head of the special effects department, James Wood, responded with a smile, “I’m good. You guys go on ahead! I’m indebted to Oriental. I’ve worked for many companies, but this is the only one that has ever treated the special effects team with respect and taken us seriously. I’ll never leave, no matter what.”

“You’re just a stubborn old fart who refuses to change!” Shawn raged at him. “You won’t have it easy!”

He then walked away with his group.

“Come join us, Helena. You’re famous now, so you shouldn’t stay here anymore!”

The man tried to recruit Helena Engler too.

With this, Horace would have to give me at least three million.

However, Helena turned him down. “I won’t leave. I’ll always stay with Ms. Lopez!”

“Fine. You can keep giving yourself airs then. You’ll only starve if you keep up with that attitude!” Shawn sneered.

Zoey was touched to see everyone who stayed.

“This crisis will be over real soon. Please trust me on this!” she declared.

She believed in Levi.

If Levi said he could solve this, there was no doubt he could.

After all, he had the mysterious owner of Morris Group backing him.

He’s omnipotent!

If the man could easily deal with Scott Yates and Sebastian Lopez of South City, whatever Oriental Star Group was facing right now would be a piece of cake.

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Maurice Lorraine was giddy with delight.

The more viral he became, the higher his net worth got. Even his assets grew exponentially.

Today, he and Shawn Timmons, along with several others, had come to Triple Group to sign their new contracts.

Maurice immediately signed his contract without even going through it.

Everyone else did the same, simply because joining Triple Group meant receiving money and fame.

Shawn and his group received a settlement fee of several hundred thousand just from joining the company.

They, too, signed their contracts without even taking a look at the details.

Horace couldn't help but laugh as he glanced at his several dozen new employees. "Incredible! All of you are practically the foundation of Oriental Star Group. You'll certainly go far by joining me."

He then left with a smile.

Maurice gathered everyone to discuss their future.

"Huh? There's something weird about this contract!" exclaimed Steve White, a screenwriter.

“What’s wrong?” asked Shawn and the others.

“Take a look at your own contracts! Something doesn’t add up here,” Steve urged.

Everyone began to flip through their own contracts.

Very quickly, a few screenwriters exclaimed, “We’ve been tricked!”

“This is like a slave contract! All of our reputation and copyrights will belong to Triple. We’re practically their slaves now! And what’s with the pay? I only get a fixed salary of three thousand a month!?”

Steve nearly passed out.

He was the one who had written the script for the two major films from before, and Zoey Lopez rewarded him five million for that.

Yet, he was going to be paid a mere three thousand a month while working for Triple Group?

Who could ever accept such a difference?

“Sh*t, mine’s a slave contract too. They’ve deprived me of all my rights! And I’m only paid eight thousand a month?”

Shawn was about to lose it.

He had earned eight million from directing the two previous films.

Now, he was going to receive eight thousand instead.

The other screenwriters shared the same contracts.

They were all subject to become Triple Group's slaves—for life.

“Hurry up and take a look at my contract!”

Even Maurice had started to panic.

Steve went through Maurice's contract and remarked, “Yours is pretty much a slave contract too, but it's slightly better than ours. However, you'll only get a payment of at most a hundred thousand for each movie though.”

“What? A hundred thousand!?”

Maurice was about to go insane.

Only a hundred thousand for each movie?

This is madness!

Everyone quickly realized that they had been duped.

Triple Group had offered them benefits at the start and allowed them to sign their contracts while their guard was down.

“Let's terminate our contracts! How can we ever agree to this?”

Maurice trembled in anger.

Steve delivered a cold, hard truth. “We'll need to cough up a hundred million as penalty for breaching our contracts, as for yours, it will be a billion.”

Boom!

Maurice slumped to the floor.

One billion?

I only have a few million at most. Where will I ever get a billion?

Shawn was hopping mad. “F*ck! Why’d you do this to us, Maurice? You son of a b*tch! We were doing so well at Oriental. I’ve never made more money anywhere else than when I was working for them!”

“He’s right,” Steve chimed in. “A screenwriter never earns more than five hundred thousand for writing a script, but Oriental paid me five million!” He began to sob.

Everyone else followed suit.

What they felt at that moment was regret.

They truly regretted.

Wasn’t it great working for Oriental?

Why did we have to join Triple?

Now look at us.

We’re doomed.

We’re going to be Triple Group’s slaves for the rest of our lives.

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Just a while ago, they had even laughed at Helena for being stubborn. Thinking about it now, the woman certainly made the right choice.

Shawn whacked his own forehead. "I should've known! Triple Group is ruthless and greedy. They've had their dark past dug up in recent years. There's no way we'd ever get a single cent out of them. We were too naive."

Steve dashed their hopes even further. "Most importantly, we can't reveal any of this. The contract says we'll end up in jail if we expose what's happening."

Everyone gasped.

"Horace Waller, you're an abomination!"

Maurice kicked the door as tears streamed down his face.

At that moment, the door opened and Horace walked in.

Behind him were about a dozen bodyguards watching over his safety.

"So, you've read your contracts, I presume?"

Horace smirked insidiously.

"I'm taking you down with me, Waller!"

Maurice rushed toward him, only to be held back by the guards.

Shawn scoffed, "You're being way too underhanded, don't you think, Mr. Waller? This isn't an agreement at all. It's clearly a slave contract."

Even though this was commercial hegemony on Triple Group's part, it would always be difficult to protect one's rights when contracts were involved.

One could go to court for years, and it still wouldn't necessarily guarantee their victory.

Especially when one was up against the almighty Triple Group. There was practically zero chance of winning a lawsuit against them.

"If you didn't like the contract, you could've chosen not to sign it. Did I ever coerce you into signing it?" Horace remarked.

"I..."

Everyone suddenly fell silent.

What he said was true, Horace didn't force them into signing their agreements at all.

"But I wouldn't have signed it had I known what kind of contract it was! You tricked us!" Shawn raged.

Horace smiled. "Did I not let you read your contracts? You could've chosen not to sign them if you didn't agree, but did you even read the terms? I certainly gave you ample time to go through the details."

Shawn was so exasperated that he felt like coughing up blood.

They had all signed the contracts without going through the details, simply because they believed in Triple Group's power and wealth.

Who would have thought that it was all a trap?

“Of course, you can leave if you want! Just pay your penalties and I promise you’ll be free,” Horace chuckled.

Silence ensued.

Who would ever have that much money?

Horace smirked triumphantly. “If you can’t pay up, you’d better obey me and serve Triple Group well!”

Maurice was livid. “Do you think that we’re your dogs!?”

“Are you not? Remember, you’re Triple Group’s dogs now. Do your jobs well and maybe you’ll get to eat some bones! Hahaha!”

Horace was beyond delighted.

Spending just a few million to obtain a group of slaves who would rake in billions for the company was a genius idea.

He had practically bought over an entire entertainment company.

Ba-thump!

Everyone fell to the floor after Horace left.

“What should we do now? Are we really going to be their dogs until the day we die?” Steve asked in misery.

No one would accept such an outcome.

Everyone was now at the peak of their careers; why would they ever allow themselves to work like dogs?

“I’ve got it!” Maurice suddenly exclaimed.

Everyone turned toward him.

“We can ask Oriental for help! Let’s get Zoey Lopez to pay for our penalties and hire us again!”

“You’re right. That’s a great idea. There’s a high chance she’ll help us, since we can make money. The benefits outweigh the costs of breaching our contracts, after all. Besides, the company’s in danger now that we’ve all left. She’ll definitely agree to help us if we ask her to!”

The group headed toward Oriental Star Group under Shawn’s lead.

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The staff of Oriental Star Group were puzzled.

Just this morning, Shawn had left haughtily with a bunch of other people. So what is he doing back here now?

Are they here to show off?

It doesn't seem like it though.

They look so tense, as though something bad has happened.

Zoey's assistant immediately informed her about Shawn's return.

"Hold them off. Don't let them come in," Zoey ordered.

Levi had just texted her about what Maurice and the others had gone through.

Shawn and his group were stopped at the entrance.

"What's going on? Let us in! Don't you know who I am, Zane?" Shawn bellowed at the security guard.

Maurice chimed in, "You're just a bloody security guard! What right do you have to stop us?"

He despised those who worked as security guards and janitors.

A few guards responded angrily, "You're no longer an employee of Oriental Star Group, so you can't enter however you please!"

“You...”

Shawn froze.

He had submitted his resignation letter earlier this morning, so he was indeed no longer a company staff.

However, Maurice scoffed arrogantly. “Let me tell you this, you stinkin’ guards. I’m here to discuss a project that’s worth a few billion with Ms. Lopez. Do you think you can afford to waste my time?”

“That’s right,” Shawn and the others added. “Who do you think you are? How dare you try to stop us!”

To think that these well-known directors were being held back by a few lowly security guards, their prides won’t allow it.

The guards refused to budge. “You can’t enter!”

Zoey had personally instructed them not to let anyone in.

Thus, they had nothing to fear!

“So is it money that you want? Here! Take it.”

Infuriated, Maurice took out a stack of cash and slapped the guards across the face with it.

“You’re nothing but some lowly security guards, and that’s all you get to be your whole lives!”

The security guards fumed in anger but remained silent.

It wasn’t unusual for them to be treated this way.

In the eyes of these white-collar elites, being a security guard was an inferior job.

The men could only suppress their rage and do nothing.

This was simply a common occurrence.

“What’s going on?”

A voice suddenly rang out.

It was Levi.

“Mr. Garrison...”

The guards’ eyes lit up when they saw him.

Their pillar of support was here.

Levi got along well with all the security guards, whether they were from Morris Group or Oriental Star Group.

“You’re looking down on these guys? What’s wrong with being a security guard? Are they inferior to you?” Levi asked coldly as he stared at Shawn and the others.

“I...”

Shawn was at a loss for words.

They knew how powerful Levi was. He was also Zoey’s husband, so they dared not tick him off.

Even Maurice was holding himself back.

We still need Zoey Lopez's help. We can't piss him off.

"Apologize," Levi demanded.

Everyone in the group exchanged glances.

Did we hear wrongly?

Apologize to these lowly guards?

Who do you think we are!?

"I said apologize to them, or get out of here!" Levi ordered.

Fine! Just bear with it!

Shawn gritted his teeth and said with a bow, "I'm sorry!"

"Sorry!"

Steve and the others apologized too.

Maurice did the same. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have disrespected you."

The security guards were pleasantly surprised.

These famous stars and directors are actually apologizing to us?

"It's fine! It's fine..."

They quickly waved their hands.

Levi turned to the security guard called Zane. "Go give him a slap in the face."

“Huh?”

Zane was taken aback.

“He hit you with his cash, didn’t he? It’s not that different if you were to give him a slap now,” Levi pointed out.

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“Don’t push your luck, Garrison!” Maurice roared.

Levi merely raised his voice. “Go. Slap him in the face!”

Zane broodingly walked toward Maurice.

Maurice was filled with rage.

How am I going to hold my head up high after being slapped by a security guard!?

Shawn and Steve held onto Maurice while giving him glances, signaling him not to move.

“Hit him!” Levi ordered.

With that, Zane violently slapped Maurice across the face.

In an instant, Maurice’s head spun as his vision blurred, and half of his face turned numb.

The sensation was quickly followed by pain. It felt as though he was being pricked by needles continuously.

Everyone was dumbfounded.

The huge celebrity, Maurice Lorraine, had just been struck by a security guard.

Maurice glared at Zane and Levi ferociously, as though he wanted to eat them alive.

What a disgrace.

This is way too humiliating!

Levi asked coldly, "Do you accept what just happened?"

"I-I do. I hit him with my money and he slapped me in the face. It's a fair trade!" Maurice replied while clenching his teeth.

"Alright, so what do you guys want?" Levi asked. "Haven't you quit already? Why are you here again?"

Shawn quickly explained, "We have something important to discuss with Ms. Lopez, Mr. Garrison. Please let us in!"

"And what is it about?"

"We'll talk about it when we see Ms. Lopez," Shawn answered with a smile. "It's something that will benefit the company!"

Levi returned a smile. "I'm sure you know how busy Ms. Lopez is. Not any Tom, Dick and Harry gets to meet her. You should leave."

"What are you talking about, Garrison? I just got slapped and you're chasing us away now? Who the hell do you think you are?"

Maurice just about had it.

"He's right, Mr. Garrison. Be reasonable!" Shawn chimed in. "We stopped picking on the security guards out of respect for you. Shouldn't you show us some respect too?"

In other words, they had apologized not because they knew they were wrong; they only did it to make Levi happy.

Levi was furious. "Who the hell do you think you are? Why should I show you any respect?"

Maurice had lost all his patience. "And who the hell do you think you are, Garrison? You're just a nobody if you weren't Ms. Lopez's husband."

Slap!

Levi sent two of Maurice's teeth flying with just one slap across the face.

A bright red handprint immediately appeared on the latter's cheek.

Maurice was completely taken aback.

Just one slap was almost enough to kill him.

"You dare hit me, Levi Garrison?"

Maurice was so livid that he could kill someone.

"What's wrong with that? A foul mouth deserves a slap, no?" Levi asked.

"I dare you to hit me again!" Maurice roared.

Levi was amused.

"Guys, have you ever seen someone ask to be hit?"

"Hahahah!"

The security guards burst into laughter.

Levi instantly delivered another slap across Maurice's face.

The left side of Maurice's face instantly swelled up and the slap marks looked especially distinct.

The man was utterly floored.

Everyone else couldn't believe their eyes.

"You're the one who told me to hit you," Levi said with a grin. "I was just granting your wish."

"Maurice Lorraine is being attacked! Come and watch!"

"Hurry over and witness this! Someone's attacking the superstar, Maurice Lorraine!"

"Isn't there anyone here who stands with justice!?"

Trisha Sullivan and Wilford Boyd suddenly began to cry out.

Passersby swarmed over upon hearing it was Maurice Lorraine and glared at Levi.

"How dare you attack my idol? Someone call the cops!"

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Over a hundred people showed up in a blink of an eye.

Everyone immediately assumed Maurice was the victim after seeing the piteous state he was in.

They began to confront Levi.

At this very moment, Zoey walked outside.

“What’s going on?”

“We wanted to talk to you, Ms. Lopez, but your husband kept stopping us and he even attacked Maurice! Your security guard also slapped Maurice in the face.”

Shifting the blame onto the innocent now, huh?

Zoey smiled. “And?”

“You know what could happen, Ms. Lopez,” said Shawn. “Your husband’s going to be in a world of trouble if word gets out. He had struck a celebrity, for God’s sake! He might even end up in jail!”

“What should I do then?” Zoey asked.

“To be completely honest with you, Ms. Lopez, we’ve been tricked into signing a slave contract with Triple Group. We want to leave, but there’s a huge penalty to pay...”

Shawn trailed off.

Zoey chuckled. “So you’re saying you want me to pay for the penalty and buy you guys over?”

The entire group nodded fervently. “That’s right, Ms. Lopez! We did some calculations. All the penalties add up to exactly two billion. It’s actually not a lot! Think about it; wouldn’t it be a breeze to gain back the two billion if you had such a great team like us and a brilliant actor like Maurice?”

“He’s right! I believe we’ll be able to earn you two billion in just a year!”

They were full of confidence thanks to the two films that had been released.

Maurice walked over to Zoey while covering his face. “The company is now in chaos after we left, isn’t it, Ms. Lopez?” he said with a smile. “Without us, it’d be tough for you to form a new team so quickly. I’m presenting you with an opportunity right now; we’ll come back if you agree to pay for our penalties. With us back, we’ll bring your company profits beyond your imagination! Not only that, but I’ll also even let go of the fact that your husband attacked me.”

Maurice was full of conceit.

They had originally come over to beg Zoey for help, but now he made it seem like Zoey was the one having to do the pleading.

Trisha and Wilford chimed in, “It’s a win-win situation. We’re giving you a chance. The only question now is, are you going to take it?”

Gerry Wade and the others wanted to throw up upon hearing that.

You’re the ones who’d racked your brains trying to find a way to come back, but now you’re talking about giving Ms. Lopez a chance?

Could you all be any more shameless?

Everyone's eyes were on Zoey, waiting for her answer.

To Maurice and the group, Zoey would definitely agree to their proposal.

It wasn't just because Oriental Star Group couldn't do without them.

She also had to say yes for Levi's sake.

"I refuse! You're no longer part of my firm, so your problems have nothing to do with me. Besides, we have a rule of not working with traitors. Have a good day!"

With that, Zoey turned and walked away.

Job well done!

Levi nodded in approval.

Zoey had changed rather drastically throughout this period.

She was now much firmer in terms of her work and personality.

"What? Did she just turned us down?"

Maurice and the rest of them were flabbergasted.

Shawn was filled with disbelief.

"Do you not care if your husband's fate, Zoey Lopez!?" Maurice yelled. "Just you wait and see how I'm going to make your husband suffer!"

Shawn and Steve quickly stopped him. "Don't do anything rash, Maurice! Remember what we're here for!"

“Yeah! We should behave ourselves. We’re here to ask for Ms. Lopez’s help, not to threaten her!” said the others.

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Maurice glanced at Levi, who was standing nearby, and said, "Then we'll give it another try. If she turns us down again, I'm going to send Levi Garrison behind bars!"

Levi calmly took out his phone and dialed a number. "It's about time to destroy Maurice Lorraine."

"Hahahaha!"

The people next to Maurice burst into laughter when they heard Levi's words.

Is he an idiot?

Does he really think he can ruin a celebrity with just a phone call?

Who's he trying to kid?

Maurice glared at Levi coldly and smirked. "I'd like to see how you plan to do that."

Very quickly, all the major media outlets fought to report the following news: Famous celeb Maurice Lorrain's private life exposed, spotted sharing hotel room with two women.

Horace Waller had arranged for someone to secretly follow Maurice that very night.

Pictures and videos of the incident immediately surfaced.

Netizens were in complete shock.

Maurice's dark past surfaced as quickly as he shot to fame.

Another heavyweight news article made headlines: Maurice Lorraine dumped girlfriend of seven years, was abusive and made her sign an agreement to keep relationship secret.

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More scandals began to surface, such as news of Maurice fooling around with multiple women at nightclubs.

The media outlets also released articles clarifying that Maurice was once taken in by Oriental Star Group while job hunting; the company had offered him a contract worth five hundred thousand.

Everyone now understood Maurice's true character.

"So he betrayed Oriental after everything they've done for him? Despicable."

"What an ingrate. He dumped his girlfriend after becoming famous and bit the hand that fed him!"

"I wondered why this guy kept trying to make Oriental look bad. Now I get it."

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The Internet was now filled with comments antagonizing Maurice.

The man's reputation as a celebrity instantly hit rock bottom.

It's over.

It's all over.

Maurice was completely dumbstruck once he found out what just happened.

"How could this happen!?" he looked up and yelled at the top of his lungs.

His phone rang at the same time. It was the banks calling to tell him that all of his accounts had been frozen.

This was also Horace Waller's doing.

Maurice Lorraine was completely finished.

The only choice he had left now was to serve Triple Group as a slave for the rest of his life.

Levi walked over with a smile. "It's as easy to tear you down as it is to raise you up."

Thump!

Maurice flopped to the ground and stared at Levi in disbelief.

He really did it with one phone call.

For the very first time, Shawn and the others realized how frightening Levi was.

This is too much.

"We're sorry, Mr. Garrison."

Shawn, Steve and the rest of the group knelt on the ground.

“We promise to serve Oriental Star Group for the rest of our lives if you and Ms. Lopez redeem us, Mr. Garrison.”

They bowed with their heads directly touching the floor.

Levi scoffed. “Didn’t you hear what my wife said? She never works with traitors.”

Boom!

Levi’s response struck them like lightning.

Their lives were over.

Taking care of Maurice indirectly restored Oriental Star Group to its glory.

Levi returned to Morris Group.

“Where have you been, Mr. Garrison? You’ve been away for so long!” Seth Wilson and the other security guards greeted him with a smile.

Iris Annabelle happened to spot Levi at the same time. “Where’d you disappear to? You didn’t even ask for a leave of absence.”

Iris looked rather upset, as though something had happened.

Levi asked immediately, “Is something wrong?”

Iris hesitated for a moment before nodding. “Yeah.”

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“What happened?” Levi asked.

Iris rubbed her temples. “Didn’t the big boss tell us to organize a one billion charity program recently? We built the Hope Elementary School, Old Folk’s Home and Orphanage. We funded many poor students too. Yet, after pumping in our money and doing all this, someone else ended up taking all the credit.”

Levi was stunned.

How could such a thing happen?

Someone actually made an issue out of charity money?

He frowned. “Who did it? They sure have some nerve.”

“It was Triple Group! They organized that one billion charity gala two nights ago and not a single cent came out of their own pockets. They took the money we contributed for the charity program and made it theirs. All the charity certificates, documents and processes ended up becoming theirs!”

Iris was utterly furious.

And so was Levi. “So we paid for the charity event but they get all the credit!? And now everyone thinks that Triple Group is the one being charitable and that it has nothing to do with us?”

“Exactly! Triple Group is getting so much positive feedback from it. All the students and old people we’ve helped are sending them appreciation banners. The school, orphanage and old folks’ home are now hanging posters on the wall, thanking Triple Group for their kindness. Nobody knows that we’re the ones who

actually came up with the money! Most importantly, we asked the Charity Association why this was happening, but they refused to acknowledge our contributions. They said everything about the charity program was done by Triple!”

The woman fumed in anger.

Bang!

Levi landed a fist on the wall.

Iris jumped in fright.

“This is unacceptable! They’re even trying to interfere with a charity program. How shameless can they be?” Levi raged.

The fact that Triple Group could do all this had to be because everything was agreed upon with the Charity Association.

“That’s not all. I know that Triple’s general manager’s been involved with a few 14-year-old girls! Urgh! How I want that scumbag gone!” Iris added.

A cold look flashed in Levi’s eyes. “Now that he’s pissed me off, I’m going to make him pay.”

Iris glanced at the man’s stance.

Does he think he’s some boss?

“I’m about to personally head over to the Charity Association and find out what’s going on.”

The more she thought about this, the more exasperated she felt.

“Okay. I’ll come with you,” Levi responded.

They soon arrived at the North Hampton Charity Association building.

“Hello, do you have an appointment?”

“Yes. It’s under Iris Anabelle of Morris Group.”

Aware of Iris’ status, the Charity Association assigned a high-ranking director, Jon Harvey, to attend to her.

“Hello, Ms. Anabelle. How may I help you?” Jon asked with a smile.

Iris got straight to the point. “I’m here for just one thing today, and that is to look into the donations made by Morris Group for the charity program!”

“Oh? Has Morris Group contributed to the program recently?” Jon asked, perplexed.

Levi chuckled.

They’re all playing dumb.

Iris suppressed her anger and remarked coldly, “Morris Group has made a one-billion contribution to your association eight days ago. How could you, as a director, not know about this?”

Jon Harvey merely smiled. “Sorry about that, Ms. Anabelle. I’ve been abroad for a while so I really have no idea about this. Give me a moment to look into this matter.”

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After making a phone call, Jon turned to them. “Have you perhaps been mistaken, Ms. Anabelle?” he asked with a smile on his face. “The only one-billion donation we’ve received is from Triple Group. There are no records of any contributions made by your company.”

“What the—what on earth are you talking about? That one billion came from Morris Group, but you wrote it off as Triple’s? What the hell is going on?”

Iris was so livid that she nearly cussed.

“Please calm down, Ms. Anabelle. We really have no records of any donation you’ve made.” Jon replied with a pretentious smile.

“Then tell me what this is!”

Iris slammed some documents of the donation made in front of Jon, along with the company’s proof of having set up the charity program.

Jon went through the documents and said in confusion. “This can’t be. How could these records be exactly the same as Triple Group’s? Even the charity program is completely identical! You wrote your own company’s name over Triple’s, didn’t you, Ms. Anabelle?”

Iris was about to go insane.

How shameless can they be?

Now they’re making it seem like we’re the guilty ones.

“Besides, Triple Group really did host the charity gala recently and donated one billion during the conference. It was their money; what does it have to do with Morris Group? Even I’m starting to wonder if you’re harboring any ill intentions, Ms. Anabelle.”

Jon appeared confident that the money belonged to Triple Group.

“Hah! Well then, since we have all the bank transaction records, how about we use them to find out who donated the money?” Iris suggested with a smirk. “Let’s head to the bank right away, Mr. Harvey. Then we can make some comparisons with your finance department.”

Jon’s expression took a turn at the mention of the bank.

He began to ask, “Before that, may I ask why you donated the money in the first place, Ms. Anabelle?”

“To help people in need, of course,” Iris answered.

“That’s right. The purpose of the Charity Association is to help others, and since we’ve achieved this goal, does it really matter who was the one who helped?”

The man proceeded to poison the well in an attempt to make Iris look bad. “Don’t people show acts of kindness in anonymity nowadays? Are you donating money just for the fame, or for an award or certificate? I’m really starting to question your motives now, Ms. Anabelle! Since it’s all about charity, does anything else matter as long as our goals are met? So what if the money came from Morris Group? If you insist on taking the credit that much, fine! I’ll send you a pile of certificates.”

“You…”

Iris felt rage flowed through her like lava.

Yes, the goals have been met.

We don't care about the fame either.

But there's no way I'd allow Triple Group to take the credit!

Clap, clap, clap.

Levi couldn't help but clap his hands.

"You sure have a way with words! Claiming the moral high ground now, are you?" Levi said, smirking.

Jon scoffed, "What do you mean by claiming the moral high ground? This is how charity has always been; if everyone only contributes for the fame, they're better off not contributing at all. Honestly, it doesn't really matter who donated!"

Levi raised his voice. "Does that mean you can write someone else's donation off as Triple Group's? Who gave you the right to do that?"

"I—"

Jon wanted to say more, but Levi cut him off. "If the credit doesn't matter, why does Triple Group need it then? They announced the news everywhere and even hosted a charity gala."

"That's not the same. Triple Group needs the credit!" Jon replied with a smile.