

The Protector Chapter 489

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.