

## Chapter 290 You Should Carry Bricks

Chris's mind was in shambles, and he didn't know what to do.

Trevor didn't give him time to think.

He pounded a fist on the table.

Then, he said, "You just said outside that you didn't care about the children in the orphanage, that you just wanted the job for the money. Did I hear you wrong?"

Trevor repeated what Chris had said in the hall.

Hearing this, all the interviewers frowned.

When they heard Trevor's cold voice earlier, they guessed that Chris offended Trevor, but they didn't expect Chris to be this reckless.

The Sanderson family was prepared to pay top dollar to whoever landed the job. It was entirely possible that the handsome salary enticed a few applicants who were only after fame and fortune.

But they didn't expect Chris to be one of those people.

Ramon, Chris's uncle, trembled with fear as he watched the scene unfold before him.

He didn't dare look in Trevor's direction at all. He could only shoot his arrogant jerk of a nephew a death glare.

"You are such a self-important little brat! What nonsense did you say in front of the chief interviewer?"

Chris finally came to his senses and quivered.

It turned out that Trevor, who he thought was just an ordinary loser, was not here to apply for a job. Instead, he was here to facilitate the interviews.

Chris chuckled nervously.

"It was just a joke, Uncle."

Looking at the pathetic anxious grin on Chris's face, Trevor decided that he was done. He turned to Jeanne.

"This person has a bad character. Scrap his application. Don't let him work in any of the Sanderson family's companies nor in the companies with whom they have an active cooperation. I don't want him anywhere near the Sandersons' businesses."

Frightened, Chris pleaded, "I'm sorry. I was wrong. Please give me one more chance. I will do anything."

It was his father who asked him to apply for the job.

But now, he not only messed up the interview but also offended the chief interviewer enough to be banned from all the businesses of the Sanderson family.

If his father found out about this, he would definitely suffer the beating of his life.

Hearing Chris's plea, Trevor raised his eyebrows.

If he just drove Chris out of here, he wouldn't be satisfied.

In that case...

Trevor thought for a while, and then a triumphant smile curled his lips.

"Very well. I'll give you one more chance. We have an active construction project that needs someone to carry bricks. I think you're going to do well in that job. You're hired. Go and start your work."

Chris's face turned livid. He realized that Trevor was humiliating him on purpose.

He would rather get beaten by his father than go to a construction site to haul bricks all day. Rage flaring in his chest, he roared, "Are you serious? No, I won't accept a construction job."

However, Trevor just glanced at him and said indifferently, "I'm not asking for your permission. I'm telling you to go to work. And you have to work at the site until the project is complete."

Chris hissed, arms akimbo.

He decided that since Trevor went out of his way to embarrass him and then piss him off, Trevor just poked the damn bear.

"Who the hell do you think you are? You're just the chief interviewer. You can't act all high and mighty. You don't own the company. You're just another one of the Sanderson family's paid lackeys. I'm leaving. You can do the construction job yourself." ❌

Chris turned to leave, but suddenly, he heard the sound of tables and chairs being moved violently.

The next moment, a folding chair connected with his back, and he staggered forward with the impact.

With a red face, Ramon yelled at Chris, "You are such a fool! Do as Mr. Sanderson says, or I swear I will make your father disown you, boy!"

What? ①

That loser was Mr. Sanderson?

Hearing his uncle's words, Chris felt as if someone had just dumped ice-cold water over his head.

He became lightheaded, and his knees buckled, toppling him to the ground. His gold-framed glasses fell to the floor and cracked upon impact.

Ramon was afraid that he would be blamed because of his stupid nephew, so he turned to Trevor and bowed. ②

"I apologize for my nephew's unacceptable behavior, Mr. Sanderson. I assure you that he will do the job you just gave him, and I won't let him rest until he's ordered to carry his last brick." ③