

## Chapter 707 Kneel Down And Lick My Shoes

At this moment, a servant ran into the dining room and told Mervin, "Sir, the three guests have returned to the villa to see your grandfather again."

Hearing this, Mervin frowned and put his cutlery down.

However, Landen was more relaxed than his son. He laughed and said casually, "Tasha is just a young woman, after all, and she definitely can't take the pressure. She knew how important this collaboration is, so she went to plead with your grandfather."

Landen wiped his mouth and patted Mervin's shoulder. "Son, come with me. Since Tasha has stooped so low as to beg the old man for help, that young man named Trevor is at your mercy."

Mervin was quickly persuaded by his father's

analysis and a broad smile appeared on his face. He rose excitedly and followed Landen to Carson's room.

Just as Landen and Mervin came to the door of the bedroom, Trevor, Bradley and Tasha walked out.

With a smug smile, Landen patted his bloated belly and said, "Ha-ha, Tasha, I guess you still want the cooperation, right? I thought I told you to not act on impulse."

Meanwhile, Mervin stared coldly at Trevor and shouted, "I was kind enough to prepare you a meal just now, but you didn't thank me or take the lunch I offered you!"

Mervin then he turned to look at Tasha and said with a sneer, "Tasha, ask your employee to kneel down and lick my shoes. It is only on this condition that the Ruiz family will agree to this cooperation. Besides, you have my word that the relationship between our two families will not be affected in any way by what happened today."

Hearing the nonsense Mervin was saying,

Trevor suddenly raised his hand.

Pak! A loud slap sounded in the hall.

"What? How dare you hit me?" Mervin stuttered, holding his sore cheek. His eyes were widened in shock. "How dare a mere employee like you hit me?"

Trevor looked at him and sneered. He wasn't going to answer such a stupid question.

He had just hit him, but all Mervin did was stare at him with wide eyes and ask him how dare he hit him.

Trevor felt like he had overestimated Mervin. The latter was just a harmless coward after all.

Mervin was still in shock. He couldn't believe what just happened.

Landen, on the other hand, was furious.

"Tasha, not only you are insincere about the cooperation, but you also allowed your employee to hit my son. Let me tell you; the cooperation between the Ruiz family and the Byrd family is over!" After that, he shouted angrily, "Guards! Guards! Come here and

seize this guy!"

At that moment, Bradley stepped forward and stood in front of Trevor. He didn't seem the least bit frightened when he saw the horde of guards rushing towards them.

He was waiting to see if those guards would have the guts to attack him. If they dared, they would quickly understand that numbers were not strength.

Trevor looked at the arrogant Landen indifferently and grabbed Mervin by the collar.

He clasped his fingers around Mervin's jaw and asked calmly, "Do you think you can represent the Ruiz family? Who are you to say that the Ruiz family won't cooperate with the Byrd family?"

Mervin was in pain. He struggled as best he could, and grabbed Trevor's wrist to get rid of him.

But Trevor's hand was like an iron claw, gripping his jaw so tightly that he couldn't even speak.

Seeing his son being manhandled like this, Landen growled, "Let go of him! Let go of my son! I am now the representative of the Ruiz family. I have the final say on the cooperation! Who dares to question my decision?"

Trevor sneered and finally released his grip on Mervin's jaw. He ruthlessly pushed Mervin back towards his father.

As he had guessed, Landen and Mervin were eager to take over the Ruiz family and all the power that came with it.

Carson was still alive. How could Landen claim to be the representative of the Ruiz family?


"You want to know who dares to question your decision?"

At this moment, a hoarse voice came from the bedroom.


Landen and Mervin were shocked upon hearing that voice.

As father and son stared blankly at the door to the room, Carson walked out, leaning on a walking stick.

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His face, although wrinkled, was full of majesty and anger. He hit the floor with his walking stick and said coldly, "I dare!"

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