

Chapter 776 Build The Wall

"Fuck you, Trevor! Don't push your luck!" Lyle barked as if someone was holding him captive. "I am warning you! You won't get away with it just because you're the owner of a hospital. You're nothing in the eyes of the plutocrats."

Raising his eyebrows in fake astonishment, Trevor asked, "You think you're one of those plutocrats?"

"Of course I am!" Lyle seemed dangerously tough, but he was quite scared on the inside. "My father is the chairman of Senhaun Medical Instrument Group. As long as I give the order, your hospital will not be able to buy any medicines or medical devices."

A humorous chuckle left Trevor's lips as he gestured at the security guards standing at the hospital entrance.

The security guards were already assessing the situation from afar. So, when their boss waved, they hurried towards him, surrounding Lyle.

Surrounded by those sturdy guards, Lyle was

alarmed even more. "What the fuck are you trying to do, Trevor? You will regret it if anything happens to me!"

"Well, but I remember someone slandered my hospital and bad-mouthed Kristopher. I've got evidence against you. I can freaking sue you, Lyle." Pointing with a finger, Trevor made the surveillance camera above their heads visible to Lyle. "Our hospital is equipped with modern technological cameras. They record pretty well, you know. I know about the best lawyer in Dreles. I am waiting for the day you sit in the dock of the court."

Trevor's words paled Lyle even more.

He wasn't a resident of Dreles. If he got into trouble there, he would be so damn doomed.

From the corner of his eye, Lyle saw the guards getting closer to him. Each movement of those guards brought more strain on his whole being.

"Gwendolyn! Help me, Gwendolyn! Don't let Trevor sue me! I can't go to the court of Dreles. Trevor will pull the strings." Gwendolyn was his only hope there. So, Lyle called her name for help.

She looked back at his face in disdain. The Dominguez family had a good bond with the

Moran family. But if she had trusted Lyle, her father would have died.

It was eventually Trevor and Kristopher who saved her father, not Lyle.

Keeping that reason in mind, Gwendolyn couldn't give an opinion just on the family bond. "Sorry. But I don't care, neither can I help you."

As if blood was draining out of his body, Lyle looked at Gwendolyn as he paled. His eyes were open wide like saucers. His gaze drifted from Trevor to Gwendolyn to the guards around him as panic rushed through his veins.

Enjoying the scene, Kristopher took off his surgical gown and sat aside, holding a cup of tea.

Lyle's helpless and tense expression delighted him.

Kristopher would never want Trevor's anger, but he would love to see him make others go through what they deserved.

"What do you want from me?" Lyle finally dropped his shield of rigidity.

Trevor ruffled his hair by drawing a hand through it. "First, apologize to Kristopher."

It was a blow to Lyle's arrogance. A frown tried

to cover his expression, but the pain in the untreated wound on his face hurt him.

With bitterness, Lyle glared at Trevor before looking at Kristopher. He finally calmed himself and walked toward Kristopher reluctantly.

"Sorry. You're an amazing doctor. I shouldn't have insulted you."

Kristopher only sneered at Lyle's emotionless apology. He didn't say anything.

Taking in a deep breath, Lyle turned toward Trevor. "You saw it. I apologized. Now can I leave?"

"Who said that you can leave? Where do you think you're going? Apologizing to Kristopher was one thing, but you've also slandered our hospital." An evil smirk appeared on Trevor's lips as he tilted his head. "Oh, I remember you were talking about the wall that is under construction. I have a perfect plan! How about you do the rest of the work and build the whole wall? You're not going anywhere before it's finished."

Lyle forgot to breathe. He was frozen for a moment with anger and anguish before he shouted in an overwhelmed rage, "That's bullshit, Trevor! You're going too far!"

"Why? Are you refusing?"

With his head tilted to a side, Trevor raised an eyebrow, and his guards stepped towards Lyle. They seemed eager to beat Lyle to a pulp.

With frustrating resentment filling him thoroughly, Lyle chose to build the wall disheartened.

Of course, he had never worked like that. The hard work he was going through covered his palms in painful scratches.

Mosquito bites irritated him even more as it was getting late and dark.

With tired and trembling fingers, Lyle put the cement on the bricks. He was shaking all over while no one was getting him out of the strict supervision.

This torture of building the rest of the wall wouldn't stop for at least a day and a night.