

The Protector Chapter 488

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.