

## Madness 481

**Chapter 481** Ruined Plans Twenty slaps landed on Tyrone's face, causing it to swell horribly. The calmness and fake wisdom in his eyes had long gone by then. Poor guy... That was what most were thinking. It was supposed to be a grand engagement ceremony where everyone in the city would congratulate him. The luxurious party ended with his fiancée running away and him being slapped endlessly. Everyone could tell that Tyrone would go insane after the day was over, and the wrath of the Campbell clan would befall the entire city.

"A war is brewing in Pollerton," murmured Neil as he stirred his coffee to conceal the shock and fear within him. Tyrone sat there. He might seem emotionless, but everyone could see the anger and cruelty in his eyes. "Leave," commanded Tyrone calmly. Everyone stood up immediately. It was as though their actions were in sync. Leonard and Linda stood up as well. They were panicking endlessly, even as they moved toward the exit. The Wilson family's guests and Gideon were in terrible shape. They turned to one another and saw the anxiousness and hatred burning in their eyes. The Campbell clan would be attacking soon, and no one could stop them. "That stupid Donald. Why can't he just drop dead?"

replied, "I went for surgery and to recuperate. Fortunately, I am naturally strong, so I've recovered quite well." "I'm glad to hear that," replied Jennifer. She was truly happy at that moment. When she finished speaking, she realized that he was staring right at her,

sweetly. "Okay, then. Be careful." Donald went to talk to Raymond after that. Raymond looked burdened and worried. "Our Jadeborough ally, Mr. Sanchez, is on his deathbed," said Raymond in a coarse voice. Solomon Sanchez was Raymond's savior and the main investor of the Dragon Fide Villa project all those years ago. Unfortunately, the guy fell ill soon after and had

**Chapter 482** Crash Kevin was stunned. He didn't understand what she was saying. Skylar replied, "Your sister fell out of favor with the Campbell clan and made an enemy out of them. She will surely fall and become an ordinary citizen now. You don't even have a job, so how can you afford to marry me?" Kevin tilted his head up and looked right at Skylar. "What do you want me to do, then?" "Have your sister sign her Ferrari and her house at Pollerton Estates to me," replied Skylar. Kevin's eyes bulged. "Stop messing around, will you? The Ferrari belongs to my sister, and the family has no legal claims to the house at Pollerton Estates. Everything belongs to Nigel." Skylar sneered.

"You don't expect me to marry you without getting anything in return, do you? If you can't give me what I want, then let's just break up." "Fine by me," roared Kevin. He tossed his glass to the side and left immediately. Skylar watched as he walked away. A sinister glint flashed past her eyes. When Kevin was some distance away, a man showed up behind Skylar and hugged her waist. "Mr. Ono," murmured Skylar as she leaned into the guy's arms. The man holding her was the guy from Pollerton Translations, Akio Ono.

grin crept up on his lips. Kevin got into the Ferrari and stepped on the gas. The sports car roared and sped down the road at almost twice the speed limit. A Lamborghini moved even faster and was right beside Kevin's Ferrari when the driver rolled down the

drunk driving and scratched my car. Are you going to pay for the car's damage? Or should I see you in court?" His accent was so thick that it was obvious he wasn't local. He's from Yartran! "You're the one who..." argued Kevin. Slap! Before anyone knew it, the stranger had slapped Kevin. The latter stumbled

backward because of the impact and landed on the hood of his car. "You are so dead!" roared Kevin. He got up to attack after that. The guy with the mustache smiled and a hint of taunt glimmered in his eyes. He choked Kevin and held the latter up in the air. "Listen, punk. Either pay me five million or die." Kevin's breathing became uneven, and he kept

in Pollerton because Pollerton Translations had always had their backs. I have lost the Campbell clan's support and protection. How can I fight against them? "You have three hours to get the money to us. If you don't, we will go after you," warned

**Chapter 483** Accused When Linda got home, she realized that no one was home, and that pissed her off. She called out to Jennifer, but no one answered. Hence, she asked for Kevin, but he wasn't there either. Even Leonard was nowhere to be seen. She was still fuming when she heard someone knocking on the door. Frustrated, she answered the door and was glad to see Skylar, Kevin's girlfriend, standing right outside. Skylar looked around and scanned the place before asking in a sweet tone, "Mrs. Wilson, is Kevin here?" Linda's smile turned upside down immediately. "Ah, Skye. I haven't seen him anywhere. Do you know where he might be?" As Skylar made her way into the house, she answered, "I was hanging out with him at the bar earlier, but he was in a terrible mood and drove away. I was worried that he'd get in trouble, so I dropped by to check in on him. Has he not returned yet?" "Well, it's as you see. He is nowhere to be seen," replied Linda who left the door open.

A hint of curiosity and suspicion flashed past Skylar's eyes. Linda put her hand on her waist and complained, "I have no idea where Jennifer is, either. She's not home, and that is really pissing me off." "This is all Donald's fault. Oh, how I wish he'd just drop dead," protested Skylar as well. They were still in the middle of their conversation when they saw, from the corner of their eyes, a guy in a tuxedo standing right outside. They turned around and saw Donald there. Both of their gazes were hostile when they turned to him. Furious, Linda roared, "You worthless, stupid punk! You got us in trouble. How dare you show your face after the mess you made?" If glares could kill, Donald would already be pushing the daisies.

throw things at Donald when he suddenly ran to her, put his hand on her shoulder, and pressed her onto the table. He had her pinned, just like that. Linda was surprised. When she came around, she roared, "Donald Campbell, what are you doing?" Skylar was stunned by the turn of events

Thump! Thump! "What's wrong, Mom?" Jennifer, who had just

right across his face. "Donald Campbell, you swine! I can't believe you tried to rape my mom. I can't even imagine how bad things would be if we were home just a little later." Jennifer was so angry that her entire body trembled. She slapped

**Chapter 484** Destroy Pollerton Translations Jennifer felt disappointed. She never imagined that Donald would attempt to rape her mother. That is inhumane. "You regret not getting engaged to Tyrone?" muttered Donald. He took one long look at Jennifer before he turned around to leave. Jennifer stared at Donald's back. "What? Do you have nothing to say for yourself?" As she spoke, her tears rolled down her cheeks. Donald paused. "What's the point? You don't trust me, anyway. Remember this, Jennifer. This is the second time you slap me, and you are the first person who has ever had the power to do so." He tilted his head down. Those eyes no longer shone with love or compassion. It was the same look he gave her when they first broke up. Jennifer was so angry that her entire body shook.

"I have truly misjudged you. Why did I bother holding out hope for you in the past year? Tyrone is so much better. At the very least, he is polite, more rugged, had better education, and is gentle. You are so aggressive that you hurt others whenever things don't go your way." Linda tidied herself. She was delighted to see how the drama unfolded. "You are absolutely right. Finally, you've seen the light, Jennifer." Skylar chimed in, "You didn't see the look on his face earlier. It was so scary and lustful." A son-in-law tried to rape the mother-in-law... That was the kind of story that would embarrass the entire family. "I will kill you, you j\*rk!" Leonard was so infuriated that he charged forward. All Donald did was glare at him. A hint of gold spark glowed in his eyes. That was all it took to freeze Leonard in place and made him too scared to even move a muscle. "Get lost! I never want to see you again," demanded Jennifer who was crying nonstop. Donald left without saying a word.

ooze bloodlust every now and then. The owner of those eyes was Amadeus. His heart thumped fast, and he turned pale immediately. He was tempted to return to Pollerton Translations right away and report the terrifying news to Akio. That Donald guy is an incredibly powerful fighter. "Do you really think that you can get away?" murmured Donald as he spied on Amadeus and followed him. By then, Donald had already locked in on Amadeus, so the latter couldn't flee, even if he somehow sprout wings and learned how to fly. Donald had already decided that he would annihilate Pollerton Translations that very day because Noah and Akio worked together in the past. It was

men with them, and some were from Yartran. Quite a few of them were mercenaries from Frosa whose visa had expired." "Reassign a hundred thousand men from Horizon Group to Pollerton Translations. I want that place annihilated tonight," instructed Donald mercilessly. "Understood," replied Bradley. Back at Jennifer's place.

mother and keeping her stuck on the table. Donald actually tried to rape my mother! That was something Jennifer simply couldn't accept. Linda changed her clothes. As she towel-dried her hair, she

**Chapter 485** The Footage Jennifer was silent as her tears rolled down her cheeks. All of a sudden, someone opened the door. It was Kevin who entered the house sneakily. The moment he saw her in that state, he froze. After he recollected himself, he ignored Jennifer and Linda and went further into the room to begin checking through the surveillance footage. "Sh\*t!" came a cry before the sound of glass breaking came. "Kev, what's the matter?" Linda rushed into the room and instantly saw Kevin sitting in front of the computer with an unusually pale face. It looked as if he had suffered a great fright, for even his eyeballs were almost popping out of their sockets. "It's a g-ghost!"

Kevin fearfully pointed at the screen. Jennifer finally recomposed herself a little and walked over. "What's going on?" "Look." Kevin pointed at the screen again, which was showing the scene in the living room. He then replayed the video, and they saw a black mist in the shape of a human floating into the place. Then, Donald walked in and pushed Linda down onto the table before kicking Skylar. At that, Jennifer turned furious. "Put the frame rate to the minimum!" she ordered. Kevin nodded and slowed it down until the screen almost seemed frozen. Then, they saw a man in black clothes tiptoe into the room, seemingly in search of something. He later stood behind Linda, but she did not detect his presence at all as she continue drying her damp hair. When Kevin saw the man, his pupils shrank.

to see. Linda then asked, "Who is he?" Kevin shuddered before telling her what happened earlier that night. Seemingly realizing something, Jennifer continued playing the video. Then, they saw the man

made his move. A long blade appeared in his hands, and he swung it toward Linda's head. Right then, Donald came in.

to bloom there like a flower. However, the next thing man in black did was leap out of the window. After that, Jennifer entered and shouted at Donald. Donald said nothing to her as he stared in the direction the attacker fled. Jennifer was stupefied, her eyes bulging. "He... Mom, he was saving you..."

to him, a pang of remorse started to fill her chest. I have truly misjudged you. Why did I bother holding out hope for you in the past year? Tyrone is so much better. At the very least, he is polite, more rugged, had better education, and is gentle. You

**Chapter 486** Remorse "I'm going to look for him. I have to look for him now!" Jennifer squeezed out under her breath, her senses overwhelmed by remorse. Why didn't I believe Donald? I've been with him for so many years. How can I not know what kind of person he is? "Now I remember! This is Yartran's Hidden Arts!" Kevin panicked before turning his head from side to side to look at his surroundings. "What do I do? He wants to kill me! What should I do now? He's going to ask for five million from me! What now?"

He might be lurking near us right now!" Fear pulsed through him. It would be far too simple for a top fighter who knew Hidden Arts to end his life. On the other hand, Skylar's eyes glistened, seemingly lost in her thoughts. In the next second, Jennifer rushed out of the house. Just as she reached the entrance of the neighborhood, she halted in her tracks and stood transfixed. Where am I going to find Donald? "Donald, I've made a mistake! Please come back!" Jennifer crouched down and began crying helplessly. I must have broken his heart... Half an hour later, Amadeus stumbled into Pollerton Translations' office. At that moment, Akio was enjoying his time with several young models. When he saw Amadeus with blood still on his neck, he stiffened. "Mr. Amadeus, what happened to you?"

hit! He's definitely a Novem Stella Warrior in hiding!" Akio's heart lurched when he heard that. He knew how mighty Amadeus was—the man was an Octo Stella Warrior and he was one of the

illegally kept many mercenaries whose visas had expired. Thus, not even underworld big shots like Zayne would dare to cross them for no good reason. Amadeus panted, still half-kneeled on the ground. Just as he was about to say something, the hair on the back of his neck suddenly stood up. He then stiffly turned his head to look out of the door. A slender figure had appeared right outside the room, and the man was watching him coldly. A

advanced level Hidden Arts. However, Donald only turned his head aside indifferently before swinging out a fist in a direction. That fist illuminated the entire room, and Akio felt as if a sun was exploding in the area as it blinded him. "Urk!" Amadeus was forced out of his hidden state and began coughing blood continuously in midair. "Why are you hiding?" Amadeus questioned, unwilling to give up just like this. He was an

**Chapter 487** An Ambassador Of Yartran Fear throbbed inside Akio as he cried out, "You can't kill me! I'm the head of Pollerton Translations! I'm a guest from another country and the ambassador of Yartran in Yorksland! Moreover, there are thousands of people in Pollerton Translations right now. If you kill them all, Neil will definitely come after you!" By then, over three thousand people had surrounded Donald. They had their guns taken out and trained on Donald. Nevertheless, a jeering look appeared on Donald's face. "I'm not planning to kill you all myself." Hearing that, Akio let out a sigh. However, the next thing

Donald said made chills run down his spine. "Well, someone will come to slaughter all of you," Donald continued with a vicious glint in his eyes. The mercenaries all had their hands stained in blood. In the end, they came to Pollerton and received Akio's protection.

Donald had long wanted to clean up that place. Akio continued, "Don't cross the line, Donald! Also, who are you really?" Just as those words were out of his mouth, Akio heard a strange noise. "What is that?" Akio turned to scan his surroundings dubiously. He knew that was the buzzing sound of propellers, and it was coming closer and closer with each passing second. Then, the mercenaries shouted, "They are military-use helicopters!" The bright searchlights shone on the building and through the windows. It was then Akio saw eight helicopters in the sky, their guns trained in his direction. "It's the Horizon Group! Oh my god, why is Horizon Group here?" "It's Kingsley, the Wyvern King!" The mercenaries paled as fear pulsed through them. As a superpower, Horizon Group was the nightmare of various countries' mercenaries. None of the thousands and millions of private armed forces all over the globe dared to cross Horizon Group. After all, Lord Campbell was like a god. In just a few years, he had climbed to the top of the pyramid and became the most capable young man known to mankind in centuries. "Who are you?" Abruptly, a thought popped into Akio's mind, and he gasped. Kingsley, who was suited in a set of green armor, then slowly walked over.

Horizon Group had already surrounded the place. "Greetings, Lord Campbell." Kingsley walked over and went on one knee. His greeting struck Akio and Amadeus like a bolt from the blue. The Lord Campbell? Donald is Lord Campbell? That was the most shocking news Akio had heard in his life. His

them," Donald commanded. "No!" Akio began quaking in his boots. On the other hand, Amadeus closed his eyes and took in a deep breath. For his last attempt at escaping, Amadeus transformed into a black cloud and launched himself outward. Just as Amadeus was a hundred meters away from his original spot, heat began gathering in Donald's palm. Liquid metal was wriggling in his palm before it turned into a thin steel wire and swiftly grew longer. It was then the passersby on the

**Chapter 488** Golden Lord It was because Pollerton Translations' office had been surrounded. "Hunter's Coil! The one who saved Nathan from the northern border was you! You're the Golden Lord too!" Akio's eyes were bulging as he was forced to relearn everything he thought he knew. "That's correct. Would you like an award for that?" Donald sarcastically said to Akio. Akio trembled even more. "What can I do to make you let me go? Tell me the terms." Donald shook his head. "There's no need."

He then turned to Kingsley and said, "Send him to his afterlife." "Yes, sir!" Kingsley and Horizon Group responded in unison. What happened next was something Donald did not get personally involved with. After all, he had other more important affairs to attend to. He had to head to Jadeborough to treat Solomon. Solomon treated Raymond well, but he had not intercepted when the Campbell clan targeted Raymond. Donald did not know why and neither did he want to find out. Nevertheless, he had to save Solomon. Raymond was good friends with Solomon, so it was likely that Raymond would be sad if Solomon were to die. Therefore, regardless of everything, Donald had to take a trip to Jadeborough and rescue the old man. The Sanchez residence in Jadeborough was a manor located in the countryside midway up a mountain. The scenery there was picturesque, and the manor covered an area of ten thousand square feet. The Sanchez residence was brightly lit at night. However, no one dared to sleep, and they were all gathered in one room.

worse, and he was falling unconscious for longer times. Outside the room were a few middle-aged men with solemn faces. There were also a few young people around, and they were all dressed to their nines. Those were the third generation of young people in the Sanchez family. Right then, the door opened. The first ones to come out were elderly doctors in white coats. The few middle-aged men then walked up to the doctors and asked, "How is my father?" The few doctors shared a look before one said, "He's in

easily. However, Solomon's death would significantly decrease the Sanchez family's power. A fashionable woman in a pink coat then asked, "Where's Dr. Herschel?" "He's still inside," was all the doctor said before leaving. At that moment, everyone placed their hopes on Gregor Herschel, for that man was one of the representative figures of traditional medicine. If even Gregor had no way to cure him, then Solomon was doomed. A moment later, an elderly man in traditional garb walked out of the room. He looked exhausted, and he let out a sigh when he came out. "I've used nine silver needles to keep him alive for now, but his time will be up soon. I'm sorry for there's nothing I can do for him anymore!" Everyone's expressions turned grave. The second-generation Sanchezes were in the middle of an important event, and they were

**Chapter 489** An Audience There were still a few silver needles inserted at the spot between his eyes, as well as on his chest. They were there to seal off his acupoints to forcibly keep him alive. "Grandpa..." Melanie whispered as tears welled up in her eyes. "I have to admit that I've grown old," Solomon started. "Bury me in Grave Nine at Xanfield after I die. My good friend had read my fortune before, and he said that Grave Nine is a fantastic place in terms of geomancy. That place would be able to ensure that the Sanchez family continues to flourish. He was a master in geomancy, and he was, in a way, a master of fortune-telling.

Your great-grandfather—my father—was buried in Grave Nine at Xanfield per his guidance. That is why the Sanchez family has been thriving steadily all these years." Melanie did not register his words at all, for she was overwhelmed with sadness. It was as if a giant rock was crushing her chest. "Why are you crying? You won't look pretty if you have tear running down your face. No one will want you—even Atticus won't want you," Solomon said to her in a weak voice. "I don't like Atticus." Melanie wiped her tears. "He's despicable. The one I like will be a hero like Lord Campbell." Lord Campbell? Solomon smiled bitterly. He had always wanted to meet the impressive young man, but he never got the chance to do that. If he could continue to live, he would like to meet the spectacular young man. Unfortunately, he had no more chances as he was dying. While Melanie was in the throes of sorrow, she heard someone talking outside. "There's a young man called Donald Campbell who's seeking an audience with Mr. Sanchez. He said he'll be able to cure Mr. Sanchez." Melanie stiffened

scowled when he heard that. He knew best what kind of condition Solomon was in, and he would confidently say that no one would be able to cure the elderly man. After all, Solomon was suffering from multiple organ failure and he was old. No medication would be able to save him. Soon, Melanie saw the young man brought into the room. She was taken aback for a moment before she uttered, "Did you say that you can save my grandpa?" Meanwhile, Donald was observing Melanie as well. The pink coat woman, who looked like she was around the age of twenty-seven to twenty-eight, was clearly an

had, Melanie was not going to let him go easily. Nevertheless, Donald's expression did not change even after he heard her question. In a terrifyingly calm tone, he introduced, "I'm from Pollerton, and my grandpa is Raymond Campbell. I've heard him mention that he's Mr.

**Chapter 490** Yadriel And Waylon “Was my guess right?” Melanie thought that she had made the right guess when Donald did not respond to her, and the mockery in her expression turned more intense. Donald only looked at her with dull eyes before muttering, “I just don’t want my grandpa to be sad. Why else would his death have anything to do with me?” “You’re absurd!” Melanie fumed. As she jabbed a finger at Donald, she bellowed, “Get out of here right now!” The middle-aged men around them also grimaced. “Boy, are you here to cause a scene?” However, Donald scanned his surroundings before walking straight toward Solomon’s room. “Stop! If you take another step further, we’re not going to show you any mercy!”

Melanie ordered. They were at the Sanchez residence, and there were plenty of mighty fighters hiding around. In fact, there were some retired Novem Stella Warriors among them. Barely any locals dared to come to the Sanchez residence to pick a fight. Still, Donald continued his way to the room. In the blink of an eye, he was at the doorway, about to enter. Melanie’s scowl deepened, and she took a step to the side, seemingly opening up a path for someone. Indeed, a man in traditional garbs and a long umbrella in his hands appeared. There were no expressions on his face, but he had a sharp gaze. After fixing his eyes on Donald, he charged toward Donald’s back with the umbrella in his hands. In the other direction, an elderly man in a long green robe and a cane in his hands appeared. He did not have much hair, his mustache was white, and his eyes seemed cloudy, but his presence was a commanding one. Like the umbrella-wielding man, he was swift, and he was aiming his cane at Donald’s head. Those two were retired Novem Stella Warriors, and they were close to becoming Decem Stella Warriors. The elderly man, especially, was a prominent figure from the same period as Noah’s father, Randy.

“Yadriel Qualls. Waylon Diaz,” Donald softly said after recognizing them. The two narrowed their eyes a little, surprised and confused about how Donald had recognized them. Nevertheless, they did not slow down. As a matter of fact, they came at him with even more force. As Donald watched the two powerful attacks heading toward him, he raised his right arm. As if his fingers were blades, he tapped the end tip of the umbrella. After a crackling sound, Melanie felt as if a clash of thunder had sounded out in her head, and her world spun. The black umbrella cracked and shattered before the pieces stabbed into the wall. Almost at the same time, Donald tapped Yadriel’s

was a dragon waking from its sleep. Then, he felt destructive power pouring into his arms and nearly quaking him to death. Homicidal intent manifested on Waylon’s face, and he rushed toward Donald to swing a fist at his face. All Donald did was to lift his hand slightly to intercept the fist. With a casual swing to the side, he sent Waylon flying. Melanie was astounded as her eyes widened.