

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 17

Chapter 17

As a professional salesperson, Rafe immediately introduced the place, "This is the most expensive house in Pollerton. It's called the Prime Property of Pollerton and is worth thirteen hundred million. There is a recreational room, a billiard room, a swimming pool, and a sunroom inside the house. I heard that its ownership is about to be transferred soon.

Narrowing his eyes, Oliver stared at the building. His eyes glinted as he pondered to himself.

Meanwhile, Irene and Rebecca were glancing at the building in envy.

"Thirteen hundred million? Who would be able to buy it? The buyer is probably a financial magnate, right?" Irene wondered aloud.

"No ordinary person can fork out thirteen hundred million to buy a house," Rafe replied. He appeared to be a little pathetic as he smiled suppliantly at the lady and bowed to her gently.

Oliver's gaze swept past Rafe in disdain. "Whoever it is, that's none of your business. Your monthly salary is just three thousand and six hundred."

Hearing this, Rafe flinched. Though his smile froze on his face, he did not dare to counter back.

Just then, Irene and Rebecca giggled in unison. "Yes, Rafe. You shouldn't worry about this. Instead, think about how you can sell the house to earn more commission."

"Commission? Hmph, it's more like you're receiving alms." Irene snorted.

Thereafter, Donald replied, "Rafe is a salesperson. How could you deem the results of his hard work as alms?"

Hearing this, Irene glared contemptuously at Donald.

His outfit is worth less than two hundred, and he still has the audacity to stand up for someone in front of us?

Then, she retorted, "That's none of your business as well. In my opinion, it's your luck that Mr. Langford was willing to give you a commission. Since he can easily pay one hundred million for a house, he could directly discuss the offer with the owner of the estate himself. Hence, you're not really helpful to him."

Irene had mistakenly assumed that Donald was a property agent as well. Hence, she treated him with derision.

"There's no such thing as equality in this world. Oliver is way better than you,"

Rebecca piped up coldly.

She desperately tried to win Oliver's favor by praising the latter and belittling Rafe and Donald

In response, Oliver just waved his hand dismissively. "All right, that's enough. Let's talk about business-related matters now."

Though he spoke in an indifferent tone, his face betrayed the arrogant attitude he had toward everyone else.

Seeing that Donald was preparing to retaliate again, Rafe meekly tugged at his sleeve to stop him, signaling him not to engage in a useless verbal dispute.

Then, Donald fell silent.

With Rafe leading the way, they arrived at the ninth apartment of the twenty-seventh

story in no time.

A middle-aged man opened the door for them. His face looked wan and sallow. The interior of the apartment was lavish. It occupied three hundred square meters and had its own balcony.

“If not for a problem in the capital chain, I wouldn’t have sold this apartment. The total price for this is ninety-seven million. We can sign the contract immediately,” the middle-aged man voiced out, his gaze directed at Oliver.

After working in the business industry for so many years, he had already been able to accurately figure out who had the most power among the group of people in front of him.

Walking around the entire apartment, Oliver nodded and shook his head intermittently. Finally, he said, “I’m quite satisfied with your house. Nonetheless, I’ll have to consider it for a while. I’ll give you a reply by tomorrow. Is that fine for you?”

Then, the middle-aged man agreed, “Sure.”

Oliver asked, “Could you give me your contact number?”

Rafe stood up swiftly. He remarked to the middle-aged man, “You can just contact me. Why don’t I help you to coordinate the deal?”

If the two directly liaised with one another, it would be highly disadvantageous to Rafe, as he might not be able to receive his commission then.

Hastily, the middle-aged man’s head bobbed up and down in compliance. He commented, “All right, that’s the rules of the industry. I understand that.”

Upon witnessing this, Oliver’s face darkened. He remarked, “Rafe, did I allow you to speak? What’re you afraid of? Are you afraid that I won’t give you your fees?”

Instantly, Rafe panicked. He stuttered, “No, you’re mistaken. 1-1...”

“What?” Oliver questioned unhappily.

“It’s the rules of the industry,” Donald spoke up. “Even the owner knows the regulations. Why don’t you understand it? Rafe searched for the property and contacted the sellers by himself. He had a hard time doing so. Are you going to disregard his contribution like this?”

“Hey! Who are you to tell Mr. Langford off?” Irene inquired snarkily.

Donald’s gaze turned cold. Frostily, he looked at Irene. Seeing this, the woman uncontrollably shivered.

As the owner of the house was unable to fully comprehend the situation at hand, he subsequently tried to smooth things over. “All right, I’ll contact Rafe instead.”

Gratefully, Rafe thanked the middle-aged man, “Thank you, Mr. Yellere. We won’t disturb you then.”

After walking out of the neighborhood, Rafe peeked at Oliver and said, “Mr. Langford, what do you think about the house?”

Without looking back at Rafe, Oliver uttered, “Let’s meet up at noon. We can chat over lunch.”

Troubled, Rafe glanced at Donald to notice that the latter had a mocking expression on his face. “We should go,” he said.

Rafe nodded and inquired, “All right. Where shall we go for lunch?”

“Rivebale Hotel,” Oliver declared. Thereafter, he boarded his car.

Irene and Rebecca did not even bother to bid Donald and Rafe goodbye. Rolling their eyes, they followed Oliver.

Glancing at the BMW that was speeding away, Rafe voiced out, "Oliver seems so arrogant. I wonder what our lunch will be like later."

Donald replied, "We should go and have lunch with him. Who knows? Maybe we'll gain something unexpected."

"It appears that Oliver's really rich, as he arranged for lunch at Rivebale Hotel," Rafe commented in admiration. He added, "The hotel was founded by the successful businesswoman, Lana."

Is that so?

Donald was stunned for a moment before he immediately regained his senses. Smiling wryly, he hoped he would not run into Lana there.

A few minutes later, Donald and Rafe arrived at Rivebale Hotel. They caught sight of twenty people standing in the lobby, one of which was Oliver. He was arguing with the receptionist.

"I'm very sorry, sir. We are at full capacity today. You didn't reserve a table..." the receptionist apologized profusely to Oliver.

Then, Oliver snorted in disbelief. "Is this how you manage your hotel? I've heard that there is a private room on the ninth floor that is empty. Why can't we use it?"

The receptionist widened her eyes. "Sir, that room is not available to customers. Ms. Collins receives her guests there. I'm just doing my job. Please don't make things difficult for me.

There were only two private rooms on the ninth floor. Apart from that, there was a bowling room, a gym, a meeting room, a karaoke room, and a movie theater on that

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floor.

Thus, one could say that the ninth floor was only for Pollerton's esteemed guests. This included the likes of the richest man in Pollerton, Charles, the diva Wynter, and those tycoons who ranked first in the city.

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"I'm an executive of Johnny's Antiques!" Oliver threatened in a low voice.

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Johnny's Antiques...

The receptionist instantaneously sucked in a deep breath. Respectfully, she said, "Do wait for a while. I'll call someone to ask for instructions."

Oliver finally nodded contentedly and scanned the surroundings.

Everyone around looked at him with their faces full of respect and admiration.

Oliver was satisfied to receive everyone's respect.

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Chapter 18

The receptionist called someone from senior management, Mark White. "Hello, Mr. White. An executive from Johnny's Antiques wishes to reserve the entire ninth floor..."

"Did Johnny Green personally request it?" A strong and steady voice traveled from the phone.

The receptionist whispered, "No, it's an executive from his company."

"Get him to scram. Only Johnny has the right to reserve the entire floor in Johnny's Antiques. So what if he's an executive?" Mark replied.

The receptionist hung up and said apologetically, "I'm sorry. My superior has already stated that only Mr. Johnny Green has the right to enter the ninth floor. Sir, you might want to book a place somewhere else."

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Oliver's face darkened.

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"If that's the case, let's go to another hotel. We don't have to hold our gathering here," someone murmured.

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"Yeah, Oliver. We only came here to reminisce. Let's not get our good mood spoiled by this trivial matter," Irene added.

Apparently, she had heard of Lana's reputation. She knew that the ninth floor was not a place that commoners could enter.

"Let's go to another hotel," Rafe suggested quietly. He was afraid that Oliver would be upset. After all, if Oliver got upset, his opportunity to earn money would be destroyed just like that.

What's so bad about suffering a little grievance and behaving more humbly to seal the deal?

"Are you looking down on me?" Oliver's expression turned frosty. He no longer concealed the mockery in his eyes.

His motive for attending the gathering was to flaunt his wealth.

Irene chimed in, "What has it got to do with you, Rafe?"

"You're merely a middleman. To put it bluntly, you're just a lowly dog. What right do you have to speak?" Rebecca scolded.

The rest of the group began berating Rafe as well. "Yeah, why are you interfering in this matter? You should just shut up and mind your own business."

Rafe's face immediately turned as red as a tomato. He remained frozen on the spot and did not know whether he should leave or stay.

Even the receptionist looked at Rafe pitifully.

Being poor was a sin.

The only reason Rafe was criticized was that he was poor and had no status.

"Sir, I'm sorry. Please don't make too much noise here," the receptionist reminded.

Seeing that everyone was criticizing Rafe and standing up for him, Oliver felt a little more comfortable.

Donald sighed softly and patted Rafe on the back. Thereafter, he looked at Oliver and asked, "If I can bring you to the ninth floor, will you consider buying that apartment and giving Rafe a substantial amount of commission?"

Oliver froze, then burst out laughing. "Donald, are you kidding me? How can you bring us to the ninth floor? Have you lost your mind?"

Irene also looked at him with contempt. "That's right. Take a good look at yourself. You can't even afford a normal private room. Yet, you claim that you can bring us to the ninth floor? Stop boasting!"

"How arrogant and vain," Rebecca remarked placidly.

“All right, Donald. Since you wish to show off, let’s see you try.” Oliver turned around and stared at Donald. Many emotions flickered in his eyes.

Mockery, disdain, contempt, and derision could be detected in his gaze.

“How should I prove it to you?” Donald was expressionless.

“As long as you’re able to bring us to the ninth floor of this building, I’ll buy that apartment. I’ll even give Rafe two million worth of commission!” Oliver declared.

Rafe, on the other hand, pulled on Donald’s sleeve worriedly and whispered, “Donald, that’s okay. I don’t need that commission. Let’s go.” Yet, Donald patted him on the shoulder once more. “It’s okay. Leave it to me,” he said,

Thereafter, he took out his phone and called Lana. He had gotten her number from Charles.

“Who’s this?” A sweet and languid voice came from the other end of the phone.

“I’m Donald.”

The other person fell silent, but Donald could hear her breathing grow rapid.

“Donald, where are you?” Lana’s pleasant voice continued to reverberate from the phone.

Donald explained, “I need your help. I have a class gathering today. I’m currently on the first floor of the Rivebale Hotel. We are unable to book a room. Thus, I wish to request for you to open the ninth floor for us. Is that okay?”

“All right. I’ll head over and settle it. Wait for me there,” Lana agreed.

Donald hung up and said calmly, “Let’s wait for a few minutes. Someone will arrive shortly and arrange things for us.”

Oliver looked at him in disbelief and mockery. “You’re lying! What right do you have to enter the ninth floor?” he scoffed.

Irene and Rebecca giggled and looked at Donald as if they were looking at a fool.

Even the chairman of Johnny’s Antiques had to book beforehand to enter the ninth floor.

No one believed that Donald could settle it with a simple phone call.

The receptionist did not believe him either.

A few moments later, a muscular man walked over swiftly. He appeared to be around thirty-five years old and had a menacing appearance. He was bald and a black lotus tattoo covered his head. One could tell that he was not a good person at first glance. He was, indeed, Mark White, the most prominent figure in Rivebale Hotel and also Lana’s loyal lackey.

His sharp eyes scanned the crowd. Everyone felt as if they were pierced by that gaze of his. His aura was too intimidating.

“Who’s Mr. Campbell?” Mark asked.

Donald calmly replied, “It’s me.”

“Follow me to the ninth floor. The ninth floor is open to you today,” Mark said, Although his tone was polite, his gaze was focused on Donald ferociously.

There was suspicion and curiosity in his eyes.

Everyone was stunned upon hearing Mark’s words.

What’s the situation? Is Donald secretly an influential figure? That’s the renowned ninth floor! Even the richest man in Pollerton has to book beforehand if he wished to enter it.

How did he settle it with one phone call?

Oliver widened his eyes while Irene and Rebecca covered their mouths in shock.

“Is Donald seriously hiding something from us?”

“Donald, give me a hint. What’s going on?”

“Please follow me.” Mark walked ahead, and the crowd trailed after him in a daze. They walked into a private elevator.

After they got onto the ninth floor, everyone was stunned speechless.

Is this the legendary ninth floor?

It was like a giant amusement center. Large paintings of mountains and rivers adorned the wall. Oliver could tell that the paintings were authentic pieces painted centuries ago.

Three years ago, they were sold for a sky-high price of forty-five million in an auction.

He did not expect to see these paintings on the ninth floor.

Irene and Rebecca stared at Donald. They wished to find out his true colors.

However, Donald remained extremely calm.

“Can you fulfill your promise now?” Donald glanced at Oliver.

Rafe felt like he was dreaming. The situation was too unbelievable, and he felt surreal.

Is this the Donald I know?

Oliver’s expression turned rigid. However, he nodded. “I will definitely fulfill my promise.

But, what’s going on?” He was unwilling to admit defeat.

Johnny’s Antiques was already a powerful company. Its net worth was a whopping ten billion, but still, with that amount of power, only Johnny himself could enter the ninth floor.

Yet, Donald settled the matter just by making one phone call. The stark contrast made Oliver feel extremely upset.

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 19

Chapter 19

Everyone stared at Donald, especially Irene and Rebecca. Their eyes were filled with blatant curiosity.

“Donald, I didn’t know that you were so influential.” Irene leaned closer to Donald and wanted to hold the latter’s arm.

Donald took a step back wordlessly, avoiding her grasp.

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The smile on Irene’s face froze.

On the other hand, Rebecca laughed girlishly. “Donald, you’re pretending to be weak to conceal your true power. You can even book the ninth floor with a mere phone call.

That’s amazing!”

When Oliver heard them praise Donald, he felt extremely uncomfortable.

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I should be the main character today. What’s the point of being wealthy and accomplished if I can’t boast about my wealth? I did everything I could to steal a cultural relic and sell it for a hundred million just so I could show off! I want everyone to be dazzled by my wealth. Why have things turned out like this?

“Perhaps I can explain,” Mark said.

He had a strong aura and tattoos were inked all over his head. At first glance, one could tell that he was not someone to be crossed with. When he spoke, everyone shut their mouths. They fell silent and looked at him simultaneously.

Mark explained in a deep voice, “Yesterday, Ms. Collins accidentally fell into the water

when she was on an outing. Donald happened to walk past and saved her. Ms. Collins gave him a million as a token of appreciation and promised to fulfill a request of his that was within her power. Is that correct?"

When Mark finished speaking, his gaze sharpened, and a faint light shone in his pupils as he turned to look at Donald expressionlessly. Narrowing his eyes, a look of contempt appeared on his face.

All he did was save Ms. Collins yesterday. How dare he make demands? Furthermore, he even brought a bunch of annoying brats into the supreme ninth floor.

A cold smile appeared on his face. He lowered his head and a frosty gleam shone in his eyes as he contemplated getting rid of Donald when he had the chance to do so.

"Yes. You're right." Donald was still expressionless. That was his personality. He did not like to explain too much, let alone waste his time talking nonsense. After experiencing huge, life-changing events, he had no interest in such trivial matters.

The sole reason he attended the gathering was out of consideration for Rafe's feelings.

Everyone immediately understood what was going on.

So that's how it is. He just happened to save Lana Collins, who has a net worth of more than twenty billion. To repay his kindness, she not only gave him a million but also promised to accede to a request of his. No wonder we can enter the ninth floor. Lana's life and promise are too important. Entering the ninth floor once is nothing in comparison.

"I see. I thought that Donald has reinvented himself!" The gloomy look on Oliver's face disappeared and was replaced with a smile.

"So, you've only saved Ms. Collins' life. Why are you acting like it's a big deal?" Irene instantly moved away from Donald with a look of disdain on her face.

"What? That's it?" Rebecca frowned and walked away. Annoyance and disgust were evident on her face as she glanced at Donald.

"I see. This Donald is such a fool. Lana's promise is so valuable. He could've requested an apartment or a car, but he used it to bring us to the ninth floor instead. He's dumb." Some of the classmates discussed in low voices.

"That's right. If our roles were reversed, I'd request ten million from her. Yet, he used it just to show off."

"Just so he can show off, he wasted a promise from Lana. What a stupid man."

Everyone started discussing and looking at Donald with utter derision.

Mark smiled faintly and looked deeply at Donald. "Pretty impressive."

His gaze was gloomy, and his tone was meaningful.

Donald narrowed his eyes and looked back at Mark. He suddenly laughed. "Are you threatening me?"

He's just Lana's lackey. It's not like I can't kill him.

Mark solemnly nodded. "Whatever. You can think of it like that."

Oliver and the rest of the crowd looked at Donald and Mark, anticipating a good show.

Offending Lana's lackey was akin to offending Lana herself. Furthermore, Mark was not just a simple lackey of Lana's. He was also the head honcho of the Blade Alliance, The Blade Alliance was a legendary prominent organization in Pollerton.

Even Johnny, the owner of Johnny's Antiques, did not dare to provoke Mark.

Donald calmly scrutinized the man. "You have no right to challenge me."

Few people dared to offend him in the entire world, as doing so would cause an international conflict.

Mark froze and anger flashed in his eyes. His fury bubbled and dangerous tension could be felt in the air. "If not for the fact that you had saved Ms. Collins, I would have strangled you to death!"

Everyone's hearts skipped a beat in fear upon witnessing Mark's wrath. His aura was so frightening that they found it difficult to breathe.

Donald's face finally grew serious as he slowly walked toward Mark.

He had a calm temperament and was not competitive. Yet, it did not mean that he would not get angry. If someone crossed the line, he did not mind getting rid of them.

Simply put, if one did not mess with him, he would not mess with them as well.

However, if one dared to get on his nerves, he could even kill their entire family in retaliation.

Mark continued wearing a casual expression. He laughed evilly and his fearsome teeth flashed under the light. It was frightening.

He clenched his fist, cracked his knuckles, and stretched his neck.

Rafe's face paled upon seeing that. He hurriedly stopped Donald. "Donald. He's Mark White. Don't be rash."

Thereafter, he anxiously rushed toward Mark and bowed. "I'm really sorry, Mr. White. I truly apologize. Please be magnanimous and forgive him."

Oliver and the rest had already shied away. They looked at the scene with much interest.

In their eyes, Donald and Rafe were dead meat.

How can he possibly still live if he's offended Mark White? The man has controlled the Blade Alliance for so many years. He's done many terrible and ruthless things. If Lana Collins had not managed to suppress him, he would have conquered the entire underground world in Pollerton.

Donald's gaze grew colder. His killing intent intensified. Similarly, Mark was like a wild beast that was ready to attack.

Just as Donald was prepared to snap Mark's neck, a lady suddenly walked in.

She wore a long red dress and was very pretty. Her complexion was fair, and her figure was alluring. There was no flaw on her small face. Her lips were red and her teeth were white. Her watery eyes shone as if they could speak.

The first impression people had of her was that she was an otherworldly being. She attracted people to her and made them unable to resist falling in love with her.

"What are you doing?" Lana asked softly after she entered.

Her voice was sweet and captivating, taking every man's breath away.

Even Mark's breathing quickened.

Yet, he did not dare to look at her. He lowered his head and stood there respectfully.

On the other hand, Irene and Rebecca looked at Lana with jealousy and envy.

We're all women. Why is she so perfect?

Mark retracted his fierce aura and stood there motionlessly like a child that had done something wrong. He was very subservient.

Lana's gaze landed on Mark. It was a quick and unconcerned gaze, but there was a menacing light glinting in her eyes.

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 20

Chapter 20

If Mark's aura was strong, Lana's was even mightier.

Even though she was merely standing motionlessly, she exuded a strong presence. Mark felt Lana's gaze, and cold sweat perspired profusely on his forehead. At that moment, he was filled with dread.

Others might not know about Lana's true identity, but he knew it best.

She was none other than the heir of the Collins family.

At that moment, Mark's hatred for Donald brimmed. After all, Donald was the one who caused all this.

What right does this Donald have to make Lana treat me like this?

"Get out," Lana stated lightly.

"Yes, Ms. Collins," Mark replied respectfully with his head lowered.

Donald could clearly see the cold gleam flickering in Mark's eyes. When the latter's gaze swept past him, there was an apparent killing intent hidden within.

Donald sneered inwardly.

"I haven't thanked you for saving my life yesterday." Lana did not even bother shooting a glance at Oliver and the others as she walked up to Donald and spoke gently. Rafe stood right next to him with a bewildered expression.

He had never come into contact with a person of Lana's caliber. Though he would normally see them on television, that was the first time he actually saw them close up.

"It's fine." Donald shook his head.

"Shall we go out and talk?" Lana suggested.

After hesitating for a moment, Donald nodded. "Okay."

Lana smiled faintly at his reply and headed out first. She did not spare Oliver and the others a glance, which made Oliver feel miserable.

I have worked so hard to position myself in a stylish posture. Why won't you spare me a glance?

The moment Lana appeared, Oliver had positioned himself in the coolest posture possible and put on his most handsome and warm smile. He thought it would be great to win Lana's favor.

Yet, Lana did not even spare him a glance.

The crowd heaved a sigh of relief after seeing Lana leave.

"Why is he acting all high and mighty? Does he seriously think his life would change for the better after saving Lana's life?" Irene pursed his lips disdainfully.

"Come on, just let this go. You are about to become a famous celebrity soon," Rebecca consoled while tugging her friend's hand.

As this topic was aroused, the crowd immediately gathered around and bombarded her with questions.

"Irene, are you really signing a contract with Donter Pictures?" one of the female classmates asked with an envious look on her face.

Smugness filled Irene's eyes as she replied, "That's right. Donter Pictures was established by the diva, Wynter, and the richest man in Pollerton, Charles. You guys must know how many resources the diva has."

Rebecca smiled. "My sister is also about to sign a contract with Donter Pictures. If you

guys want to see them in the future, it will only be on the big screen.”

“Let’s talk while we eat. Excuse me, we are ready to order,” proposed Oliver as he lifted his hand to call for a waiter.

Rafe pondered for a while and asked cautiously, “Mr. Langford, does the promise you made still count?”

Oliver chuckled. “What did I promise?”

“You said that if Donald brings us to the ninth floor, you’ll buy that apartment and give me two million worth of commission.” Rafe grew anxious.

Oliver responded, “Does he really have the ability to bring us in? I have long known that he doesn’t have the capability. I just didn’t want to embarrass him. Let’s eat first and talk about this matter later.”

“Let’s not talk about work today. Let’s eat first and not ruin everyone’s mood,” Rebecca added lightly.

Rafe sighed.

If I knew this, I wouldn’t have accepted this deal. Even someone as stupid as me can tell that

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Oliver never really wanted to buy that apartment, and he just wanted to show off in front of me,

Donald sat on the leather couch in the parlor of the tenth floor and said, “Not bad. This couch is designed executively. One set would cost six to seven thousand.”

“You know your stuff.” Lana smiled faintly and asked, “What do you want to drink?”

“Just some plain coffee would be good enough,” Donald said.

Lana then opened a cabinet, took out some coffee powder, and made a cup of hot coffee for Donald.

“What a surprise. You actually stocked up on ordinary coffee,” Donald said with a smile.

“Well, I might encounter all kinds of clients when doing business. It’s best to be prepared for all sorts of possibilities.” Lana sat back on the couch. She stretched her body, revealing her perfect hourglass body figure.

“Thank you for your help today,” Donald said as he took a sip of coffee.

Lana smiled and shook her head. “It’s no trouble at all. I’m sorry about Mark’s behavior. You don’t have to worry about him. I will deal with him promptly and won’t let him cause you any trouble.”

Donald chuckled softly. “I don’t really care about him.”

Lana frowned. “Mark is very full of himself because he conquers the Blade Alliance.”

She had investigated Donald, and based on the information found, Donald was married. However, he fell out with his wife due to a surgery fee that cost six hundred thousand.

Donald originally had a company under his name, and now the legal person of the company had changed.

Hence, in her opinion, Donald had no other strengths other than being slightly capable of fighting

However, being skillful in combat did not mean anything.

After all, there were plenty of people who were skilled in combat in the Blade Alliance.

Yet, they still did not dare to appear publicly and only did their tasks behind the curtain

There were only five or six people who dared to show themselves in the entire Blade Alliance.

“Don’t worry about that. If he crosses the line, I will destroy him. Even you won’t be able to stop me,” Donald stated nonchalantly as he sat on the couch.

Lana’s frown deepened. “Mark isn’t as simple as you think. Also...

“Also, you’ve conducted an investigation on me, right?” Donald flashed her a half smile and continued, “You have checked my credit score, company, travel records, and all of my purchase history? Isn’t that right?”

Immediately, Lana’s eyes widened in surprise.

Donald is right. The person I arranged to investigate him is quite skilled. He’s able to investigate people in secrecy, without the target knowing. Also, he’s never made a mistake, and he’s never been discovered. What is with this Donald? How did he know I was investigating him?

“Mantis is indeed capable, and he is level-headed. However, have you heard of a phrase? If you gaze into the abyss, the abyss gazes also into you,” Donald stated.

Lana was even more shocked. She sat up straight and stared into Donald’s eyes.

Mantis was her trusted subordinate, who was also known as the best tracker in Pollerton.

She never expected Mantis to be exposed after conducting an investigation on Donald.

“Who exactly are you?” Lana narrowed her eyes as she realized that she had underestimated Donald.

“Ms. Collins, it’s not good to know too much,” Donald muttered.

Lana sat on the same spot and chuckled suddenly. “It seems that I have failed. It’s my bad. I’m sorry for conducting an investigation on you.”

“It’s fine. The things you found out were things I was willing to present,” Donald responded.

Lana felt Donald was even more unfathomable, and it sparked her interest in him.