

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 211

Chapter 211

“Fine.” Bryan stood up and added, “I’m not going to waste my time talking to you.” He clapped his hands and suddenly, a brawny man came in through the door. It wasn’t just any brawny man, but Akio’s bodyguard, Octavio Sanders. One of the top ten masters of Yartran, the former head of the Yartran 250 field army.

“We meet again, Donald!” Octavio spoke inarticulately with a gloomy smile on his face.

“Get rid of him,” Bryan ordered, waving his hands like he was chasing flies away. Octavio slowly took off his top, revealing a terrifying tattoo on his body. It was an enormous eight-headed serpent – the totem of Yartran.

Bryan gave Donald an intense stare, made a throat-cut gesture, and left the room as he closed the door behind him.

“Mr. Ono really doesn’t like you,” Octavio said, walking toward Donald. “That’s why I’m here to break your neck tonight.”

Without looking at Octavio, Donald muttered to Lana, “Close your eyes.”

“What for?” Lana asked, giggling and unfazed.

“I’m afraid the blood will scare you later,” Donald replied.

Lana chuckled. “I’m not scared of that; I’m just scared of you.”

Octavio suddenly felt humiliated. Can I get some respect here? I’m here to kill, for goodness’ sake.

“Bastard!” Octavio exploded.

Donald’s expression instantly became indifferent and terrifying. As his face turned dark, he slammed his hand on the marble coffee table, turning it to powder.

Donald strode over to Octavio and said, “I really hate the word bastard!”

Octavio suddenly felt like he was hallucinating. Donald was like a mighty dragon coming out of the abyss, looking down at him condescendingly.

“Even Wolfgang and Amadeus would back down when they see me. Who do you think you are?” Donald’s temperament changed, and his eyes were as sharp as knives.

His murderous intent was apparent, and he was exuding an astounding aura.

Once Donald became furious, he would shake heaven and earth.

A faint golden light emitted from Octavio’s body as he took a samurai’s sword from behind his waist. With a lift of his feet, he charged toward Donald and slashed at him.

Whoosh!

An explosion sounded when he swung his extremely sharp blade. It was as if he had split the void open.

The samurai’s sword slashed at Donald’s head, yet he stayed still and lightly raised his hand, stopping the sword with his fingers.

At that point, Octavio felt it was difficult to advance further. His eyes widened as he looked at Donald in disbelief.

That blow would’ve easily cut off a ten-centimeter thick steel plate, but it wasn’t even enough to break Donald’s two fingers.

He instantly had a bad feeling about it.

Donald’s expression remained aloof. With a twist of his fingers, the white and shiny samurai’s sword instantly snapped and shattered into seven to eight pieces.

Octavio cried out and let go. His hands bled from the impact.
“Who are you?” Octavio asked, trembling in fear.
“I’m from Quadfield.” Donald walked forward.
“Your last name is Campbell, you know Wolfgang and Amadeus, and you come from Quadfield. You’re... Octavio’s eyes immediately widened. A wave of realization surged through his heart, and his heart almost jumped out of his throat.
Lord Campbell is at Pollerton! Did I just fight with Lord Campbell?
The entire world knew that Donald, who was young and was in charge of repressing Quadfield, was terrifying.
However, those who had seen the face of Lord Campbell were extremely limited.
“Lord Campbell!” Octavio trembled and almost knelt down before Donald.
This was the man who single-handedly ruled Yartran back then, forcing the country to almost use a strategic weapon against him.
“Why don’t you want a peaceful life?” Donald asked calmly.

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The calmer Donald was, the more terrified Octavio became.
“Ah!” Octavio finally couldn’t stand the pressure, turned around, and ran out the door. Although he was fast, Donald was faster.
Raising his leg, he leaped seven to eight meters forward. With the naked eye, a fifty centimeter-long current could be seen flying toward Octavio and slaying the latter in half.
Lana instantly closed her eyes in shock, afraid to watch the sight before her.
“Okay, you can open your eyes now,” Donald said after he threw the dust cloth on the couch onto Octavio, covering his dead body.
Lana clicked her tongue and shook her head. “You’re incredible! It was a seven-to eight-meter distance, and you broke the void.”
“This is a traditional combat art called Twelve Springing Kicks,” Donald explained. He then pulled the door open, and his expression returned to indifference. “It’s time to get even with Bryan.”
Meanwhile, Bryan was meeting Jennifer.
Out of the five families, Jennifer was the most nervous.
As the supporter of the Wilson family in Tayhaven, she barely had any right to speak. In a desperate attempt to establish Jennard Construction, the funds were allocated to order a large number of heavy-duty excavators and construction vehicles from Pollerton Heavy Machinery Industry.
She also reserved a hill on Shawsby Mountain, signed a mining contract, gave a ten percent deposit, and prepared to use it for mining.
Just when things were unfolding, Bryan, together with Stardew International, had acquired Pollerton Heavy Machinery Industry which had a market value of tens of billions. They then instructed Nigel to acquire Shawsby Mountain.
When everyone turned their attention to bidding, Bryan turned his attention to the suppliers.
It completely threw Jennifer off. Both Pollerton Heavy Machinery Industry and Shawsby

Mountain are now directly breaching the contract. How much will the liquidated damages be?

Besides, Jennifer still had a funding gap of one hundred million.

Therefore, she couldn't refrain from panicking at a moment like that.

Kevin informed Jennifer that Bryan was waiting for her at Paramount Hotel. At first, she hesitated, but she ended up agreeing to meet Bryan.

She had put on a delicate, yet light makeup tonight – wearing a long trench coat, leggings, and high heels. Her legs were slender and long, her lips red and teeth white, complementing her graceful demeanor. Her thin waist could be seen through her trench coat.

She was sitting in another reception room, waiting, as Kevin sat next to her.

"I can't believe Bryan's doing so well. You must've been blind back then, Jennifer. There were plenty of men for you to choose from, yet you chose to be with that useless prick, Donald!" Kevin scolded, rolling his eyes, and curiously looked around.

The interior decoration was extremely luxurious, and even a pot of ornamental plant cost hundreds of thousands.

"What a wealthy guy." Kevin gasped in astonishment.

He then advised, "Jennifer, you should really hold on to him this time. Don't be reckless again."

"Can you just shut up?" Jennifer frowned.

Kevin snorted coldly and kept his mouth shut as told.

Halfway through, someone knocked on the door.

Jennifer quickly stood up and fixed her makeup.

Bryan walked in, smiling and looking polite and dazzling.

"How are you, Jennifer?" Bryan walked up to Jennifer and sat down in front of her. His voice was gentle, and there was affection in his eyes.

Jennifer was also looking at Bryan with a slightly complicated expression on her face.

Back then, she had vague feelings for Bryan, but she soon realized it wasn't love after Donald showed up in her life.

She had never publicly admitted that Bryan was her first love.

"I'm okay," Jennifer said, nodding.

Bryan stared at her with fascination and said, "I know you've been dealing with some difficult matters lately. Just tell me what you need. As long as it's within my capabilities, I'll definitely do it."

Kevin kept throwing glances at her, hinting at her to accept Bryan's offer.

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Jennifer lifted her head to look at Bryan. "Mr. Garcia, you can tell us your conditions."

Bryan laughed merrily and took out two bottles of red wine from the wine cabinet before pouring one glass each for Jennifer and Kevin. "Let's drink."

He handed the glass that was filled to the brim to Jennifer.

She apologetically turned down the drink. "I'm sorry, but I don't drink."

Pretending to be angry, Bryan huffed, "How can you not know how to drink in the business industry? Drink at least a little. Let's toast."

After he said that, he clinked his glass with hers, creating a crisp sound.

Jennifer threw a pleading look at Kevin, hoping he would help her, but he pretended to not notice it.

Meanwhile, Bryan was satisfied with Kevin's attitude and drank a huge mouthful before paying attention to Jennifer's reaction.

Jennifer mulled over it and decided to put the glass on the table, then said, "Mr. Garcia, how about we go straight to the point?"

Bryan shook his head with a smile on his face and said. "Tell me about your thoughts."

"I've made a purchase order for excavators. Within twenty days, they will be ready. The excavation rights at Shawsby Mountain shall remain mine per the original agreement," Jennifer answered.

Bryan enjoyed his wine while leaning back against the couch. He admired the woman's sharp facial features and attractive figure. "What can you offer me?"

"Double the price. How does that sound?" She gritted her teeth.

Chuckling lightly, Bryan replied, "Sounds good, but it doesn't feel sincere. Pollerton Heavy Machinery Industry and Shawsby Mountain are both mine. In addition, the excavator sales and transportation channels are also under my control. I can raise my net worth to a billion from all these. Double the price will only profit me by tens of millions. If it were you, would you agree?"

Jennifer fell silent

Then, Bryan stood up and circled to her back. He looked at her silky hair, and the infatuation in his eyes grew increasingly intense.

With an affectionate tone, he asked suddenly, "Jennifer, promise me this one thing, and everything is yours whether it's Shawsby Mountain or Pollerton Heavy Machinery Industry, they'll be yours. They will be considered your betrothal gift."

He faced Jennifer and knelt on one knee in front of her. While he lifted his head to look at her attractive face, he took out a ring box from his pocket. When he opened it, an exquisite, sparkling diamond ring was sitting there. A single glance was enough to know it was pricey, and the price tag was still there, reading: Eight million eight hundred eighty thousand.

"Marry me. Jennifer!" Bryan proposed sincerely in an agitated tone

However, Jennifer did not accept it. She only looked at him with a complicated expression. "I'm married."

"No, I know you're divorced. Donald's a useless man. Why would you even fall for him?" he said in a crazed manner.

Jennifer only shook her head. "You wouldn't understand. Love is love. It cannot be forced."

If she was to ask herself, she did not know the reason either. All she knew was she liked Donald.

On the other hand, Kevin was sweating buckets from nervousness. He went up to them and stuffed the ring into Jennifer's hand, yelling, Jennifer, don't be stupid! Mr. Garcia is a good catch. Why are you hesitating? What's there to think about? He's much better than Donald! Take the ring and accept him."

Bryan liked how Kevin was acting and gave the latter a grateful look. Still on one knee in front of Jennifer, he gently convinced her, "Don't think about Donald anymore, please?" His tone almost sounded like he was begging her.

She sighed and said, "Mr. Garcia, I'm not good enough for you. All I want to do now is complete the tasks in my hands perfectly so I can make up to the Wilson family in Tayhaven. I don't want to think about other things now."

A look of insanity appeared in Bryan's eyes. "You're still thinking of Donald, right? If he agrees to a remarriage, you'll remarry him, right?"

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He added, "You have never loved me, right?"

Upon hearing the question, Jennifer stayed silent for a while before she answered, "I'm not sure."

Bryan immediately softened his tone as he said, "Jenny, please say yes. I promise to love and protect you. I can give you all of me. As long as you want it, I can even give up my life for you."

The mixed emotions in Jennifer's eyes deepened, and she lowered her head to look at the diamond ring in her hand.

Nobody knew what was on her mind, whether she was touched, hesitant, regretful, or thinking of accepting.

While Bryan observed her with anticipation, Kevin was equally excited.

As long as Jennifer agrees, Pollerton Heavy Machinery Industry will be hers. Then, the financial problem will also be solved!

Jennifer was at a loss.

It was as if all her efforts for the past month was pointless.

As long as she said yes to Bryan's proposal, she could live comfortably even if she detached herself from the Wilson family in Tayhaven.

But is this what I want? I agreed to serve the Wilson family in Tayhaven to earn money so that Donald and I don't have to argue over money in the future.

Jennifer understood that a poor couple could never be happy.

But what about Donald?

She was at a loss as she muttered hesitantly, "Bryan, I."

"Say yes, Jennifer. Say yes!" Kevin was anxious.

However, at that moment, the door was pushed open. Donald stood at the entrance with a cold expression. Lana was not there with him, seemingly having something else to do.

Donald immediately saw Bryan kneeling before Jennifer. Meanwhile, Jennifer was seated on the couch and looking at Bryan while holding a diamond ring in her hand,

Upon seeing it was Donald who entered, Jennifer sprang to her feet immediately from shock. "You... Why are you here?"

Donald's gaze fell on Jennifer's hand that was holding the diamond ring, and could not read her expression.

However, Jennifer caught the hint of sorrow and bleakness in Donald's expression.

"I seemed to have disturbed you guys," Donald muttered and lowered his head to look at the bite mark on his wrist, then smiled self-deprecatingly.

If Kingsley and Bradley saw Donald's current state, they would be startled because they had never once seen Donald look so forlorn.

Their impression of Donald was someone omnipotent, cold, and resolute as if nothing

would affect him.

However, the Donald they knew had changed. His mentality had changed for a woman.

“I can explain!” Jennifer threw the ring aside and strode over to Donald.

As the ring box fell onto the floor, Bryan stared at it in a stupor. At this moment, all his pride and dignity were shattered and thrown away like the ring.

He lowered his head, and a surge of killing intention welled in his eyes.

Bryan had an extreme obsession with Jennifer.

She was someone he had been dreaming of since his youth. All these years, he messed around with many women, but Jennifer was still the one he wanted to marry. Love is love. It needs no reason.

“Donald, Jennifer, how dare you!” Bryan muttered with his head still lowered. His expression couldn’t be seen clearly. However, his voice was laced with murderous intention and frigidness.

Anxious, Jennifer tried to explain to him, “Donald, listen to me.”

However, Donald was not looking at Jennifer. Instead, he focused his gaze on Bryan.

“Wait outside. I want to discuss something with Bryan.”

Instantly, Kevin pointed at him and roared in anger, “What’s there to discuss? Donald, you’ve ruined things for the umpteenth time!”

While walking toward Donald, he continued ranting, “First Harrison, then Nigel, and now Bryan!”

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“You’re just a security guard. What gives you the right to marry my sister? Mr. Bryan is a million times better than you. He can give my sister Shawsby Mountain, Pollerton Heavy Machinery Industry, and even the entire Paramount Hotel! And you? The betrothal gift you gave my sister that year was only sixty-six thousand!” Kevin bellowed.

At that moment, Kevin was more furious and mad than Bryan.

He did not want to work, nor was he a capable person. Yet, his ambition was not aligned with his capability.

He wanted to drive a luxurious car and live in an expensive mansion. However, it would be impossible if he only relied on himself.

He already had three chances, including the one with Bryan.

Unfortunately, his chance would always be ruined by Donald at the critical moment.

Donald lifted his head, furrowed his brows, and fixed a stern gaze on Kevin.

“How insolent!” Donald’s voice was extremely icy. He charged at Kevin and grabbed his neck, throwing the latter onto the coffee table.

A snap rang in the air, and Kevin’s scream was heard. At that moment, both his legs had broken.

His broken bones pierced through his skin, exposing them to the air. It was a bloody sight.

Jennifer was stunned. Suddenly, she screamed, and the color drained from her face.

“Donald!” she yelled, running toward Kevin.

Kevin held his legs and cried repeatedly, “Donald, I’m going to kill you! I’m going to kill

you! Jennifer, my legs are broken! It hurts so bad! Hurry, get an ambulance! I can't hold on any longer. I'm going to die!"

As he was screaming, his face was pale and blood gushed out of his wound constantly. Suddenly, his head tilted, and he passed out in an instant.

"Kev! Kev!" Jennifer's tears streamed down her cheeks as she shook Kevin, trying to wake him up.

"Don't worry. He's not dead yet." Donald took a wet tissue from the coffee table and wiped his hands while saying coldly, "If he wasn't your brother, I would've gotten rid of him long ago."

Jennifer felt a shiver down her spine when she heard that. She then turned around and glanced at Donald.

Her expression darkened as though she had lost all emotions, staring at him with an indifferent gaze.

Smack!

After that, she landed a slap on Donald's face. "If anything happens to Kev, I'll never forgive you for the rest of my life."

Tears flowed down her face.

As for Donald, he did not avoid the slap.

"It's as if your genes are filled with violence. How many times have you attacked people already? Not only did you hit my mom, but you have also hit Kev several times. Are you going to attack me next?" Jennifer bit her lip, glaring at Donald.

Donald did not attempt to explain himself. He merely stared at Jennifer calmly without saying a word.

Meanwhile, Bryan enjoyed the show without saying anything.

Soon, the medical team from Paramount Hotel arrived and took Kevin away on a stretcher,

"Whatever that's between us... We should just end it." As those words left her mouth, Jennifer felt as though her strength was drained.

Donald nodded. "As you wish."

Jennifer then dashed out with the medical team and shut the door, leaving only Bryan and Donald in the guest room.

"Where's Octavio?" Bryan sat back down on the couch, poured himself a glass of wine, and sipped it. "Would you like to try some? I bet you rarely get to drink such expensive wine, right? This is produced by Grand Ennead Manor. A single bottle cost hundreds of thousands. My friend has just gotten the license to be the distributor in the country. It's hundreds of thousands, you know? That's equivalent to two years' worth of your salary, right?" Bryan behaved boldly, as he did not think Donald had killed Octavio. Instead, he believed Octavio must be messing with Lana.

That was the only factor that would make Octavio spare Donald's life.

Donald sat down, saying, "You seem quite cocky."

Bryan flashed him a smile while responding, "I don't seem cocky. I am cocky. Tell me, is that against the rule? Which rule says it's illegal to be cocky?"

Donald said seriously, "It's illegal."

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“What rule is that?”

“My rules.” Donald’s expression became more serious.

After a pause, he continued, “No one can be cocky in front of me.”

When Bryan finished listening to his words, he roared with laughter as if he heard the funniest thing on earth. “Donald, you’re really like a dumb dog that’s at a dead end. I’m the manager of Daily Yield Group and the shareholder of Paramount Hotel. My dad is an executive of a financial institute on Windmill Street, while my mother works as the editor-in-chief of Moranta Daily. Paramount Hotel is getting launched soon. Besides, my teacher is the financial tycoon of Windmill Street, Mr. Edward. So, yes. I am cockier than you. Do you admit defeat?”

Donald asked calmly, “Are you talking about superiority to me?”

“That’s right. I am talking about superiority to you!” Bryan stressed shamelessly.

Donald said, “Okay. Then, I’ll show you if your superiority is even worth mentioning.”

Truth was, he had already forgotten about Bryan’s existence. He did not care even if Bryan was the one who sent Seamus, the bandit from the southwest, to kill him. However, Bryan had once again ordered Octavio to kill Donald.

There’s no point showing him mercy anymore. It’s time for me to make my move.

Donald then pulled out his phone and said, “Charlie, buy Daily Yield Group and make Paramount Hotel go bankrupt.”

“Okay. Please hold on.” Charles’ voice traveled from the phone’s speakers.

Bryan stared at Donald like he was an idiot. “We haven’t met for five years and now you’ve become such a powerful person! Oh, I’m so scared. Hahaha!”

He wants to buy Daily Yield Group and make Paramount Hotel bankrupt? Does he know how much Daily Yield Group costs today? It’s thirty billion! Besides, Paramount Hotels listing plan is sent to the financial hub of Windmill Street. It’s going to get invested by two major companies soon. With Paramount Hotel, I might even make it to the Forbes List. And now, Donald says he wants to make Paramount Hotel bankrupt? Oh, please. There’s a limit to bragging, okay? Who can be that powerful to influence the decision of the financial institutes of Windmill Street?

“You still have three minutes left to mock me.” Donald glanced at the time.

“Oh, is that so? I’m really looking forward to what’s about to happen next.” Bryan was unfazed, and he even took another sip of his wine.

A minute later, Charles’ call came in. “Mr. Campbell, the entire Daily Yield Group has been transferred under your name. The five original shareholders and those who have controlling shares have sold their shares. It cost a total of thirty-five billion. Currently, you own a hundred percent of Daily Yield Group’s controlling shares. One more thing. The original major shareholder is at Paramount Hotel right now. He’s going to pay you a visit soon.”

“Okay.” Donald remained expressionless.

If Charles could not complete such a simple matter, then he wouldn’t be the richest person in Pollerton.

L

!

Bryan snickered. “You make it sound as if it’s real. I almost believed you,” he said in an unhurried manner, not feeling the slightest bit nervous.

Daily Yield Group had a total of five shareholders. The largest shareholder was Harvey's brother-in-law.

At the same time, Harvey was the loyal subordinate of Neil, Pollerton's most influential person.

Neil had been running his business in Pollerton for over twenty days. Though he was usually a very mysterious man, he had the power to control Pollerton.

After all, he was a member of the Yund family of Jadeborough.

They were one of the nine richest families in Jadeborough. Just like the Campbell clan, they had existed for over five hundred years.

"Donald, are you delusional? I think you should go to the hospital to get your brain checked. I think you're going crazy." Bryan pointed at his temple, constantly shaking his head while putting on a mocking smile.

Donald merely shot him a glance and sent out a text.

At that moment, a top international financial conglomerate had begun to operate all over the world.

Meanwhile, in the financial hub of Windmill Street, Edward, the financial tycoon, was playing golf in his luxurious manor.

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Suddenly, Edward's butler walked toward him quickly. "Mr. Edward, Ms. Morey wants to see you."

Edward was stunned. After that, he was so excited that his body trembled. "Let her in at once! Oh, no! Bring me to her!"

Soon, Edward met Alessia.

Alessia was in a red dress. The color of her dress was so bright it was as if it was on fire. Moreover, she had pinned a griffin emblem in front of her chest.

Edward knew what the symbol meant.

That was the emblem of Horizon Group.

As for Alessia, she was one of the Four Greatest Divine Generals who served right under Lord Campbell.

Wyvern King was Kingsley Felton, and Phoenix King was Alessia Morey.

"Greetings, Ms. Morey. Is Lord Campbell in good health lately?" Edward was a plump man with white hair in his seventies.

"I'm here for one reason. And that is to decline Paramount Hotel's proposal to ring the bell and get listed. Besides that, I'm here to remind Bryan and Howard Garcia a little that they have offended Lord Campbell!" said Alessia.

After finishing her words, she stared at Edward intensely, turned, and left.

Edward was stunned. A while later, he made a phone call like a mad man. "Quick! Paramount Hotel is going to ring the bell soon! Make them stop immediately!"

After that, Edward quickly took out his phone and started calling some people. The first person he called was Howard Garcia, Bryan's father.

Meanwhile, in Paramount Hotel, Donald and Bryan were sitting opposite each other.

The atmosphere in the venue was unpleasant.

Bryan raised his arm and took a look at his watch. "It has been about three minutes. I'm

curious about what you can do. How dare you show off in front of me? You're not worthy enough to do that! Everyone is born different and has a different social status ranking. As for you, you belong to the lowest rank! I don't understand what Jennifer saw in you back then. Just like what Kevin said, what can you give her? So, from today onward, let me take care of Jennifer. Don't worry. I will love her and treat her nicely. Besides that, I will have several kids with her. If they are boys, I will educate them so they wouldn't become someone like you. If they are girls, I will try my best to send them overseas so they wouldn't meet a jerk like you."

While Bryan was narrating his hopes for the future, a cold glint flashed across his eyes. Then, he continued, "As for you, I've made my decision. You won't be able to walk out of Paramount Hotel tonight. I have a hundred ways to make you disappear from this world. You might fall from a building, encounter an accident, or experience an electric shock. There are many methods to end you."

Donald looked up and said, "Don't celebrate too early. Time's... up."

"Fine! I'm curious to see the tricks you will be putting up today!" As time passed, Bryan gradually lost his patience. Thus, he stood up and pointed at Donald.

Suddenly, someone pushed open the door. Immediately, Bryan turned his head and looked toward the entrance. "Mr. Larson, why are you here?"

A middle-aged man came in. His gaze landed on Donald. "Excuse me, are you Mr. Campbell?"

That man was Shawn Larson, the biggest shareholder of Daily Yield Group. Besides that, he was the brother-in-law of Harvey.

"Yes, I am." Donald nodded.

Shawn was polite. He said, "Mr. Campbell is truly a hero. You're so generous!"

Upon hearing that, Bryan frowned. "Mr. Larson, why are you treating him so nicely! He is merely a security guard!"

Shawn glared at Bryan coldly. "Security guard? Do you know that he has just bought all the shares of Daily Yield Group with thirty-five billion in cash?" scolded Shawn.

Did Shawn say that Donald acquired the entire Daily Yield Group for thirty-five billion using cash? Does he have a hundred percent control of it now?

Bryan widened his eyes instantly. "Mr. Larson, he is just a security guard. Are you sure your information is correct? Moreover, my father is also one of the shareholders of Daily Yield Group. Why didn't we get any news about the acquisition? I'm sure there must be a mistake, as nobody is wealthy enough to do that!"

An icy glint flashed across Shawn's eyes. "Do you think I will joke about this?"

His words came like a bolt from the blue for Bryan. At that, the latter was dumbfounded.

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Shawn was Harvey's brother-in-law and the biggest shareholder of Daily Yield Group. Thus, Shawn would never joke about this matter.

I can't imagine an individual purchasing the entire Daily Yield Group for thirty-five billion in cash. At the moment, Daily Yield Group is expanding. If Paramount Hotel is successfully listed, the market value of Daily Yield Group will go up to seventy to eighty billion! As Harvey is the majority shareholder of Daily Yield Group, it wouldn't be logical

for him to sell off a money-making business for thirty-five billion only. Alas, he did sell it! Bryan fixed his gaze on Donald with a frown. "You've hidden yourself well! However, it doesn't matter if it is sold. As long as Paramount Hotel is still under my control, the purchase will not affect me much!"

Paramount Hotel had started to separate its operations from Daily Yield Group.

Shawn nodded. In fact, he didn't want to sell it in the first place.

However, he had received much information from different parties to sell Daily Yield Group as soon as possible.

Although Shawn didn't understand what was happening, he still obediently followed the person's orders.

That was because the person who called and gave him the news was his mentor, who had retired for ten years, Xavier Yoder. Moreover, Xavier was the previous leader of Pollerton.

"Mr. Campbell, do you mind telling me which family are you from? Could it be that the Campbell clan is planning to take you back as one of them soon?" asked Shawn.

Donald sneered. "I am not interested in the Campbell clan. Besides that, I don't think there is a need to go back to them!"

Immediately, Shawn assumed that there was someone powerful backing Donald.

He must be working for a big shot! Could it be that he's working for Lana, Charles, and Reina? Only these three financial magnates can afford to pay so much cash in one go.

Shawn suddenly thought of a possibility.

Subsequently, Shawn's phone rang.

Shortly after, Shawn's attitude became indifferent toward Donald, and he was no longer polite to the latter.

That was because Shawn had received a phone call telling him Charles and Lana had intervened in the acquisition of Daily Yield Group.

"Mr. Campbell, you're such a young and promising man who could win the favor of Charles and Lana. However, as I'm curious can you tell me why you want to purchase Daily Yield Group?" asked Shawn.

"For a moment, I thought you've become rich. I can't believe you are supported financially by a woman, and you're Charles and Lana's dog!" Bryan regained his senses and continued, "You're so good at bragging. You nearly tricked me!"

Donald merely glanced at Bryan coldly. He didn't have the interest to reply to the latter.

"Hey, what is wrong with you? Can't you see I'm talking to you? Why are you so rude?"

Suddenly, Shawn was furious.

I was in the middle of having fun when I got the news about Daily Yield Group's acquisition. Does he know how angry I am now? Yes, I can get a lot of money. But how much exactly will I receive?

Donald said flatly, "I don't think you are worthy enough to converse with me!"

Shawn was stunned. In the next second, his face darkened. "Oh, why are you still boasting about yourself before me?"

At that, Donald smiled as he pointed toward Bryan. "If you want to continue managing Paramount Hotel, you'd better sever all connections with him!"

Shawn stared at Donald as if the latter was an idiot. Shawn said, "Are you joking with me? Who are you to speak to me so arrogantly? Even if Charles and Lana came, I wouldn't do it for their sake. Moreover, Bryan's father is also one of the shareholders of

Daily Yield Group.”

Bryan’s father, Howard, and Shawn collaborated in many financial institutions, and Daily Yield Group was merely one of those.

In addition to that, Bryan was a famous private equity tycoon who was capable in the field.

As for Howard, he was a senior executive at Edward Foundation!

Hence, ninety percent of the proposals of companies in the country that wanted to get listed in Anglandur would go through Howard first.

It was something that even Shawn couldn’t do.

“Is his dad Howard Garcia?” asked Donald.

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“Yes, what’s the matter?” Bryan sneered. “However, I don’t think you know him and how powerful he is. As your status is so low, you will never be able to get to know a person as successful as my dad.”

“That’s fine. He isn’t qualified to know me. But someone will deal with him real soon,” said Donald

Upon hearing that, Bryan couldn’t hold back anymore. He said, “Hey, Donald, is something wrong with your brain? My dad is a senior executive at Edward Foundation. At the moment, he is at Windmill Street. Even if you have Charles and Lana come over together, they don’t even have a chance to converse with my dad directly! Don’t think too highly of yourself Fine. Let me expose your lies and see what you can say more!”

Immediately, Bryan called Howard. On the other side of the phone, the person said, “What’s wrong?”

“Dad, someone said he will be giving you a hard time. Moreover, that person has just bought Daily Yield Group. He said that you’re not qualified enough to know him!” While Bryan was speaking, he observed Donald’s expression.

At the moment, Donald remained cold and expressionless. His actions were unusually calm.

“Tell him to get lost! I’m busy. Next time, if you encounter something like this, solve it yourself. You can slap the person or make him disappear. You don’t have to talk nonsense with people like that!” With that said, Howard hung up.

After hanging up the call, Bryan said to Donald, “Did you hear him?”

Shawn chuckled as he shook his head. “Young man, you still have a long way to go. I suggest you stop lying to yourself. It’s embarrassing.”

“I’ll ask you one last time. Can you do it?” questioned Donald.

What Donald meant was to let Shawn break all business connections with Bryan, so that the latter wouldn’t have anywhere to do business in Pollerton.

“Who do you think you are!” Shawn was enraged.

What the hell? How can a person that merely has Charles and Lana backing him repeat the same sentence again and again?

“Did you ask who I am? All right, let me tell you. I will do what other people can do, and for what they can’t do, I will do it even more. In other words, I always take pre-emptive actions, because I am Donald Campbell!” Donald stood up with an icy expression.

Ring! Ring! Suddenly, the annoying ringtone of Shawn's phone rang. He picked up the call.

"Quick! Cut all business collaborations with Bryan at once! If you don't do it now, everything will be too late!" An old and anxious voice rang out from the other end of the phone.

While Shawn was still stunned by the call, he suddenly heard the beeping sounds of a disconnecting call.

Clearly, an external device had interrupted the call, and someone was starting to cut off the line.

"What is happening?" Shawn mumbled to himself. Just then, the door opened.

Five middle-aged men in their uniforms walked in with stern expressions as they presented an arrest warrant. "Bryan Garcia, you're suspected of manipulating the securities market. You are under arrest!"

At that moment, Shawn was dumbfounded as he stared at Donald in disbelief.

All along, Shawn knew that Bryan had illegally manipulated the securities market.

However, because his father was Howard, many private equity institutions treated Bryan respectfully and kept flattering him.

That gave Bryan a chance to rise to his success.

The most famous thing Bryan did was when he purchased stock in a short position and made a powerful come back in the securities market. He started with thirty thousand and became the Stock God of Chanaea. But how much of his success is due to his own abilities? Bryan is involved in too many things. If the police arrest him, the stock market will become volatile. And if Howard is infuriated, I can't estimate how many financial institutions can survive the incident. Based on the latest statistics, every month, there are more than ten companies that will launch on Windmill Street.

"Are you sure?" Bryan narrowed his eyes.

The middle-aged man in uniform looked stern as he said, "No matter who you are and what kind of powerful backer you have, you've broken the law. Thus, you will have to bear legal responsibility."

"Wait a minute. I want to call someone," said Bryan calmly. Again, Bryan made an international call to his father, Howard.

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Chapter 220

Bryan began, "Dad..."

However, Howard spontaneously burst out, "Exactly who did you offend? I received a severe warning from Edward Foundation, and I'm still in the midst of liaising with them. Mr. Edward personally came forward to speak with me!"

As he heard this, Bryan suddenly felt an icy chill wash over him.

To think it extended all the way to the Edward Foundation... And Mr. Edward himself reached out in person as well. What could have happened?

"What's wrong, Dad?" he asked.

However, he didn't receive a reply. Instead, he picked up on the familiar voice of his teacher, who also happened to be Howard's boss, Edward. The latter said, "I'm sorry, Howard. I don't think it's suitable for you to work at Edward Foundation currently. You're

fired!”

“In addition, these are the signatures from one hundred twenty-three foundations on Windmill Street jointly demanding your expulsion. From this moment, you’re hereby banished from Windmill Street! We’ve also looked into all the kickbacks you obtained from the listed companies. The immigration authorities will be sure to press charges against you for your financial crimes!” Edward added.

Bryan’s head swirled in confusion as he took in the series of developments that rapidly unfolded before him.

Once again, Edward’s voice carried over as he said, “Is that Bryan on the phone? Bring it over here.”

“Mr. Edward…” Bryan said as his body began to shake uncontrollably in fear. He had never felt this much terror in his life before today.

Edward’s voice was devoid of his usual gentleness as he sternly said, “You used to be my favorite student, Bryan. However, that’s not the case anymore. You’ve offended someone that you shouldn’t have messed around with. The man before you is simply one you can’t afford to cross! Don’t you regret it now?”

With that, the call ended. Bryan immediately turned to point fiercely at Donald as he asked, “What did you do? Tell me now! What in the world did you pull here?”

Bryan was utterly incensed. Before that incident had occurred, he was well poised to rise rapidly through the ranks and join the exclusive group of billionaires under the age of thirty. However, he now had nothing to his name and was on the verge of ending up in prison to boot.

All of a sudden, he pivoted to face Shawn and helplessly pleaded, “Save me, Mr. Larson!”

Shawn shot a deep and meaningful glance at Donald before he smiled coldly and said, “Let me make a call.”

With that, he reached out and called his brother-in-law. Unbeknownst to the others, their lifeline was Harvey Ward himself.

Harvey was already well into his sixties and was currently seated in his study as he meticulously painted an exquisite painting in a focused and fully engrossed state.

When the phone suddenly rang, his hand reflexively jerked, and the brush in his hand ran amok on the canvas. The mountain landscape that he was so proud of before was now ruined by a single ugly brushstroke.

His mood was immediately ruined as he picked up the phone and demanded, “Speak up! What do you want?”

“Harvey, there’s someone proclaiming to be Donald Campbell that’s currently causing trouble at Paramount Hotel. He seems to have tapped on some forbidden power and is now bent on arresting Bryan, explained Shawn.

Harvey’s voice was icy cold as he replied, “It’s not enough that he bought over Daily Yield Group, but he’s up to something else as well? Hand him the phone! I want to speak directly to him.”

Donald received the phone and introduced himself, “I’m Donald Campbell.”

Harvey’s low voice carried over as he replied, “I’m Harvey Ward. You little punk! You should be thankful for everything you have. Things can only go badly for you if you’re too greedy.”

“Mr. Ward, didn’t Neil tell you that forming a coalition, colluding with others to profit for

personal gain, manipulating the stock market, and providing insider information is illegal?" asked Donald as he smiled coldly.

"I don't know what you're talking about! Furthermore, that's just your word alone, and you're accusing me without any evidence! I'll sue you for slander." Harvey was not bothered at all.

"0329," stated Donald simply before he hung up the phone right after.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Harvey as he suddenly felt the rapidly intensifying thumping of his heart in response to Donald's last words.

No one understood better than Harvey what those numbers represented.

It was the account number of one of his offshore bank accounts. He had gone to great lengths to hide the existence of such an account and masked it with layers and layers of subterfuge. To the untrained eye, it would seem like nothing more than a store for gold in Warblerich Bank.

As it was a bank renowned for prioritizing its clients' privacy above all else, that made it all the more surprising for Harvey that Donald had found out about the account's existence.

All of a sudden, a series of rapid knocks echoed from the direction of the door before it was pushed open, and a half dozen uniformed men walked in. "Harvey Ward, we're from Pollerton's Special Activities and Anti-Corruption Unit. Please come with us!"