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Chapter 157

The morning sun illuminated Donald's face and emphasized his clear and defined features. Jennifer felt that there was a strange unfamiliarity about him.

"Lana chanced upon you and brought you out," Donald explained.

Jennifer's face darkened instantly. She then asked softly, "Aren't I useless?"

As she was speaking, she readied herself for another round of crying.

Donald sighed. "Rest well. Don't think too much. There is fifteen million in this card. Use it."

Jennifer did not accept it. "Where did you get the money from?"

"I lent it to him." The door was pushed open, and Hannah walked in with a cold expression on her face.

She went up to Jennifer and inspected her before she said indifferently, "There are no major problems. Rest more."

Jennifer looked at Donald, then turned and glanced at Hannah with suspicion.

Did she lend him fifteen million just like this?

After checking up on Jennifer, Hannah did not exchange further greetings with them.

She walked out and shut the door behind her.

"Are you still working as a security guard for Lana?" Jennifer asked.

Donald nodded. "I'll make do with it for the time being. If there's any other suitable job in the future, I'll switch to it."

"How much does she pay you monthly?" Jennifer asked quietly as she bit her lip.

Donald thought about it and replied, "Around five thousand or eight thousand. I don't remember."

Jennifer froze,

Who doesn't remember his monthly salary?

She hesitated for a moment before saying, "I'll give you ten thousand. Why don't you be my security guard?"

Donald laughed bitterly. "What's the point?"

Jennifer sat up. "Who would reject the offer?"

"Have your parents agreed to it?" Donald stared at Jennifer seriously. His gaze met her eyes, and he continued, "Your parents and your brother wish me dead. Do you think that I can be your security guard?"

Jennifer's face fell.

"I'd told you a long time ago. Kevin will harm you sooner or later." Donald's tone grew distant. "If we had not appeared suddenly, what would have happened?"

A flicker of fear flashed through Jennifer's eyes.

"So, don't think about this anymore. After you've been discharged, find a proper job. Don't care about Kevin no matter what he does, or there will be more serious consequences," Donald told her sincerely.

He had seen many people like Kevin. No matter what, they would never change for the better.

Gamblers were not worthy of sympathy.

Silence enveloped the room. Donald turned and handed Jennifer a thermos flask. "Have some oatmeal porridge."

“Feed me.” Hope shone in Jennifer’s eyes as she looked at Donald.
Donald agreed unflinchingly.
He gently opened the flask and fed her.
“It’s hot.” Jennifer let out a girlish whine.
Donald placed the spoon in front of his lips and blew softly on it. Thereafter, he fed her the food.
Jennifer closed her eyes happily and sighed to herself.
How long has it been since I’ve experienced such warmth?
Outside the ward, Lana pouted with disdain. Hannah was expressionless while Reina’s lips twitched in annoyance.
“She’s the luckiest woman on earth. Yet, she doesn’t know how to treasure him,” Reina remarked a little jealously.
Lana replied, “You’re right. He’s so powerful that he destroyed the Fortune Bar effortlessly. How manly. I like it so much
“One of you is a sly seductress, while the other is an infatuated female!” Hannah scolded expressionlessly.
Jennifer looked exceptionally beautiful as she ate the oatmeal porridge. Her pretty teeth flashed as she asked, “Grandpa’s birthday is coming up, right?”
“It’s the day after,” Donald responded.
“Where is the celebration going to be held?” Jennifer inquired.
celebration
“He doesn’t want to waste too many resources and money, so he arranged it to be held at South Bridge Restaurant.” Donald placed the bowl down and took out a napkin. He meticulously dabbed at Jennifer’s lips.
Touched, Jennifer grasped his hand abruptly.

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Donald remained silent. He then said, “Rest well. I’ll make a move first.”
Jennifer’s eyes welled up with tears.
Although Donald fed her the oatmeal porridge and behaved gently toward her, she felt scared.
The more he behaved like that, the more panicked she felt.
That was because she felt an unexplainable distance and unfamiliarity between the both of them.
When Donáld walked out of the room, Lana, Hannah, and Reina raised their heads to look at him.
Donald was not in the mood to interact with them. He gave a perfunctory greeting and left.
A common MPV was parked outside the hospital. Inside the car, Charles handed a book to Donald. “Lord Campbell, please take a look at this. It’s a very popular book and is sold out in almost all bookstores. Currently, more than five million copies have been sold. It has broken the sales record and made history in Pollerton.”
The book had a simple black and red cover. It did not look very exquisite, but it was thick and heavy and looked rather depressing.

There were more than two hundred pages, and it was sold at a price of one hundred and seventy-eight.

The title consisted of only seven words: The Abandoned Children Of The Campbell Clan.

When Donald flipped open the book, he saw a comprehensive entry of the events and key figures surrounding the abandonment of the children of the Campbell clan.

Why was the child not accepted by the Campbell clan? What crime had he committed? Such questions were answered accompanied by pictures and detailed explanations, When Donald looked at the contents list on the first page, the 238th page's and 239th page's subtitles caught his eye. Raymond's name was written in the former, while his own name was written in the latter.

The pages described the mistakes Raymond had made when preparing the Dragon Fide Villa a decade ago, and how he had offended Tyrone.

As for Donald's part, it detailed the events that happened recently.

The author described how Donald used the Campbell clan's money to offend Sixten by bidding for the Eternal Love at a charity gala.

There was also a harsh criticism of him written in red: He vainly tries to curry favor with others and is extremely shameless. This abandoned child of the Campbell clan is like a street rat. When people see him, they'll scold him and chase him away!

The author of that page was Jack Campbell.

There were more than two hundred pages in the book, and each page detailed an independent story. The pages were written by different authors, and the book was updated yearly.

Without any expression on his face, Donald shut the book. He then laughed coldly. "Is this Tyrone's way of fighting back?"

"Do you want me to stop the bookstores from selling these books?" Charles asked carefully.

Donald shook his head. "There's no need to. I knew that this book would become popular once it was published. The common folk will naturally be interested in an aristocratic family that has centuries of history. This book had already been in the making since long ago. However, I did not expect that Jack would have the guts to mention me in the book." A glint flashed in his eyes.

Who was Jack?

Jack was his cousin!

Jack's grandfather was Raymond's biological brother!

After Raymond's failure over ten years ago, his family members had met many setbacks. Some lost their fortune overnight, while some left their native land.

However, more people squirmed out of Raymond's control and wished to return gloriously to the Campbell clan!

Such people included Jack and his immediate family.

They were swift and decisive in their actions. They directly betrayed Raymond and went to support Sixten.

Thereafter, they went all out in criticizing Raymond and tainting his name.

Donald knew that Jack was shameless, but he did not know that the latter was that shameless.

Jack dared to participate in the writing of the book, and he even mentioned Donald!

“Jack is an up-and-coming author in the country. He will hold a fan meeting in Pollerton soon.” Charles was also very infuriated. “He’s a scumbag. He’s pursuing Wynter currently, so he often goes to Donter Pictures. Do you remember Vanessa? I think she will be captivated by him soon.”

Donald replied, “He’s just a cheating clown. We don’t need to waste our energy getting rid of him.”

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Charles bowed.

“Contact the media. Seven days later, we will announce the official approval for the land reclamation project and start it,” Donald commanded.

Charles instantly felt his blood surge with excitement.

It’s finally happening! The land reclamation project is Pollerton’s biggest project to date! Once it begins, how many people will flock over because of it? How many influential people will come to Pollerton and beg Donald for a slice of that lucrative pie?

“Train Rafe to be the manager of a small part of the project. Contact the banks and necessary organizations stringently. Don’t work with those who harbor evil intentions!”

Charles bowed once more. “Yes, Lord Campbell!”

The next day, Donald fetched Raymond from the hospital. The older male, whose complexion improved considerably, had been discharged.

They returned to an old district.

Before he had the accident, Raymond lived alone in a small apartment. Although it was not a spacious place, it was very warm and comforting.

“Don’t hold an overly lavish celebration tomorrow. Just hold it at South Bridge Restaurant. Got it?” Raymond instructed.

Donald nodded. “I got it.”

“Have you read the book The Abandoned Children Of The Campbell Clan?” Raymond asked as he smiled.

Donald replied, “I have. The writing is not bad.”

No displeasure could be detected on Raymond’s face. “Jack’s writing skills are decent. What a pity that he’s chosen to use it in the wrong place,” he remarked.

“Do you regret that the Dragon Fide Villa could not be built?” Donald asked softly.

“It would be a lie if I say I didn’t. I put in so much effort and took a gamble in hopes of making our family become an elite aristocratic family. However, I’ve failed.” Raymond sighed.

“I will continue the construction,” Donald said.

Raymond instantly shook his head. “You better not do so. We can’t win the Campbell clan.”

Donald murmured to himself, “Really?”

On the third of April, Raymond’s eightieth birthday celebration officially started.

Donald reserved a huge hall in South Bridge Restaurant. The hall could hold thirty tables worth of people. The expenditure for each table was around one thousand. It was a common price

At eight in the morning, Donald brought Raymond to the hall and waited for the guests

to arrive.

What they did not expect was that guests would already start to stream in at nine in the morning.

The first to arrive was Raymond's biological son and Donald's biological uncle, Michael. He arrived at the venue along with his immediate family.

Michael was around fifty years old and was rather well-kempt. His wife, Michelle Zerada, trailed after him. Behind them stood a female and a male. The man wore earphones and dressed up stylishly. The lady had an impeccable figure, and she hummed a hip-hop tune.

The man was none other than Raymond's other grandson, Derrick. He was Donald's cousin and was older than him by a month.

"Dad. I wish you a happy birthday." Michael's tone was neither warm nor cold. He handed a gift to Raymond before sitting in a corner silently.

Michelle glanced at Raymond in disdain before coldly snorting, not saying a word.

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Donald's face remained cold and expressionless.

When his grandfather fell ill and urgently needed money for medical fees, he called them for help but was harshly rejected.

Raymond's two properties worth five million had also been snatched by Michael and his family.

Furthermore, when Raymond underwent surgery and was discharged, Michael and his family did not visit him. They had not even called him once.

What kind of son is he?

"Derrick. Come over and let me take a look at you." Raymond smiled and beckoned Derrick over.

Derrick rolled his eyes and hummed while shaking his head. He ignored Raymond and talked merrily with the girl beside him.

Raymond was not angry.

However, Donald could not control his anger. "Are you deaf?" he growled.

When he said that, Michael and Michelle immediately shot sharp glances at Donald.

It was especially so for Michelle. "What are you saying?" She spat, "You're merely an uncultured orphan!"

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Derrick took off his headset and pointed at Donald. "Say that again; I dare you! What kind of act are you putting on in front of me? I can summon a hundred men to kill you with one phone call!"

The woman rolled her eyes at Donald. She said to Derrick, "This is the cousin you were talking about? He's so impolite!"

Michael slammed a hand on the table and stood up.

"You're out of line! What right do you have to criticize my son? Who do you even think you are?" Michael said brashly. His gaze was as sharp as a knife.

"You didn't teach him well, so I'll teach him for you," Donald said with a cold glint in his eyes. He walked over, grabbed Derrick by the hair, and rammmed his head into the table.

Immediately, Derrick's forehead swelled.

Donald hadn't even exerted his full strength. If not for the fact that it was Raymond's birthday, Donald would have gone even further.

"Donald!" Michael rushed forward, eyes full of rage.

Donald raised his head abruptly and looked at Michael indifferently.

Michael shivered as goosebumps formed on his skin. He felt like he had been dunked in cold water.

Those eyes are scary. There's no emotion in them whatsoever. It's like looking at a corpse.

Raymond slammed a hand on the table and bellowed, "That's enough! For my son and grandson to fight like this is shameful! Do you two take me for dead?"

Michael huffed coldly before going to check on Derrick's injuries.

Although Derrick's injuries weren't serious, he sat covering his head with tears streaming down his face. "I'll get back at you for this!"

"Babe, how are you?" Derrick's girlfriend hugged his arm in an exaggerated manner.

She rolled her eyes at Donald and stated, "Babe, don't worry. I'll call my uncle to deal with him later."

Michelle looked at Donald with a hateful glint in her eyes. "Don't be so arrogant! We'll see how you end up!"

How I end up?

There was a touch of mockery in Donald's eyes.

Is Michael, Raymond's son, also defecting to Sirten's side? So him coming here is not as simple as just

attending his father's birthday party then?

At this thought, Donald was not in a rush to argue with them. Instead, he waited for the situation to unfold.

Raymond's face contorted in anger.

However, Donald simply sat in his spot silently, expressionless.

Soon after, the sound of footsteps approaching rang out, followed by a crowd of people barging into the room.

The first one to enter was a serious, white-haired old man who was about the same age as Raymond

Although his demeanor was full of energy, his eyes were cold.

It was Gideon Campbell.

He was Raymond's fourth brother and the original head of the Campbell family.

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"Raymond," Gideon greeted cheerfully. "May you be blessed with good health!"

Raymond got up. "Thank you."

Gideon continued warmly, "I heard that you've been sick these days but have been unable to foot your medical bills. Your grandson and his wife are getting divorced as well, am I right?"

Raymond smiled as he shook his head. "There's no such thing."

Gideon looked toward Donald. "Where's Jennifer? How come she's not here?"

Although his appearance was unassuming, he had already insulted Donald immediately after he arrived. He obviously had no good intentions.

"They've already divorced. What's the point of her being here? She doesn't belong with

a poor man like him,” a middle-aged woman in the back said sharply. She was Donald’s aunt, Gideon’s daughter. “Why don’t you introduce her to me?” a young man asked with a smile. He was Gideon’s grandson, Winston Campbell. Having just come back from studying in Yartran, he was currently an intern at Pollerton Translations.

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“Of course!” the middle-aged woman said cheerfully as she clapped her hands. “My son is young, but he’s wealthy. He’s also going to become an official employee of Pollerton Translations soon!”

The crowd all laughed, making the atmosphere seem almost celebratory and joyful. Michael and his family all looked mockingly at Donald. They watched him carefully, expecting him to throw a fit or storm out.

However, they were disappointed. Donald was expressionless and looked as if the situation had nothing to do with him at all.

Gideon spoke. “You can’t take a child’s words seriously. By the way, Raymond, our revenue this year has increased by more than 80 percent compared to previous years!” That was an impressive feat.

“Oh, is it because of the construction and engineering projects?” Raymond asked, surprised.

Back then when they had offended Tyrone Campbell, they had faced his wrath and suffered all sorts of difficulties. They never expected Gideon to be so capable that he would achieve this feat in such a difficult situation.

Gideon said proudly, “Of course. Right now, I have over 30 construction teams, 1000 employees, and hundreds of people dependent on me. If there’s any major construction project in Pollerton, our company will be the first to take it! And we can deliver!”

Raymond was a little flustered. He sighed. That’s not bad! It must not have been easy!”

Winston said cynically, “Of course, that’s not bad. But if certain people hadn’t made certain mistakes previously and offended significant people in the family, we would be doing even better now!”

Ripping open old scars on such an occasion had murderous intent rising in Donald.

“Donald, how are you? What job are you working now?” Gideon asked with a condescending tone.

“Security,” Raymond answered simply.

After he spoke, the crowd instantly exploded into an uproar.

“Oh my goodness! No way. The Campbell family has produced a security guard!”

“The Campbell clan did a lot of damage to this branch of the Campbell family, but being a security guard?”

“Donald, you’re quite something!”

The crowd broke out in discussion and mockery.

Michelle scoffed. “You’re so young, but out of all the occupations you could have chosen, you chose to be a security guard? Look at Paul! He’s now a tuner at Donter Pictures!”

“Yeah. Our Yerick managed to acquire Scarlet Swan Villa and start an e-commerce

business with an annual income of a million!”

“Our Kristina is also doing well! Now she’s a manager at Primordial Tower. She’s even had a few meals with Zayne Yates!”

Donald didn’t feel ashamed at all. In fact, he even listened to them talk with interest. You all are amazing, but I don’t envy you one bit.

Raymond was exasperated at how things were going. He had known that his birthday party would end up like that.

It was the same every year.

“All right. We’re here to celebrate Raymond’s birthday, aren’t we? Then we should give him some gifts.” Gideon said, waving his hands.

At that, he took out 300 and stuffed them into Raymond’s hand. “There’s nothing I have to say. I know you’re short on money now. Take this as a token of my sincerity.”

300 as a token of sincerity?

Not to say that three hundred was too little, but on such an occasion, it was an insult!

Back when Donald was calling everyone to borrow money, no one was willing to give him any. Now, Gideon had dished out 300 and was claiming it as a token of sincerity?

“Granduncle, this is also a token of my sincerity. Please accept it.” Winston walked forward and took out 250 from his pocket, placing it in Raymond’s hands.

250? Now that’s just insulting!

The rest of the crowd came up one by one, each giving 250.

“Granduncle, don’t be angry! Altogether, it’s quite a lot of money!” one of the young women said, smiling. Dressed in fashionable clothing, she was a manager at Primordial Tower.

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Raymond smiled and accepted it all.

However, Donald’s expression grew cold.

In previous years, they would come over mostly to show off, but there weren’t any humiliating or insulting actions.

Today, however, they were outright humiliating Raymond and his family!

Donald’s eyes scanned the room. Everyone had an air of arrogance to them.

They’ve had this attitude for decades, but only today are they revealing how callous they can be.

Everyone was taking digs at Raymond and Donald.

They didn’t like Raymond’s spiritedness and had always wondered how someone like him could be the head of the Campbell family.

Raymond had fallen from grace and dragged everyone down with him.

However, what they suffered as a result was not serious.

Raymond had distributed his own family fortune to protect them.

Without Raymond’s blessing, they struggled!

Gideon laughed until his eyes welled up with tears. “Okay, okay, Raymond. There’s something else I forgot to tell you.”

“What is it?”

“That powerful man in the capital, the one whose fortune you told, is dying!” Gideon

waited for Raymond's reaction.

As expected, Raymond looked as if all the life had been drained out of him. "He's dying?"

"Yes, And that means Dragon Fide Villa is unable to be completed, and the project you wanted to use to rise again is gone!" Gideon said triumphantly.

That powerful man was the person Gideon and the rest were most afraid of.

As long as that man was still alive, it was possible for Raymond to make a comeback.

They were afraid of that, because back then it was Gideon who sabotaged Raymond by leaking all the information about Dragon Fide Villa's plans!

When Raymond filed for bankruptcy, Gideon was the one who took action the fastest.

The employees that Gideon had were all left behind by Raymond.

Raymond shut his eyes. "It's not possible."

Gideon mocked, "Raymond, you've miscalculated. You said he'd live to be a 100, but now he's just 80 years old and diagnosed with a critical condition!"

"What condition?" Raymond asked. Sighing, he opened his eyes.

"Severe cerebral hemorrhage. No one in the country can do the operation to save him.

Only one person can, and that's the world's best doctor, Croft. But who can afford to hire him?" Gideon looked ecstatic. "It's wonderful that he's dying!"

Raymond lost his interest in talking after hearing that. He looked like he had suddenly aged by a few years.

"Are you done?" Donald said coldly. "If you are, let's eat."

After a pause, he continued, "If you want to eat, then eat. If not, then scram!"

When Donald said that, everyone looked toward him.

"So uncouth!"

"Where's his finesse?"

"He's trash!"

The crowd pointed at Donald and insulted him one by one.

"We're not done," a clear voice from outside the door said.

Immediately after, a young man wearing a silver Armani suit and a gold Rolex watch walked in.

With his hair combed back, he looked incredibly handsome. He was the epitome of a handsome, wealthy man.

It was Jack, the author of Donald's chapter in The Abandoned Children Of The Campbell Clan!

He was Gideon's favorite grandson and Pollerton's favored, up-and-coming young writer.

With calm and steady footsteps, he walked over to Raymond and handed him a book.

"Granduncle, this is my gift to you. I hope you like it."

It was a published copy of The Abandoned Children Of The Campbell Clan.

Raymond raised his gaze sternly.

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These people really are becoming fearless and unscrupulous now that that man is about to die!

"You asked him to do this?" Raymond asked Gideon as the smile disappeared from his face for the first time.

Gideon's expression also turned cold. "Is there a problem with that?"

Raymond didn't reach out to accept the book. Instead, he swatted the book so that it fell to the ground. "I don't like it!"

Jack wasn't annoyed. Instead, he indifferently picked at his ear. "It's the truth even if you don't like it. From the moment it was published, the humiliation of your family was revealed for all to see. Now, two-thirds of the people in Pollerton know that you're outcasts of the Campbell clan and what you've done. Well, you've also become celebrities, so if you think about it, you still benefitted."

He looked around. "Granduncle, I'm not saying anything about you, but this hotel does look a little shabby."

He then turned toward the tables. "Let's see what's the menu for today. Did each table cost over a thousand?"

Donald got up and walked over. "As I said earlier, if you want to eat, you can eat. If not, then scram!"

Jack acted exaggeratedly shocked and took a step back. "Hmm? Who is this? I can't see because he's too close. Oh, I see now. It's Donald."

He then clapped his hands together. "I almost forgot! Donald, I have a marriage candidate to introduce to you! I guarantee you'll be satisfied!"

Everyone, including Donald, was stunned.

"Didn't you get divorced? I thought that since you're single, have a low salary from your security guard job, no car, and no house, I'd at least find you a companion. Given your life conditions now, you'd be a bachelor for life! I need to look out for you, so I took the liberty to find someone. It took a lot of effort, but I finally found a girl who's the right match for you."

As Jack clapped his hands, several of his men came into the room, holding a woman dressed in rags. She looked crazy with her messy hair, which was as wild as a birdnest.

With one glance, it was clear she was a homeless person. Her eyes were dull, and her body was bloated.

The men who lugged her in were panting. Their sweat soaked their leather shoes.

"Granduncle, look! This is the wife I've found for Donald. They can get married immediately. You must be satisfied!" Jack said as he pulled over a chair. He instructed the men to help the poor woman onto the chair.

"Granduncle, it's your birthday today as well as the day Donald found his second wife! It's a doubly joyous occasion. Why don't we celebrate both at once? I can cover all the expenses of the wedding. What do you think?" Jack offered generously.

The crowd finally understood Jack's intentions and started laughing out loud.

"Donald, you have to agree! With your circumstance, she's your best option!" Michael said.

"Donald, you should agree to something as good as this!" Michelle added.

"Donald, hurry and say yes! Once you do, Jennifer will be mine!" Winston said cheerfully.

"Donald, you two are a match made in heaven. Say yes!" Yerick cheered.

"Haha! Donald, what reason do you have to reject her? You should be thanking Jack!"

Kristina piped up.

The crowd awaited Donald's reaction once again.

"You all are truly inhumane for bringing in a poor homeless woman from the street to insult me," Donald said with hostility.

Jack clicked his tongue. "What do you mean? I paid her 100 for it!"

He continued, "Seeing that you're so poor, 100 is quite a hefty betrothal gift! Hurry and agree! If you let this opportunity slip, you won't have the chance to find a wife anymore!"

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Jack blurted out those words without pausing.

Meanwhile, Donald remained silent and walked toward him.

Jack pressed on, "You're not me. I'm so handsome and rich that only women like Wynter are worthy of me. But you're different. Do you understand?"

"Is that so?" Before Donald could break his neck, a crisp voice sounded outside the door.

It was euphonious and irresistible.

Instinctively, everyone turned to seek the source of the voice.

With that, a seductive-looking woman walked into the room.

She was dressed in a black dress with long hair draped over her shoulders. That woman looked elegant, gorgeous, and dignified.

She had a flawless face and a perfect body figure.

It was Wynter!

Jack widened his eyes in bewilderment, and his breathing quickened when he saw her.

Wynter was the woman he had been thinking about every day. Jack had tried to make an appointment to meet her for a long time but to no avail.

Why is she here?

Her presence confused those present.

Wynter strode over to Raymond and bowed slightly. "Happy birthday, Old Mr. Campbell"

Then, she fished a scarf from her bag and continued, "Old Mr. Campbell, I knitted this myself. I hope you'll like it!"

Jack narrowed his eyes.

The diva knitted that scarf? It's priceless! I'm willing to offer ten million for that scarf!

Smiling, Raymond received the scarf. "Eh? Why are you giving me two scarfs?"

Wynter replied coquettishly, "I made another one for Donald."

Then, she walked to Donald before fixing the latter's collar. "You have to take care of your image when you are outside. Your collar is untidy."

She acted as if she was Donald's wife when she was focused on tidying his clothes.

Her sweet scent instantly filled the air.

Jack's eyes reddened in anger when he saw that.

That's impossible! Wynter is the diva, and Donald is just a security guard. Why would they be so close to each other?

The scene took the members of the Campbell family by surprise, too. They widened their eyes in astonishment while looking at Wynter and Donald's interaction.

What's happening? Why would the diva be here for Raymond's birthday? Why is she so

close to Donald, and what's their relationship? Many questions started forming in their minds at that instant.

Raymond glanced at the people and noticed the perplexed look on their faces.

At that time, he was baffled, too.

Raymond knew Donald had a strong influence. However, the former did not know how strong it was.

The youths in the Campbell family were jealous and envious of Donald while staring at him.

She is the diva, the woman every guy wishes to marry. Why is she so close to him?

Wynter then looked at Jack and inquired, "Are you Jack?"

"Yes, I am. I'm glad to meet you." Jack reached out his hand, wanting to shake hands with her.

Wynter did not budge. "I'm sorry, I am not used to shaking hands with men."

With that said, Wynter grabbed onto Donald's right hand firmly and said, "Why didn't you tell me it's Old Mr. Campbell's birthday?"

There was a drastic change of expression on Jack's face. God damn it! It's impossible that Wynter is in love with Donald!

He gritted his teeth in anger. You are the diva, and I'm your fan! You shall never go back on your words! You just told me that you are not used to shaking hands with men but instantly held Donald's hand. Why are you doing this to me?

"Ms. Lowe, I always have massive admiration for you.." Jack felt as if Wynter had neglected him.

Wynter uttered, "I have heard that you are good at writing, and I hoped to meet you once. But, I think it's unnecessary now."

She pointed at the homeless girl and continued in a faint voice, "I don't like how you treat a girl"

Jack got nervous instantly. "Ms. Lowe, please let me explain."

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"Who are you to me? Is there a need for you to explain?" Wynter explained with a frosty look. Then, she ignored Jack while staring at Donald with a glint of affection as if she would never get bored looking at him.

Donald was helpless.

On the other hand, Gideon and the members of the Campbell family had grim expressions on their faces.

They were indignant as it seemed like they were the ones being shamed, contrary to their purpose of visiting.

"They look unhappy." A cold voice reverberated outside the door.

Thereupon, an alluring lady walked into the room. A seducing aura emitted from the lady as she walked closer to them.

She donned a tight-fitting dress, revealing her shoulders. She was so attractive that the guys on the scene could not peel their eyes off her.

It was Lana!

The guys ogled her as if they would tear off her clothes anytime.

“Old Mr. Campbell, happy birthday to you.” Lana walked over while fishing an emerald stone from her handbag.

Gideon quickly recognized that item.

It is an emerald stone from Agraria dynasty. It is truly invaluable!

Raymond received the stone and thanked Lana, “Thank you so much.”

After wishing Raymond, Lana paced to Donald and held his arm. “Why didn’t you inform me it’s Old Mr. Campbell’s birthday?” she whined coquettishly.

Wynter had goosebumps hearing that.

Helplessness washed over Donald as he said, “You all have a good ear.”

Lana giggled. “I have no choice. It’s because I’m in love with you!”

The shock of the crowd intensified when they heard that.

God d*mn it! Isn’t Donald a security guard? How did he earn the admiration of Lana, the famous businesswoman in Pollerton?

Gideon and the other people were completely ignored by Lana.

Jack could not help but inquire again, “Ms. Collins, I have a question. Donald is just a security guard...”

Lana rolled her eyes and spoke in an alluring tone. “You’re not wrong. He is a security guard, and he’s working in my company. What’s the problem with that? I fell in love with him when he spent most of his time protecting and accompanying me.”

That dumbfounded the crowd at that instant.

D*mn it! Who was the one who humiliated Donald for being poor and mocked that he would never get a wife? It is such a massive embarrassment following the appearance of Wynter and Lana!

Lana asked, “Isn’t it normal for an employer to fall in love with a security guard?”

The crowd did not retort.

How the guys hoped they could work as security guards in Lana’s company.

Meanwhile, Gideon had an awful expression on his face.

“What’s so good about Donald?” Jack forced out the question. At that time, his face contorted with rage.

“True. Donald is not that worthy!” Derrick glanced at his girlfriend before looking at Lana and Wynter. They are so much better than my girlfriend.

“He is far better than any of you in my heart.” A voice echoed outside the door once more.

The people were astonished. Who else?

A petite girl in a pink dress walked toward them from the door.

She had long hair, cherry lips, and fair and smooth skin.

She was Reina, the owner of Scarlet Swan Villa, the most popular figure recently.

Reina marched to Raymond and handed him a paper. “Old Mr. Campbell, happy birthday to you. I am giving you a thousand scarlet swans as your birthday gift, Please accept them.”

Those present were in awe. A thousand scarlet swans?

They took a deep breath and felt a humming sound echoing in their brains.

What’s the price for a thousand scarlet swans? It’s about ten million!

Scarlet Swan Villa had a total of ten thousand scarlet swans at most. They were shocked when Reina was willing to take one-tenth of them as a gift for Raymond’s birthday

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Chapter 166

How many people in Pollerton could do such a thing? Why is Reina being so generous? Is that because of Raymond's influence or for the respect she has for Donald?

Yerick was perplexed. He had just established an e-commerce brand, and he managed to secure a way to procure goods from Reina at a low price.

Reina glanced across the room before resting her gaze on Yerick. "I know you, Yerick. You just signed a contract with me."

"Hello, Ms. Wilson. Yes, you're right. I'm Yerick."

Yerick was flattered and thrilled as he didn't expect to meet the boss of Scarlet Swan Villa at that place.

Is this an indication that I'll be successful soon?

"I've made a decision to terminate our contract," Reina sneered.

Her words left Yerick standing stunned while colors started draining off his face.

He knew how profitable scarlet swans were. The market price had reached 15 thousand for each of them.

An ordinary retail salesperson would never have the chance to deal with Reina directly. They would have to place their order in advance.

It was an excellent opportunity for a retail e-commencer like him to get involved and his role was an important one. He could sell one scarlet swan at the price of 18 thousand.

However, right then, Reina had abruptly decided to terminate their agreement.

What am I supposed to do with the orders I received? How can I explain this to my customers? I'll suffer a heavy loss and might be back to square one.

Yerick became panic-stricken. "Ms. Wilson, we've signed the contract!"

"No worries. Hundreds of thousands of liquidated damage is not a big deal to me!"

Reina said indifferently.

Yerick's mother, who was a middle-aged woman, rushed forward. "No way! Why are you doing this to us? You owe us an explanation!"

"Why?" Reina mumbled to herself. Then, she turned around and looked at Donald.

"That's because you looked down on Donald!"

Another admirer of Donald?

Reina walked up to Donald, gazed at him with tender affection, and said softly, "Why didn't you tell me about your grandpa's birthday? It's such an important matter, yet you hide it from me."

Soon after she finished her words, tears started welling in her eyes. She tried hard not to let her tears trickle down her cheek as the bitterness in her grew.

You're always so unmindful about me. I adore you with all my heart. However, my feelings for you are unrequited.

Donald felt resigned. "I didn't inform anyone, including Jennifer."

Upon hearing that, Reina's face lightened up.

Gideon remained seated with a gloomy expression, tapping his finger on the table. He seemed occupied by his thoughts.

Jack, Winston, and Derrick kept their eyes on the women.

What a joke! Why did so many women fall in love with a security guard? Moreover, they are all rich and powerful women. Lana is the queen of the business world while Reina is

a self made millionaire. Look at Wynter. She's an international superstar. Any one of them can capture the hearts of all the men out there, but they only adore Donald. "It's not a big deal. I'm working at Primordial Tower and I have a good relationship with Mr. Yates. if we have the chance, I'll introduce you to him," Kristina said reassuringly. Yerick sneered after hearing her words. "Donald, don't be too pleased, Look, this is an advantage of having allies. This insignificant matter won't harm me. It's all right If you don't sell me Scarlet Swan Villa. There are a lot of other things I can work on, just like Primordial Tower. You managed to beat me once, but I'll beat you back countless times."

Wynter and the others looked at him with disbelief and disdain.

Suddenly, a faint voice came from outside. "Is that true?"

Soon, Zayne, who was heavily bandaged and needed the aid of a wheelchair, made his entrance

Despite being badly beaten by Yusof in Octagon Sect, Zayne still had an air of arrogance in him.