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Yvonne smiled coyly and said, "I'm just afraid that he's not that capable. After all, it's Pollerton Bank that we're talking about. Christian, don't worry about it too much. My husband won the bid as well. Let me just ask him to give you some of the business projects."

Christian finally returned to his arrogant self and let out a snort. "That could work. The eighth branch of the Wilson family truly works together. I can just easily find an opportunity elsewhere if I can't get one here. Even if you don't give us any business projects, we have thousands of them lining up."

"Haven't you always said you're incredible, Donald? Come on and drag me down from being the general manager of the Loan Department then! I'd like to see if you can control everything," Lily snickered.

Samuel let out a chilling laugh and said nothing else as he transfixed a gaze at Donald in an attempt to analyze the man.

However, he learned nothing.

A man let out a chortle outside the door and said, "I'm sorry. He really can control everything."

A middle-aged man entered the room. He was none other than the general manager of all departments in Pollerton Bank, Marqus Cooper! .

Even though Marcus did not understand Donald's true identity, he knew perfectly well what the man was capable of.

After all, Donald had subdued Alex and took out a premium black card in front of him. Not only that, but Donald had also gone up against powerful people like Sixten Campbell and Akio Ono.

Despite all those seemingly crazy moves, Donald was still well and alive.

On the other hand, Sixten was already dead.

Hence, Marcus dared not offend Donald.

"Mr. Cooper, why are you here?" Lily was startled at the sight of the man.

She had only managed to rise to her current position thanks to Marcus.

Marcus paid no heed to the woman. Instead, he bowed deeply at Donald before finally turning to regard Lily and said, "You are fired. Go on to HR to calculate your compensation. Just tell them it was me who gave out the order."

All colors drained from Lily's face right then.

She had paid a dear price to climb to the position, ranging from attending countless social events to sleeping with clients, not to forget her struggle when she tried to persuade her clients to bank with Pollerton Bank.

She had gone through a lot to get to where she was right then. Hence, she could not accept the fact that she had just been fired for no apparent reason.

"I'm going to sue you at the Labor Bureau!" Lily hollered.

Marcus shrugged nonchalantly. "It doesn't matter. I can afford the compensation.

Besides, I'm going to audit the accounts that you've done for the past few years."

Flabbergasted, Lily's hairs stood on their ends. "N-No... please."

"Mr. Campbell, I shall not disturb you further," Marcus said respectfully before heading out

Zayne and Daniel followed suit.
Everyone else's attention was focused on Donald.
However, there was a complicated mix of emotions and looks among them – shock, confusion, fear, and regret.
Ysabel lifted her head smugly and said, "Mom, isn't Donald great?"
Beatrice shot a frigid look at Ysabel, making the latter swallow her words immediately.
At the same time, Jennifer was looking at Donald as well.
She felt like she no longer knew the man. It was as if the man was shrouded in mystery.
However, Leonard, Linda, and Kevin still could not bring themselves to like the man.
Yvonne suddenly piped up, "Donald, you seem to exert quite an influence over other people. Are you really just a security guard?"
The others pricked up their ears as they anticipated Donald's reply.
Donald nodded and said, "Yes, that's right. I earn eight thousand a month."
Yvonne smiled and shook her head. "You may seem really calm and composed, but I know that you're just faking it. You must be really smug right now, huh? Even though I do not know how you manage to pull all these off, I would still like to warn you to tone it down in front of me. Don't get too cocky. My husband's won the bid as well. The bid's worth over two billion. We come from a construction background. I can make the eighth branch of the family return to its former glory with a single sentence. So what if we've lost five hundred renovation projects? So what if our people have been fired? It all doesn't matter. A two-billion project is enough to restore the eighth branch's former glory."
Feeling her spirits lifted, Lily exclaimed, "That's right!"
Yvonne took out a wet tissue and wiped her mouth. "So, you have nothing to brag about. The value of every single piece of clothes on you added together will not even exceed a thousand bucks. That can only mean that you're truly just a security guard. Otherwise, Jennifer will not divorce you either."

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She approached Donald as she talked and reached out her hand in an attempt to tap Donald's face. "Young man, you still have a long way to go. Don't be too smug and ruin yourself."

Donald's eyes flashed with a cold glint. He grabbed her right arm and slowly exerted force on it.

Yvonne let out a wail from the excruciating pain as she felt her arm almost wringing off. Donald merely eyed the woman impassively.

If it were not for him not wishing to kill someone in front of Jennifer, Yvonne would have been dead by now.

"Let her go!" Christian bellowed. He reached for a stool and hurled it at Donald.

However, the stool exploded into tiny wooden bits mid-air and scattered all over the floor.

"Jason, come over and clean up the mess," Donald uttered in an expressionless face. A middle-aged man rushed into the room right away.

He had arrived at the place much earlier, but he had been hiding outside and dared not

enter the room because Yvonne was his mistress, and his favorite one at that. But... she's offended Lord Campbell.

Jason knew his priorities and dashed over to Yvonne's side right away. He tugged at her hair and dragged her to one side to reprimand her, "You bitch! Don't pull me under the bus even if you have a death wish. How dare you touch Mr. Campbell!"

Needless to say, Yvonne was stumped.

She noticed the grim look on Jason's face as he shot a death glare in her direction. He's looking at me as if I'm a corpse!

"From now on, get yourself as far from me as possible. Otherwise, I'm going to kill you!"

Jason chided with a contorted look on his face.

Then, he turned around, and gone was the vicious look on his face. "Mr. Campbell, I am so sorry."

Yvonne and the entire Wilson family watched in stumped silence.

Jason looked like he was about to kill Yvonne with the livid look on his face.

However, when talking to Donald, Jason's attitude changed completely. He was as courteous and respectful as one could get.

One would even say that Jason was trying to butter up Donald.

"Darling, he's just a security guard," Yvonne said indignantly.

Jason wished he could strangle her alive for being impudent and ignorant. However, he dared not expose Donald's identity. He grew so exasperated that veins popped on his forehead as he bellowed, "So what if he's a security guard? I really hate women like you!"

Then, he dumped Yvonne right then and there.

Yvonne had been Jason's mistress for about five and six years, and the latter had given her more than ten million over the years. Not only that, but Jason also told Yvonne to give him some time as he promised to marry her and make her his wife.

However, everything dissipated into thin air right then, and she was left with nothing.

Gone were her dreams of living in a big mansion and driving a luxurious car.

Leonard, Linda, and Kevin narrowed their eyes at Donald as they tried to make sense of everything that was going on, especially Kevin.

A sense of regret started to fill his heart.

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It was almost instinctive.

Donald still remained impassive. It was as if he had nothing to do with anything that was happening

Christian appeared defeated as a sense of remorse washed over him.

Why did I mess with Donald? If I had not messed with him, this wouldn't be happening right now!

Samuel's hopes to secure business projects were dashed, and there was no hope of him ever gaining traction again.

Even his daughter, Lily, had been fired after having just been promoted to the position of the general manager of the Loan Department.

Yvonne, who had been Jason's mistress for years, was also chased out the door.

Yvonne's face turned pale as she pleaded, "No, Darling. Please just give me another chance. Please?"

However, Jason did not spare her another glance and shook his head. "No. No more

chances for you. You've gotten me into trouble today, and you're going to get me into more trouble in the future!"

He paused and gritted his teeth. "Get the hell out of my face right now!"

Yvonne headed outside in a dejected manner, staggering from the shocking turn of events.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Campbell" Jason bowed to Donald again before heading out.

The people left in the hall exchanged glances with each other, and all of them turned to eye Donald

Ysabel's eyes glinted with admiration for the man as she dashed over and circled Donald's arms in her own. "Donald, you're the best!"

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Her tone when she called him was affectionate as ever.

With a frosty look on her face, Beatrice walked over and grabbed Ysabel's right arm.

"Come back here!"

When Jennifer walked over, Ysabel immediately let go of her arms in fear. Then, she looked at Jennifer panickily, with a hint of grievance in her eyes.

"Jennifer, if you don't want him anymore, can't you give him to me?" she said softly.

Jennifer froze for a second before feeling amused and baffled by her words.

Meanwhile, Donald was speechless, too.

As Jennifer looked at Donald, she asked, "Aren't you going to give me an explanation about what happened today?"

After giving it some thought, Donald answered, "There's nothing to say anyway. You don't need to know the details."

Jennifer nodded. "They all came for the sake of Old Mr. Campbell, right? He is a fortune teller, and so far, his fortune-telling is accurate. The people that came tonight were all from the underground. They must have had their fortunes and geomancy read by Old Mr. Campbell, and they wholeheartedly trust the readings they got from Old Mr. Campbell. Am I right?"

Donald's expression remained impassive as he answered, "You can say that."

Jennifer's eyes widened as realization dawned on her. "I knew it. However, I have advice for you. Donald, you have to live your life conscientiously. Both Zayne and Jason's hands are dirty. Moreover, they're ruthless and cruel people. What if Old Mr. Campbell's readings become inaccurate one day? I'm afraid the first thing they'll do is go after you."

Donald stayed silent. He did not know how to react to her words.

Linda sneered. "I thought you have something up your sleeve, but it turns out it's just some old charlatan doing fortune-telling, and the funny thing is, they all believed it!"

Kevin mocked him too. "You're such a loser. Stay away from us, Donald. You're the abandoned one of the Campbell clan, and your story is also made into a book! If the Campbell clan had some free time on their hands, the first one they'll go for will be you!"

Leonard nodded his head as he agreed with what Kevin said. "That's right! You're already divorced from Jennifer. She's currently the CEO of Jennard Construction, and

her company won a project bid of two billion. She's in the prime of her life. Please don't sabotage her. I don't want what happened to Raymond ten years ago to happen to her!" Christian snorted. "Initially, I thought you were something, but in the end, you're just a loser! You're a good-for-nothing who relies on fortune-telling to con people."

Donald chuckled dryly.

This was human nature. It was interesting if one thought about it.

Then, he looked at Jennifer and awaited her response.

Will she defend me?

No. She won't.

Jennifer still stared at him in disappointment.

At that moment, he became listless, turned, and walked outside.

His retreating back looked exceptionally lonely and sorrowful.

Sometimes, when the path in front was dark and stormy winds hindered one's way, one would still need to walk alone. Hence, this was what Donald should do.

"Donald! Wait for me! Please wait!" Ysabel broke free from Beatrice's grip and ran after Donald

"You little brat! If you go there, don't you ever come back again!" Beatrice screamed shrilly at the back.

"Mom, I'll explain it to you later!" Ysabel turned around and waved at her mother.

Her smile was dazzling and emanated a youthful aura.

On the other side, Christian was seen talking to Jennifer. "Jennifer, let's continue where we've left off. Do you want to discuss the equity financing proposal?"

Jennifer shook her head and said, "Forget it. I suddenly don't feel like doing it anymore. I'll think of something on my own."

When Donald had just exited Rivebale Hotel, Ysabel caught up with him. "Please wait for me, Donald! Wait!"

"Why are you chasing after me?" Donald turned around to look at her.

Ysabel clung on Donald. "I want to be with you!"

Sighing, Donald replied, "Please stop messing around. Your mom told you to stay away from me."

"Hmph! She's just obstinate!" Ysabel snorted before continuing, "I still think you're the coolest and most handsome guy in the world!"

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Donald was speechless at her praise.

The next moment, Beatrice caught up because she was worried about her daughter. Her face darkened when she saw Ysabel hugging Donald's right arm. "Ysabel, please leave. I have something to say to Donald."

After eyeing her mother fearfully, Ysabel shook her head.

"Go on," Donald urged her along,

Obediently, Ysabel released her hold on his arm.

Beatrice sighed inwardly. She clearly values Donald over me.

"Let's find a place to chat," Beatrice said.

Although she was forty years old, she had taken great care of herself physically. She

had neat short hair and wore a pair of gold-rimmed glasses giving her an intelligent charm. Her skin was fair, and her every move exuded elegance and maturity.

“Okay,” said Donald as he nodded.

Then, he returned to Rivebale Hotel and booked a private room.

“Ysabel is only twenty this year.” Beatrice started the conversation.

“I know,” Donald answered.

“You are a divorcee, and you are currently a security guard. On the other hand, Ysabel will have her post-graduate entrance exam soon. Initially, I wanted her to study arts so that she could be a piano teacher in the future. However, she had chosen to be an architectural designer, which is different from what I envisioned her to be. Her father passed away when she was twelve, and I am the one who raised her to be what she is now. I never remarried because I want Ysabel to grow up in a good environment.”

Donald stared intently at Beatrice. “Why do you think Ysabel likes to be around me so much? That’s because she lacks fatherly love. I’m older than her by seven years. When I first met her, she was seventeen. She was at an age where one’s concept about love had just formed. So, I think you don’t need to be worried about this. After a few years, her criteria for choosing a partner will change. Also...”

Pausing, a hint of ridicule crept up Donald’s face as he continued, “Why do you think I will like her? You don’t have the right to question me.”

After finishing his sentence, he got up and left, not feeling the need to entertain her any longer.

After Donald left, Beatrice was left stunned for some time. Then, she came to her senses and slammed the table in anger. “How arrogant!”

Bang! Bang! Bang!

She slammed the table several times. “How infuriating! He’s just a lowly security guard! I wonder who gave him the confidence?”

I, Beatrice Stern, am a lecturer at Pollerton University! Who gave a mere security guard like you the right to talk to me like this?

However, Donald didn’t hear all that. Even if he did hear it, he would have ignored her. Time flew by quickly. In no time, there were only nine days left before Lilith entered the laboratory

Noah still did not show himself. He was still in hiding, and even Bradley could not find his whereabouts.

At eight o’clock in the morning, after Donald had finished his breakfast, Bradley came to him. He had dark circles under his eyes; it seemed he had pulled an all nighter. “Lord Campbell!”

“What is it?” Donald was washing his hands. He didn’t turn around to face Bradley.

“I’ve intercepted a secret message from Python,” Bradley said as he passed a name list to Donald. On the list, about a hundred names were recorded. Along with the names, their ID card number, home address, and time were included.

“This is the list of the people that Sara has contacted in the recent year. All of these contacted persons may have the flash drive,” Bradley said. “This here is the time they have contacted the little girl.”

Donald skimmed through and noticed that there were a hundred or so people. Their occupations were recorded inside too.

He was shocked to see that Jennifer was included among them.

Including Jennifer, another thirty or so people had been marked red.

“These thirty-plus people who are marked red are the ones that have the highest chance of possessing the flash drive. Hence, I surmise Rupert will take action soon,” Bradley reported. “Do you need me to deploy your personal guards? Or awaken the hundred thousand Viking warriors?”

Donald shook his head. “There’s no need for that. I’ll be monitoring this personally.”

Bradley immediately bowed. “Yes, Lord Campbell!”

Donald tore the name list into pieces, his face expressionless. Then, he made himself a new cup of coffee. As he drank, he pondered.