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Chapter 31

“Very well. You can have the house and everything else. I’ll send a representative to go with you and file the necessary papers,” Donald said coldly.

Jennifer bit her lip. “Okay.”

“I used to think that you loved me, but now, it seems I read too much into your feelings for me. How could someone who truly loved me bring up the subject of divorce so lightly?” As Donald spoke, he turned to gaze at Jennifer.

She felt a chill run down her spine when she saw his eyes.

Why does he look like that? There’s no trace of emotion in his eyes. His gaze is stone-cold and indifferent

“I wish you all the best for the future,” Donald uttered before slowly walking away.

Now that I’ve received a mission from Chiliad Avion, my life will no longer be peaceful. It’ll be a life full of dangers and murderous intent. I don’t want to drag Jennifer into such a situation and get her involved in that complicated world. I want her to lead a quiet and peaceful life. Since she asked for a divorce, it’s probably best for me to agree to it.

Jennifer stood rooted to the spot as she stared at Donald, looking as though she had been struck by lightning. Her heart ached, and she wanted to say something. Yet, she did not know what to say.

Donald cast one last long look at Jennifer, then turned and strode toward the door.

Jennifer watched him walk away resolutely without even the slightest hint of reluctance.

Then, she slumped to the floor, feeling as though every ounce of her energy had drained from her body. She gazed in the direction Donald had left and wailed, “Why didn’t you try to talk me out of it? You said that I don’t love you, but I think you don’t love me either!”

“Ah, he’s gone at last,” Linda declared with a gleeful smile. However, a troubled expression quickly replaced her smile.

Now that Harrison is dead, how should I find another spendthrift person?

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door.

Jennifer’s heart skipped a beat as she wondered whether Donald had returned.

She hurried to the door and flung it wide open, only to see a lady dressed in a white, vintage-inspired dress.

The only thought that popped into her mind was that the lady looked like a fairy.

She looked like she had just stepped out of her painting with her white dress, fair skin, long hair cascading down her shoulders, and exquisite features.

Despite the blood trickling down his face, Kevin could not help staring at the lady in stunned silence for a long time, seemingly forgetting all about his excruciating pain.

The lady was breathtakingly beautiful and possessed an otherworldly air.

For someone to wear a dress like hers, that person either had to be very brave or very beautiful.

And the lady fell in the latter category. Judging from her appearance, she seemed to be around twenty-two or twenty-three years old.

After composing herself, Jennifer asked, “May I know who you’re looking for?”

The lady spoke calmly and coolly, “Ms. Wilson, my name is Yuna Bynes. I’ll be

representing Mr. Campbell in the subsequent process of applying for a divorce.”

When Jennifer heard that, her tears began to flow again.

Linda squeezed into the doorway next to Jennifer and said excitedly, “That’s great! Excellent! Let’s get it over with immediately.”

“City Hall is still open at this time. I’ll wait for you there, Ms. Wilson.” With that, Yuna turned and left without

Jennifer heaved a long sigh and lowered her head. “Are you satisfied now, Mom?”

“Of course! It’s a pity we didn’t manage to get our hands on Harrison, but no matter.

With your looks, you should have tons of suitors. And I’m sure they’ll be way better than Donald,” Linda responded.

Jennifer merely looked up at Linda without saying a word, then walked out despondently.

As she left, Kevin stumbled over to the door and realized that Yuna was gone.

“Where’s the beautiful lady?”

Meanwhile, Donald was in low spirits after leaving the house. He went to the rooftop of a building and stood there, gazing down at the cityscape.

He did not notice that Yuna had come to stand behind him until she called out, “Donald.”

“Go ahead. Get it done,” Donald replied without turning around.

Yuna never seemed to smile in front of others. Yet, when she was with Donald, she would beam happily. “All right. Before I headed down the mountain, our mentor told me something.”

“What was it?” Donald turned toward her, puzzled.

“She said she didn’t get to make you hers, so she told me to do so instead.” Yuna batted her eyelashes at him playfully.

“Well, you can tell her to stop bothering me,” said Donald.

Yuna smiled. “I’ll be going then. Are we going to continue protecting Ms. Wilson?”

“Yes.”

“Got it.” As Yuna walked away, the expression on her face became cold and distant again.

Donald let out a sigh.

While he was still feeling downcast, his phone rang. It was Hannah. “Meet me at the lakeside restaurant at five o’clock.”

“Okay,” Donald responded.

Hannah hung up without saying anything else.

Donald pushed off on the balls of his feet, jumping down from the thirty-third floor onto the balcony of an uninhabited residence. Then, he walked away calmly.

If anyone had happened to catch that scene, their eyes would have popped out of their heads.

After all, it was more than a hundred-meter drop from the thirty-third floor.

When he arrived at the lakeside restaurant ten minutes before five o’clock, Yuna sent him a message informing him that she had done as he instructed.

Donald stood in front of the entrance to the restaurant as a sense of emptiness descended upon him.

A mix of emotions bubbled inside him. It felt like reluctance and also relief at the same time.

Suddenly, he heard a cold voice behind him. "My, my. You're quite punctual."
Turning around, he saw that it was Hannah

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Hannah was in her usual blue and white gown that showcased her exquisite figure and highlighted her assets. A pair of black high heels accentuating her long and slender legs that were white as snow rounded off the entire outfit.

She seemed to have a penchant for wearing gowns, for she was still wearing one even when it was early autumn.

"Aren't you cold?" Donald inquired.

Without even sparing him a single look, Hannah strode right into the lakeside restaurant. "Not really."

Such was her character, and she wasn't all that vivacious compared to Donald.

"You seem to be in a bad mood." Only after they had entered the restaurant did she finally turn her gaze on Donald.

Donald's expression was calm and unruffled, his emotions indiscernible from his countenance. "Not really."

He used the exact same line in response.

Subsequently, neither of them said anything.

They randomly found a booth and ordered a few dishes. Donald opened a bottle of red wine and filled Hannah's glass. "Anyway, thank you very much."

If it weren't for her superb medical skills, Grandpa would've probably departed this life by

now.

However, Hannah shook her head. "It was my responsibility as a doctor."

Pausing for a brief moment, she looked at him and asked, "It was you who obliterated Pollerton General Hospital and Pollerton Pharma?"

Considering her line of work, she had more channels of acquiring information than the average person. Besides, Ryan was her brother. Therefore, she had long since caught wind of that.

“Yes.” Donald nodded in affirmation.

Despite having known ages ago that it was his doing, Hannah was still a touch surprised.

She was one of the few who were aware of his identity.

Donald had the ability to have direct contact with Chiliad Avion, and that could only be done by less than ten people within the country.

“What are you planning to do next?” Hannah queried.

Donald was startled by her question. “Huh?”

What does she mean by that?

Hannah took a sip of red wine. Her cheeks turned slightly flushed, yet her speech remained clear and eloquent. “You annihilated Pollerton Pharma and cleaned out Pollerton General Hospital in five minutes, so those market shares are vacant right now. This is an enormous piece of the pie, and many conglomerates are eyeing it.”

I was still rather lost. “Has that got anything to do with me?”

In response, Hannah nodded and explained, “There are already conglomerates that entered Pollerton in hopes of snagging that piece of Pollerton Pharma’s pie.”

Nonetheless, Donald merely shook his head. “I won’t interfere as long as they don’t provoke me. After all, it has nothing to do with me.”

“It does have something to do with you,” Hannah asserted.

At that, Donald stared right at her. “How is that so?”

Hannah took a piece of steak, looking very much alluring with her rosy lips parted a fraction. “Your wife, Jennifer Wilson. There aren’t many with the family name of Wilson in Pollerton. Your wife’s family is a branch of the Wilson family in Tayhaven.

The Wilson family in Tayhaven split into eight branches a century ago. They’re dubbed the Eight Branches of the Wilson family. Your wife’s family is the eighth branch.”

Then, she continued, “A steady stream of outstanding figures from the Wilson family in Tayhaven is presently entering Pollerton to bag that piece of the pie. It’s initially no big

deal and has nothing to do with you, but the current head of the Wilson family in Tayhaven has always wanted to reunite and expand the family. He tried everything he could to gather the Eight Branches of the Wilson family together. He did a genealogy record of the family and discovered the Wilson family in Pollerton,

taking a direct interest in your wife, Jennifer. The Wilson family in Tayhaven wants her to return with the eighth branch and promises to give her sufficient funds and connections. However, they have a stipulation-she has to dominate the pharmaceutical industry.”

Donald fell into deep contemplation.,

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Chapter 33

Indeed, Donald knew of the Wilson family in Tayhaven. It was a powerful organization mainly engaged in real estate development and sales, with many industries under it, including film and television, cosmetics research and development, and pharmaceutical research and development.

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“In other words, your wife will be a CEO from now on, and her net worth will skyrocket by five to six hundred million overnight. If she dominates the pharmaceutical industry in Pollerton, her net worth will reach two billion within three years,” Hannah explained.

“Go on.” Donald crossed his arms.

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“The patriarch of the Wilson family, Old Mr. Wilson, is currently on his deathbed and may pass away anytime. His only wish before dying is to reunite the family and accept the eighth branch of the Wilson family back into the fold. However, there is much resistance. His wife is an influential figure in the Wilson family, and she’s exceedingly snobbish. Therefore, it’s not easy to return to the Wilson family in Tayhaven. Hence, your wife currently has a golden opportunity while under tremendous pressure as well,” Hannah continued.

Then, she cast a curious glance at him. “Of course, all that isn’t a problem with a single word from you. Once you speak, the Wilson family in Tayhaven will undoubtedly come running over to pledge their allegiance.”

Donald lowered his head and chuckled bitterly. “Jennifer and I... are divorced.”

Upon hearing that, Hannah was stunned. She dipped her head as a flash of something flittered across her eyes.

“Oh yes, how do you know all that?” Donald questioned.

His intelligence network was vast, but he hadn’t received that piece of news yet.

“I went to treat Old Mr. Wilson. He has a congenital heart defect and a space occupying lung lesion, so his days are numbered. I can’t do anything about it either,” Hannah replied placidly.

Donald went silent

“Well? Would you consider lending your ex-wife a hand?” Hannah had already changed

the way she addressed Jennifer.

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Donald kept mum for a long while before he finally murmured, "We shall see."

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Out of the blue, Hannah's interest was seemingly piqued. "Do you still love her?"

Ignoring the question, Donald raised his wine glass. "Cheers."

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They both clinked glasses lightly. Perhaps it was the alcohol, but the shade of red on Hannah's face deepened. She also became more talkative, and the look in her eyes as she gazed at Donald was tender.

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Someone like him was a hero in her heart.

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If it weren't for his contribution during the Holy War a few years back, we wouldn't be enjoying such a peaceful life now.

"Hey, Hanny, didn't you say you had several surgeries tonight? Why are you here?" No sooner had affection started sprouting deep within her than a voice drifted over and interrupted her thoughts.

Instantly disgruntled, Hannah snagged a piece of tissue once more and wiped her mouth solemnly. "A fly is here, so let's go."

Donald couldn't resist glancing at the approaching man.

It was a tall and slender young man in a white shirt and long pants, with a perfect figure and handsome countenance. Right then, he was regarding Hannah in astonishment.

A woman was also standing beside Hannah.

Donald was all too familiar with that woman.

It was none other than Jennifer.

The two of them locked gazes before they both averted their eyes.

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Hannah glimpsed a glimmer of sorrow flashing across Jennifer's eyes. The latter was also red-rimmed as though having wept earlier.

Conversely, Donald's face was devoid of expression.

"Let's go." Hannah took Donald's right arm.

When Jennifer saw that, her expression stiffened, and she shivered slightly. In the next moment, however, she reverted to normal.

"Don't go, Hanny. I've just arrived, yet you're leaving. T-That's.." The man was so frantic that he stammered.

"Is there any relationship between us, Quintus?" Hannah snapped.

The moment Quintus Wilson saw that she was holding Donald's arm, his eyes blazed

with fury. "So, he's your man?"

"Yes, he's my man!" Hannah lifted her head.

Jennifer's expression darkened at the sight of Hannah holding onto Donald's arm. She bit her lip but said nothing in the end.

We've just gotten divorced, but you're already so eager to date her?

At that thought, her eyes turned red, and grief swamped her.

Quintus' eyes narrowed as he stared at Donald's arm, where Hannah was hugging.

"Where did this scum come from?"

"Repeat that if you dare." Donald remained expressionless.

At once, a shiver ran down Hannah's spine as she sensed the man's wrath.

Oh, shoot! Who else can stop Lord Campbell when he goes off the deep end other than a few people from Chiliad Avion?

"Ah, what an arrogant man!" Quintus didn't panic in the least. Instead, he stared intently at Donald before flashing Jennifer a smile. "Jennifer, watch how I'm going to crush him."

Jennifer's heart went cold when she heard that.

The members of the Wilson family in Tayhaven had just sought her out and chatted with her in detail. As such, she vaguely understood their terrifying might. They were a behemoth rooted in Tayhaven. If Donald gets into a conflict with him, Donald will undoubtedly end up on the losing end!

"He... is my ex-husband," Jennifer admitted softly.

As soon as she said that, a strange smile promptly manifested on Quintus' face. "You're dead, punk. Nigel will definitely kill you!"

Donald inexorably glanced at Jennifer.

Meanwhile, Quintus smirked and continued, "You probably have no idea who Nigel Wilson is, huh? He's the son of the Tayhaven King and the future head of the Wilson family in Tayhaven. People dub him Prince Nigel! He has just arrived in Pollerton today. Astounded by Jennifer's beauty at first sight, he decided to take her as his wife. Do you think you have the right to remain alive?"

Nigel Wilson? I don't know of any such person. Even if his father sees me, he has to address me as Lord Campbell, much less the man himself!

Donald sneered, not at all worried.

"Nigel Wilson is no easy prey." As Hannah spoke beside Donald, her brows furrowed.

"Got it. Let's go!" Donald got to his feet and headed out of the restaurant.

Alas, Quintus stepped right into his path and eyed him expressionlessly. "Who allowed you to leave?"

Not only was he pursuing Hannah ardently, but Jennifer was also Donald's ex-wife, so he detested the man with a passion.

It was a piece of cake for the Wilson family to cripple someone.

All of a sudden, a burst of light sparked in Donald's eyes. He abruptly snapped his head up and stared straight at Quintus. The look in his eyes resembled that of a prehistoric beast rousing and choosing a target to devour.

Quintus was a person who had seen much of the world, but a shudder still went through him at the man's gaze. The intense aura radiating off Donald, especially, struck terror in him.

"Is the Wilson family in Tayhaven declaring war on me?" Donald slowly walked toward

him. With every step he took, his aura intensified. In the end, Quintus seemingly had an illusion that the man seemed to be a God of War who descended from heaven, looking down at him as though he were an ant.

Who exactly is he?

Great alarm filled him, and he gave a roar as he suddenly bent his elbow and aimed it at Donald's temple.

It was pure kickboxing, and it was even Eight Limbs Kickboxing at that. Few people knew it, and it couldn't possibly have leaked to the Wilson family.

Quintus was exceedingly ruthless in his strikes. If an ordinary person were struck, that person might very well lose his life in the worst scenario. Its devastation was immeasurable, for every single joint in the body became a lethal weapon.

As Donald fixated his eyes on the man's elbow, the rage within him imploded. He punched him squarely in the chest. No one could ever hope to describe the force of that blow.

Crack!

The sound of something shattering rang out. On the heels of that, Quintus flew backward from the punch.

Snorting, Donald eyed the man sprawled on the ground with blood trickling out the corner of his mouth.

Fragments of shattered metal fell from his chest.

A breastplate! That aside, it was manufactured via nanotechnology. It's as thin as a cicada's wings and can stop bullets. Such technology is still rare in the country, so it's really a mystery that he has it!

A thoughtful light entered Donald's eyes.

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Chapter 35

With the Parasite's impending return to Pollerton, the Wilson family in Tayhaven entering the city to devour the huge slice of the pharmaceutical industry pie, and Lilith completing some military research projects, the whole of Pollerton grew increasingly unsettled.

Quintus gaped at the shattered breastplate, his emotions a chaotic mess as utter shock inundated him.

That breastplate wasn't to be underestimated, for it could withstand strikes from heavy machinery and sniper rifles amounting to a ton of forces

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Right then, however, Donald shattered it in a single blow.

If he weren't wearing the breastplate earlier, he had no doubt that his entire chest would have been sunken in by Donald's punch.

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Who exactly is he?

"Do you still want to continue?" Stalking over, Donald picked up a fragment of metal. He

pinched it lightly with two fingers, upon which the fragment cracked once more.
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At that sight, Quintus was scared out of his wits.

What kind of strength does he have?

“The Wilson family is indeed something else for you to know about Eight Limbs Kickboxing.” Donald dipped his head and looked at the man.

Quintus was again shocked.

That was indeed Eight Limbs Kickboxing, but kickboxing was all-encompassing and had many different genres. Therefore, someone who could discern that it was Eight Limbs Kickboxing at a single glance was all the more impressive.

What kind of background does he have precisely?

“Who exactly are you?” Quintus asked with a cough.

Donald merely threw him a look without bothering to answer him.

Hah! He wants to know my identity when he’s just an insignificant figure?

Subsequently, he turned his gaze to Jennifer.

Jennifer wore a complicated expression on her face. After contemplating for a moment, she went over to Donald. “Donald, I’ve got money and can reduce your burden now.

Can we return to how we were in the past? We no longer need to fight because of a few million and have pointless arguments.”

She grew increasingly emotional as she spoke. Finally, she took his hand and gazed at him tearfully.

Donald’s heart softened, but he then heaved a sigh. “No, that’s no longer possible.”

Yeah, things can never return to the past. Does she think it’s so easy to take the Wilson family’s money? The Parasite is going to return to Pollerton, and it’s a force that even Chiliad Avion is afraid of. They can’t even interfere directly and are forced to send me out to eliminate him instead. Once she has ties with me, she’ll definitely hold me back. His only thought then was to decimate the Parasite first before he would reconsider that matter.

Jennifer’s face immediately drained of all color. She backed away several steps and gaped at him.

“Do your best and dominate the market here in Pollerton, Donald urged gently.

Jennifer said nothing at all, merely staring fixedly at him.

“Don’t have anything to do with him anymore, Jennifer. Nigel will be displeased. If that happens, you’ll lose everything,” Quintus reminded.

Then, he shifted his gaze to Donald. “Although I don’t know who you are, and you’re exceedingly skilled at fighting, it’s best that you keep your distance from Jennifer. Once Nigel flies off his handle, even Charles Langford can’t protect you.”

Recalling Nigel’s ruthless methods, sheer terror flooded him as well.

“Go back and tell him to bring it on if he wants to declare war on me,” Donald sneered. After saying that, he spun on his heels and left.

Jennifer was downright disappointed as she watched him leave.

“Do sever all ties with him. Uncle Theo from the Wilson family is coming soon. This time, it’s all thanks to him that the Wilson family in Pollerton is in the running,” Quintus warned.

In response, Jennifer nodded.

This is a golden opportunity, so I’ve got to seize it!

“Wait for me, Donald. I’ll prove to you that I’m not any inferior compared to Hannah. I want to be an influential person in Pollerton! At that time, I’ll be back to seek you out!” Determination imbued her.

After exiting the restaurant, Hannah looked at Donald apologetically. “I’m sorry to have ruined your mood today.”

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Donald shook his head, indicating that everything was fine.

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Seeing that, Hannah felt her heart clenching slightly.

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He’s someone with a story. His eyes overflow with melancholy and untold stories, so he must have a past unknown to others.

In a soft voice, she inquired, “Why did you choose Jennifer back then? Even princesses would take a fancy to someone like you.”

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“She... is the kind of person who provides comfort soundlessly. In the past few years we’ve been acquainted, she could always touch me inadvertently. Besides, she really resembles someone,” Donald answered.

“Who?” A frown marred Hannah’s countenance.

Donald’s voice turned exceedingly tender. “My mother. I don’t mean her looks but her temperament. She’s just as gentle and kind and gives people a sense of quiet comfort.”

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Hannah could vaguely draw her guess and didn’t pursue it further.

“Your grandfather is stable now and should be waking up these few days. However, he’s advanced in years and had undergone surgery, so his health certainly isn’t as great anymore,” Hannah remarked.

“I know. Still, thank you very much.” Donald looked at her gratefully.

Swiping at the hair sticking to her ivory cheeks, Hannah flashed him a smile and shook her head in response.

“I’ve already, transferred the ten million to your account.” Donald subconsciously toyed with the beaded bracelet on his wrist before he froze for a moment. Then, he hid them under his sleeve:

“By the way, are you acquainted with Lilith Snowden?” Donald queried.

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Hannah nodded in affirmation. “Yes. She’s a genius in military science. We grew up in the same compound, but her fake identity is somewhat similar to that of Lana’s, both using business as a cover. That said, she’s coming to Pollerton this time to complete a military research project.”

As she spoke of Lilith, admiration shone in her eyes.

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"She's really amazing. She created the Four Symbols System all by herself and is currently the chief engineer of the Four Symbols Project," Hannah gushed.

Upon hearing that, Donald was stunned, and his expression turned solemn. "A precision-strike system for land warfare?"

He heard that the project had been in progress for several years. It was a satellite positioning system that would be installed on missiles, upon which the precision rate would be narrowed to fifty centimeters.

That was truly terrifying. Once successfully produced, it would definitely be a nightmare for all countries around the globe.

At present, the accuracy of the precision-strike system of the highest international standard was only three square meters.

"The Azure Wyvern, White Manticore, Phoenix Bird, and Black Chelonian are spread in four different directions in space with twenty-eight satellites in each position, making up a total of a hundred and twelve satellites. Basically, they encompass the entire world," Donald elucidated.

"Whoa! You actually know everything to the tiniest detail. It looks like your identity is even more frightening than I imagined." Hannah's eyes sparkled as she stared at him.

Then, she echoed, "Exactly. That's precisely why the Parasite entered Pollerton. My brother is now on pins and needles. For every single day the Parasite remains alive, he can't sleep peacefully. If something goes wrong during the final stages of the satellite launching, many people will lose their lives," Hannah lamented with a sigh.

"Don't worry, for I'll end the Parasite." Donald exuded great confidence.

Hannah shook her head, worry lining her face. "I've never seen him, but even my grandfather fears him. There must be too many things involved as Chiliad Avion can't interfere directly."

At that, Donald merely smiled.

"So, you got a divorce with Jennifer to protect her, didn't you?" Hannah continued asking

"She's not like you and the others. You've got your grandfather backing you up, and Lana has got the Collins family behind her. Even Wynter has her grandfather to fall on. But she has no one else besides me. The Parasite is still alive and kicking. I can't bear the slightest accident befalling her. Let me put it this way-the tenser things are between us, the safer she is," Donald admitted.

"But what if she's heartbroken for real and goes to someone else for consolation? What would you do, then?" Hannah looked right into his eyes,

In truth, that was Donald's greatest worry.

He was silent for a moment before he finally murmured, "Then, I can only give her my blessings."

"For the sake of six hundred thousand, you revived the System and shattered your peaceful life, even going as far as pushing Jennifer into the abyss. Is it worth it?"

Donald chuckled bitterly. "That's something I can never escape. My hands are stained with blood. Even if I hadn't revived the System, Chiliad Avion would still have come up with a way to get me back into the fold. Furthermore, I slaughtered many of the Parasite's men."

Hannah said nothing further.

"I'll send you home," Donald offered.

He then stretched his hand to his back and made a gesture.

Following that, several figures in white soundlessly entered the restaurant to protect Jennifer.

After sending Hannah back, Donald went home after a brief deliberation.

It was his house with Jennifer, and nothing had changed.

He swiftly packed his clothes and belongings. Standing there, he gazed at everything for a while before he sighed at long last. He took out his key and placed it on the coffee table in the living room. Then, he thought for a while before taking out a bank card from his pocket and placing it on the coffee table as well.

That bank card was once used by them both to put aside funds for their child. Every month, they would deposit a small sum into it.

By then, he had upgraded that card to a premium black card. It appeared very ordinary on the surface, but the bank's system indicated it as a VVIP with a hundred million in liquidity.

He wasn't bothered about money, for he had no interest in it.

Subsequently, he took their wedding photo down and boxed it, taking it away with him.

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After doing all that, he gently closed the door. Turning, he left and disappeared into the elevator.

At a little over ten o'clock at night, Jennifer arrived home. The instant she opened the door and saw the keys and bank card on the coffee table, she froze as tears streamed down her face.