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Chapter 57

“For those local enterprises here to discuss collaborations, you can wait on the twenty-third floor. Please help to inform those who have yet to arrive. Artists, wait at your original spots. Come in after you’re informed.”

Jennifer took another deep breath and got out of the car.

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At last, there were only a few rubbernecks left outside the company.

After Donald waited for approximately six minutes and confirmed that no one’s attention was on him, he slowly entered the building.

As soon as he stepped on the red carpet, someone in the crowd made a mocking remark at him. “Oh, it’s Donald. Why is a security guard like you entering the building?”

Donald turned around and spotted Rebecca in the crowd.

The thirty-two artists’ attention fell on him.

Apparently, his clothes were not from any designer’s brand. They looked like they were bought from the market and did not seem expensive. There was also nothing on his body that displayed wealth, such as a watch or jewelry.

All in all, he looked poor.

“May I ask if you’re here to attend the press conference or discuss business?” one of the thirty-two artists asked.

It was Rebecca’s sister, Yvette.

I’m here for inspection but I’m not going to tell you that.

Wearing a nonchalant countenance, Donald shook his head. “None of these.”

Irene, who was beside Yvette, laughed. “Then, you’re here to cause trouble?”

Many of the female guests’ expressions turned cold.

Yvette said in an exaggerating voice, “Woah! Don’t tell me you’re the chairman of Donter Pictures and you’re here for inspection?”

She burst out laughing after saying those words.

Before Donald could reply, one of the artists standing at the end of the row said meekly,

“We shouldn’t be laughing. Maybe he’s here to run errands.”

Donald looked over and saw a girl who seemed to be around her early twenties.

She had a pure-looking appearance and emanated a youthful aura.

“Vanessa, he’s just a security guard collecting a monthly salary of five thousand. What kind of matter would he have?” Yvette shot Vanessa a disdainful look.

Vanessa’s face immediately turned red, and she hung her head. “You can’t just make fun of people like this.”

“Idiot!” Irene rolled her eyes as she looked down on Vanessa.

Many of the female artists’ expressions toward Vanessa were also full of mockery.

Vanessa’s family was the least wealthy among the thirty-two artists. However, she still managed to remain a pure heart in the entertainment industry.

How naïve. You have to sacrifice if you want to join the entertainment industry!

Donald was still staring at Vanessa. She was really youthful and beautiful. Also, she emanated a clean and pure aura, making her a likable person.

Seeing that Donald was still staring at Vanessa, Yvette said, “What are you looking at? She’s way out of your league. You are not worthy to look at us.”

She rolled her eyes at Donald.

Donald's brows furrowed and shot an icy glare at Yvette. "I dare you to say another word of nonsense."

"Oh? Why? Are you going to hit her?" Another voice rang out from behind him.

Donald turned around and saw that it was Rebecca, Yvette's older sister.

Rebecca, Yvette, and Irene were all Donald's high school classmates. They liked to flaunt their wealth back when they were still in school.

In Donald's mind, the three women were all useless. There was no need to argue with them

Rebecca walked over and shot a disdainful look at Donald. She scoffed when she brushed past him and walked into the building.

"Why can she enter?" Donald asked.

"She's representing Mr. Yates to discuss business matters with Donter Pictures. Do you understand?" Yvette rolled her eyes again.

Mr. Yates? Is it Zayne's nephew, Frankie Yates?

Yvette's voice became louder. "Mr. Yates! Do you even know who he is? Have you ever heard of his name before? He's Zayne's nephew!"

Donald's contempt toward Yvette increased. Just as he wanted to retaliate, Wynter's manager ran out and said, "Come in quickly. The press conference is almost over. We're moving on to the next part of the schedule."

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The row of guests quickly scurried into the building. The manager smiled awkwardly at Donald before running back into the building.

Donald also followed behind them and made his way straight to Donter Pictures' headquarters. He entered an empty office and pondered over something.

Meanwhile, Wynter and Jennifer made eye contact at this moment.

While Wynter was scrutinizing Jennifer, Jennifer was also looking at the former.

There were many mixed emotions in Wynter's gaze. She felt admiration and also a sliver of jealousy. Is this the woman Lord Campbell chose? She is really gentle and elegant.

On the other hand, Jennifer's complicated gaze also fell on Wynter.

It was her first time seeing the diva, Wynter, at such a close distance. She's really a beautiful woman. It's no wonder men would fall in love with her. She's elegant and dignified.

"Queen Lowe, I'm the Chairman of Wilson International, Jennifer. I'm here to discuss the endorsement deals and film distribution." Jennifer stood up and bowed respectfully. Wynter stood up quickly. "There's no need to be so formal. I've just talked to three other companies regarding the business matters you mentioned. Their representatives were Reina from Pollerton Real Estate and Frankie from Eastern International. For the film distribution matters, everyone can do it together. Neither one of us can monopolize the market. Regarding the endorsement deals, do you know my rates?"

Jennifer nodded. "Yes, I know. It starts from millions and it depends on whether you're willing to accept the endorsement deals."

Wynter replied, "Actually, I've never accepted any."

"Will you give the same answer to the Wilson family in Tayhaven?" Jennifer bit her lip as she had no choice but to use the Wilson family's background in Tayhaven.

There was a sliver of coldness in Wynter's smile. "Even if the Tayhaven King comes, I'll still reply the same way."

A sarcastic scoff came from Susan, Jennifer's manager. It's not like the Tayhaven King has not discussed the matter with Wynter. Since Wynter was unwilling to accept the offer back then, there was nothing Tayhaven King could do.

No one, even the Tayhaven King, would dare to touch Wynter when that influential person in the Lowe family was still alive.

Jennifer smiled wryly. "Okay, thank you."

She bowed again as she prepared to leave.

However, Wynter said, "You can go to ask a person. If he agrees, I'll promise you."

Jennifer widened her eyes. "Do I know this person?"

Wynter replied, "You do and you even have a close relationship with this person. He's a very nice person and treats you so well that I'm envious of you."

Jennifer was dumbfounded.

She suddenly remembered a person and bowed again. "Okay, I'll go and find him now. She had thought of Nigel.

He treats me well. Who else will be able to persuade Wynter other than Nigel?

Looking at Wynter's expression, Jennifer assumed the formed had a thing for Nigel.

However, Susan was skeptical about the matter.

She thought that it was not Nigel as he had pursued Wynter before. However, Wynter had paid no attention to him.

"Treat him well and don't make him sad," Wynter mumbled.

Jennifer trembled. It was unsure if she had heard what Wynter said. She simply continued walking and left. Wynter looked at her retreating figure and sighed. Then, she shook her head and smiled. Donald, I'm about to make an exception just for you.

There was knocking on the door again. It was Reina, who seemed distressed.

"Queen Lowe," Reina said.

Wynter looked at Reina and said, "It seems that Ms. Wilson has been surrounded by bad rumors recently."

"Yes, that's the reason I wanted to ask you for help," Reina said as she looked at Wynter sincerely.

"It's not an endorsement deal regarding scarlet swans, is it?" Wynter felt a chill run down her spine.

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No matter how prominent her background was, she would not dare to cross such a line. It was the scarlet swan, a first-class wild animal protected by the nation! No one would dare to participate in such a controversial matter.

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“Yes, the public relations department is not able to do anything anymore. My plan is already underway.” Reina took the chance to explain her plan, Wynter’s brows furrowed. “You’re playing a very dangerous game. One wrong step and you will destroy Pollerton Real Estate. You might even go to jail for this. No, I can’t help you.”

Reina sighed.

Wynter also sighed. “Is this your idea? It’s too risky, Ms. Wilson.”

Reina suddenly recalled Lana’s attitude. She clenched her teeth and said, “No, Donald was the one that told me about this idea.”

Wynter’s eyes widened instantly. “Then, was it his idea for you to invite me to become the spokesperson?”

No, it was my idea.

Just as she was about to say that it was her idea, she saw Wynter’s expression. In the end, she said, “Yes.”

Wynter was speechless. She asked in a resigned tone, “Okay then. When are you filming the promotional video?”

“What?” It was Reina’s turn to become speechless.

She was surprised how influential Donald was.

Isn’t he just a bodyguard? Why does Lana trust him so much? Why did Wynter agree to help straightaway after hearing Donald’s name? She refused so blatantly in the beginning! What’s his identity?

Wynter had been in the entertainment industry for a long time and knew that Reina was using Donald’s name to test the waters. However, she was unsure of the relationship between Reina and Donald. She said, “How about you ask Donald to tell me personally? If he agrees, I’ll agree to help you.”

If he agrees, I’ll agree to help you.

Reina was astonished.

Donald definitely is a big shot if the diva is so head over heels for him. This is it!

She immediately responded, “I’ll go and ask Donald now.”

Wynter nodded. “Go.”

After meeting a few more local enterprises, Wynter was finally able to rest. She gave Donald a call. “Donald, have you reached?”

“Yes, but I was blocked by people in the conference room. I can’t leave right now.”

Donald hung up the call and looked around the conference room.

At first, he was sitting in the conference room thinking about the Parasite. However, one of the artists saw him enter the building. Then, all the rest of the artists had entered the conference room he was in and surrounded him.

Yvette and Irene were the most unreasonable out of all the artists.

“Donald, do you have a death wish?” Yvette glared at Donald. “The chairman of Donter Pictures is about to come.”

Irene knitted her brows. “Who let you come in without permission? If the chairman gets offended by you, will you be able to handle the consequences?”

Obviously, these two women want to claim the credit. Whoever has the most outstanding performance will be able to get the best resources.

Everyone knew that Donter Pictures had managed to obtain three scripts from first tier

screenwriters. It meant there were three female lead roles and three second female lead roles available.

If they were able to get the roles of the female lead and became famous overnight with one drama, they would definitely become a first-tier female superstar.

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Everyone understood Yvette's and Irene's intentions. Therefore, Donald was currently surrounded by a bunch of women interrogating him.

Besides Vanessa, everyone else was fighting to interrogate him.

Yvette and Irene were overjoyed that they had a chance to perform now that Donald had appeared. Everything was going smoothly according to their wishes.

Where's the boss? Look at our performances. Is the chairman secretly inspecting us?

Irene and Yvette were delighted.

Donald's face was icy old. He stood up frigidly and said, "You guys are the ones having a death wish!"

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Yvette was stunned momentarily. She pointed at Donald and cursed angrily, "How insolent! Don't you know where you are?"

"You're just a security guard! What right do you have to enter this place?" Irene also scolded, "You're just a lapdog! Scram!"

"That's right. Who gave you the right?"

"Me!" Suddenly, a voice rang out loudly.

Just then, an old man with immaculate hair walked in. He was holding a cane and wore a silver suit.

It was none other than Charles.

His expression was grim.

This bunch of short-sighted women is courting death! How dare they insult Lord Campbell like this? Do they have a death wish? I still want to live even if they don't.

"How dare you!" Charles' eyes swept across his surroundings. Immediately, the artists waiting to be signed were frightened out of their wits.

Charles ran the show in Pollerton for many years. His aura was imposing.

The artists did not dare to say a thing. They were confused and could not wrap their heads around the situation,

The sound of high heels clanking on the ground sounded. Wynter, who was wearing a black gown, walked in with a face full of anger. She bowed to Donald. "Donald, I'm sorry. It's my fault. You can punish me."

The thirty-two talented artists were all dumbfounded to see this scene and widened their eyes in disbelief. Yvette and Irene, especially, rubbed their eyes, thinking that they were seeing things.

This must be an illusion, Donald is just a security guard! How can a security guard have so much power that even the diva has to bow to him?

"Are you all blind? Mr. Campbell is the chairman!" Charles berated.

Oh my God!

Everyone's jaws dropped, stunned by this shocking news. They were all astounded.

“Do all of you still not get it by the company name?” Wynter glanced at the crowd. Everyone was shocked.

Donald, Wynter. Donter Pictures!

“Apart from Vanessa, the rest of you are not up to Donter Picture’s standard!” Donald stated

The thirty-one artist’s complexion turned white as a sheet once his words fell.

Although the artists had not signed their contracts with Donter Pictures, they were all candidates with much potential. At such a critical point of signing their contracts, Donter Pictures decided that they were not up to par with their standards. It was devastating. Wynter added, “That is not enough to vent my anger. I will release this news to the media to blacklist all of you and also advise other film production companies to not sign you!”

“I will do everything in my power to blacklist all of you, especially you two!” Charles uttered coldly as he pointed to Yvette and Irene.

The thirty-one artists felt that they were done for.

It did not matter much if they did not sign with Donter Pictures, for they could still sign with other film production companies. However, their careers would be ruined once Wynter announced this matter to the media and told other film production companies to blacklist them forever. Moreover, Charles also said that he would do everything in his power to blacklist them.

All of their dreams were ruined in an instant.

“No, Mr. Campbell, Please! I was wrong!” A female artist knelt on the ground. Her face was covered with tears,

Irene and Yvette could not even react. They were stunned by Donald’s true identity.

After hearing the news of them being blacklisted, they felt their vision turn dark as they knew that their future was bleak.

Yvette ran over and knelt down as she grabbed onto Donald’s leg. “Donald, can you give me another chance? I really didn’t know about your identity.”

Irene ran over crying as well. “Me too. I didn’t mean it! You shouldn’t blame me for this! I’m really sorry.”

“Queen Lowe, it would give off a bad’ impression if you call off the signing ceremony with thirty-one artists in one shot. It might even affect the company’s shares,” one of the artists said calmly.

Wynter said, “It’s okay. I can handle it.”

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Charles added, “I’ll bear all the consequences behind this. Besides, don’t we still have one more actress?” With that, he pointed at Vanessa.

Shocked, Vanessa gaped in response. Donald is the chairman of Donter Pictures? He seems really close to Winter, too! Wait. That’s beside the point. The point is that I’m going to be the only actress under Donter Pictures! This means they would only need to invest in me and only me!

“She’s not bad,” Donald answered.

Suddenly, Wynter laughed and walked over to take Vanessa’s hand. “You’re Vanessa,

right? Are you willing to become the female lead for The Queen's Story and The Legendary Son-In-Law?"

What the heck! The female lead of two dramas? I'm going to become famous overnight! Vanessa was overwhelmed, her face turning red with excitement as she answered, "I I'd love to!"

When the other actresses saw that, they were green with envy.

They initially had the chance to become the female lead, but they had blown it.

Wynter continued, "Actually, I considered Yvette as the female lead for the second drama and Irene as the second female lead. However, it's not possible now."

Yvette and Irene were taken aback before bursting into tears.

Charles shouted, "Haven't you eaten yet? Cry louder!"

Instantly, the meeting room was filled with people sobbing.

Wynter could not bear to look at them, turning to look at Donald instead.

With an indifferent expression, Donald said, "With their attitude, they're just going to cause trouble for you in the future if you hire them. Besides, you should know what kind of person I am. I'll only make a move if I'm forced to, and if I do, that person is dead meat."

Donald was the type of person that would turn a blind eye toward disagreements and minor arguments. However, if one were to provoke him first, he would not hold back.

Wynter knew that he was protective of his associates and would always seek revenge no matter what.

"Get lost if you're done crying!" Charles shouted again.

Vanessa's face was red as she spoke. "Thank you, Queen Lowe, Mr. Campbell, and Mr. Langford!"

"I have faith in you. Do well," Donald replied.

Vanessa nodded her head continuously. "I definitely will! I won't disappoint you."

Then, Wynter and Donald walked out of the meeting room and into a spacious office.

Before Wynter could speak, Donald asked, "What did Jennifer talk to you about?"

Jealously engulfed Wynter. "It seems like you still can't forget about your ex-wife."

At that, he did not answer.

"She wants me to be her ambassador, but I told her that I would only agree if you did," Wynter revealed.

Donald furrowed his eyebrows. "Did you reveal my identity to her?"

Panic filled Wynter as she quickly explained, "No way! I didn't tell her specifically who I wanted the agreement from. I suppose she thinks that it's Nigel I'm talking about."

Donald let out a sigh of relief. "The Parasite will invade soon, so we need to keep our eyes peeled. That's why I can only reveal my true identity to her when the Parasite is gone."

"I understand. I know how exhausted you are, especially when you were overseas for the past few years." Pained, Wynter walked over to him and held his arm.

The man shook his head. "It's not that bad."

When Jennifer arrived at Nigel's office, a secretary had just walked out of the room with disheveled clothes, vomiting into the nearest bin.

Jennifer turned pale and waited in a meeting room adjacent to his office.

Soon, Nigel walked out with wet hair, seemingly having taken a shower.

“Nigel, do you know Wynter?” Jennifer asked.
Nigel was taken aback for a moment before replying, “Yes. I do know her. Why?”

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His voice was gentle, though his serious-looking face said otherwise about his personality.

“I visited her about an endorsement, but she turned me down,” Jennifer replied.

“That’s expected. She’s proud and arrogant, not someone who would agree for a small endorsement fee.” Nigel answered simply

“But she asked me to come and find you, saying she’ll agree if you permitted it,” Jennifer added.

The man was taken aback for a moment, his expression turning serious. “What did she say? Can you repeat it to me exactly?”

It’s Wynter we’re talking about! Someone who blatantly ignored the Tayhaven King. There’s no way she would be so polite toward me.

After Jennifer repeated Wynter’s words, Nigel started to decipher the words. “I’ll agree if he does?”

Who would this person be? Firstly, he would be someone intimate to Wynter, so there’s no way it’s me. Next, he’s powerful enough for her to admire and listen to all his orders. Another point is that Wynter is clear about the man’s relationship with Jennifer, even knowing he would agree to Jennifer’s proposal. Could it be... Donald?

In no time, Nigel finished analyzing the entire situation. He was intelligent, enough said. Otherwise, there was no way he could become the Tayhaven King’s successor. If Donald and Wynter knew about his analysis, they would feel shocked to see someone coming up with such an extensive study by just a simple sentence.

However, he soon realized he was wrong as Jennifer and Donald were already divorced. If that’s the case, the person wouldn’t be Donald. According to my investigation, the duo has already gone through the divorce procedures. Besides, Donald’s savings were not enough to pay his grandfather’s medical fees back then, and there’s nothing special about him, either. If it really is him, he’s hiding his identity a little too well!”

After a moment, Nigel spoke, “All right. I’ll give Wynter a call later at night.”

Jennifer let out a sigh of relief and smiled sweetly. “Thank you.”

Nigel waved his hand in dismissal. “It’s fine. Oh, right. Is there an update on Reina?”

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Jennifer presented a stack of information. “The media has started to attack her, and the public’s opinion will soon turn against her tomorrow. It’s too late for her public relations department to prepare any statements. Plus, the officials have announced they would start investigating Scarlet Swan Villa tomorrow to give the public an explanation.”

Nigel pressed his index finger to the desk. “How about Pollerton Television? Did they show up for a live broadcast?”

Jennifer answered, “Not yet.”

“Arrange for Pollerton Television to conduct a live broadcast. I want to see her reputation get ruined,” Nigel said.

Jennifer nodded. “All right.” After a moment, she added, “Do you think Reina has a

chance to make the tables turn?”

The man laughed. “No way. Even if she managed to get herself out of this, I’d make sure there’s no second time.” He looked very confident while saying that.

“I’ll take my leave, then.” Jennifer stood up!

Immediately, Nigel took hold of her arm. “Why are you in such a hurry?”

The woman’s face turned red. “I still have something urgent to do, so I’ll leave now.”

Then, she shrugged off his hand. Instead of getting angry, he had a mocking smile on his face when seeing her leaving figure.

I just don’t have the mood for it yet. When I’m free, I’ll definitely make you sleep with me!

Meanwhile, Jennifer’s heart was still pounding when she exited the meeting room. She decided to stay far away from Nigel and never meet him alone again.

When Donald planned to leave, Reina suddenly phoned him and reported her situation before hanging up.

“You heard it, right?” Donald looked toward Wynter.

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Wynter looked at him with a half-smile. “What do you think about it?”

“You should try to help Jennifer as much as you can.” Donald had a wry smile on his face. “As for Reina...”

“I agree to whatever you say.” Wynter walked over to him with a twinkle in her eyes, love oozing out from her gaze. “But will you give me anything in return?”

Donald felt a pounding headache. “I agree to one of your demands as long as it does not go against my principles.”

“Deal!” Wynter replied in excitement.

When Donald walked out of Donter Pictures, Charles stood beside a luxurious Rolls Royce waiting for him.

“What’s the matter?” Donald furrowed his eyebrows.

“The ownership of Pollerton Estates’ Supreme Villa has been transferred to Lord Campbell. Prince Lucas has invited you to go there and take a look. Are you going to accept it?” Charles replied with a bow.

After thinking for a moment, Donald agreed, “Okay.”

“Supreme Villa has the most advanced smart home and security system globally. Its spyware detector is also one of the best, made by the military expert Lilith herself. Thus, the house is guaranteed to be safe,” Charles introduced after they got into the car and closed the blinds.

“If possible, find a suitable opportunity and arrange for Jennifer to move inside,” Donald replied, “Not now, though. She’s smart, so I hope she can gain experience in such a situation.”

“Understood,” Charles replied,

The car soon arrived in Supreme Villa’s private garage. When Donald walked inside, he arranged for someone to hang up his wedding photo with Jennifer.

As the most expensive house in Pollerton, Supreme Villa’s facilities stood out from the rest. It had everything – ranging from a special surveillance room, information room, and

an infrared detection system. It even had a separate twenty-four hours satellite surveillance camera. It was not a bluff to say that it was the safest place to live in Pollerton.

Standing on the second floor's balcony, he stared into the distance.

Suddenly, he felt something someone staring at him.

On the twenty-seventh floor of a distant building, he noticed a couple of people looking at him.

With his excellent eyesight, he was sure the place was where Jennifer's family lived.

At that moment, Kevin, Linda, Leonard, and many guests were there.

"Isn't that the most expensive villa in Pollerton?" a middle-aged woman shouted in exaggeration.

"That's right. The building costs billions. It's a shame that it's already sold, or Nigel was planning to gift it to my sister." Despite his egoistic tone, his gaze seemed somewhat confused. His eyesight was not that good, so he could just barely make out Donald's blurry profile.

Why does that man look so much like Donald? There's no way it's him, though. He's a nobody!

"Look, that should be the owner of Supreme Villa," the middle-aged woman observed while pointing at him in jealousy, "He looks young, too. What a dream if he takes a liking to Sophie!"

Behind the woman stood another beautiful woman with a smiling face. "Mom, although my boyfriend can't compete with the owner of Supreme Villa, he's still a renowned man in Pollerton. He's Mr. Albee's son, after all."

The man Sophie Wilson referred to was Lucas Albee, who was in the same standing as Zayne and Tyson.

"If we put it this way, Jennifer is luckier than me for Nigel to like her," Sophie added with a hint of jealousy in her tone. "He's way better than Donald!"

Kevin pursed his lips in annoyance. "Donald? He's just a piece of trash."

After bragging for a while longer, he drew the curtains shut.

Meanwhile, Donald arrived in the entertainment room in the basement. It was a room that had a boxing gym and a shooting range.

There, there was a man practicing boxing with his upper body exposed.

Lucas was also known as Pollerton's Top Striker, for his boxing skills were powerful and explosive. He seemed no more than fifty years old, having tanned skin, an average height, and a gaze that would terrify many.

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Lucas was a mad one, especially how he drove the Parasite out of Pollerton.

When he saw Donald, he was taken aback for a moment. So this is Lord Campbell?

The very person that managed to turn the odds in his favor and defeat the Crusader?

Isn't he a bit too young? He looks about the same age as my son.

He looked toward Charles suspiciously. Did the old geezer find someone on the streets to pass off as Lord Campbell?

“Are you Lord Campbell?” Lucas asked, not a single hint of politeness in his tone. Immediately, Charles’ expression darkened. “How dare you! He is Lord Campbell.” Lucas heaved a deep breath and replied, “I don’t mind yielding to you. However, you need to show me your capability. Otherwise, I will never believe that you’re Lord Campbell.”

Donald laughed. “How should I do that?”

“Defeat me!” Lucas answered.

“Give him a Barrett.” Donald pointed at the corner of the room, which stored several rifles.

Both Charles and Lucas were stunned, for a Barrett was a heavy sniper rifle with a shooting range of one thousand and five hundred meters, loaded with armor piercing ammunition. It could destroy radar stations, trucks, and even fighter jets.

“How about you?” Charles felt chills running down his spine.

“I don’t need anything,” Donald replied. “Enough! Let’s start.”

Lucas felt goosebumps all over his skin as he held the Barrett in his hands. Is he crazy?

“Come on and shoot me!” Donald said.

Charles was looking at him dazedly. It had been some years since he came to Pollerton, but it was the first time seeing someone battling a Barrett empty-handed.

“Go on..” Although Charles felt terrified, he did not dare go against Donald’s orders.

However, he felt a sense of anticipation in his heart as Tristan was always filled with praise for Donald. However, he had never seen how powerful the latter was.

Upon hearing that, Lucas knelt on the floor and set up the rifle, aiming right at Donald’s chest. Gritting his teeth, he pulled the trigger.

Bang!

Lucas’ entire body shook under the strong recoil. The green powder exploded from the muzzle, following the echo of the gun firing.

Staring at the bullet, Donald stretched out his right arm and grabbed it. Then, he pinched it hard and crushed it with his thumb.

He flipped his thumb over to show that he did not sustain any injuries.

The distorted bullet fell from his hands to the floor with a clang.

While Charles widened his eyes, Lucas froze in shock. Is he even human? How could he catch a Barrett’s bullet with his hands? What on earth?

“What the heck!” Lucas shouted, goosebumps forming all over his body.

Donald replied indifferently, “Is this enough proof for you?”

“Of course.” Lucas immediately snapped to his senses and knelt on the ground.

“Greetings to you, Lord Campbell! I am deeply impressed and am willing to admit defeat!”

“You can get up.” Donald sat on the couch and looked at him. “Judging by your boxing technique just now, are you practicing Octagon Punch?”

Lucas widened his eyes in shock. “How did you know that?”

After all, the Octagon Punch was long lost in history, and the person who taught him had passed away years ago.

“I once had a chance to meet with its descendant.” Donald seemed to be lost in memory. “Let’s not talk about this. What are you planning to do with the return of the Parasite?”

Lucas replied, “I’ll finish them off!”

Finish them off? If it were that easy, Chiliad Avion wouldn't have handed this mission over to me,

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“It's not going to be so simple,” Donald explained. “Your mission right now is to keep an eye on the east of Pollerton. There are a few ports there, so report to Charlie if you find anyone suspicious.”

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Seeing Donald's serious expression, Lucas immediately nodded. “All right.”

“I'll hand over this building's security system to you. No one will be allowed to enter starting today,” instructed Donald

“Yes, Lord Campbell.” Lucas was genuinely impressed by Donald. How could he stop a Barrett bullet with his bare hands? I can never do that. Instantaneously, he decided to keep an eye on his son so that he would not offend Donald.

If his son provoked Donald accidentally, their family would be doomed.

“How about the Southwood E-commerce District project?” asked Donald.

“We can officially launch the project after the approval for land reclamation is issued,” answered Charles. “What should we do with the land that has been reclaimed?”

“Follow the plan. Build a world-class laboratory and data integration hub. You can decide on the rest. I'm fine with building ordinary commercial houses,” uttered Donald. After they chatted for a while, he received a call from Reina. “Where are you? I'll treat you to a meal.”

“Invite Lana as well,” said Donald.

At noon, he met Reina and Lana.

Reina was wearing a cap and a mask that completely covered her face and only exposed her bloodshot eyes. On the contrary, Lana donned an off-shoulder long sleeved top with a pleated skirt, revealing her straight and slender legs, which attracted the attention of many people.

“How are you doing? Can you still endure it?” inquired Donald with a smile.

In response, Reina stared at him and remarked, “You're definitely not a bodyguard!” Her eyes were wide with curiosity.

This man is too mysterious. He managed to make Wynter change her mind with a sentence.

No celebrity dared to endorse her scarlet swans because it would be equivalent to cutting the red wire of a bomb. One minor mistake and the celebrity would have to pay with their life. Even the pillar of the Lowe family would not want to get involved.

Initially, Wynter was unwilling to do so, but after a while, she called back and said that she had already discussed the matter with Donald.

Meanwhile, Lana chuckled and stated, “He's really a bodyguard hired by me. I have to pay him five thousand every month.”

Obviously, Reina was not convinced.

“Let me show you something before we eat.” Shortly afterward, Donald took out the paper he had nicked from Bennett's bag and handed it to Reina.

The latter's expression turned grim and she sat beside Lana.

"This is an urgent document written in the latest version of ciphertexts. Papillon started using it fifty years ago." Lifting her head, Reina inquired, "Where did you get this?"

"I have annihilated the Four-Faced Angel, Bennett," answered Donald.

In an instant, Reina narrowed her eyes.

"Why? Do you know him?" the man queried puzzledly.

"Ten years ago, I was a member of the Coeus Club and learned this type of ciphertext back then. Bennett was my teacher. Later, something happened to the Parasite, and the base was destroyed overnight. All of the members were separated. At that time, we didn't have a name and only used code names to communicate. We lost contact with Bennett and the Parasite after they escaped," Reina explained.

The Coeus Club was the world's top academic group at that time. Every member was a talented person with a high IQ.

Naturally, Donald was well aware of the Coeus Club's existence. That organization was not evil and focused on medical research, scientific studies, animal and plant research, and so on. Hence, he did not pay much attention to it. Little did he know that a woman who appeared to be frail was actually a member of the Coeus Club.

"Me too, Perhaps Bennett brought the document back to Pollerton because he wanted to look for us," chimed in Lana flatly.

"What's written in the document?" asked Donald.

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The next moment, Lana and Reina continued to decipher the ciphertext. After working on it for an hour, they lifted their heads, grave expressions on their faces. "The contents aren't complete, but it mentions one thing. It orders Bennett to go to the base and bring the one thousand samples away."

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"What sample?"

Reina enunciated, "The saliva, urine, and blood samples of a thousand citizens in our country!"

Narrowing his eyes, Donald questioned, "Genetic research?"

"Not sure," responded Lana after letting out a sigh.

Immediately, Donald fell into deep thought, and his gaze darkened.

If it really involves genetic research, then the Parasite truly deserved to die! If these samples were smuggled abroad, the consequences would be dire.

"The instructions on the document are obscure. It mentions nothing about who to hand over the samples to and the base's location," Reina stated.

Moments later, Donald straightened his back and uttered, "Okay. I'll investigate it. How's the preparation?"

Reina was instantly enthralled at the mention of her scarlet swans. "Almost done. More and more people are leaving negative comments online. According to the statistics, more than ten million people are upset with me."

Even when so many haters were attacking her online, she did not seem bothered.

“When will Pollerton Television come?” Donald queried.

Shaking her head, Reina replied, “I don’t know. It’s a government-owned television station. It won’t be easy.”

“Find someone to report on you,” suggested Donald.

“I’ve tried it before, but no one came,” Reina stated.

Hearing that, the man laughed. “What if you find a topic that others are interested in?”

“What topic?” Reina was curious.

“Let’s say you have a rumored boyfriend who has been pursuing you, but you rejected him. After that, he began to date your younger sister. His love for you has turned into hatred, so he reported you for eating wild scarlet swans and kept providing evidence that your scarlet swans were caught in the wild. Will this topic pique the interest of the public and Pollerton Television?”

Reina was stunned for a moment..

Pollerton Television would definitely be interested because emotional programs were their primary focus.

For instance, even when a wife cheated on her husband, he still stayed with her and never left. Or there was a husband who had several wives, and the reporter from Pollerton Television would act as a mediator to resolve the conflict. Another example was a husband who married two sisters at the same time and should be condemned to bigamy.

Even though those stories were trivial and melodramatic, the audience enjoyed watching them.

Reina was astonished.

Lana, on the other hand, giggled and remarked, “How smart of you to use Pollerton Television to get exposure.”

“Of course, it’ll have a negative impact on your reputation. Will your boyfriend agree to it?” asked Donald.

“I don’t have a boyfriend,” answered Reina.

“I’m sorry. I thought you would have one at your age.”

Listening to that, Lana twitched her lips in disdain.

A faint smile crept onto Reina’s face as she replied calmly, “Okay. I’ll make the arrangements right away.”

Then, she shot Donald an intense stare and left without eating.

“I think she’s interested in you,” Lana remarked.

Wearing a nonchalant countenance, Donald commented, “You’re overthinking it.”

“Why don’t you consider me?” Having said that, she approached him, and he caught a whiff of a sweet fragrance. “Who’s prettier? The diva or me?”

Donald could not help but look at the woman in front of him. Lana was a curvaceous beauty. Not only did she have a nice figure, but she was knowledgeable as well. Then, he saw her fair and lean shoulders and the deep cleavage.

She had a different temperament from Jennifer.

Jennifer was gentle while she was seductive, the type of woman who would make a good lover but not a good wife.

“Both of you are beautiful.” He immediately averted his gaze.

Leaning on his shoulder, she piped up, "Then, please consider me. My parents are coming to Pollerton soon. They want to find me a boyfriend."

With that said, she looked at him pitifully.

Her parents? The elders of the Collins family?

"Are you trying to use me as your shield?" he inquired.