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Chapter 67

"Didn't you take a million from me to use as your shield?" Lana rolled her eyes at Donald. "All I'm asking is for you to meet my parents and have a meal together so that they will give up on this matter."

Donald answered, "We'll see."

As he spoke, his phone suddenly rang.

It was from Jennifer. Donald frowned upon seeing that, wondering if he should answer the call.

After some thought, he decided to answer the phone.

"Rafe is in trouble," said Jennifer in a cold voice.

"What happened?" Donald lowered his voice, and his face darkened.

No one else was aware of how important Rafe was to Donald. Back when they were in high school, Rafe had always seen Donald as his best pal. There was one time when Donald encountered some difficulties and needed six hundred thousand. Rafe was the only person who offered him financial aid.

That money was all that Rafe had, yet he did not even hesitate before giving it to Donald.

Jennifer explained, "Oliver had purchased that house and paid two percent as the commission, which was two million. Rafe should be getting a million from the commission, but his manager only gave him eight thousand. Rafe went to reason with the manager, but he was beaten up instead. He is now in the hospital. I just so happened to run into him. Why don't you come over?"

"I'll be there." Donald ended the call and rushed to the hospital.

Jennifer had already left the hospital when Donald arrived. After asking the doctor in charge, he found out that Jennifer had already settled Rafe's medical bills, and she even paid around sixty thousand for the deposit.

Donald was touched when he heard that.

Although Jennifer was overprotective of her younger brother, Donald knew she had always been a kind-hearted person.

She knew how much Donald cared for Rafe, and that was why she immediately called and informed him about Rafe.

In the ward, Rafe was lying on the bed with a bandage wrapped around his head. Blood was still seeping through his wound.

O

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The nurse explained, "The patient has a slight concussion after being injured by a blunt object. He needs around ten days to rest and recover. He also can't get out of bed for the time being. Do you need us to call the police?"

Donald shook his head. "There's no need for that."

A murderous intent flashed across his eyes

"Donald, I feel like throwing up," said Rafe weakly as he opened his eyes. Then, he suddenly bent down and threw up. Some of his vomits dirtied Donald's pants.

Donald could have dodged it, but he did not. Instead, he took out a piece of tissue paper and wiped it away without saying anything.

Lana stood behind him and saw everything. She stared at Donald's back with tenderness in her eyes.

Little did Donald know, that minor action of his had moved Lana's heart.

"Who is your manager?" Donald asked.

"Stanley Yeager... But don't look for him. He has someone backing him up." Rafe looked terrified. "You should know that Frankie Yates is the boss of our headquarters." Frankie Yates? Zayne's nephew.

"Was Frankie there when Stanley beat you up?" Donald asked.

Rafe fell silent and dared not speak a word.

"Answer me!" Donald's expression darkened.

Rafe was terrified by Donald's expression, and he quickly said, "He was there. Other than Frankie, Yvette was there too! Anyway, you should not look for Frankie. He's Zayne's nephew!"

He paused for a brief moment before grabbing Donald's hands tightly, "Zayne is one of the most powerful people in Pollerton!"

*All right. I know that. You get some rest," comforted Donald.

"Ew! That's so disgusting!" Suddenly, a scream was heard.

Donald straightened his back and turned around expressionlessly. A chubby woman was standing by the door with a disgusted expression. She glared at Rafe, who was lying in the patient's bed.

That woman was none other than Faye, Rafe's wife.

She glanced at the vomits in the trash can, and she did not disguise the disgusted look in her eyes. "Rafe, are you even a man? How did you only manage to get eight thousand when the commission is worth a million? Why are you still lying here instead of questioning Stanley? You'd better get out of bed now and demand him give you a million. Or else, I'll divorce you!"

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Rafe was too afraid to utter a word.

Donald refuted, "How is he supposed to do that when he's injured and hospitalized?"

"What does that have to do with you? Who do you think you are?" Faye shot Donald a disdainful glare. "You're just trash that could barely gather enough money for your medical bills. How dare you talk to me like that?"

Slap!

Donald gave her a hard slap across the face.

Perplexed, Faye yelled at him, "Did you just slap me? How dare you! Do you know who I am? How dare you hit me?"

Faye was indeed born into a well-off family, or else Rafe would not have become her family's live-in son-in-law.

Faye's father was in the construction business, and he owned more than a dozen excavators. With an annual income of around five hundred thousand, their family was considered well-off in society.

"Rafe, you coward! Did you see that? Your best friend hit me!" Faye shouted as her chubby cheeks shook from the rage. There was no way for one to see her chin. She

was a hundred sixty meters tall, and her weight was around ninety kilograms. “Faye, that’s enough. You shouldn’t have insulted Donald in the first place!” Rafe shouted as he could no longer stand it.

Faye was stunned, and she looked at Rafe in disbelief.

Rafe, who had always been submissive and tolerated all of her harsh remarks, was now talking back to her because of Donald

“Let’s get a divorce right now! I’ve had enough of this!” Faye had gone mad. She grabbed Rafe by the collar, shaking him while yelling at him.

Donald walked over and gave her another smack on the face, causing her to stumble away from Rafe.

Faye fell to the ground. She kicked her legs and cried, “Rafe, let’s get a divorce immediately! My family had provided you with everything, including your underwear, so how dare you treat me like this? It’s not like you earned any money during our marriage. You did not even give me pocket money.”

Rafe shouted angrily, “Faye, that’s too much! I’ve been giving you my monthly salary, and my mom even paid more than two hundred thousand before I moved in to live with your family!”

“I don’t care! I still want to get a divorce!” Faye continued to throw a tantrum.

“Fine! Let’s get a divorce then!” Rafe could no longer hold back the anger he had been enduring for the past couple of years “I’ve had enough of you and your family!”

“Just you wait and see! I’ll find someone to deal with you!” Faye threatened after she stood up and pointed at Donald. Then, she ran out of the ward.

Donald sneered and sat by the edge of the bed.

Rafe was a little concerned. “Donald, you should leave now. My father-in-law is a thug.”

“It’s okay. I can take care of this.” Donald smiled and patted him on the shoulder. After he turned around, Lana noticed the cold glint reflecting in his eyes.

It was ice-cold and without emotion.

She could not help but shiver at that,

Rafe did not respond, and gradually, he fell into a deep sleep.

“Stay here and take care of him. If anyone dares to cause a fuss here, get rid of them. I believe you’re capable of doing that,” said Donald.

Lana pursed her lips in disdain. “Hey, hey, do remember that you’re working for me and not the other way around.”

Donald said, “Just do as I say if you still want me to work as your bodyguard.”

Lana smiled wryly. “I’ve never seen an employee threatening their boss like this.”

Donald pretended not to hear that and turned around to walk away.

Meanwhile, Frankie Yates had been living a comfortable life as Zayne’s nephew. Being a bachelor in his forties, Zayne spoilt his nephew a lot. Frankie grew up well. He graduated from a university ranked among the top ten globally, and he could speak three languages fluently. After Frankie had returned from studying abroad, Zayne gave him thirty million as his start-up capital. He founded Frankie Realty, which had more than thirty branches in Pollerton and a total of one hundred and twenty branches in the country.

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Not only that, but Frankie was also the chairman of the Association of Realtors. His business also included selling off-plan properties.

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Frankie had a flaw. He was lustful and enjoyed being around women.

At that time, he was busy fooling around with another woman in his office at Frankie Realty's headquarters. He was seated on the couch. A woman crouched before him as her head moved up and down.

She was none other than Rebecca.

Earlier during the opening of Donter Pictures, she was sent to represent Frankie to talk with Wynter about the endorsement.

Of course, Frankie knew he could not afford to hire Wynter to endorse his company. So instead, his target was any of the thirty-two artists waiting to be signed. Although Frankie was a pervert, he was also a visionary man. He knew that Donter Pictures would definitely house at least one or two top celebrities in the near future.

In fact, the discussion was almost finalized, and the celebrity was Vanessa.

"Mr. Yates, can't you tell me what had happened to my sister?" Rebecca flashed him a flirtatious look, her hair touching his abdomen.

Frankie stroked her head. "Didn't she tell you anything after crossing a big shot?"

"Nope." Rebecca shifted into another posture and said in a seductive voice, "She only told me that someone had warned her. However, she couldn't tell me more, or else she'd get herself in great trouble."

Frankie leaned against the couch with a look of pleasure on his face. "I only know that the person is a big shot and someone that even I could not afford to mess with."

He did not tell her that even his uncle could not afford to mess with that big shot.

Despite his uncle's influential status in Pollerton, Frankie was told to never mess with the owner of Donter Pictures.

Rebecca paused, "Is that person really so scary?"

"That's none of our business. You can just focus on being a secretary at Frankie Realty instead. You'll get all that you deserve," said Frankie.

He was twenty-five years old, and he was a handsome man.

"Anyway, have you settled the problem of Stanley beating up someone earlier today?" asked Frankie.

Rebecca said, "I've made the necessary arrangement. He's just a nobody. I doubt that will cause any trouble to us."

"Why did you tell Stanley to beat him up?" Frankie sat up and grabbed her by the hair.

Rebecca concealed her painful expression, and there was an excited glint in her eyes when she said, "I can't stand watching a nobody like him dreaming of changing his destiny with the commission he gets for selling off a property."

She and Rafe were both from humble backgrounds, and they were also from the same village.

Rebecca had to sell herself repeatedly to get a million, yet Rafe could already get the same amount of money after selling off a house.

Since Stanley refused to pay Rafe the full commission, she figured she could also take advantage of the situation.

"All right. We can't change what has been done. Focus on your task now." Frankie could not be bothered about that. "As you said, he's just a small fry. Who cares if he's beaten

up?"

In another room at Frankie Realty's headquarters, Stanley was grinning from ear to ear. He was the sales champion of the month. It was almost impossible to sell off a property in Pollerton Estates. Even if a purchase were made, they would not be able to collect the full commission either. To his surprise, not only did Rafe actually manage to get a buyer, but the buyer even paid them two million as the commission without hesitation. Every property company in Pollerton would split the commission into two halves with its sales agents, which meant Rafe should have gotten a million. As a manager, Stanley would have to hand in three hundred thousand from his commission to cover the management fees, and he could only pocket the remaining two hundred thousand. Two hundred thousand was already a huge sum of money.

However, Stanley was not satisfied with that. He wanted to get Rafe's portion of the money as well.

Frankie had never been the type of boss who would interfere much with the management of the company as long as he got to collect the monthly management fees.

Thus, Stanley had beaten Rafe up.

As for the consequences to bear, Stanley was not afraid even if Rafe's father-in-law were to come to seek justice for Rafe.

He had Frankie backing him up, and there was no need for him to be afraid of a thug. Moreover, he had gained more connections over the past years too.

"Mr. Yeager, someone is outside. He claims to be Rafe's friend," said a clerk with a petite frame

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Chapter 70 "How many of them?" asked Stanley.

"One." The female clerk was a little speechless that he did not hear what she had just said.

Stanley was stunned for a moment, and then he snickered. "Let him come in then. There's nothing to be afraid of!"

He was a short, stout man with vicious-looking eyes that were enough to show that he was not a decent man.

Mr. Yates is in his office upstairs, so I have nothing to fear!

Donald walked into his office, and after seeing Stanley, he asked, "Are you Stanley Yeager?"

"That's right. What's the matter?" Stanley stared at him casually.

"I came here to tell you two things. First, you'd better pay Rafe the commission he deserves to get. Second, you should break your arm for beating Rafe up. It's best you do it yourself. If you make me do it for you, I might end up taking your life too," Donald said with a poker face. He looked down and stared at his beaded bracelet.

Every time he touched the bracelet, he would feel immediately at ease.

If it weren't for Jennifer's presence in the past couple of years that had tamed his hostility, Stanley would have been a corpse by now.

Stanley leaned back against his office chair and lit up a cigarette. "Who do you think you are?"

Who do I think I am?

Donald pondered on that and nodded, "Let me show you what I'm capable of doing then."

After saying that, he walked over and grabbed Stanley by the hair. He lifted Stanley above the desk and squeezed gently on Stanley's shoulder.

With a loud crack, the bone in his right arm was crushed instantly.

His arm was broken.

"Ah!" Stanley let out a deafening shriek.

More than twenty young men from outside the office immediately rushed in upon hearing that. They all stared cautiously at Donald, and they closed in on Donald in the next second.

Nonetheless, that was of no use.

Within seconds, they were already sent flying away, knocked out in the office.

"Just you wait! I'll call Mr. Yates right now, and you're doomed!" Stanley's face turned pale, and he quickly took out his phone.

Unbothered about the men lying on the ground, Donald walked over to the couch and sat down. They were sales agents, and they were all in their twenties. None of them had ever shown any respect to Rafe.

They were also there when Stanley had beaten Rafe up. However, none of them stopped that from happening. Instead, they were taking pleasure in Rafe's misfortune.

When he saw how Donald knocked out all the agents, Stanley had a bad feeling. He quickly dialed Frankie's number.

Meanwhile, Frankie was panting heavily with Rebecca under him. He pressed her head down and said to the phone, "Speak!"

"Mr. Yates, bad news. Rafe's friend is here to cause a scene. He broke my arm!"

Stanley cried and whined. He glared at Donald with anger fuming in his eyes.

So what if you can fight well? Do you have the guts to beat Frankie? Everyone knows Zayne is the most powerful man in Pollerton, and Zayne spoils his nephew so much that he will give Frankie everything Frankie wants!

Frankie did not answer and ended the call. Then, after releasing himself, he grabbed Rebecca by her head. "Didn't you tell me you've settled everything about Rafe? His friend is here for him!"

Something was dripping from the corner of Rebecca's lips as she said, "Mr. Yates, don't worry. I know who that friend is. He's just a divorcee. We don't have to be afraid of him."

"You should go down and take a look first, I'll join you shortly after taking a shower" said Frankie as he stood up.

Rebecca took a piece of tissue paper and wiped the corner of her lips. She fixed her makeup before walking out of the office. With a disdainful expression on her face, she quickly walked toward the office, exuding the aura of a strong career woman.

After arriving at the office, the first thing she saw was the young men who were lying on the ground, groaning in pain. However, she was not concerned about their injuries at all.

Her gaze then shifted to Donald,

Donald was seated on the couch and stared at her with his face devoid of expression,

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Rebecca showed no signs of fear. She scoffed, "Donald, you have some nerve. Do you know where we are?"

Donald nodded. "Yes."

"You know?" Rebecca raised her voice. "You know and you still dared to barge in to beat someone up? You really are tired of living, aren't you! Kneel and apologize now! If I'm in a good mood, I might ask Mr. Yates to spare you. If not, tomorrow, there's going to be one more corpse floating in the sea!"

"Mr. Yates?" Donald sneered.

Zayne isn't even fit to be my dog. Why should I be scared of Frankie? Even if I killed him, Zayne wouldn't dare to do anything. And if he did? I'd kill his entire family.

Donald had the strength and means to do so.

Before he was crowned as Lord Campbell, he was known widely as Golden Lord.

"Yes. Frankie, Zayne's nephew!" Rebecca pulled out a chair to sit. She sat with her legs together.

Her posture made her look majestic, like a dragon looking down on ants. "Donald... This can't be good for you. Why must you stand up for a good-for-nothing like Rafe?"

"What do you know that makes you say that?" Donald stood up slowly.

Rebecca jumped to her feet. Pointing at Donald, she scolded, "Mr. Yates told me! And compared to him, you're nothing!"

"Yes, yes, yes... You're nothing! If you have any sense left in you, kneel down and apologize. And break your arm!" Stanley shouted angrily.

"You're confident in Frankie, aren't you?" Donald mocked. "Who do you think he is?"

* First, you beat up my people, and then you question my authority?" Frankie's voice could be heard from outside, "All right. I'll show you today what I'm capable of!"

Before he could even enter the room, a group of people rushed over and surrounded him,

Stanley ran the fiercest. "Mr. Yates, avenge me! Look, my arm is broken! It's crushed!"

Another group of males complained, "Mr. Yates, this is too much!"

"Yeah! He even scolded you!"

"He's made an unforgivable mistake! Just shoot him already!"

Frankie was blocked by the group of people at the door. Before even seeing Donald, he furrowed his brows.

Rebecca could read people well. Just looking at Frankie's expression, she could tell what he was thinking. "Get out of his way!" she shouted.

Frankie blew away the strand of blond hair blocking his vision. "Get lost. I want to see who has the guts to challenge me."

At that moment, he saw Donald.

Donald was looking back at him, expressionless.

Frankie paused. He frowned. He seems familiar. Have I seen him before?

When Rebecca saw Frankie frowning, she pointed at Donald. "Mr. Yates, it's him! Rafe's friend, Donald! Show him who's boss!"

Donald? He's Donald? Wait, what did Uncle Zayne ask me to do?

He recalled Zayne saying, "If you meet a young man named Donald, kneel before him if you can. If you can't, make sure not to provoke him."

When Frankie asked why back then, Zayne replied that he himself wasn't even qualified

to be a dog for Donald.
Those words had struck Frankie deeply.
The South Prince isn't even worthy of being his dog?
He had then asked about Charles Langford.
Zayne said that even Charles didn't match up to Donald either.
Zayne then passed a photograph of Donald to Frankie to let him see.
"Donald?" Frankie was trembling. His complexion instantly turned pale, and he stepped backward. His

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heart felt weak. Chapter 72

I already avoided Donald's district. Why did I have to meet him here?
"Which Donald?" Frankie clarified,
"The Donald you know," Donald sneered.
I'm dead! I'm dead! It's the same man that Uncle Zayne warned me about!
Frankie immediately fell to his knees and clutched Donald's thigh. "Mr. Campbell, I'm sorry! I was wrong!"
Everyone's eyes widened in disbelief.
What is going on?
Rebecca, especially, was rubbing her eyes, thinking that she was seeing things.
Am I hallucinating? It doesn't seem like it though!
Zayne's nephew, Frankie, actually knelt on the ground and apologized, unprompted! He even called Donald Mr. Campbell.
"Are you ready to show me what you're capable of?" Donald asked with no emotion in his voice as he looked down at Frankie.
Frankie quivered. His face was pale. "No, I don't dare to. Absolutely not. Mr. Campbell, I'm sorry. I really am sorry! Rafe is your friend, right? I'll transfer one million, no, two million to him! And I'll kill Keith for you. Is that all right?"
Hearing that, Stanley looked sick.
Rebecca covered her mouth in shock. She couldn't help but take a few steps back, her face pale.
What exactly is going on?
Stanley was shaking with fear.
He knew what Frankie was capable of, and the latter's abilities were something to be feared. Frankie was the one who helped Charles with his dirty work.
What did it mean, then, for Frankie to kneel for Donald?
It showed that Donald was unimaginably powerful. He was able to assert his dominance over Frankie and Zayne.
"Mr. Campbell, I really know that I'm wrong. I'm a stupid dog. If I knew Rafe was your friend, I wouldn't have dared to touch him," Frankie said sincerely. Although his face showed nothing but sincerity, his heart was exploding with fear.
People like Donald shouldn't be in Pollerton, but in Jadeborough! That's where the big bosses operate.
Donald looked down at Frankie. "Did Zayne tell you to tell me that?"

Frankie hurriedly shook his head. "No, I thought to say that myself."
"Call Zayne to come over here," Donald stated.
Frankie looked at Donald pleadingly. Uncle Zayne would come to know about today's incident sooner or later. But if he finds out later, he'll be less angry, and I'll suffer less, right?
Going over then was basically a death sentence.
At the thought, Frankie's eyes were filled with resentment as he looked at Stanley and Rebecca. When this is over, I'll kill you two!
"You don't have the right to talk to me directly," Donald said indifferently.
Just as he said that, Frankie suddenly realized what situation he was in.
Yeah, what right do I have to speak to Donald directly? If he wanted to kill me, he would have done it already. If I call Uncle Zayne over, would I be showing him respect?
At the thought, Frankie calmed down. He took out his phone. "Uncle Zayne! Help me!"
"What's wrong?" Zayne's low voice could be heard from the other side.
"I've offended Mr. Campbell," Frankie said as he sobbed.
Zayne hadn't registered what Frankie was saying, "Which Mr. Campbell?"
"Mr. Donald Campbell!" Frankie said through gritted teeth.
There was silence on the other end of the phone. Finally, Zayne shouted, "You're dead! Where are you now? I'll come over immediately!"

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"Headquarters.said Frankie.
Zayne hung up immediately.
Donald walked up to the couch and sat down. He swept his glance across the room while subconsciously twisting the beaded bracelet on his wrist.
Rebecca kept her head lowered as she dared not look at Donald.
However, she couldn't hide the shock and resentment in her. He used to stand with me at the starting line. Who is he to become a person that even Zayne is frightened of?
Rebecca had heard Zayne yell and couldn't help but notice something.
Besides anger, his yell contained fear as well.
Meanwhile, Stanley hid in the corner, watching frightfully.
Things had developed outside of his imagination.
He knew Rafe's family background. Rafe had an obese wife, and his father-in-law was an uneducated person. Rafe was a typical honest but good-for-nothing man.
However, Stanley couldn't figure out what was going on at that moment.
"Please have a cigarette," Frankie fawned as he hurried over voluntarily and offered Donald a cigarette.
Donald took a look at him and accepted it.
Frankie was delighted.
Watching them, Stanley and Rebecca felt resigned.
"How can I help you?" Frankie asked politely, nodding his head and bending his body,
"I'll wait for your uncle's return. The purpose of my visit today is to seek an explanation for Rafe," Donald said calmly, unbothered by Frankie's polite attitude.

Frankie's brows furrowed. Why did you come personally? Can't a phone call settle this matter? Oh gosh, this is so shocking. I'm feeling so nervous right now!

After about ten minutes, they heard hurrying footsteps from the outside. Then, a middle-aged man walked into the office.

He had a well-built body and was wearing a suit. Upon entering, he looked straight at Donald, walked to him, and bowed, "I'm sorry, Mr. Campbell!"

Standing aside, Frankie kept quiet with his head lowered.

Donald stared at Zayne without a word, sending chills down the latter's spine. Zayne wouldn't dare to do a thing, even if Donald killed Frankie at that moment. It was because of Charles that the Yates family managed to rise. However, the succession of Charles was due to Tristan's promotion, and the latter was Donald's subordinate!

Despite not knowing the entire inside story, Zayne knew bits and pieces.

"Kneel!" Zayne kicked Frankie hard at the back of the latter's knee. The sharp pain caused Frankie to kneel on the ground in no time.

"Come on. Tell us the whole story," Donald pointed at Stanley and instructed him. Stanley shivered, and his face was incredibly pale.

Donald remained reserved, not flaunting his authority. He was unlike Zayne, who was eager to show off his power.

Zayne cast a cold glance at Stanley. "Spell out the incident as Mr. Campbell instructed! Don't exaggerate any details or hide any of them. Tell the truth!"

With beads of sweat on his forehead, Stanley gritted his teeth and told them about the incident.

The expression on Zayne's face turned ferocious, and his eyes darkened. How dare they offend Donald just for one million! A mere one million! I would sacrifice my wealth whole-heartedly to flatter him!

"Besides that, Rebecca kept insulting Mr. Campbell! She was the one who instructed me to beat up Rafe!" Stanley glared at Rebecca with detestation as he spoke.

Donald and Zayne simultaneously narrowed their cold and expressionless eyes in Rebecca's direction.

Terrified, Rebecca knelt on the ground. "Donald... No, Mr. Campbell. We were classmates. I wasn't aware of your identity. Please forgive me!"

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"Mr. Campbell, feel free to let me know your decision. I'll follow your order no matter what." Zayne said with his head lowered before bowing apologetically.

Donald waved his hand impatiently. "Forget about it. There's no point saying all these now. Return Rafe his money. Anyway, I hate the sight of the both of them." He pointed at Stanley and Rebecca.

Hate? I know what I should do now.

Zayne then replied delightedly, "Of course, Mr. Campbell!"

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"I'll do it. I'll do it myself." Frankie lifted his head and volunteered, casting a menacing look at Rebecca and Stanley soon after finishing his words.

"How about him.." Zayne pointed at Frankie.

“What? Do you want me to get rid of him too?” Donald questioned back emotionlessly. Zayne and Frankie broke out in a cold sweat, and the latter nearly wetted his pants.

“Quick! Say thank you to Mr. Campbell!” Zayne kicked Frankie’s backside, causing the latter to nearly fall flat on his face.

Frankie cast a begrudging look at Zayne before turning back to Donald and bowing.

“Thank you, Donald...”

The moment Zayne heard it, his expression turned pale.

How dare you address him so casually? Don’t drag me down if you wish to die!

However, unexpectedly, Donald said impatiently, “That’s enough!”

Frankie hurried over with another cigarette and lit it up. “Please have a cigarette then.”

Surprisingly, Donald didn’t turn down his offer.

Zayne was secretly pleased with what he saw.

Is he agreeable to that more intimate term of address? If so, will the Yates family be prosperous

soon? Maybe this unfortunate event can take a turn and end well?

Donald took a deep breath and looked at Zayne with a faint smile. “Who brought your nephew up?”

“It’s all self-taught. Hehe,” Frankie chimed in with a fawning smile.

“Donald, where is Mr. Miller right now? I should apologize to him personally, Frankie asked enthusiastically.

“The hospital,” Donald answered.

Frankie seemed excited after hearing Donald’s reply. “All right. I’ll go there now!”

Donald stood up immediately, without taking a look at Rebecca or Stanley. As Frankie mentioned earlier, there was no need for him to bother with those insignificant people.

Rebecca’s eyes were filled with hatred and bitterness as she watched Donald leave.

The moment Donald left, a menacing expression replaced the fawning smile on Frankie’s face.

He stared at Rebecca and Stanley cold bloodedly, causing them to tremble and step backward.

They looked at Frankie with fear written all over their faces.

“Do both of you know that you nearly got me killed? Do you know the consequences of offending Donald?” Frankie spoke in a cold tone with a threatening gaze.

Rebecca and Stanley turned pale and dared not utter a word.

“Don’t worry. I won’t kill you. However, I won’t let you live a good life. I’ll send you both to the pig farm to raise pigs,” Frankie said.

Stanley and Rebecca inwardly squirmed at the thought of raising pigs at a pig farm.

Rebecca instantly felt dizzy as she couldn’t believe her fate of ending up on a pig farm.

She fell to the ground as her body went limp and weak. Then, she covered her face with her hands and cried, knowing that her life was over. No one in Pollerton could ever live freely after getting under Frankie’s skin.

Frankie sneered before leaving. He headed out to see Rafe and apologize to the latter.

At the hospital, Lana crossed her arms and stood beside the window. She had no interest in talking to Rafe.

As an arrogant woman, she wouldn’t even bother to look at Rafe if he wasn’t Donald’s

good friend.

Rafe didn't dare to utter a word as he felt belittled by Lana's intimidating aura.

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A sudden commotion arose with angry yells embedded in it.

Lana frowned slightly before a sneer was formed on her face. After giving it a thought, she walked aside and hid behind the curtains to see what the bully was up to.

The door was suddenly kicked open in the next moment. Soon, a topless middle aged man sauntered into the room. Nine dragons were tattooed on his rather short and plump body. He had a bowl cut and looked like someone one would not mess around with. He was Finnegan Scott, Faye's father as well as Rafe's father-in-law.

As soon as he entered the room, he eyed Rafe on the bed viciously. "You bastard, I think you have a death wish!"

Rafe shuddered after hearing Finnegan's voice and immediately wanted to sit up on the bed.

Faye charged forward from behind Finnegan and pointed her finger at her husband. "I want to have a divorce, you bastard! But before that, let me make you a cripple first!"

Finnegan pulled over a chair casually and crossed his legs after he sat on it. Then, he glared at Rafe icily. "I can't believe that you have the guts to ask Donald to hit my daughter!"

"Faye went overboard this time," Rafe explained.

After Finnegan heard that, his eyes immediately became so wide that his eyeballs were almost bulging out. He suddenly stood up and ran to Rafe to give the latter a slap.

In an instant, five red fingermarks appeared on Rafe's cheeks, and blood flowed out from the corner of his lips. He could not stop himself from looking at Faye, only to discover that there was neither sympathy nor love on her impassive face.

Is she the woman whom I call my wife for several years?

Finally, a look of utmost exhaustion overtook his face. He grew silent for a moment before he asked, "In that case, let's get a divorce."

"Of course, we are going to do that! Not just that, but you also have to give back every single thing of our belongings! Before the divorce, I will also break one of your legs!"

With that, Finnegan lit a cigarette.

Faye chimed in, "No, I won't let you have a divorce so easily. Where is Donald? Ask him to come here! I want to kill him!"

Rafe could not help but raise his voice as he uttered, "That's enough! Leave him alone, and just take all your anger out on me!"

"Hey, since when have you started speaking up for yourself?" Finnegan inquired in a confused tone.

The fat on Faye's cheeks jiggled as she trembled in anger. This useless man is still thinking of helping Donald at such times! Not only is he useless in bed, but he is also useless in everything right now!"

Finnegan ordered, "Make Donald come here. Otherwise, I'll break both of your legs today!"

Rafe closed his eyes and remained silent, preparing to take everything alone.

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“F*ck you!” As Faye’s anger flared up, she walked over and landed a kick on his waist. Even though Rafe grimaced in pain, he still remained silent.

A blond man standing at the back suddenly charged toward him and placed a dagger on Rafe’s throat. “Ask Donald to come here immediately. Otherwise, I’ll make him a cripple!”

Just as Lana was about to reveal herself to resolve the situation, a man suddenly walked into the room and leaned against the doorframe as he watched everything indifferently.

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Frankie had arrived.

“How impressive,” he commented coldly without any expression on his face.

When Finnegan, Faye, and the blond man turned around, they immediately shuddered. After all, Frankie was the nephew of the South Prince, Zayne.

Technically speaking, Frankie was Finnegan’s superior.

Finnegan started off his business with construction projects. He was handling some ongoing projects at the moment, such as trenching and excavation, and many of his businesses relied on Zayne.

Hence, he dared not offend Frankie at all.

Even if he was not relying on Zayne, he dared not offend Zayne himself.

“Oh, hello, Mr. Yates.” Finnegan immediately put on an ingratiating smile. “Are you here because of Stanley? Don’t worry. My daughter is going to divorce Rafe. In fact, we are going to do that immediately. We have no relations whatsoever with him, and I’m actually planning to break one of his legs!”

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Chapter 76

A great trepidation filled Finnegan’s heart, and he had no other option but to treat Frankie respectfully.

Thinking that Frankie was here to pick on Rafe, Finnegan immediately severed all ties with Rafe, as he feared that he would be implicated in the situation himself.

Frankie merely eyed Finnegan coldly without saying a single word. However, he was actually observing Rafe through the corner of his eyes, pondering about how he could please the latter.

I must not be too lax around someone worthy of Mr. Campbell’s personal intervention.

When Finnegan saw Frankie’s expression, he thought the latter was here to seek trouble with Rafe, so he emphasized again. “Mr. Yates, this useless man has nothing to do with us! Faye will divorce him immediately.”

The expression on Frankie’s face was unfathomable as he asked, “Useless man? Divorce?”

He looked thoughtful, but one could not discern any emotions on his face.

Seeing the current situation, Finnegan had no idea how to respond.

What on earth has Rafe done to make Frankie come all the way here?

“That’s right! He is just a good-for-nothing!” Finnegan replied.

Upon hearing that, Frankie strode toward Finnegan slowly and gave him a slap.

Even though Finnegan was furious, he did not dare to utter a word of complaint and lowered his head instead.

That was Frankie's way of managing things-he was arrogant, and he liked to bully the weak. Apart from that, he loved to grovel to the people who were more powerful than him. With Donald backing him up, he even had the guts to beat Nigel up, Now that Mr. Campbell has my back, Nigel is just a nobody to me!

Meanwhile, Faye and the rest merely looked at Frankie with wild astonishment.

What is going on here? Rafe is the one who offended you. Why did you hit my dad? Frankie's next action merely left them more bewildered.

He gave Finnegan another tight slap before saying, "You guys must be blind! Rafe is my boss! Get it?"

With that, Frankie glared at Finnegan fiercely. It was as though he could not wait to devour the latter.

Unable to believe what he had just heard, Finnegan stared at Frankie with widened eyes.

Everyone knew one of Frankie's prominent characteristics. He would address anyone who was more powerful than him as his so-called boss. This was a common knowledge among the people of Pollerton.

Now that Frankie said that Rafe was his "boss," without a doubt, this meant that Rafe was such a powerful character that even Frankie was intimidated by him.

Since when has Rafe gotten so powerful? Seeing that he doesn't wield the power himself, this meant that the person backing him up is the powerful one. Hence, who is the one backing Rafe up? It must be Donald!

After coming to that conclusion, Finnegan and Faye were so shocked that they stood rooted to the ground as if they had been electrocuted.

"Divorce? No relations with Rafe?" Frankie let out a cold snort. "That's just convenient! Rafe isn't a man you could simply hang out with anymore! From now onward, he is someone who can boss me around, and whoever opposes him will make me their enemy instantly!"

The shock of everyone in the room intensified.

All this while, the blond man still stood there dumbfoundedly with his dagger still placed on Rafe's throat.

Frankie immediately charged toward him and kicked him in the gut. "How dare you attack Rafe? You should be severely punished for that!"

Meanwhile, Rafe was still stupefied by the recent revelation. What is going on here? Who am I, and where am I? Where do I come from, and where am I going to end up? Just then, a snigger was heard from behind the curtain, eliciting a furious glance from Frankie immediately.

Then, Lana walked out of her hiding place

"You are much stronger than your uncle," she remarked with a smile.

Frankie was first taken aback after seeing her, but he immediately understood that Lana was probably here on Donald's instruction to keep the entire situation in check. After Frankie thought it over, he tried even harder to show his efforts.

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“Rafe, I know you are shocked. But don’t worry. I have already made arrangements for Stanley to be a pig rearer for the rest of his life. On top of that, you don’t have to keep this fat wife of yours anymore. I have a beautiful cousin whom I was going to introduce to you.” After Frankie said that, he crouched obsequiously to massage Rafe’s legs.