

Chapter 331 A Call From Ysabel

“If I hear you speak another word, I’ll tell Kingsley to break off the partnership with you. Do you want to guess if Kingsley will do my bidding?” asked Donald.

Instantly, Kevin and his family shut their mouths.

Looking at the current state of things, it was highly possible that Kingsley would listen to Donald.

At that moment, Donald’s phone rang. It was Ysabel. “Donald, where are you? My mom has encountered a bit of trouble. Can you come over?”

Ysabel was Jennifer’s cousin. In addition, she was also Linda’s niece.

‘I’m not free,’ Donald rejected without hesitation.

Ysabel’s mother, Beatrice, and Jennifer’s mother, Linda, were sisters. However, Linda was not willing to keep in contact with the former.

There was a reason for that.

Beatrice was a university lecturer. She was not only highly educated but also had a high income. She was a capable woman.

Back then, Ysabel’s father was also a lecturer at Pollerton University. As for Linda, she was merely a country bumpkin. She married Leonard, an average man.

Therefore, Linda had always been jealous of Beatrice.

Despite the fact that Ysabel’s father passed away early on, she still continued to be jealous of Beatrice.

Linda’s parents were still alive, but she had never taken up her responsibility to care for them. All along, Beatrice had been the one to do so.

Linda had always hoped that Jennifer would become successful, and they could then return to the Stern family and flaunt to them. However, her dream never came true.

The Stern family was not a prominent family in Pollerton. Most of its members were mediocre and unambitious.

However, they managed to raise two very capable businessmen.

One of them was called Jeremiah Stern, while the other was called Adrian Stern. Both of them were Jennifer’s distant relatives, her uncles.

Jeremiah opened a few gas stations near the toll stations and service areas.

As for Adrian, he was the general manager of sixteen toll stations along Pollerton’s highway. He was a talented businessman.

Ysabel was furious upon hearing Donald's rejection. "If you don't come, I'll tell Jennifer that you're Lord Campbell," she threatened.

Donald furrowed his eyebrows. "Are you trying to threaten me?"

Hearing his displeased tone, Ysabel instantly changed her tone into a coquettish one and pleaded, "Please come! I beg of you!"

"What happened?" he asked in a resigned tone.

Ysabel sighed before saying, "I need your help in two matters. For the first matter, my mom has arranged for me to go on a blind date. It's with my distant relative, Adrian's son. The other thing is the director of Pollerton Film Academy keeps harassing my mom."

After some deliberation, Donald asked, "How did he harass her?"

Ysabel answered, "Mr. Harper keeps stalking her. Every night, he knocks on my house door. I'm scared for my life! But we can't afford to offend him. His nephew is a famous celebrity called Julian Harper. Furthermore, he hangs out with Ethan Lynch, a gang leader in Pollerton."

Donald looked at the time before saying, "All right, when do you want me to go over?"

"This afternoon. I'll meet you at the entrance of Pollerton University. See you there!" she answered.

With that, not giving Donald a chance to respond, she quickly hung up.

Almost simultaneously, he received a message on his phone: Lord Campbell, the large collider has arrived in Terrandya. It should arrive in Pollerton by this afternoon. However, it's not possible to bring the artificial sun to Pollerton. It's too huge. It's over sixty meters long and twelve meters wide. On top of that, it takes up four car lanes and has to go past sixteen toll stations to get to Pollerton.

"In that case, we should dismantle the city's tolls. After that, we will compensate according to the market value,"

Donald muttered to himself.

Following that, he phoned Joshua and asked, "Mr. Green, can the sixteen toll stations along Pollerton highway be dismantled?"

Joshua was utterly astonished to hear his words. "These toll stations are controlled by the Yund family. It's one of the local economy's income streams. I'm afraid it won't be easy to negotiate a price for tearing them down."

Donald remarked, "I will pay for the costs of demolishing and reconstructing them. Additionally, I'll compensate them at a price that is one and a half times the market value."

Joshua pondered for a bit before saying, "That's not for me to decide. Mr. Yund is already back, so why don't you discuss this with him instead?"

Chapter 332 Meeting Neil

"Sure. In that case, we can meet at Seasons Hotel at ten," Donald replied.

Neil ruled over Pollerton. His family had been around for over five hundred years. The Yund family was one of the Ten Prestigious Families in Pollerton.

At ten, Donald went to Seasons Hotel, the hotel owned by Charles.

Charles, Lana, Reina, and Wynter followed behind Donald and entered the private room. The moment they sat down, footsteps could be heard from outside the door.

The footsteps sounded firm and strong.

In the next instant, the door was pushed open, and a man entered.

He was around fifty years old and had a chiseled jawline. The man was tall and lean. Dressed in a suit, he had his hair combed all the way back. Though he dressed modestly, he exuded an imposing aura of a natural leader.

He was Neil, the most influential man in Pollerton!

"It's an honor to meet you in person, Mr. Yund. I'm Donald Campbell," introduced Donald. He approached Neil and extended his right hand to him.

Neil looked at Donald before shaking hands with him. "I've heard a lot about you, but I had no idea that you are so young. I also didn't know that the renowned Lord Campbell is a Pollertonian. I'm a little surprised by that. It's Pollerton's honor to have you here!"

"No, not at all. I can't be compared to you. After all, you care for the welfare of the public," Donald replied solemnly. "Please have a seat, Mr. Yund."

Neil sat down and took a sweeping glance at everyone in the room. After a brief pause, he sighed. "Although I'm in the country, I've heard of your name. The elders in my family often bring your name up."

Donald merely smiled.

Neil gave a chuckle. "Joshua has already informed me of your intention."

Donald nodded. "The equipment is too big. Even though we have already planned out the route beforehand, there are still a few toll stations that can't be avoided."

Neil immediately said, "You can tear them down. I won't stop you from doing something that will help the local economy. As for the compensation, we can follow the market rate."

Donald looked at him gratefully. "Thank you for your support. Does anyone have any objections about it?"

"Currently, the person in charge of the toll stations is Adrian Stern. But don't worry about it. You don't have to notify him about this. I've been wanting to do a check on him for quite some time now. Go ahead and tear them down," reassured Neil.

Donald stood up. "Thank you once again, Mr. Yund."

Neil waved his hand in a dismissive gesture and said, "Let me make the arrangements for lunch."

Donald grinned. "All right. I'll make myself at home then."

At that moment, Neil had a very favorable impression of Donald. That was because the latter could have directly dismantled his toll stations without informing him, but he did not do that.

Donald could easily handle a huge project like the land reclamation project. Thus, dismantling the toll stations was nothing to him.

The reason why Donald wanted to discuss it with him first was that he wanted to abide by the rules.

Since both of them were people who abided by the rules, they got along very well.

"One more thing. I hope you can keep my identity a secret," Donald requested.

Neil waved his hand. "I understand. It's a military secret, right? I get it."

At two in the afternoon, Donald arrived on time at the entrance of Pollerton University as promised.

He had dyed his hair. Donald looked much younger now that his hair was not grayish.

When Ysabel saw him, she almost could not believe her eyes. Staring at him incredulously, she asked, "It's only been a couple of days since I last saw you. Why have you lost so much weight?"

"I haven't been feeling too well recently," answered Donald.

Ysabel was wearing her school uniform, and she tied her hair up in a ponytail. There was a youthful aura around her, and she looked innocent and attractive.

Every student who walked past her could not help but turn their heads for a second glance.

After all, Ysabel was known as Pollerton University's campus belle.

As for Donald, he had donned a suit that fit him perfectly. He wore a mysterious expression on his face.

As they stood side by side, they looked like a match made in heaven.

Ysabel's heart ached for him as she quickly ran over. Holding onto one of his arms, she pouted. "You should take better care of yourself!"

Chapter 333 Mason Stern

Donald remained silent and looked around.

Many people were strolling about Pollerton University during the lunch hour.

There were couples holding hands while conversing happily.

A couple of youngsters were playing with basketballs and giggling as they walked past.

There were also pupils who wore glasses and walked while reading.

Then, Donald sighed. "Being young is a blessing. University life is so good."

He left after his freshman year without attending an entire university course.

Tyrone slapped Raymond and utilized the Campbell clan's power to knock the latter down.

That night, Raymond sent Donald to Quadfield.

Donald looked around. I would have experienced all of this if what happened back then hadn't occurred.

He had a desire for such a life. He could have friends, girls, and even a romantic date in such a carefree setting.

Since when must I bear the burden alone?

Ysabel seemed to understand his emotions. "Are you envious of us?"

Donald nodded.

She went on, "You're unaware of how envious people are of you. You're not even thirty years old this year, but you've already become a figure that nations fear."

"Will you believe me if I say that's not the life I want?" Donald asked in a low, mumbling tone.

Ysabel could not comprehend and replied, "You seem like an old man now."

Donald said, "I'm seven years older than you, so obviously, I'm an old man to you."

A Lamborghini passed by and stopped in front of them as they were conversing.

Then, a young man, who was dressed up extravagantly, got out of the car while holding a bunch of flowers. "Do you like it, Ysabel?"

He was around twenty years old. He looked very handsome in his expensive sportswear, but he didn't have that assertive aura.

Instantaneously, Ysabel's brows furrowed. "Mason, I've said it many times. I don't like you. Stop bothering me!"

Lamborghini was a rare car, and it was many boys' dream cars. It caught the attention of a lot of people.

Also, Ysabel, the campus belle, was there. Right away, there were a lot of people around her.

Donald scowled. He did not enjoy this situation.

With a grin, Mason said, "It's okay. The fact that I like you is enough!" Then, he noticed Donald beside her and asked, "Who is he?"

Ysabel quickly puffed up her chest and grabbed Donald's arm. "Oh, he's my boyfriend. Is he attractive?"

Mason abruptly pursed his lips in disdain. "Do you think I'm dumb? You walk up to a random salesman on the street and say that he is your boyfriend. He's an old man. Do you like him?"

Old man?

Donald was speechless.

Ysabel immediately felt anxious. "You don't trust me? Okay, I'll prove it to you!"
Ysabel had a sinister idea. She put her arms around Donald's neck and kissed him right away.

Donald was weak, and he had no strength to fight back. Consequently, Ysabel hugged him, and their lips pressed together.

Donald was dumbfounded.

Wait, why are you sticking your tongue out? No, don't put your tongue in my mouth! I don't know anything about kissing!

The onlookers were shocked, and a few boys instantly felt their hearts breaking.

Dang! My goddess has a boyfriend!

She actually kissed an old man in front of numerous witnesses!

I'm brokenhearted!

Ysabel's cheeks were completely flushed, and she cast a shy glance at Donald. She then lowered her head and asked meekly, "Do you believe me now?"

She already had fair, delicate skin, and she appeared more alluring with her flushed cheeks.

Mason remained frozen in place. His smile vanished abruptly, and his expression contorted with rage.

Chapter 334 Who Are They

"You sl*t, Ysabel!" Mason swore while pointing to Ysabel's nose. He bellowed and was tremendously enraged.

"I like him, can't I?" Ysabel replied coldly.

"I'm going to your mother and grandfather!" Mason said, enraged. Then, he gave Donald an icy stare. "I'm warning you. Stay away from Ysabel! She is my fiancée! My father is her distant relative, and everyone in the Stern family supports our relationship! For your information, my father is Adrian, and my uncle is Jeremiah!"

When he said that, many people regarded Mason with envious and perplexed expressions.

Clearly, they were well aware of Adrian and Jeremiah, as many were afraid of them. Donald, however, was stunned for a second. "Jeremiah and Adrian? Who are they?"

He really did not know them, but their names sounded familiar to him. However, he was unable to recall where he had heard their names.

Ysabel whispered, "Don't try to find out."

Mason sneered, "Let me tell you. My father, Adrian Stern, manages sixteen national highway toll stations near Pollerton. My uncle is in charge of several service areas! Naturally, they have solid relationships with high-ranking officials. Even at Terrandya Provincial Center, there are a few big shots who get along well with my father and uncle! Everyone wants to talk to my dad! What makes you think you're qualified to steal Ysabel from me?"

Mason held his head high, and his face was filled with pride. All of the students around them were looking at Donald with pity. Adrian and Jeremiah did not work in the underground circles, but their status was comparable to Ethan's.

Even Ethan hesitated to intervene with them until he received the support of the Freedman clan, as they were considered to monopolize Pollerton's transportation sector.

To get into Pollerton, one had to take the highway.

Thus, several industrial chains, such as transportation or even smuggling, had to pass through Adrian. Therefore, Adrian had more connections than Ethan.

Donald came to a sudden realization. He remembered who Adrian was.

Neil had informed him that Adrian was a qualified manager who had been employed by the Yund family to oversee the toll booths.

Furthermore, Donald had an impression of Adrian that was related to Bryan.

When the latter purchased Pollerton Heavy Machinery Industry, it was Adrian who obstructed Pollerton's market and prohibited the import of foreign machinery and equipment.

As Donald thought about this, he narrowed his eyes. "Oh, your father is Adrian. I recognize him!"

"Good, now get down on your knees and apologize. I can prevent you from residing in Pollerton in a hundred different ways." Mason had a haughty expression on his face as if the universe revolves around him.

Donald chuckled softly. It is amusing to converse with this immature child. Then, he asked, "Are you being arrogant?"

Mason held his head high. "That's accurate. I'm being haughty. If you are competent, you may also be arrogant.

Let's find out who's the stronger one then!"

"Will you trust me if I tell you that your father's sixteen toll stations are set to be demolished?" asked Donald.

"Are you an idiot?" Naturally, Mason did not think he was telling the truth. Rolling his eyes, he continued, "Those are toll booths. Can they be easily destroyed? All sixteen of them?"

"Let's see what happens then," Donald stated indifferently before locking at Ysabel.

"Let's leave."

Mason snorted, got in his car, and was ready to go home to complain.

"Where are we heading right now?" Donald asked.

Ysabel stated, "My two distant relatives are holding a banquet for the entire Stern family tonight. However, I want to go to my mother first. She should be done with her class now, and that disgusting director will undoubtedly stalk her."

Chapter 335 Harassment

Ysabel's lips pouted as she talked.

"How old is your mom?" Donald asked.

Ysabel answered, "She just turned forty."

"Which means she was pregnant with you at nineteen?" Donald was slightly speechless.

Ysabel replied, "My dad was very handsome when he was young, and his family background was good. However, he died at a young age."

"Then why didn't your mom look for another husband?" Donald asked again.

"It was because of me. When my father died, she focused all her attention on nurturing me in the hope that I would become successful, which was also why she was so strict with me. Besides, she's a very stubborn woman. All these years, she had many admirers, but she refused all of them." Ysabel was somewhat downcast.

Donald did not utter a word as well.

Ysabel was a pure and innocent girl with a tall and slender figure. Wearing a ponytail on her head, she had smooth and white skin. On the other hand, Donald was barely out of shape, albeit losing a bit of weight recently. Wearing a suit, he looked handsome, and his eyes were his weapon of charm.

A hint of wistfulness would flash in his eyes from time to time. It was obvious that he was a person with unimaginable experience.

When the duo walked around the campus together, they attracted a lot of attention.

Ysabel was very lively and talkative when she was around Donald. "That is where we usually attend our classes. The library is there. And there is the female dorm."

When she introduced the school buildings to him, she would look at the side of his face from time to time, her eyes flashing with happiness.

Nevertheless, Donald stayed silent the entire time as he stared at those buildings. After coming to a place full of youthful aura, he felt he had aged.

Brought to Quadfield in his teens, he had no experience of the life of a typical youth. All he recalled was almost every day was a war zone. In addition to guarding Quadfield, he needed to bring peace to the northern region.

If the enemies who entered Quadfield were considered restrained, then the war zone in the northern region was considered a living hell.

People die every day.

Donald had once buried more than ten comrades he deemed as close as brothers in person.

"That is my mom's office." Ysabel pointed at a building in the distance. "Let's wait for her in her office."

It was a big office and an independent space with everything neatly and tidily arranged. There was a faint fragrance in the room that resembled Beatrice's smartness.

In reality, Ysabel's mother, Beatrice, was a beautiful woman who was considered elegant and charming, or the director of the School of Art Management would not have harassed her for so long.

Approximately ten minutes had passed. Beatrice's shriek of wrath sounded outside the door. "Mr. Harper, if you continue to be like this, I will call the police!"

“Are you threatening me? I’m so scared!” A fearless voice sounded. Anyone could tell that it was the voice of a perverted middle-aged man.

Another relatively younger voice came from behind. “Prof. Stern, my uncle merely wanted to talk to you. Why don’t you agree?”

That voice belonged to Julian Harper.

When Donald demolished the Freedman clan’s mausoleum, Julian had already left. Hence, he did not know that the former had the third Dragon badge and didn’t end up being killed by Sebastian. If Julian were to stay for another twenty minutes that day, he would have been a corpse now.

“Buzz off!” Beatrice yelled coldly and pushed open the door, only to see Donald and Ysabel.

Slightly stunned, she asked, “Ysabel, why did you come here?”

No sooner had she looked at Donald and furrowed her brow than Julian and a bald man with a big belly who looked like a bad guy walked inside.

It was Adam Harper, Director of the School of Art Management of Pollerton University. Adam narrowed his eyes on Donald and asked, “Who are you?” Julian did not know the real identity of Donald and that the latter was the owner of Donter Pictures.

Donald replied, “It doesn’t matter who I am. What matters is that you guys are harassing a woman. Isn’t it inappropriate?”

Upon hearing that, Adam rolled his eyes and snapped, “It’s none of your business. Who allowed you to come in here? Get lost now!”

Chapter 336 Threat

Ysabel pointed at Adam and roared, “Mr. Harper, if you harass my mom again, I’m going to report it to the chief dean.”

Adam shrugged nonchalantly and taunted, “I don’t care. Let’s see if the chief dean will entertain you.”

On the other hand, Julian let out a cough and said, “Ysabel, why don’t we let the elders take care of their matters? Let’s go. I’ll treat you to a meal.”

Upon hearing that, Ysabel frowned and replied, “How shameless! Who on earth wants to eat with you?”

Julian's eyes widened immediately, and he looked at Ysabel in disbelief. "What? I'm both an A-list celebrity and a legendary idol.

There are nine hundred million girls in the country who are proud to be able to talk to me. Me treating you to a meal is considered an honor to you. How dare you refuse?"

He believed Ysabel would not refuse him.

A majority of his fans were female students like Ysabel.

Donald was somewhat speechless at Julian's shameless attitude. "Enough of this. Stop being a narcissist. Ysabel isn't one of your brainless fans."

Julian instantly turned around and looked at Donald. Anger washed over his features. Pointing at the latter, he yelled, "Who do you think you are? Do you know who I am? I have tens of millions of fans. One word from me is enough to make you infamous. I can also instigate my fans to expose your identity online and let you have a taste of cyber-bully."

Hearing that, Donald froze. "Really?"

As if I'd be terrified by such a threat!

Ysabel pursed her lips in disdain. "Do you think you are God?"

Seeing that Donald and Ysabel did not believe him, Julian immediately fished out his phone and took a picture of Ysabel before sending it to the group chat of his fans. He wrote: Her name is Ysabel Zimmerman. She and her mother swindled money from my uncle.

Then, he looked at Beatrice and Ysabel with a smug look and said arrogantly, "And done. Calm down and have a seat. Let's see how things will turn out. Five minutes. You guys will go viral on the internet in five minutes."

Donald's eyes turned frosty.

How arrogant!

At once, Ysabel's face turned pale. Beatrice said softly, "What are you doing? Delete that right away!"

Julian smirked. "I can do that, but you will need to agree to my uncle."

Adam cast lecherous gazes at Beatrice and added, "Only if we enjoy ourselves in the hotel now would he delete that."

People of his age liked a mature woman like Beatrice the most. Wearing a business suit, she had short hair and was an intellectual woman. Lust welled up within him when he looked at her.

Donald looked at Julian coldly. “If you don’t delete it, I will use my connections to exert a ban on you in the industry.”

“Hahaha. Banning me?” Julian looked at Donald as if he was looking at a fool. “Who do you think you are? Do you have such an ability? Those who are behind me are Ethan and the Freedman clan. How are you going to ban me? I’m working for Flawless Pictures. Freedman Group is the main shareholder. What ability do you have to make the Freedman clan ban me?”

Julian laughed loudly without holding back.

As expected, Ysabel’s phone began ringing.

When she picked up the phone, she heard someone yelling, “You are a b*tch pretending to be pure and innocent!”

Then, she received rows of messages from strangers. All of them came from the fans who were obsessed with Julian.

Beatrice’s phone began ringing as well. A fan wrote: You are a wicked widow!

Another fan wrote: She’s still a university professor. She must have misled her students. Another fan wrote: B*tch!

Unsightly curse messages came flooding continuously from all over the country. Ysabel’s face turned pale due to anger. “Julian, you are shameless!”

Meanwhile, Beatrice was so furious that her body trembled. Just when she wanted to turn off her phone, she received a call from the Stern family. “Beatrice, what’s wrong with you? You are on the news headline.”

When Ysabel heard that, she instantly turned on her phone. A sharp news headline entered her sight—The Angry Julian Retorted Pollerton University’s Professor.

Chapter 337 Conflict

The content was about how Beatrice and Ysabel had seduced their uncle and cheated him of his money before leaving him for good. The story was completely fictitious and full of exaggeration. They even attached a photo of Ysabel and Beatrice glaring at each other on the post.

“Your dad passed out from anger just now.” A voice came from Beatrice’s phone.

Beatrice said, "Please listen to me. It's not what the news says it is!"

"What's the point of explaining yourself to me? Leave it for your parents tonight." With that, the call was disconnected. Beatrice's face turned ashen. She then pointed at Julian. "Julian, I will sue you for slander!"

Julian laughed. "I don't mind. Just go ahead. We'll see who the winner in the end will be."

Ysabel could no longer contain her anger and wanted to slap Julian, but she was stopped by Donald.

The latter shook his head. "Calm down. I will handle this."

Ysabel quieted down upon hearing him.

Donald looked at Julian and said, "I'll spare you a chance now. If I make my move, you won't live to see tomorrow's sun."

Julian paused for a moment before he broke into laughter. "Well, tell me what you're going to do then. I'm a bit scared now!"

Adam scoffed. "Who do you think you are?"

Donald merely looked at Julian coldly. "Delete your post immediately and apologize publicly online."

Adam and Julian were dumbstruck for a moment before they guffawed. "Are you nuts?"

Beatrice roared, "Donald, shut up already. You are making the matter worse."

She was in a pickle now. This evening would be the banquet held by the Stern family. Jeremiah and Adrian had invited the entire Stern family to the banquet. Beatrice could foresee how this online ruckus would make her and her daughter the laughing stock of the party.

Donald's face darkened when he saw Julian's and Adam's expressions.

Then, he took out his phone and made a call. "Settle Julian and Adam for me!"

"Hey, I see you are calling for help?" Julian did not seem to be bothered by that. "I'll wait here today and see whom you can summon!"

After that, he took out his phone too. "Hello, Mr. Crow. Please come over now to take down a sc*mbag for me."

Then, he hung up the phone and looked at Donald triumphantly. "Do you know who Crow is? He is Mr. Lynch's number one man!"

Within ten minutes, the door sprung open, and Bradley entered the room. He strode toward Julian coldly and threw a slap on his face.

Slap!

Julian staggered backward under the impact. His cheeks immediately puffed up.

"Hey, stop fighting!" Beatrice shouted in a panic.

That was her office. The way Donald snapped abruptly had deteriorated her impression of him.

Adam suddenly roared. His chunky body dashed over before Bradley sent him a kick and rendered him on the ground.

"Are you seeking death?" Bradley was infuriated that a petty nobody would dare to strike an attack at Lord Campbell right in front of him.

The whole country would be in shock if the identity of Lord Campbell were out of the bag.
If only they knew that Lord Campbell was merely one of Donald's secret identities.

"Just you wait! Crow will be here soon. Once Crow arrives, I will kill you!" Julian said with his hand covering his face.

Donald remained silent and merely stared at him coldly as though the latter was already a dead man.

"Donald, let's go. Crow is the biggest gangster in this area!" Beatrice said. She walked up to Donald and stuffed a bank card into the latter's hand. "There are tens of thousands in it. Hurry up and go!"

Donald held the card and looked up at Beatrice.
He saw the nervousness brewing in her eyes.
She was a highly educated person, a drastic contrast to her sister, Linda.

"What about the two of you after I leave?" Donald asked.

Chapter 338 The Legendary Crow

“I will get the principal!” Beatrice said, “You should leave now before Crow comes, understand?”

Then she turned around and instructed Ysabel, “Ysabel, hurry up and call a cab now! You should leave with Donald. I will go to the principal to mediate!”

“It’s no use for you to look for anyone!” Seeing that Beatrice was about to leave, Adam scrambled up and lunged toward the woman.

Before he could get near, he was kicked to the ground again by Bradley.

Beatrice stomped her feet hastily. “What are you guys waiting for?”

With that, she scurried off the scene.

She knew that as long as Bradley was there, she would not need to worry about the trio’s safety.

She knew how powerful the principal of Pollerton University was. He was a member of the Yund family and was supported by Neil. However, he was an aloof guy, and Beatrice did not get many chances to talk to him throughout the year.

She dreaded facing the principal by herself, but she knew she had to forgo her emotion in this case.

Only the principal could save Donald now.

A few minutes after Beatrice left, the legendary Crow arrived.

The light of the office dimmed the moment Crow barged through the door.

Crow was a burly man who was almost two meters tall. His arms were dangling at his sides, almost reaching his knees, and they looked chunkier than Donald’s thighs.

He looked like a skilled fighter at first glance. His whole body was bursting with power. Julian and Adam immediately ran over. “Mr. Crow, this is the guy who looked down on you.”

Crow looked at Donald. His short silver stubble stood all over his head like needles. He asked with a menacing glare, “Did you?”

No one dares to look down on me ever after Mr. Lynch works for the Freedman clan. Even Charles or Zayne wouldn’t have the guts to do that.

Donald nodded. “Indeed.”

Julian and Adam were stunned at first because they actually made that up. Donald had never said anything that tried to vilify Crow.

Yet, Donald took the blame and even openly admitted that he did it.

The two were overjoyed. They were initially worried that Donald would refute their statement, but to their surprise, the latter took the blame instead.

This makes things much easier!

“Who do you work for?” Crow asked. He was not someone who only had muscles but no brain.

Donald pondered for a moment before he replied, “Whomever.”

Indeed, whomever.

He was involved in the underworld, too, and had even established the Viking. He was much crazier in terms of his activities compared to other locals.

Crow narrowed his eyes. “It seems like you are messing with me.”

He strode toward Donald, and his big hand was about to grab Donald’s neck.

However, Bradley was faster than him. He grabbed Crow’s wrist and exerted some pressure on it.

With a loud crack, Crow wailed hysterically as his arm was broken.

Meanwhile, Bradley remained expressionless as if nothing had happened. He looked at Donald respectfully.

“How dare you? Are you seeking death?” Crow screeched and roared through his throat, “Do you know who I am? I work for Mr. Lynch, and Mr. Lynch works for the Freedman Group!”

Donald sighed. “You are making it harder for Mr. Lynch!”

Crow said, “What’s the use of being good at fighting? Many people are good at that.” “Let him go. Let’s see who he’s going to call,” Donald said.

Bradley instantly let go of Crow.

The latter’s face was as pale as a sheet. He quickly turned on his mobile phone and called Ethan. “Mr. Lynch, I can’t handle the target. I’m at Pollerton University.”

“I’ll be there soon.” Ethan’s angry voice sounded from the phone.

“Wait until Mr. Lynch is here. You guys are doomed!” said Crow.

Julian hummed in agreement, “Yes, you’re dead!”

Ysabel’s cell phone kept ringing. The unbearable cyberbullies were driving her to the end. Her mind was a mess every time she looked at the netizen’s comments, especially those execrable insults that were directed toward her.

Donald comforted, “There’s no need to worry. I’m here.”

Chapter 339 Please Save Ysabel

Ysabel quickly hugged Donald’s arm and felt a sense of security.

Not long after that, more than ten cars drove into Pollerton University. All the vehicles were BMW 7 Series, and more than thirty men dressed in suits got out of the cars.

The pack’s leader was none other than Ethan, who looked like a dangerous landmine that would explode instantly.

“Oh my goodness! Isn’t that Mr. Lynch? Why did he come to Pollerton University?”

“I know why. He must have come because of the incident with Adam and Julian.”

“You saw the news announcement, didn’t you? I’m sure something had happened.”

The security guard did not dare to stop Ethan and let the latter enter Pollerton University.

On the other hand, Beatrice stood outside the principal’s office and knocked on the door.

“Come in.” A cold voice rang out from the office.

Beatrice opened the door and walked in.

“Everyone, go back to your dorms or the classrooms now. Immediately!” Seeing that Ethan had entered Pollerton University, the teacher instantly announced through the school’s PA system.

Outside, Ethan’s convoy was still entering, and in the end, more than a hundred luxurious cars had driven into the university’s compound.

Ethan got out of the car. He stood in front with his sunglasses and looked at the centuries-old institution.

He did not dare to set foot on the campus in the past.

However, now that he was involved with the Freedman clan, he had the courage to do it.

Since Crow had said he was beaten, Ethan felt the need to do something.

Crow was Ethan's number-one underling. If he did not defend Crow's dignity, his other subordinates would lose their respect for him.

It was an excellent opportunity for Ethan in Pollerton because of the land reclamation project, and Lord Campbell had expanded his influence in Pollerton.

With the land reclamation project, Lord Campbell Avenue, and a series of industrial chains in the future, especially the super energy battery developed from the controlled fusion technology, Ethan had to expand his territory in Pollerton before the next big thing could happen.

By entering Pollerton University to defend Crow's dignity, Ethan was declaring to the people that there was no way he would be humiliated.

The glory days of Charles and Zayne are over. It's my time to shine!

When the students saw Ethan's cars entering the campus, they looked at each other, feeling lost and unable to comprehend what was happening.

However, they were shocked when they saw him.

Everyone knew Ethan. He was the latest thug that had appeared and one of the big shots in Pollerton.

Within just a few minutes, all the students in the university had gone into hiding.

In Beatrice's office, Donald saw Ethan, who was approaching, and narrowed his eyes.

"How dare he act so insolent in a centuries-old educational institute full of outstanding talents?" Donald's voice was ice-cold as he stared at Ethan with anger.

Both Adam and Julian shouted, "You're finished, brat! Mr. Lynch is here."

"You won't be able to escape today!" Crow's face contorted into a mask of fury too.

After Beatrice opened the door to the principal's office, she saw the aloof Klay Yund.

Klay was at most fifty years old. He was intimidating and exuded a unique superior aura.

He was standing by the window and had seen Ethan too. He was indifferent, and there were no emotions in his eyes.

Klay looked like a shrewd person, the kind that was suitable to be a politician.

"What's wrong?" Klay asked.

With her head hanging low, Beatrice briefly explained everything that had happened to him.

“Mr. Yund, I know that you’re an influential person. Now that Mr. Lynch has entered Pollerton University, I hope you’ll step out to save Ysabel and the young man,” Beatrice said with a somewhat pleading tone.

Klay walked toward Beatrice and replied, “The most I can save is Ysabel but not the young man.”

Beatrice lifted her head and saw his face.

What expression is that? It’s filled with disregard for life, with no concern for all things. He looks like he has no mercy and is a cold person.

Chapter 340 Where Is Lord Campbell

“Why?” Beatrice was anxious when Klay did not want to help Donald. He had gotten into trouble because he was trying to rescue Ysabel.

Beatrice would never feel at ease for the rest of her life if Donald fell into Ethan’s hands.

“Mr. Lynch is the Freedman clan’s lackey. Even though their mausoleum had fallen, the Freedman clan is still who they are. Mr. Lynch is their chess piece in Pollerton. They’re using him as part of their plan. I don’t want to offend them,” Klay answered.

In an instant, Beatrice fell to her knees. “Mr. Yund, I’m begging you...”

Before Beatrice could finish speaking, Klay continued saying, “That’s enough. You can go now.”

She looked up and saw that his face was still devoid of emotions. However, there was a hint of annoyance in his eyes.

Beatrice rose to her feet in a daze, turned around, and left. She then ran toward her office.

On the other hand, Donald took out his phone and gave Neil a phone call. “Mr. Lynch made a scene where hundreds of his luxurious vehicles entered Pollerton University. However, the principal did nothing at all. Is his status really more important than the students’ lives? Mr. Yund, I admire you for being a responsible and capable man. If you don’t teach the principal of Pollerton University a lesson, then I’ll do it myself.”

With that, Donald ended the call.

Neil held his phone as his expression darkened.

He then hurriedly called Klay.

“Neil!” Klay was not a cold person when he spoke to Neil.

Neil asked, “A big shot is in Pollerton University, and he’s not happy with your attitude. Do you want him to take action himself?”

After hearing that, Klay was stunned.

Big shot? Isn’t the big shot Mr. Lynch? Is there someone more powerful than him in Pollerton?

“He said that if you don’t take action on Mr. Lynch, he’ll do it himself. However, when that is over, the first person he’ll go after is you,” Neil added.

Klay was unhappy after Neil spoke. “The Yund family is a five-hundred-year-old wealthy family and is our backing. Which arrogant big shot has the guts to speak to you like that?”

“Lord Campbell!” Neil sneered.

In an instant, Klay was gravely shaken. As though struck by a bolt of lightning, he did not dare utter a word.

“If Lord Campbell takes action on you, do you think the Yund family will give up on you or go against Lord Campbell for your sake?” Neil asked.

That was a question that Klay did not need to answer.

After all, it was Lord Campbell, known as one of the most fearsome young people in centuries. He was also the epitome of human power.

Moreover, he had already mastered controlled fusion technology and extreme insulation fluid technology.

Even the five-hundred-year-old wealthy family would need to improve and change. It was the time for them to face the next revolution, and whoever could receive Lord Campbell’s support was sure to get an opportunity during the significant change.

“Where is Lord Campbell?” Klay asked Neil.

Neil responded, “He’s with Ysabel Zimmerman!”

As soon as the words came out of Neil’s mouth, a chill ran down Klay’s spine. Could he be the young man that Beatrice had mentioned earlier? Oh my goodness!

After knowing that, Klay hung up immediately, tidied his shirt, and ran toward the building where Beatrice’s office was.

At the same time, he received a text message: When you see Lord Campbell, act like you don't know him!

Klay replied: All right. I got it.

In the office, Adam, who was the director, and a handsome Julian were still talking incessantly.

Footsteps were approaching them.

Donald took out his phone and checked the news. Ysabel's defamation news was trending, and every social media and media outlet was reposting it. It seemed like her news was getting more viral.

Donald looked at Julian and said slowly, "Let me ask you one last time. Are you sure you won't apologize publicly?"

"Of course. What's the use of regretting now?" Julian sneered.

"All right. You don't have a chance anymore." Donald nodded. He then turned around to comfort Ysabel, "Don't worry. I'm here."