

Chapter 351 That Useless Fool

Everyone looked at Donald as if he was an idiot.

Donald was asking for a person with hundreds of billion net worth.

They wondered if he was mentally sound.

Even Adrian and Jeremiah, who had monopolized various industries for so many years, did not dare claim that they were worth one hundred billion.

“Are you an idiot?” Adrian guffawed.

“He’s a certified idiot!” Kevin laughed out loud from the back and kept smacking his thighs.

It was evident that he was very happy to see Donald being put in a tough spot.

Jennifer lowered her head and held her forehead. She felt a little helpless. When Donald and I were together, he was very calm and collected. Why does he want to hold onto his last strand of dignity when arguing with Ysabel next to him? Moreover, he needs to know that there are limits to how much he can brag about!

Jennifer knew that Donald did not lack money. She saw Chiliad Avion giving him five million as a reward, after all.

However, that was all.

Linda said to Jennifer in a serious tone, “You have to keep your distance from him. He’s acting like he has nothing to lose right now!”

Leonard stated, “Jennifer, your mom is right. Donald is currently giving up on himself!”

Ysabel’s mother, Beatrice, stared at Donald. Then, she lowered her head, feeling deeply embarrassed for him. As a result, the expression on her face was gloomy.

Ysabel was also at a loss for words.

Donald said, “I really have a net worth of a hundred billion.”

Donald had spoken in a very serious tone. How much money does Horizon Group have at the moment? I don’t know. What I do know, though, is that I definitely have a net worth of one hundred billion. I haven’t counted the exact number, of course. Money is just a number to me, anyway. If I can successfully make controlled fusion technology available for commercial use next, I’ll be able to become the world’s richest man within two or three years. I’ll be at the top spot for decades or even over a hundred years!

'Tell me, which spot do you think I should take since I have a net worth of one hundred billion?' Donald asked, narrowing his eyes at Adrian.

The latter's smile slowly disappeared as a blank expression took over his face. "Are you still adamant about that?"

Donald pondered for a bit before replying, "Yes."

Jeremiah, who was at the back, also stood up. He was a middle-aged man with an average body figure.

At first glance, he looked like someone who had a lot of experience. He controlled a number of service areas. Business people from all walks of life knew him very well.

"Who gave you the right to behave so atrociously here today?" Jeremiah asked.

As he said that, he looked at Ysabel and Beatrice. "Tell me; why did the two of you bring this stranger here? This is the family dinner of the Stern family, after all! By the way, if Julian's predicament hadn't been solved by Mr. Yund, you guys would've become the laughing stock of the whole world! And since you're a widow, Beatrice, you have to know your place!"

Jeremiah did not beat around the bush. His words caused the color to drain from Beatrice's face, and her body shook slightly.

There was a reason why Beatrice had not remarried after all these years.

The reason was that she was afraid that other people would start gossiping about her.

She had been celibate for so many years as she feared that others would say that she had no self-respect.

Beatrice already had tears in her eyes as she faced Jeremiah's accusation. "Jeremiah, please let me explain!"

"There's nothing to explain! I want him to leave!" Jeremiah pointed toward the exit.

Everyone stood back up even though they had already taken their seats. They all looked at Donald coldly.

The latter suddenly had a mocking expression on his face. He looked at Adrian and Jeremiah.

Then, Jeremiah stood up. He thought to himself for a bit before saying, "It seems like a young man like you haven't experienced anything tough in life."

Jennifer could not take it anymore. She got up and stated, "Uncle Jeremiah, don't be so rash."

The man turned his head. When he saw that it was Jennifer who said that, his expression softened a little.

Jennifer was part of the Stern family, after all. Other than Adrian and Jeremiah, Jennifer was the one who performed the best in the Stern family.

“He’s my ex-husband,” Jennifer stated.

Jeremiah nodded. “I know, but you guys have already divorced. So you don’t have to interfere in this matter now.

Jennifer wanted to say something, but she was pulled back by Linda. Her mother exclaimed, “What are you doing? Mind your own business! Forget about that useless idiot!”

Chapter 352 Mason Was Enraged

“Get lost! If you don’t leave, then I’ll beat you senseless!” Kevin slammed the table and looked at Donald aggressively.

When the others saw Kevin taking the lead, they all started slamming the table.

Donald scanned his surroundings. In the end, his gaze landed upon Kevin. “You’re nothing but a piece of trash.”

Kevin could no longer stay calm after hearing what Donald said.

“Who are you calling trash?” Kevin erupted in anger. He was nearly about to climb up the table and glare at Donald.

The latter replied, “I wasn’t talking about you.”

Kevin’s expression softened a bit. He felt that Donald was chickening out, so he said in a mocking tone, “I knew you wouldn’t have the guts to say that.”

However, what Donald said next would infuriate everyone.

“What I meant to say was that everyone here is trash!” he stated.

Gasp!

Everyone was shocked. Then, they were filled with rage. If Adrian and Jeremiah had given their commands, they would rush up to beat Donald up at that moment.

Mason was especially enraged. The woman he loved got snatched away, and he was also called a piece of trash.

Mason was the first who snapped. He immediately grabbed an expensive bottle of red wine from the table and threw it at Donald and Ysabel.

His throw was very strong.

Although Donald was weak, he still had quick reflexes. He pulled Ysabel and Beatrice, dodging the bottle by stepping to the side.

They were coincidentally standing in front of an expensive fish tank when they entered the room earlier.

The bottle of red wine moved at lightning speed. It directly crashed against the fish tank.

Crack!

The fish tank shattered as soon as the cracking sound was heard. All the water inside gushed out violently, and the ground was covered with glass shards.

A plump Arapaima fish, which was swimming in the fish tank well and alive, felt its home disappearing in an instant. Then, it fell to the ground and was pierced by the glass shards. Blood began to ooze from its body.

Other than that, the most horrifying thing was that the red wine had splattered all over the wall after the bottle broke.

There was a calligraphy painting made by a famous calligrapher in the middle ages hanging on the wall. It was auctioned for a high price of five million three years ago.

Money was not an issue, though. The problem was that the genuine work of art was handed down from the royal family of West Epeaa. Tristan loved it very much. The painting even had his autograph.

Adrian and Jeremiah instantly had an ominous feeling. They retracted their gaze. As they looked around their surroundings, they felt chills running down their spines.

The reason was that they noticed there were surveillance cameras with flickering red lights all over the place.

There was also the fact that an alarm went off when the fish tank got broken. The surveillance cameras automatically adjusted their lenses and moved to record the scene.

Mason was at a loss for words. He instantly turned pale. "It wasn't me! It wasn't me! If you want to blame someone, then blame it on Donald! He's the one who did it! Yeah! He's the one who broke it!"

When everyone was walking into the Grand Myer Hotel, Adrian and Jeremiah had told them that they were not allowed to touch anything in the hotel. The fish tank and the famous calligraphy painting were especially off-limits.

Everyone was very obedient and did not touch anything.

No one would have thought that Mason would break the fish tank. He also ruined the calligraphy painting, which was made by a famous calligrapher in the middle ages.

Adrian and Jeremiah could still afford to pay five million.

However, Tristan's autograph was ruined.

Tristan was an extremely narcissistic person who liked to inscribe his name onto everything.

If the current owner of Grand Myer Hotel knew that Tristan's autograph was ruined, Adrian and Jeremiah would definitely not be left unpunished.

"Yeah! It was Donald!" someone shouted.

"It's Donald's fault!" another person exclaimed.

Kevin had a comparatively shallow understanding. He asked in a low voice, "Are those fish tank and painting very valuable?"

Jennifer responded, "They cost at least a few million. A small amount that Uncle Adrian and Uncle Jeremiah can afford to pay, though. However, this is the Grand Myer Hotel. The person who runs the place is Simon Cook, and it'll be hard to get through him!"

"What?" Kevin instantly widened his eyes. His heart also started beating rapidly.

He knew who Simon was.

Before the rise of Tyson, Lucas, Jim, and Zayne, Simon and Noah were the rulers of the underground world of Pollerton.

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Noah was expelled from Pollerton after that and went out of the country. Simon, on the other hand, retired early.

Zayne and the rest then emerged and became the new force in Pollerton.

About five to six years ago, Simon returned and was hired to run the Grand Myer Hotel, shocking the people at Pollerton.

That gave a new perspective to the crowd about Grand Myer Hotel. The big boss behind the hotel had to be someone with horrifying power to be able to hire Simon — the former Prince of Pollerton- to run the hotel.

"What should we do now?" Beatrice paced around anxiously.

Even though it was not Ysabel and she who did it, it would not have happened if Ysabel did not bring Donald over today.

Now, the entire Stern family would push the responsibility on her and Ysabel for sure!

Beatrice had heard about Simon before. It was because of Simon, who ran Grand Myer Hotel, that the hotel had never encountered any missing valuable items or vandalism throughout the years of its operation.

From the sound of the shattering of the fishbowl to the sound of footsteps ringing out behind the door, it only took thirty seconds.

Over a hundred of security guards in uniform showed up at the door with electric batons in their hands as they looked inside the hall coldly.

One could tell that those security guards were skillful in combat arts, given their well-built physiques.

Right after that, they split themselves and lined up in two rows, making a clear path in between them. The next second, a man in his fifties showed himself.

He was none other than Simon Cook.

Donning a full suit, he looked like a big shot. Despite being in his fifties, he walked in with the support of a cane.

With a frigid expression, he glanced at the fishbowl and the dead Arapaima fish in a pool of blood. An impending storm seemed to intensify within his eyes.

When he noticed at the famous painting hanging on the wall, his pupils contracted instantly

Then, he turned around slowly and looked in Mason's direction. "You did it. I've checked from the footage of the surveillance cameras Carlier."

Mason's face turned pale instantly, and he shook his head fervently. "No, no. It wasn't me. I didn't do it..."

He could not speak coherently anymore. Quickly, he ran toward Adrian and hid behind the latter. "Dad, save me..."

It was evident he had heard about Simon.

That person was a terrifyingly powerful man who had fought from the west dock of Pollerton to Pollerton Estates.

Adrian had no choice but to approach Simon, saying, "Nice to meet you, Mr. Cook. My name is Adrian Stern. I'm the manager of Yund Group who is in charge of the toll stations."

He knew that he could not settle that matter on his own. Hence, he brought Yund Group to the table.

To him, even if Simon paid no respect to him, the former would at least consider Yund Group's reputation.

Sure enough, Simon's expression softened slightly at the mention of Yund Group. "Ah, so you're Adrian. I've heard of you. You're quite skillful."

A hint of delight crept onto Adrian's face. Secretly, he patted Mason, who was petrified behind him. "I'm flattered.

Mr. Gook. I'm just keeping up throughout these years."

Simon nodded in response, but he changed the topic abruptly. "However, do you know how much all these are worth?"

As he spoke, he pointed at the famous painting on the wall, the shattered fishbowl, and the dead body of the Arapaima fish.

Adrian replied, "I know it roughly."

Simon Soon shook his head, No You don't

Scared Adrian did not know what that statement meant.

Simon continued. Mr Lane got the famous painting from the royal family of West peaback then Maybe to you for of 113 million is acceptable, you won't be able to take it for the price of the fishbowl and the Arapaima fishta

Adrian's heart sank to the bottom at his words "Please elaborate."

The autograph on the fishbowl was personally signed by the one who made it Back in the day when Mr Lane brought the fishbowl from outside the country, he had been on three battlefields.

He had never given up on the fishbowl. As for the fish, it was also brought from the bauleheld outside the country by Mr Lane. So, tell me, aren't they priceless

Narrowing his eyes. Simon continued. "I forgot to tell you, Mr Lane is my superior and also the boss of Charles Langford, the richest man in Pollerton"

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learning that Adrian and Jeremiah, who had been through a lot, had goosebumps all over their bodies

It was because they could tell that Simon feared Tristan so much from his tone alone.

Moreover, he sounded as though Tristan was an elite wamor.

The latter had to be an extremely powerful person, as he could make someone like Sumon pledge allegiance to him.

Therefore, the fishbowl and the fish were truly priceless!

“Mr Cook, as the manager of Yund Group, please tell me if there’s anything I can do to turn this situation around,” Adnan said respectfully. “I’m willing to pay any amount of money for it!”

Simon let out a sigh. “You don’t get it. If things can be solved by money, I won’t show up here”

He continued. That fish is Mr. Lane’s favourite. I often saw him talking to the fish, so he must have loved it. However, it’s dead now, and I’ll have to report to Mr. Lane about what has happened. Hence—“Mr. Cook. It’s all his fault. He’s the one who did it!” Mason was so petrified that he almost wet his pants.

Though Simon talked nonchalantly, anyone could make out the murderous intent in his tone.

As such, Mason decided to put the blame on Donald.

“That’s right. He’s the one who did it! Mr. Cook, you have to investigate the matter carefully!” Jeremiah chimed in.

At that moment, Donald was crouching and staring at the barely breathing Arapaima fish with a thoughtful expression.

Upon hearing those words, Simon looked in Donald’s direction. Then, he commanded slowly “Lift your head up.”

Donald did as he was told and met Simon’s gaze.

Seeing that he was a young man, Simon smiled, losing interest in talking with Donald.

Turning around, he looked at Adrian and Jeremiah. Slowly, he stated, “Thirty million, and I’ll get this solved for you guys.”

Adrian was stunned. “How do you plan to get it solved?”

Simon pointed at Donald immediately. “He did it.”

Then, he waved his hand. “Danny, are the surveillance cameras turned off?”

A security guard responded, “Yes.”

Everyone was confused when they heard him, not understanding what that meant.

“Give me thirty million, and he’s the one who smashed the fishbowl!” uttered Simon.

Adrian and Jeremiah exchanged glances before the former asked, “Mr. Cook, is twenty million fine?”

Simon mulled over it for a while before replying, “Sure!”

He then turned in Donald's direction again, looking down at the latter arrogantly.

Stand up."

A hint of sarcasm crept across the corner of Donald's lips. Slowly getting to his feet, he kicked the Arapaima fish. "Hey, what do you suggest, to make this fish into a delicious dish?"

What the hell? This young brat!

Delighted, Mason suppressed his urge to hop with joy.

Looking frigid, Simon questioned, "Young brat, are you not aware of what is going on now?"

Donald replied, "The surveillance cameras have recorded everything. I didn't smash the fishbowl, did I?"

"This is the Grand Myer Hotel." Simon chuckled. "If I say you did it, then you did it."

With that said, he turned to speak to another security guard. "Turn on the surveillance cameras again."

Then, he swept a glance at everyone at the site. He pointed at an elderly from the Stern family first. "Come, tell me, who smashed the fishbowl?"

Without any hesitation, the elderly replied, "Donald."

"Good. You may sit down. What about you?" Simon pointed at another person this time. "Who smashed the fishbowl?"

"Donald did."

Soon, he had already asked every single person there and finally came to Linda. "Miss, your answer, please."

Linda rose to her feet and said without hesitation, "Donald is the one who smashed

"Yeah, I saw Donald smash the fishbowl with my own eyes," Kevin concurred. "He also stained the famous painting!"

Skylar chimed in, "It has to be Donald. Who else would do that if not him?"

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Ysabel trembled with rage upon seeing how those people twisted the truth shamelessly

Simon then looked at Jennifer. "Come, tell us what you saw."

Expressionless, Jennifer stood up. "I saw it with my own eyes that Mason did it!"

Hearing her, Mason, Adrian, and the rest glowered at Jennifer in unison.

Shaking his head, Simon smiled before pointing in Ysabel's direction. "What about your answer? Who did it?"

Ysabel and Beatrice responded simultaneously, "Mason did. Don't you have the evidence from the footage? Look into it if you have the guts!"

Simon's gaze became frigid gradually. He had never expected that someone dared to retort his words after so many years of quitting the underworld.

He piped up slowly, "I'm the one who makes the final call in Grand Myer Hotel!"

Suddenly, Donald altered, "Twenty million, right? If I pay you thirty million, will you say Mason's the one who did it?"

Upon hearing that. Simon was stunned. What? For real?

Adrian sneered, "Don't listen to him, Mr. Cook. I'll admit defeat if he could even take out ten thousand!"

"I've heard about you, the abandoned child of the Campbell clan!" A hint of amusement showed on Simon's face. "Firstly, you are the abandoned child of the Campbell clan. The Campbell clan will be delighted if I give you a hard time. Secondly, I don't want to offend Yund Group. Thus, sorry for you!"

He then added plainly, "I'll report to Mr. Lane everything that you've done. Just you wait. No one can save you when he gets angry!"

"Aren't you afraid that Tristan will check the footage?" Donald's tone became cold as well.

Tristan had cultivated Charles and hired Simon to run the Grand Myer Hotel. It seems Tristan has a bad vision.

He had no sway over someone like Simon.

Hearing that, Simon sneered and stared at him mockingly. "Check the footage? I'll just explain there was a power outage when you smashed the fishbowl. Also, there are witnesses who are going to confirm that you're the one who did it. As for those who side with you, I'll find a way to make them disappear."

Simon's tone was icy, sounding unscrupulous.

Donald did not expect that the man would be so shameless to that extent. Letting out a sigh, he remarked, "I have thought of keeping you, but it seems it's unnecessary now."

“How dare you still be so stubborn on the verge of death!” Kevin shouted. “Mr. Cook, why don’t you end his life now?”

“Shut up!” Jennifer glowered at Kevin.

Glancing at Donald arrogantly, Simon spoke to Adrian and the rest. “Transfer twenty million to my personal account. I want it now!”

Adrian nodded in response and transferred the money immediately.

When the notification of the successful transfer sounded, ruthlessness crept across Simon’s face as he moved closer to Donald.

Still, the latter looked fearless as he stared at the Arapaima fish with his head lowered. “Hey, what do you think will happen if I eat the fish?”

He ignored Simon completely.

Everyone felt a chill down their spine when they heard him.

That’s Tristan’s favourite Arapaima fish, and Donald wants to eat it?

The Stern family has paid twenty million for the fish, yet he wants to eat it?

“Are those words recorded?” Simon asked.

A security guard responded, “We’ve already recorded the complete video. He has said similar sentences twice.”

Simon nodded. “Bring it over.”

The security guard handed him a customized phone and edited the audio recording,

Taking it over, Simon sent it directly to Tristan. “I’ve already sent the video to Mr. Lane.”

Jennifer gazed at Donald anxiously while Ysabel held Donald’s arm with her body trembling. Beatrice looked pale.

It had never crossed their minds that they would get themselves into trouble with Simon by attending a dinner banquet.

Of course, it was not Simon whom they were afraid of, it was Tristan.

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“All right. I’ve sent all the evidence to Mr. Lane, and now, I can send you off. You are the one who smashed the fishbowl and stained the famous painting. You have a motive for doing so, to eat the Arapaima fish.” Simon felt satisfied with his cleverness. “Now, I can send you off. Only a corpse can keep a secret.”

It was effortless for him to earn twenty million while making everyone think he was still a powerful man. That was hitting two birds with one stone.

A storm seemed to be brewing in Donald's eyes. One could feel his hazardous aura exuding when he opened his eyes.

Just when Simon was about to approach Donald, his phone suddenly rang at an ear piercing volume.

He looked at the caller on the screen and was shocked. Flustered, he answered the call gingerly, "Hello, Mr. Lane!"

Everyone held their breath instantly, knowing that it was Tristan who called.

"Kneel before Mr. Campbell now! Do it right now!" Tristan roared furiously at the other end of the phone.

Startled, Simon was unable to respond as though he had gotten struck by lightning.

Tristan added, "And prepare a few Arapaima dishes for him. Do you hear me?" .

Once Tristan received the footage, he instantly figured out what had happened and wished he could return from West Epea to get rid of Simon right away.

"W-What's going on?" Simon asked, unable to speak coherently. A cold sweat broke out on his forehead.

"He's someone with the most distinguished status!" Tristan uttered in a low voice.

Upon hearing that, Simon knew he was in deep trouble.

He was well aware of Tristan's background as the leader of the Azure force outside the country. That was the most powerful underground force that would send chills down everyone's spine.

The chief of the Azure force went by the code name "Dynasto."

Rumours had it that the chief of the force was only twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old. Six years ago, he ended the war with his power alone and surprised the whole world.

"C-Could he be Dy..." Simon felt engulfed by a huge shadow, and his body became icy cold. Before he received any response, Donald snatched his phone away and spoke to Tristan.

"I'll handle it myself."

Upon ending the call, Donald stared at Simon coldly.

Trembling in fear, the latter dropped to his knees immediately and pleaded for mercy, "Mr. Campbell, I'm sorry. You may punish me!"

Seeing Simon kneeling before Donald, everyone was stunned as they stared at the two, their pupils constricted.

After all, Simon was the former Prince of Pollerton. In terms of power, he could rival Noah Rodriguez.

Though he had retired, he still possessed some power. Otherwise, Tristan would not have hired him to run Grand Myer Hotel.

However, that man was now kneeling before Donald.

Widening her eyes, Jennifer gazed at Donald in disbelief. Even though she knew Donald was a Golden Lord, she assumed he was simply a skillful lighter. She had no idea he was actually Lord Campbell.

After all, Lord Campbell was an astounding figure. He was the leader of the young generation in the whole world and led the way for the other important figures of the same era. He was known as the undefeatable man.

Simon's body shivered in horror. He knew how terrifying Tristan was.

A year ago when he headed to West Epea, he had witnessed Tristan's power with his own eyes. That man was almost insurmountable. Nonetheless, he was also aware that there was a chief in the Azure force that went by the name "Dynasto."

The only man that could make Tristan on tenterhooks was no one but Dynasto!

"Mr. Campbell, I'm sorry. I sincerely apologize for my mistake. Please forgive me!" Simon repeated himself.

Jeremiah and Adrian stumbled backward at that sight. Incredulity filled their faces.

In their eyes, Simon was someone who could not be offended. Yet, the same person was kneeling before Donald right now. What the heck is happening?

* Jennifer's mother, Linda, also stared at the scene in disbelief.

She was afraid that Donald was powerful and influential, but at the same time, she could not bring herself to believe the latter could be this terrific.

Even Kevin was so dumbfounded that countless questions filled his mind.

Chapter 357 Calling My Bluff

Now that Simon was kneeling in front of Donald, being utterly humiliated by the latter, how would they explain such a bizarre turn of events?

Donald stared at Simon, who was still kneeling on the floor, and went over to him, saying, "Raise your head."

Simon did as he was told.

His face had turned as pale as a sheet, and beads of sweat clung to his forehead.

“Can I have this fish?” Donald asked.

Simon nodded profusely to him. “S-Sure you can! I’ll get someone to cook it for you!”

“How many more expensive and rare fish are there in Grand Myer Hotel?” Donald queried.

Simon froze. “There’s more than a dozen of them.”

“I’d like to have all of them. Can I?”

When he heard Donald’s request, Simon’s body shuddered, and he felt goosebumps all over him. What kind of fetish does this man have?

Despite what he had in mind, he merely nodded. “Yes, of course.”

With that, Simon bellowed, “Slaughter all the expensive and rare fish we have in the hotel and cook all of them right away!”

Everyone in the hall was utterly dumbfounded.

Beatrice was also in shock at that moment. This Donald Campbell seems to be quite a mystery to me!

“Slap yourself now,” Donald ordered calmly.

Hearing that, Simon did as told. He did not even dare to ask how many times he was supposed to slap himself as he smacked his face continuously and ruthlessly.

After dozens of slaps, Simon’s face was red and swollen. The corner of his mouth was bleeding as well. Even though his eyes were filled with humiliation and disgrace, Simon did not dare to speak up for himself.

“All right. That’ll do,” Donald uttered.

Simon eventually stopped, forcing an ugly and pathetic smile as he stared at Donald eagerly.

“Get lost.”

Relief washed over Simon as he got up and fled the room immediately.

Once he was out of the hall, Simon leaned against the wall, panting heavily.

Everyone in the hall turned to look at Donald, trying to figure out what had just happened.

Beatrice asked, "What exactly is going on here?"

Seeing that Beatrice had a decent personality, Donald replied seriously, "Tristan is actually my subordinate."

If Donald had kept his identity a secret, everyone would still find him mysterious.

However, since he came clean about his true status, the others thought he was bluffing instead.

It was because Tristan was no ordinary man.

Before he went to West Epea, he was an extremely influential figure in the underground world in the country.

The most incredible thing Tristan had done was when a wealthy heir from the nearby island state entered Pollerton with his cruise ship, throwing his weight around and humiliating Zayne and the others with his arrogant attitude. Tristan had destroyed the wealthy heir's cruise ship, which was worth over two billion.

The people of Pollerton were not only shocked by this incident, but they also learned how frightening and powerful Tristan was.

Yet, Donald had just claimed he knew Tristan.

Everyone thought he was joking around.

"Be serious!" Beatrice glared at Donald, rendering the latter speechless.

Why won't they believe me? I'm only telling the truth here!

Therefore, he could only say to them, "Fine. I was just going to record Simon's words and actions and then give them to Lana so she can send them to Tristan instead."

As he spoke, Donald pretended to wave the phone in his hand.

"Tristan is that kind of person who couldn't tolerate anyone who defied him. Everything Simon did was against Tristan's management regulations, so he wanted to punish Simon," Donald explained.

Everyone immediately understood what was going on.

Smiling, Adrian shook his head. "You scared me! I thought you were really so powerful. It turns out that you're just pretending to be one."

Mason, too, heaved a sigh of relief. "So that's how it is. I was still wondering what exactly happened."

“Turns out he’s still a loser.” Linda rolled her eyes in disdain.

Meanwhile, Kevin said in a sarcastic tone, “You’re quite a bluffer, aren’t you? Telling us you’re acquainted with Tristan. What a joke indeed!”

Skylar chimed in, “That’s right! How shameless you are!”

As he witnessed the true nature of those people before him, Donald found himself at a loss for words.

When I told the truth, none of you believed me. And when I lied, you mocked and ridiculed me! Humans are so complicated.

It was not long before a waiter wheeled a food cart into the room, loaded with piping hot, expensive, and rare ornamental fish.

Everyone stared at the dozens of fish on the food cart, feeling speechless and stunned.

Chapter 358 Unworthy To Be Here

All the expensive ornamental fish have been slaughtered...

“Everyone, you can have the fish here. My treat,” stated Donald.

However, Adrian spoke up. “Hey, why are you still here? Shouldn’t you scam by now?”

Confused, Donald rebuked, “I haven’t even tasted any of the fish. Why should I leave?”

“Get lost! You’re not welcome here! Don’t expect me to think highly of you after putting on an act just now. You’re still unworthy of sitting here!” Adrian remarked with a frown.

Mason also called out, “That’s right! Get the heck out of here! Who do you think you are, anyway?”

“What should I do to be considered worthy, then?” Donald’s expression grew cold once again.

Adrian said sarcastically and in annoyance, “I call the shots in the Stern family! As the manager of Yund Group in charge of more than a dozen of toll stations, not only in Pollerton, but I have authority in Xendale and Tayhaven as well. What gives you, an immature snot-nosed brat, the right to speak to me?”

Suddenly, Donald snickered. “In that case, does that mean you have a say in Pollerton’s traffic regulations?”

“That’s right! I’ll let whoever I want in, and I’ll keep whoever I want out from Pollerton!” Adrian spoke confidently.

Truth be told, Adrian was truly capable of doing so.

Lowering his head, Donald fiddled his arm as he approached Adrian, uttering in a low voice, “Hmm. So when Bryan set up roadblocks all around Pollerton that time, refusing to let foreign machinery and equipment into the city, that was also your doing?”

Since this was not a secret anymore, Adrian replied without hesitation, “Yes!”

As he spoke, Adrian looked at Donald, noticing the latter’s cold, unrelenting eyes.

“Very well, that’s the exact reason I’m here!” As Donald gazed at Adrian, his eyes were blazing with wrath—sharp and piercing.

Adrian was startled, not knowing what Donald meant. Staring at the latter with hostility and malice, he taunted, “Why? Are you going to finish me off? You’re not worthy of doing that yet! Even Mr. Yund isn’t worthy of doing so either! Unless it’s Mr. Neil Yund we’re talking about!”

With that, he looked at Donald haughtily and sneered, “You better scram! Otherwise, I’ll break both your legs!”

Despite his words, Donald pulled out a chair and sat down, staring at Adrian indifferently. “So you think it’s possible to set up roadblocks in Pollerton by exercising your authority and relying on your status as the manager of Yund Group?”

“Of course. What are you going to do about it?” Adrian felt bold and confident with his answer.

A faint smile appeared on Donald’s cold face. “Very well, then. I forgot to mention that more than a dozen toll stations will be demolished simultaneously. In other words, you’re going to be out of work soon.”

As soon as his words fell, Adrian stared at him as if he was looking at an idiot and laughed. “You’re being ridiculous. More than a dozen toll stations being demolished simultaneously? What nonsense are you talking about?”

Panicked, Jennifer stood up immediately. “Don’t make a fool of yourself here, Donald! Please just go back.”

She was already staring pleadingly at Donald at the end of her sentence.

Anyone with common sense would know it was impossible to demolish over a dozen toll stations, let alone have them torn down all at once.

As this was one of Yund Group's main sources of income, the company would never agree to demolish any of the toll stations.

Moreover, no one would have the audacity to remove any of them.

After all, Yund Group belonged to one of the Ten Prestigious Families.

"When I said to tear them down, he's going to do what I say," Donald replied casually.

Upon hearing his remarks, Mason roared, "That's enough, Donald! You're just an outcast of the Campbell clan. What kind of nonsense are you spewing here?"

He then shouted with all his might, "Ysabel is a witch, you're a loser, while Beatrice is a widow. All three of you are truly a match made in heaven!"

Before Beatrice or Ysabel could say anything, Donald glared icily at Mason with his sharp and menacing eyes.

Mason was instantly shocked by Donald's terrifying glare.

Retracting his gaze, Donald stated, "You'll receive a phone call in five minutes."

Adrian laughed in exasperation. "Fine. I'll wait for it, then. I'd like to see what you can do to persuade Mr. Yund!"

Chapter 359 Cannot Afford To Offend

After that, Adrian pulled out a chair and sat down.

The aura in the hall soon turned bizarre as the people became divided into two factions.

Donald, Beatrice, and Ysabel stayed with each other while they faced up against the many people from the Stern family.

Beatrice and Ysabel's palms were sweating nervously, but there was no visible sign of anxiousness on Donald's face.

Tugging at Ysabel's shirt, Beatrice remarked, "Ysabel, get Donald to leave. Now!"

Ysabel pondered about it before replying, "Mom, let's trust Donald this time."

Although she was frustrated, Beatrice sighed inwardly. She sides with Donald more than she sides with me. I wonder what's so unique about Donald that Ysabel would trust him unconditionally?

Adrian announced, "I'm going to break your legs in five minutes!"

Time ticked by slowly. Just as the five minutes were about to pass, Adrian's phone rang.

Everyone was collectively frightened by the ringtone.

Peering at Donald, Adrian noticed the former was still sitting in the same spot with no expression on his face. He instantly had a bad feeling about it.

When he picked up his phone, Adrian noticed it was a call from Maisey, a managerial-level staff member working for him.

"Bad news, Mr. Stern!" The panicked voice of Maisey sounded through the phone.

"Calm down. What happened?" Adrian replied in a low voice.

Maisey replied, "A colossal truck approaching the toll station has blocked three lanes. Since the vehicle can't head to Pollerton because the tolls are blocking its way, they are trying to demolish toll station number five."

Gravely shaken by Maisey's words, Adrian stood up abruptly from his seat. "What?" Then, he turned to look at Donald again. Donald remained indifferent to his gaze.

"Where are the security guards?" Adrian asked anxiously.

"They're injured. Tens of men in ancient armor descended from the truck and are currently demolishing the toll!"

"What is the truck transporting? Why didn't anyone inform me of this truck's appearance?"

"They are transporting some high-tech devices. I have no idea what those are," Maisey reported in a trembling voice.

"All right. I got it." Adrian hung up before turning to look at Donald. "Did you do this?"

"Don't panic. This is only the first of the many to come."

Adrian's heart sank, while the others widened their eyes in astonishment at Donald's words.

Pondering for a moment, Adrian called the person in charge of the highway surveillance cameras.

His voice was humble and respectful when he spoke. "Mr. Stevens, why didn't you notify me about the truck that had entered Pollerton's highway?"

"Don't ask. You can't afford to offend the person behind this," Mr. Stevens answered impatiently.

With that, he ended the call.

Adrian was shocked.

Can't afford to offend? I can't mess with Donald? Does he really have a hidden identity as an influential figure?

While Adrian was blanking out, his phone rang once again. It was a call from another toll supervisor.

"Mr. Stern! Toll station number two is about to be demolished." The caller's voice travelled into everyone's ears.

The others could no longer sit still as they landed their gaze on Donald, having the same thoughts in mind.

Is Donald really behind all these?

Jennifer doubted herself as well. She wondered whether she had ever understood the man before her.

Disconnecting the call, Adrian muttered, "Don't panic. We have Mr. Yund supporting us."

With that, he dialed Neil's number. "Mr. Yund, I apologize for bothering you at this time of the night. I wonder whether you were aware of the demolition of those toll stations?"

"I'm aware. Don't probe into this matter any further. You can't afford to offend him, and neither do I. After the demolition, we will rebuild the toll stations, but you're fired. You've upset Mr. Campbell when you ordered a lockdown on Pollerton's transportation."

I made Mr. Campbell unhappy? Oh, no!

Adrian was on the verge of a breakdown as if someone had detonated a bomb in his brain.

Chapter 360 Sacking Jeremiah

Wait, Mr. Campbell? Isn't that Donald?

"Who the hell are you?" questioned Adrian as his hands trembled.

Jennifer and the rest of the family narrowed their eyes as they stared at Donald.

Kevin refused to move his gaze away from Donald. He had a mix of emotions as his curiosity about Donald's identity grew.

Maybe I misjudged Donald? Is he really some kind of big shot? But that's impossible.

The sharp ringing of Adrian's phone continued. In the end, he was numbed by the unfolding chaos.

By the end of the ordeal, Adrian had been made aware that the demolition of the thirteen toll stations he was in charge of was currently underway.

At a loss for words, he raised his wrist to look at the time on the watch.

Five minutes! It really only took five minutes!

Adrian's body went cold the moment he glanced at Donald.

How powerful is he to be capable of doing such a thing? If they sacked me, I would lose the protection provided by Yund Group. What if my enemies want to get even with me? Wait! I think I still have a chance. I was informed they'll rebuild the toll stations after the demolition. If I beg Donald now, I still have a chance to return to Yund Group.

Hence, with a loud thump, he kneeled before Donald.

The other members of the Stern family were stunned by Adrian's action.

Beatrice covered her mouth in immense shock as she looked at the scene before her, for the arrogant Adrian had chosen to kneel before Donald.

Even though Donald appeared to be mild-mannered and calm, his eyes showed a noticeable streak of rebellion as he stared at Adrian condescendingly.

Startled, Jennifer stood up from her seat abruptly. Her heart was thumping uncontrollably as she studied Donald, trying to find clues about the latter's identity from his micro-expressions.

However, her effort ended up being futile.

No one was more surprised than Kevin and the rest of the Stern family.

For a long moment, the whole place went quiet.

Mason's face paled as he lost his balance. In the end, he had to steady himself with a chair. His terrified and shocked expression could not be concealed.

"This is impossible!" Linda's face turned menacing.

"Please forgive me!" Adrian begged painfully.

Yes, the toll stations are being demolished now, but I know they will rebuild it. If Yund Group stops employing me, I will fall from the altar. My life will be in danger.

Donald remained indifferent to Adrian, who was kneeling on the ground.

After a while, he spoke. "How dare you lock down this city's transportation just to prevent these devices from entering Pollerton?"

"I'm sorry!" Adrian trembled in fear.

That time, Bryan was the one who had looked for him. The man gave Adrian ten million, requesting him to seal off all toll stations and send the trucks back to where they came from if they had these devices in their possessions. When Donald found out about this, he was ready to confront Adrian. However, incidents happened, and they delayed his schedule.

One of the main reasons Donald came looking for Adrian today was to settle the score with him.

On the flip side, Jeremiah felt humiliated by Adrian's decision to kneel before Donald.

"Adrian, don't you dare kneel in front of him!" he roared. "You are Adrian Stern. Even if Yund Group fires you, we still have business in a few service areas.

Even though the profits of managing those service areas were not as high as the toll stations, it provided them with many opportunities to exploit the company's funds.

This was also Jeremiah's backup.

Then, he continued, "Come and work for me. I'll let you manage a few of those service areas. I don't think he's powerful enough to ask Neil to fire me too!"

As Jeremiah spoke, a sardonic expression appeared on his face.

Why should I kneel before a man who is about to die? Not to mention he's an abandoned child of the Campbell clan!

Lifting his head, Donald peered at Jeremiah. "All right. Those are your words. I've long wanted to teach you a lesson, anyway."

At that moment, Donald radiated an intimidating aura as he landed his gaze on Jeremiah.

With that, he fished out his phone and gave a call to Neil. "Fire Jeremiah. Take a look into the account."