

## Chapter 433 Improvement

Then, he went to meet Raymond.

Raymond's initially dull eyes glinted.

"Where have you been these past few months?" Raymond asked.

Donald went silent for some time before shaking his head. "I don't know. I felt like I was in a dream, a dream where I was walking on the sun."

"Are you going to attend Jennifer and Tyrone's engagement?" Raymond asked.

Donald merely stared blankly at him and asked, "Who is Jennifer? And who is Tyrone?"

Raymond widened his eyes in disbelief.

"My condition is not at my best right now. It feels really odd, as if my memory has been locked up, and that I need time to slowly retrieve them."

Raymond's eyes popped after listening to him. It reminded him of a mythical state.

However, he shook his head in denial immediately.

That state had only appeared in legends and myths.

"So, what are your plans next?" Raymond asked.

Donald thought for a moment and got up. "I'm going to find my memories back and find out who I am."

His long hair covered his face once again. With a leap, he disappeared from the window sill. It was as if he had never been there in the first place.

Raymond let out a bitter laugh. Given his observation, he knew that Donald's power had leveled up yet again, and this time, it had multiplied.

Donald was already invincible in the first place. Now, no one in the world would be able to defeat him.

Nevertheless, Raymond was intrigued to see how far Donald could go.

Later at three in the afternoon, Donald showed up at Scarlet Swan Villa.

The villa was seared into his memories, and he seemed to have felt the strongest connection to it. Hence, that was the first place that he went to.

At the same time, Tyrone, who had transformed into a caring man, went to see Jennifer.

She looked at Tyrone with complicated emotions in her eyes. "Mr. Campbell, you're such an esteemed man, and you can have anything you want. Why do you insist to be together with me?"

Tyrone did not seem like the type to indulge women with sweet nothings. He lowered his head and let out a light chuckle.

To her bewilderment, Jennifer found his smile gentle.

She had known Tyrone for almost a year then, and the man had never shown her such a tender look.

Instead, the man gave off a cold and distant vibe, as if he was a mighty dragon descended from the sky, and all the other people were mere specks of dust in his eye.

Tyrone smiled gently and said, "Because I like you."

Jennifer shuddered in response as she stared at the man in bewilderment.

Does someone like him also have feelings?

Tyrone did not seem like he understood the notion of love. "Come, let's go and buy you some clothes and jewelry. Let me know if you've got your eyes on any."

Jennifer found him amusing. Her perception of him started to improve a little. "It's all right, Mr. Campbell. I still have something going on at the office."

Tyrone seemingly paid no heed to her and said domineeringly, "Let's go."

Leonard then chimed in, "Jennifer, you may go. It's all right if you don't come back tonight."

Linda shot her daughter a meaningful look and added, "Yeah. Young people like the two of you should spend more time together to build a closer relationship with each other."

Feelings?

Jennifer felt a lump in her throat.

She could not help but feel like she had been devoid of feelings after Donald's death.

"Jennifer, why are you still in a daze? Are you trying to piss me to death?" Jennifer chided in a low voice.

Jennifer was feeling quite down and wanted to get some fresh air too. So, she went along with Tyrone.

Tyrone nodded at Leonard and Linda to acknowledge the two, making them jump a little in pleasant surprise.

"Where are we going? Do you mind leading the way?" Tyrone asked.

"I'm okay with wherever," Jennifer said.

Though she agreed to head out, she was not particularly enthused about the idea.

Meanwhile, in Scarlet Swan Villa, Reina was chatting to Arnaldo at the gazebo.

The father and daughter duo had gotten closer over the course of a few months.

Reina no longer detested Arnaldo. Surprisingly, she found herself relying on her father, who was one of the Lords of Underground in Terrandya.

"Still no news about Donald's whereabouts?" Reina asked.

She had been pleading Arnaldo for the longest time before the latter finally agreed to help her look for information on Donald. However, their efforts were in vain.

#### Chapter 434 The Mysterious Man

Arnaldo shook his head and sighed. "Reina, Donald is dead. It is time for you to move on."

Reina's face paled as she shot up from her seat. "No. He is definitely not dead!"

Arnaldo let out another sigh. "Reina, I might need to head back to Terrandya."

Noticing that his daughter did not give him any response, Arnaldo continued, "Silas and Francesco have worked together to divide the resources in Pollerton. The whole

reclamation area, save for the area that is under the ten great families and Lord Campbell Mountain Villa's control, is being carved up by Silas.

His influence has grown by at least three times by now. I suppose you think Charles and Zayne might be strong enough to hold him, but they're all cowering in a corner in fear of him. They dare not even show their faces.

If Yolanda had not gone to extreme lengths to save Holton, the latter would have died in Pollerton as well. Yolanda has suffered a huge hit. If Holton does not leave soon, he will die here. The same goes for me. Silas is a formidable presence. He will strike in a few more days, and nobody will be able to stop him."

Arnaldo sounded dejected.

The number of resources derived from the reclamation area was unbelievable.

It was a huge piece of pie. Silas was so blinded by his greed that he wanted to take it all for himself.

Nonetheless, Reina did not understand the dynamics of the situation.

"Follow me back to Terrandya. Scarlet Swan Villa will most likely be taken, too," Arnaldo said.

Reina widened her eyes and exclaimed, "Does Silas wish to take my Scarlet Swan Villa, too?"

"That man has taken more than ninety percent of Mr. Lynch's assets, over half of Charles' properties, Zayne's Primordial Tower, and even the food and beverage chain of Tyson. Do you think he will let your Scarlet Swan Villa go?" Arnaldo sounded resigned.

He was not afraid of Silas at first. However, it was different when the latter teamed up with Francesco, who was unrivaled. Arnaldo remembered his own bodyguard, Hansel, who was killed by Francesco using just one strand of ordinary weed. It was clear as day that Francesco was a formidable man.

Reina felt a sense of despair wash over her.

Things would not have gotten out of hand if Donald was still alive.

After digging around for nearly a year and confirmation from multiple sources, she finally accepted the fact that Donald had passed away a year ago.

“Silas wants to seize control of the whole Terrandya right now. However, the key to gaining authority over Terrandya is to get hold of Pollerton first. Hence, he will not let Scarlet Swan Villa go. You might as well follow me back to Terrandya as soon as possible,” Arnaldo said.

Tears brimmed in Reina’s eyes as she said, “No. I’m not leaving. My memories here are far too precious to be left behind.”

She took a look around Scarlet Swan Villa. If it hadn’t been for Donald, Scarlet Swan Villa would have ceased to exist long ago.

The number of scarlet swans in Scarlet Swan Villa had reached over twenty thousand. It was a large amount of wealth, and it could be liquidated very easily.

Stocks and properties may be valuable, but they needed a longer time to liquidate into cash.

However, that was not the case with Scarlet Swan Villa. It was very popular, and the transfer of the villa’s ownership could happen in the blink of an eye. Silas, who was desperately trying to expand his influence, would not give up on seizing this cash cow.

Just when Arnaldo was about to say something, his gaze darted behind Reina’s behind, and his brows furrowed deeply.

A tall man was standing some thirty meters away from Reina.

He was wearing a suit, his body slender. However, he had long hair that reached his shoulders. Half his face was concealed behind those long hair. One could only glimpse his eyes which shone with a glint.

Arnaldo was stumped. Then, his expression turned grim as he ordered in a low voice, “Come with me!”

His heart was pounding as he felt his eyelids twitching.

Arnaldo had a robust network of information. So, he recognized the man instantly.

The man was known as Crabface.

Donald had another name now, which was Crabface.

Arnaldo had heard about Crabface and seen the video of the mysterious man murdering Javon and destroying Leviathan.

Reina turned around and saw Donald as well. A perplexed look crossed her face.

"Who is he?" Reina asked.

Arnaldo did not reply to her and dragged her to leave the gazebo.

## Chapter 435 Insolence

Donald, standing there without any movement, was shrouded in mystery. No one could tell what his intention or goal was.

Before Arnaldo and Reina could leave, a thundering roar was heard. "Do you actually think you can escape now?"

Turning around, Arnaldo felt his heart sink when he saw who it was.

Francesco Faraday! He actually came! Is he somehow connected to Crabface?

Francesco didn't come alone, as his entourage comprised at least thirty men. Given their bulging muscles, it was evident all of them were elite martial artists.

It was clear that he was in a bad mood, for the Eighteen Copper Men he sent to kill Raymond had disappeared without a trace. In fact, there was no sign of them in Pollerton at all.

Nonetheless, the good news was that Silas had promised him half the spoils if he had succeeded in taking over Scarlet Swan Villa.

That alone would amount to more than a hundred million.

Arnaldo questioned grimly, "Francesco, you're a distinguished figure from overseas. Don't tell me that even you are coveting the wealth of a young lady?"

Francesco simply threw Arnaldo an indifferent glance before shifting his attention to Reina.

Despite her petite stature, she, with curves in all the right places, was an excellent feminine specimen.

The organization he founded was named the Crimson Dust Order. Just from its name alone, one could tell that Francesco wasn't someone that was bound by any rules.

As expected, he licked his lips. "Is this young lady your daughter? She truly is a sweet young thing."

After a brief pause, he continued, "Come, spend a night with me, and I'll reconsider my plans."

Reina glowered at Francesco. "Get lost!"

"Oh? She's a feisty one, exactly right up my alley." Francesco sniggered lecherously before disappearing in a flash. The moment he reappeared, he was standing beside Reina with a hand on her shoulder.

Arnaldo couldn't pull her back in time, as Francesco was one step ahead of him.

Raising his hand, Francesco swung it at Arnaldo's cheeks and gave him a forceful slap.

The instant a loud slap rang out, Arnaldo was thrown to the ground. The impact caused his cheeks to be badly swollen and blood to ooze out the corner of his lips. He was, after all, an ordinary person.

Arnaldo warned, "Francesco, if you dare touch her, I'll go all out to make sure you never leave Pollerton unscathed."

"Are you threatening me?" Filled with contempt, Francesco reached out his hand to caress Reina's face. "Even Yolanda doesn't dare to talk to me that way."

"In that case, is Terrence Lowe qualified?" Arnaldo stared daggers at him.

Terrence, who was superior to Randy, was the anchor of the Lowe family. He was a distant uncle of Wynter's and was currently in the army.

"Even though I can't defeat him, there's someone else who can." Francesco snorted in laughter. "That person is my senior, Jeffery Lysle!"

Arnaldo gasped. "Is Jeffery already in Terrandya?"

"To be precise, he is technically in Pollerton. Where else do you think Silas obtained the courage to act with such impunity?" Stroking Reina's face, Francesco prepared to execute his next move.

However, Reina slapped his right hand away.

The audacity!

As an icy glint flashed across his eyes, Francesco grabbed Reina by her hair and pinned her to the ground. "Kneel!"

Subsequently, he began to unbuckle his belt in an attempt to show his manhood. "Lick it!"

Unfortunately, Arnaldo could only look on helplessly with rage burning in his eyes.

As for Reina, she scrambled backward in absolute despair but was prevented from escaping by Francesco's grip on her hair.

No sooner had Francesco unzipped his pants than he noticed Donald bearing down on him.

Even though they were separated by a distance of thirty meters, Donald closed the gap in a single step.

"Do you have a death wish?" Francesco thundered while unleashing a palm strike at Donald.

## Chapter 436 Mercy

With his hand raised up high, Donald countered by stabbing the center of Francesco's palm with two of his fingers.

"Argh!" When Donald's fingers pierced through his palm, Francesco howled in excruciating pain as he recoiled from the attack.

The moment he got a clear glimpse of Donald's face, Francesco froze at his feet, as if he was struck by lightning. The look on his face gradually transitioned from bewilderment to panic.

Crabface. Why is he here?

As Donald pulled Reina back to her feet, he gave her a puzzled look as if the memory shards in his mind were raging turbulently.



Reina, too, stared at him through the hair that covered his face with an equally baffled expression. Despite the familiarity of his clean-cut face, she was unable to recognize him still.

When the shattered memories in Donald's mind gradually rearranged themselves, scenes from the past began to emerge.

That was the reason why he kept his distance earlier. And now, he had fully regained his memories of Reina.

"Good sir... please don't interfere!" Francesco called out.

Donald, who didn't even bother to give him a look, focused his attention on Reina. Sweeping his fringes aside to reveal his face completely, he whispered, "I'm sorry I'm late."

Jolted by his words, Reina stared at him in disbelief. The initial shock on her face was soon replaced by an ecstatic expression.

Subsequently, her eyes began to redden as she stared at Donald with a mix of smiles and tears.

He's alive! He's really back!

Looking at him longingly, Reina could feel the sorrow that had accumulated within her for the past year being washed away.

Arnaldo was briefly stunned before wild delight filled his eyes.

It looks like Reina is acquainted with Crabface!

As for Francesco, a sense of dread began to overwhelm him, for he was well aware that Crabface's power level was five million, similar to that of a humanized assault weapon.

After letting down his hair to cover his face, Donald gradually turned around to face Francesco.

Staggering back in fear, Francesco apologized, "Mister, I'm sorry—"

"You must be the one who sent the eighteen Golden Shield Technique practitioners." Donald, with heavy footsteps, approached him in an intimidating manner, as if he was the devil himself.

With his disheveled hair, towering figure, and sharp suit, he looked harmless. In fact, one could be forgiven for thinking that he was a male model strutting down the catwalk

Nonetheless, Francesco could feel the beastly aura Donald exuded alongside his approach. It was the same kind of aura that he felt from Jeffery's body.

"My senior overseas, Jeffery, has not demonstrated his power in thirty years. Hence, you had better weigh the consequences of your actions!" Francesco barked despite the terror welling up inside him.

Sh\*t, he's the one who killed the Eighteen Copper Men. Who in the world is he?

Unfazed by the threats, Donald continued to bear down on Francesco.

"Die!" Francesco's subordinates exchanged glances before letting out a battle cry. Armed with a myriad of prohibited blades, all of them charged at Donald from behind.

Even though Donald didn't bother to turn around, Reina and Arnaldo's hearts sank at the fearsome sight.

All these men are elites who, when placed in the context of war, are considered members of the Special Operation Force.

Faced with the swarm of vicious attackers, Donald gently raised his right hand and pressed an imaginary button.

Buzz!

Suddenly, the approaching enemies flew into the sky and disintegrated into dust.

Francesco's face lost all color as his pupils constricted.

Despite the knowledge that Donald was powerful, he wasn't aware of the true extent of the former's power.

More than ten members of the Special Operation Force were turned into dust without being able to react at all.

Such a horrifying method made Donald look as if he wielded the power of the gods.

This was the second time Francesco felt that his life was threatened. The first was during the Zodiac Challenge when he was almost killed by a single move from Golden Lord.

"Please spare me! Please! I'm sorry!" Francesco, with his egg-like bald head, dropped to his knees while his body trembled uncontrollably.

## Chapter 437 Revelation

Faced with someone with a power level of five million, the last thing that crossed his mind was resisting.

Staring coldly at him, Donald fell into deep thought. "I remember you!"

Stunned, Francesco raised his head to look at Donald.

Coincidentally, a breeze blew Donald's hair aside to reveal the icy expression on his chiseled face.

Francesco's mind was blown in that instant. The shocking realization caused him to drop to his knees as if his soul had left his body.

It's Donald! Crabface, who possesses a power level of five million, is actually Donald!

"During the Zodiac Challenge, I almost pierced your skull with a single palm strike!" Donald exclaimed.

His words triggered raging emotions and unparalleled shock within Francesco.

The one who pierced my head with his attack back in the day was Golden Lord, who had worn a golden mask. And now, it turns out that Donald is also Golden Lord!

Unfortunately, the revelation wasn't the worst of it yet. What Francesco was about to hear next would send him into hellish despair.

"When we were in Quadfield, your shoulder blade was shattered by the aura unleashed by my sword!"

The incident was seared into Francesco's mind. During his time at Quadfield, he was grievously injured by the attack before he could even see the attacker's face.

"Y-You're Lord Campbell!" Francesco gaped at Donald.

As for Arnaldo, he, too, was flabbergasted by the realization.

Donald is both Golden Lord and Lord Campbell?

Both men, especially Arnaldo, began to reevaluate everything they knew in life.

The Donald that Reina had been pining for all this while turned out to be both Golden Lord and Lord Campbell?

The revelation was truly shocking and unbelievable.

When Arnaldo turned his attention to Reina, he saw her gawking at Donald, her eyes filled with admiration.

"I'm going to send you to hell." Donald stared at Francesco.

Naturally, Francesco wasn't going to wait for death to befall him. At the perfect opportunity, he retreated swiftly, let out a thundering roar, and vanished into the woods in the blink of an eye.

Raising his head, Donald stared in silence at the direction Francesco fled in.

Arnaldo yelled anxiously, "We can't allow him to escape just like that!"

"He's not going anywhere." No sooner had Donald commented than he plucked a bunch of leaves from a nearby tree and gently flung them out.

Underneath Arnaldo's astounded gaze, rays of light suddenly broke out from the pearly-green leaves before they rocketed into the dense forest, unleashing a sonic boom in the process.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Sounds of countless tree trunks being pierced through echoed through the forest.

Meanwhile, Francesco was fleeing in desperation, hoping to escape Donald's kill zone. When he felt a sudden chill down his spine, he turned around to be greeted by tens of leaves speeding toward him. Before he knew it, all of them pierced through his body just like a hail of bullets.

Thud!

Collapsing to the ground, Francesco breathed his last.

"Donald!" Reina hurried over in delight and hugged Donald's right arm.

As a man of few words, he responded with a steady nod.

Gulping nervously, Arnaldo gave Donald a fearful look. "L-Lord Campbell!"

Nonetheless, Donald ignored Arnaldo and only had eyes for Reina. "How have you been?"

"Not good. Not good at all. Life without you is nothing but a torment," Reina purred.

"You poor thing." Donald gently nodded.

"Where have you been this entire time?" Reina asked.

Donald shook his head. "It's a long story."

After a brief silence, Reina finally asked, "Jennifer and Tyrone are going to get engaged on the twenty-sixth. Do you know that?"

"I do," Donald replied calmly, as he only found Jennifer's name familiar but couldn't remember who she was.

He had to wait till he saw her in person before his memory could be jogged.

"I'll be there on that day," he stated.

## Chapter 438 Can You Sleep Well

"Talk to me, will you?" Reina gave his hand a tug.

Even though Arnaldo was terrified by all of Donald's cold-blooded alter egos, such as Lord Campbell, Golden Lord, and Crabface, a strange idea gradually crept into his mind.

If Reina gets together with Lord Campbell, even if not officially, I can leverage her close relationship with him to gain control of the whole of Terrandya.

Cognizant of what was going through Arnaldo's mind, Reina reminded him, "Dad, with regards to the fact that Donald is Lord Campbell, please keep this a secret. Or else, it would upset him."

Arnaldo was filled with sudden disappointment. "I know. I know."

In the city center of Pollerton, Jennifer and Tyrone entered a luxury mall while strolling aimlessly around.

As Tyrone had never gone shopping before, he scanned the surroundings with furrowed brows.

At the same time, Jennifer browsed around in silence.

“Bring out your best diamond rings and necklaces,” Tyrone ordered the sales attendant.

After giving Jennifer a look, the sales attendant turned her attention to the pale and sickly young man. It then dawned upon her that the man was the Ninth Prince of the Campbell clan, Tyrone Campbell.

“Of course. Please wait for a moment,” the sales attendant replied respectfully.

Are all members of the Campbell clan so rich?

Jennifer gave Tyrone a curious look.

Subsequently, her gaze was diverted away by a glimmering necklace among the jewelry brought out by the sales attendant.

When she saw that it looked exactly like the Eternal Love, she guessed that it was an imitation.

In that instant, her mind flashed back to one year ago when Donald splurged a huge sum to purchase the Eternal Love and gifted it to Wynter, Lana, and the others.

Donald, are you really dead?

Holding that thought, Jennifer suddenly felt an icy gaze fix upon her.

She turned around by reflex and was greeted by the sight of Lana.

What luck.

Lana was glaring so intensely at Jennifer that she completely ignored Tyrone’s presence.

As a member of the Collins family, which had also been established for more than five hundred years, she didn’t fear Tyrone at all.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

Dressed seductively as always, she was wearing a contemporary tapered suit and a pair of silver heels with red soles. Her face glowed in its flawless glory.

"Ms. Collins, what do you want?" Jennifer asked.

Lana walked up to her. Due to both of them being of the same height, their hostile gazes dueled intensely in mid-air.

"I'm surprised you're getting engaged when it has only been a year since Donald's death."

A sarcastic look emerged on Lana's face. It brimmed with contempt and disdain.

Jennifer held her breath in silence and continued to stare at Lana as she waited for what the latter had to say next.

Just as expected, Lana continued, "At the end of the day, you were responsible for his death. Do you not feel sorry for what you're doing?"

Jennifer widened her eyes as her heart was filled with horror and guilt.

Over the last year, she was in constant fear of being accused of causing Donald's death.

Unfortunately, there was no way she could deny her role in it.

If she hadn't told Rupert that the Jadar Stone was Donald's weakness, his life wouldn't have ended then.

With slightly reddened eyes, Jennifer retorted in a raspy voice, "Are you here today just to hurl accusations at me?"

Lana shook her head with a smirk. "I have no intention of doing that. I just want to inquire whether you could sleep peacefully over the past year. Since you're going to marry into a prominent family, are you finally satisfied?"

Jennifer's body began to quiver.

At that moment, Tyrone approached and glowered at Lana. "Lana, your time should be better spent reflecting on how you're going to face your fiancé, Kyler."

Ignoring Tyrone, Lana focused her attention on Jennifer. "Loving you was probably the biggest mistake of Donald's life. Also, it just shows how blind he is!"

"Can you not say such things?" As tears welled up in Jennifer's eyes, the quavering of her voice was undeniable.

## Chapter 439 Trapped

Shaking her head, Lana sneered, "That's all I wanted to say. I wish you a blissful marriage."

Upon finishing her sentence, Lana gave Jennifer an earnest look before leaving.

Watching her silhouette disappear, a cold glint emerged in Tyrone's eyes.

"You should go home. I'm tired," Jennifer suggested to him.

Tyrone nodded and didn't insist on staying.

Jennifer walked out of the mall dejectedly and looked up at the sky. All of a sudden, she felt a mysterious chill envelope her.

Back at Scarlet Swan Villa, Donald looked at Reina, who stuck to him like glue, and said, "I have to go now."

Reina didn't insist on him staying despite the reluctance in her eyes, for she knew that he had plenty on his plate now that he was back.

Meanwhile, at Pollerton University, Ysabel had clearly lost a lot of weight over the past year. Her mother, Beatrice, continued to lecture on campus.

At that moment, inside the basement storage room of their house, a man and a woman were lying on the ground, their faces pale. The woman, in particular, was coughing blood, a symptom of the grievous injury she had suffered.

They were Holton, one of the three Lords of the Terrandya Underground, and Yolanda.

When Silas decided to bury Arnaldo and Holton in Pollerton forever, Yolanda came to Holton's rescue and escaped with him to Pollerton University where they hid.

"Holton, I'm done for." Yolanda's face had lost all color as she stared at Holton, her eyes brimming with affection. "Francesco almost blew up my heart with a single palm strike."

Tears welled in Holton's eyes. "You'll be fine. I'm sure of it. We just have to hide for a while."



But for how long? The men Francesco and Silas sent have already arrived at Pollerton University and are sniffing out our tracks. They will be on to us very soon!

Just when Holton was about to speak, Yolanda suddenly covered his mouth. "Someone's coming."

As both of them lay low, they slowed down their breath to the minimum.

After the door to the storage room opened with a creak, it was followed by a flashlight being turned on to illuminate the inside. All of a sudden, a loud shriek was heard. "Ah!"

Bam!

Yolanda had gathered what was left of her strength to spring forward and cover the mouth of the person who just entered before closing the door behind them.

"Girl, don't be afraid. Please listen to what I have to say, all right?" Yolanda asked in a weak voice.

Ysabel nodded while staring at Holton and Yolanda in fear.

"Both of us are injured, and there are men out there trying to kill us. As long as you're willing to help us out of this situation, I'll pay you ten million as a reward," Yolanda proposed, her condition deteriorating as fresh blood oozed out of her mouth.

Probably motivated by the handsome reward and sympathizing with the pitiful-looking Yolanda, Ysabel agreed to help them.

Upon obtaining Ysabel's cooperation, Yolanda sighed in relief before collapsing to the ground and clutching her chest while desperately gasping for air.

Holton's eyes reddened intensely. "Yolanda, how are you feeling?"

"Holton, please live well!" Yolanda's voice weakened.

Ysabel, who was suddenly reminded of Donald, teared up as well. "Don't worry. Just stay here while I prepare some food for you."

As she was speaking, the heavy door was ripped open. With the help of the dim light, Ysabel could see twenty men standing outside the storage room. All of them were dressed sharply in black suits and were staring coldly in their direction.

Silas' men!

Yolanda let out a wry laugh. "That's quick!"

A towering man in a suit who measured two meters tall stood forward. With bulging muscles and tanned skin, he looked as if he was made of bronze.

He was none other than Brutus.

Before Francesco came to Pollerton, he was in charge of protecting Silas and was known for his impregnable body and Herculean strength.

#### Chapter 440 No Escape

"Look, there's just no escape for you," Brutus remarked with a devious smile as he stared at Holton and Yolanda.

Subsequently, he turned his attention to Ysabel. Tsk-tsking, he asked grimly, "Girl, were you hiding them?"

When Ysabel backpedaled in fear, Holton thundered, "Brutus, this has nothing to do with her!"

Brutus responded with a ruthless expression, "I don't care about that. But for hiding both of you here, I must demonstrate my prowess to her."

The men behind him broke into hearty laughter, causing Isabel's face to lose all color.

As Brutus lumbered into the storage room, his giant figure alone seemed to fill the entire space.

Summoning what was left of her strength, Yolanda drew her broken blade with a flash and stabbed it at Brutus' head.

Unexpectedly, he didn't bother to dodge or evade at all.

In the midst of his insidious smile, a long clang rang out when the blade made contact with his skin. Unexpectedly, sparks flew out as if Yolanda's blade had struck cold-hard steel.

Yolanda narrowed her eyes and swiftly backed off when she realized the dangerous situation they were in.

Unfortunately, it was already too late, for Brutus' punch, launched with tremendous force, had landed right in the center of her chest.

When her ribs shattered with a thunderous crack, Yolanda, with her eyes widened in shock, coughed out mouthfuls of blood.

Screaming in horror, Ysabel covered her eyes and didn't dare watch any further.

"You piece of thrash!" Brutus threw Yolanda aside as if she was garbage before stomping on her abdomen.

Seized by thunderous rage, Holton threw himself forward to shield the woman.

By then, a listless look descended upon Yolanda's eyes while her breath became so shallow that it felt as if she could die at any moment.

"What are you screaming for? You're such a nuisance!" Just like catching a bird, Brutus grabbed Ysabel by the neck and flung her to the side. When her hips crashed onto the door frame, the pain that ensued immobilized her on the ground.

He had no intention of holding back just because she was a woman.

"Come on, you're one of the three Lords of the Terrandya Underground. If you had just stayed there, Mr. Doyle wouldn't have had the opportunity to take you out. However, why did you decide to come to Pollerton?" Brutus lamented.

"Terrandya's Hunter Golding is the bedrock of the city and maintains the balance between the three families there. And yet, you insist on dying in Pollerton." Walking up to Holton, Brutus looked down at him.

If they had stayed in the Terrandya Provincial Center, Silas wouldn't have had the guts to behave so audaciously.

Holton was in no mood to chat with Brutus. Instead, he wiped the corners of Yolanda's mouth attentively.

From his experience, he could tell that she didn't have much time left. The knowledge of her impending death filled him with anguish.

Even though Yolanda was his bodyguard, she was first and foremost his wife. After surviving many a crisis together, he was naturally devastated by the prospect of her losing her life soon.

"This is true love indeed. Let me send both of you on your way." Brutus clicked his tongue at the tragic scene.

Walking up to Holton, Brutus grabbed him by the hair and lifted his body off the ground.

Holton's eyes were filled with murderous intent, but other than staring daggers at Brutus, there was little else he could do.

Just when Brutus was about to end Holton's life, a phantom-like figure slipped into the narrow storage room.

Even though a flashlight was shone on this body, the flaring light from behind his back continued to cast a shadow on his face.

Brutus might have a power level of more than two hundred thousand, this was the first time he felt a sense of dread with his back against the enemy.

Thus, he gradually turned around to face the figure.

With his vision still distorted, all he could see was a man with disheveled hair standing beside Ysabel, looking down at how she was grimacing in pain.

Suddenly, Brutus' heart skipped a beat when he was struck by an ominous premonition.