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He Is Back With more than a dozen people standing guard outside the storage room, not even a fly would be able to get in.

But what's going on now? A second later, the inside of the storage room became as bright as day.

Sensing that someone had somehow gotten inside, all the people outside quickly turned on their flashlights, illuminating the man's shadowy outline.

They saw that his hair was disheveled and that he was tall and slender. He was also neatly dressed in a clean suit. However, he looked just like a devil among men!

Brutus' eyes were as round as saucers as he staggered backwards

His expression also shifted drastically, his face turning ashen in an instant. Crabface! Holton also widened his eyes, and even the weak and barely conscious Yolanda was shocked. No one dared to move.

In fact, they even tried to breathe as quietly as possible. At that moment, Crabface moved. He crouched down, placed an arm around Ysabel's shoulders, and gently lifted her.

"It's me." It was a familiar voice. Ysabel's eyes flew wide open. Through the unkempt hair that shielded his face, she finally saw his handsome and familiar face.

Donald! He's back! She covered her mouth with her hands, then flung her arms around Donald and burst into loud sobs.

"You've finally returned! I knew you weren't dead— ouch!"

Too caught up in her excitement, she had moved too suddenly and tugged at the wound at her waist.

She had sustained that injury after Brutus tossed her aside, which caused her to crash against the door frame.

Donald furrowed his brows. Stroking her wound gently with his right hand, he mused coldly, "It's an injury caused by severe impact, and the muscles are bruised. If the impact had struck three centimeters further to the side, it would've ruptured your kidney and spleen and caused massive hemorrhaging."

His tone was so icy that it seemed as though he were speaking from the depths of hell. Brutus felt his heart pound frantically, and he could not stop himself from retreating several steps.

He smelled trouble as he knew Donald's remark was directed straight at him! "Who did this?" Donald asked Ysabel. Slowly raising her hand, Ysabel pointed at Brutus.

"Get some rest first." As Donald pressed his right hand on Ysabel's waist, she felt heat spreading into her body. The sensation was warm and comforting, and the pain quickly dissipated.

Stunned by his skill, she widened her eyes again. As Donald slowly rose to his feet, his hair still covered his face making it difficult for others to get a good look at him.

"You should tie your hair." Ysabel was already able to get to her feet and stand on tiptoes.

Removing the elastic band from her ponytail, she quickly helped him tie his hair back, thus revealing his face. Holton, Yolanda, and Brutus were dumbfounded at the sight before them.

Donald was breathtakingly handsome. However, it was his eyes that struck the others with horror. His eyes glinted with golden light like two magic lamps, and amidst the flickering glow, they emanated a strange air.

"Donald Campbell!" Brutus exclaimed with a gasp. He had seen Donald's photo before, so he recognized him at a glance. He's the person Silas has been searching for high and low!

The next moment, terror filled his heart. No wonder he dared to kill Brandon and Peterson! It turns out he possesses such terrifying power!

"It was you, wasn't it?" Donald looked at Brutus impassively. Brutus' face turned as pale as a sheet. Clenching his jaw, he swung a large fist toward Donald. At almost the same time, the people standing behind made their move and charged inside.

Donald raised his right foot slightly and stomped on the ground, sending those behind him flying backward through the air.

Then, they disintegrated into a white powder instantaneously. What the f*ck! Wide-eyed, Holton and Yolanda exchanged glances. They could see the shock in each other's eyes.

Meanwhile, Brutus felt as though he was stuck in a quagmire before his punch could get anywhere near Donald. He could not move forward at all, not even an inch.

Watching more than a dozen of his lackeys get pulverized before they could even react had also shocked him to the core.

The Power To Move Mountains Is this guy a god? How is he so fearsome? "It was you, wasn't it?" Donald asked again.

There was no concealing the alarm in Brutus' eyes. He fell to his knees and begged, "Please spare my life!" A cold glint flashed in Donald's eyes.

Waving his fingers as though they were a sword, he sliced them through the air. Then, a beam of light erupted from his palm and slashed at Brutus' chest. Immediately, deep cuts appeared on his chest in a crisscross pattern, and he collapsed to the ground on his back.

Donald lowered his head to gaze at Brutus. "Come on, then.

Tell Silas that I'm going to see him." Gritting his teeth against the pain, Brutus took out his phone.

The moment he got through to Silas, he cried, "Mr. Doyle, save me!" But before he could go on any further, the murderous intent blazing in Donald's gaze intensified. The golden light in his eyes burst forth and illuminated the entire storage room. Amid Brutus' agonized screams, his body turned to dust.

Even his bones were gone! "Those who don't do as I say deserve to die," Donald mused nonchalantly. Holton and Yolanda stared at him with a mixture of respect and awe, utterly blown away by his capabilities. Just as Holton was about to say something, the sound of footsteps rang out.

Then, he saw four generals wearing ancient battle armor appear. One in azure, one in red, one in white, and one in black... They're four of them. I know who these people are!

They're the Four Greatest Divine Generals of Horizon Group—Wyvern King, Manticore King, Phoenix King, and Chelonian King! But what is Horizon Group doing here?

Donald turned around slowly to look at the people who had just arrived. Overcome with emotion, the four of them hurried toward Donald.

As each of them got down on one knee, they said in voices brimming with respect and ardor, "Greetings, Lord Campbell! Congratulations on your return!"

What the f*ck! Holton's mind was buzzing. Donald is Lord Campbell! Crabface is actually Lord Campbell! Oh, what sort of a foe has Silas provoked?

Fragments of Donald's memory floating about in his mind gradually resurfaced. He walked up to the four men, then placed his right hand on Wyvern King's head first. "Thank you for everything.

Let me bestow a gift to each of you." A golden mist materialized beneath Donald's palm and flowed into Wyvern King through the top of his head. The whole process was visible to the naked eye.

However, if one had evaluation glasses, one would have been able to observe Wyvern King's power level increasing rapidly.

In the blink of an eye, it had soared to one million! Subsequently, Donald did the same to the others, one after another.

“Return to Lord Campbell Mountain Villa first. The plan remains unchanged. After I recover all of my memories, I want to revive Dragon Fide Villa,” said Donald. Revive Dragon Fide Villa? What does that mean? In truth, that meant Donald was determined to oppose the Campbell clan.

Raymond had poured his blood, sweat, and tears into Dragon Fide Villa. Upon completion, it was supposed to be the largest place in the country for the wealthy to congregate. Then, more than ten years ago, Raymond had everything taken from him after he offended Tyrone.

Consequently, Dragon Fide Villa turned into the largest incomplete building, and it was still left abandoned to that day.

None of the Ten Prestigious Families dared to take over the project. After all, anyone who did would become the Campbell clan’s sworn enemy. “Understood!” Feeling thoroughly excited, Kingsley and the others left swiftly. Holton also got down on one knee. “Greetings, Lord Campbell. I’m Holton Danvers from Terrandya.” Donald lowered his head to look at him and nodded indifferently. At that point, Yolanda had closed her eyes and was having trouble breathing. Donald said, “She’ll die soon.” Holton’s eyes were reddened as he nodded. “I know.”

Unable to bear it, Ysabel said, “Donald, could you please save her? I know you can do it.” My injury would’ve taken at least three to five months to heal. But now, I don’t feel a thing! She had even sneaked a peek at her waist earlier and saw that the bruising had disappeared. When Holton heard that, he immediately recalled the scene of Donald showering his favor over the others earlier. His heart lurched as the realization dawned on him that Donald could very well possess the power to move mountains.

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Bloodbath “Sure,” Donald said before crouching down and placing his finger between Yolanda’s eyebrows. A stream of golden mist, visible to the naked eye, immediately flowed from his

fingertip into her.

Even though Yolanda fell into a deep sleep subsequently, it was apparent that her breathing had stabilized.

“Thank you so much, Lord Campbell! From today onward, I am at your service!”

Holton exclaimed as he got on his knees excitedly. “I shall gather all my resources and help you fight against the Campbell clan!”

Alas, Donald shot him a glance. “I can wipe out the Campbell clan myself. Upon hearing that, Holton regained his composure. That’s right! With Donald’s power, annihilating the Campbell clan would be a walk in the park! “That said, I want to let the Campbells know what it feels like to be in utter despair!”

Donald added. “I want to witness their fall from grace and slow descent into destruction?” “I’ll do anything to help you, come hell or high water!”

Holton replied. With that, Donald turned to Ysabel. ‘I still have something to do. Take care of yourself.

I’ll soon make a public announcement about my return.”

Ysabel nodded obediently before a thought suddenly came to her.

“Did you know that Jennifer and Tyrone are getting engaged?” she piped up. “Yes,”

Donald answered with a nod. “Let’s see what Jennifer eventually decides to do. I won’t stop her if she wants to follow through with the engagement, but I’m still going to kill Tyrone.

My grandfather once said he won’t live past thirty, so I intend to make that happen.”

Naturally, Holton could already picture the future.

With the Ten Prestigious Families going up against Donald, the clash would undoubtedly become an endless bloodbath that would send shockwaves throughout the country.

Meanwhile, at Rivebale Hotel, Lana’s office was bustling with activity.

Kyler merely sat on the couch, marveling at her unparalleled beauty. Well, well, well, she sure has lived up to her reputation of being one of the top three beauties in Jadeborough!

Lana, on the other hand, sat in her office chair with a look of deep annoyance while a few members of the Collins family took their seats opposite her.

One of them was none other than her eldest brother, Hendrix, a man in his thirties. “Lana, you aren’t getting any younger!” he shouted, brow knitted into a frown. “I don’t want to think about it for the time being!” “What? That’s not something you can say no to!” Hendrix snapped.

Even though the Winstons and Collinses were from the Ten Prestigious Families, the latter had been on a fast decline over the past few days.

In fact, if it weren't for Nathan being in charge of the eight warzones, the Collins family would've lost their status and prestige a while back.

They, too, had an automotive business that focused mainly on foreign markets, but if there weren't any changes in the next five years, their company would be doomed.

As for the Winston family, everyone knew they controlled one-third of the country's oil fields and coal mines.

If Lana agreed to a marriage of convenience with Kyler and secured some of those assets, not only would the Collinses be able to pivot into the energy industry, but they'd also be able to start new energy businesses.

With so much at stake, the entire Collins family had no choice but to pin their hopes on Lana marrying Kyler.

Nathan, too, was no exception. Unfortunately, Lana was an unwilling party and kept hiding from Kyler. It even got to the point where she escaped to Pollerton to start her own business.

"I'm in love with someone else. Besides, Kyler doesn't meet my beauty standards," Lana spat. Those harsh words rendered Kyler and Hendrix speechless as their expressions gradually darkened. The next second, Hendrix stood up in a fit of anger. "Lana Collins! Do you hear yourself?" Curling her lips in disdain, Lana retorted, "I'm in love with someone else, and we're even going to have a child together! Just give up and head back." Kyler instantly reeled back from the news. What?

Has the woman I love coupled up with someone else? Have I lost my chance with this beauty? After much pondering, Kyler finally spoke up. "Lana, I suspect you're only saying that to spite me. I refuse to believe you unless you show us the lucky man you've picked."

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He Has Changed For a moment, Lana panicked as her eyes slowly darkened. Ha! The person I like has been dead for a year. However, before she could reply, her secretary pushed the door open nervously.

"Ms. Collins..." "What is it?" Lana grumbled, wondering if she should replace the stupid subordinate of hers.

"Didn't I tell you to call before coming into my office?" "B-But Ms. Collins, there's a Donald Campbell looking for you," the secretary stammered helplessly. "I've already tried my best to stop him..."

"What did you say?" Lana exclaimed, wide-eyed with shock. "Donald Campbell?"

With that, she hurriedly stood up and rushed out of the room, pushing her secretary aside as she did and leaving a cloud of gloom hanging over her visitors.

Kyler and Hendrix, without a doubt, had the most sullen looks. They had both heard of Donald and knew the scandals surrounding him and Lana. What they couldn't wrap their heads around, though, was how Donald had returned when he was said to be dead.

After getting into the elevator, Lana tried to calm her racing heart. Could it really be Donald? What if it's just a man with the same name?

I've gotten my hopes up so high that I can't imagine what I'd do if it's not him.

"Please don't disappoint me..." Lana muttered under her breath. "D*mn it! Why is the elevator so slow? Which company manufactured this pathetic contraption? I'm going to change it out!"

In her haste, Lana had forgotten how much she used to boast to the public about importing those elevators for her office or how fast and stable they were.

Ding! As soon as the elevator reached the first floor, Lana frantically pressed the door open button, hoping that'd speed up the opening of the doors. When they finally opened, Lana strode out of the elevator, albeit a lot calmer than before.

She turned left and slowly made her way toward the reception area, only to see a suited-up young man with his hair tied and standing with his back facing her.

The stature is quite similar to Donald's, but it's also not the same as what I remembered from a year ago. "Donald?" Lana said softly.

When the man turned around, she finally saw that all too familiar handsome face. Oh, he's changed. He's a lot paler and looks like he's been through a lot. But other than that, he's still the same.

His face is still just as warm and gentle as before. Lana suddenly felt her eyes watering as though Donald had brought the rain down on her.

In the next second, her vision of him started to blur. She blinked rapidly, and even though she was still teary-eyed, she could once again see Donald standing in front of her, clear as day.

"How have you been?" the latter asked after staring at her for a long while. "Good. Everything's been good!" Lana replied with a big smile.

"If you still hadn't returned, I'd have forgotten about you and married someone else."

Donald

gave that some thought before replying, "Well, you're almost thirty, aren't you? It's time to settle down." "Oh, shush!" Lana scolded as she walked up to him and gently patted his shoulder.

"I've missed you, Donald!" Naturally, many new staff members loitering in the hall were shocked by the sight before them.

Does our CEO have someone she fancies? Is it not Kyler, though? Who's this man with her?

"Have you eaten?" Lana asked. Even though it was a simple question, Donald was stunned.

After all, it was the first time anyone had asked him that since his recovery. That reminds me. How long have I not eaten? So much time has passed that I can't even remember.

Interestingly, though, I'm not hungry at all. There's so much energy stored inside me that it can sustain me indefinitely.

"Not yet. But I'm not hungry," Donald answered. "Let's get something to eat, then!" Lana exclaimed as she grabbed Donald's hand. "There's a newly opened restaurant in Pollerton that serves pretty good food!"

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Arrogance Donald didn't say no to that. After all, he loved playing the field and would never turn down the beautiful women who threw themselves at him.

Besides, why should he? As a matter of fact, he had never known how to reject women. Some might say he was a passionate man who couldn't say no to the ladies.

Others might say it was because he hadn't been in love for a while, which made him all the more desired to the fairer sex.

Donald and Lana were still chatting when the elevator sounded again. The next second, a grim-faced Kyler and Hendrix marched out, only to become even angrier when they saw Lana holding Donald's hand. "Lana, what on earth are you doing?" Hendrix scolded.

"How can you do something so inappropriate in public?" Kyler, on the other hand, stared daggers at Donald.

There was only a fleeting murderous intent in the former's eyes, but Donald caught it anyway.

Despite that, he merely glanced at Kyler and shrugged the matter off. Why wouldn't he, especially when he knew he was invincible now?

Even if people were to attack Donald while wearing the Golden Alpha Armor, they still wouldn't be his match, so why would he be afraid of someone like Kyler? Lana sneered.

"What's wrong with holding hands with my man? Not only do I want to hold him, but I'm also going to sleep with him tonight!"

Most of the staff were so startled by that proclamation that they quickly lowered their heads and pretended not to have heard any of it. Kyler's face instantly blanched. Hendrix, too, was livid with rage as he stormed up to Donald and pointed angrily at him.

"Oh, I've heard about you, Donald Campbell. I may not know where or how you found your cure, but I know you're not good enough for Lana! You're just an abandoned child of the Campbell clan!"

To his surprise, Donald remained unfazed. Ah, it's been a while since anyone's called me that. "The abandoned child of the Campbell clan, huh?" he said coldly.

"Interesting, because I've come back to let them have a taste of their own medicine." Needless to say, Donald's ego disgusted Kyler. Ha! Does he really think he can abandon the Campbell clan?

His arrogance is repulsive! "Oh, please, don't make me laugh!" he scoffed. "Did you just say you want to abandon the Campbell clan?"

"That's right. It doesn't matter how strong I am. So long as I cut all ties with the Campbell clan, wouldn't that mean I've abandoned them?"

Kyler felt sick to his stomach. He sure has a wild imagination and an impressive ability to self-soothe.

What a fool! I despise him so much! Still feeling indignant, Kyler threw a glance at Lana.

Oh, I wouldn't mind even if I only had ten minutes of fun with a beauty like her. Then again, fighting over a woman in public wouldn't be appropriate for someone of my stature, would it?

"Let's forget about this, Hendrix. We can talk about the oil fields and coal mines another time," Kyler said before striding out of the building.

Hendrix was like a cat on hot bricks. After all, the entire matter affected how things would change in the Collins family.

Furthermore, he was the one in charge of the plan, so if talks fell through, the consequences would be dire. "Just you wait and see, Lana," Hendrix warned after glaring at the couple.

"I'm going to tell Dad and Mom about this, and by then, not even Grandpa would be able to protect you!"

With that, he took off and chased after Kyler. "Wait up, Kyler! Wait for me!" Lana heaved a sigh and broke into a smile once again. "Come on, let's get some food."

Once they got to the restaurant, Donald only ordered a cup of coffee before looking up at the woman in front of him.

"Has something happened to the Collins family?" he asked. After taking a while to organize her thoughts, Lana replied, "Our family may be one of the Ten Prestigious Families, but our position is hanging by a thread.

In short, we need to make some drastic changes fast. Otherwise, we'll lose our coveted standing." "Hasn't your family had that rank for five hundred years? Is it that easily replaceable?"

Lana shook her head. "Nothing lasts forever, and that includes the Ten Prestigious Families. Any one of those families is replaceable. Have you heard of the Jenkins family from Jipsdale?

They're in the chip-manufacturing business, and the superchips they design are some of the best in the world.

News is going around that they're about to showcase their fifth-generation chip at the upcoming fair.

If everything goes according to their plan, they'd easily earn a spot in the Ten Prestigious Families and displace us.

Traditional businesses are no longer profitable.”

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Dartan Belongs To Me “Don’t worry,” Donald replied with a nod. “The fifth-generation chips are from Quadfield, and the research I have on that is ten years ahead of theirs.

Moreover, Lord Campbell Mountain Villa’s research into new energy sources and superinsulation materials is already in its final stages.

We should be able to showcase them at the fair too.” Lana gazed fondly at Donald, head tilted.

She rested her cheek on her hand and her ample bosom on the table. Donald, however, accidentally stole a glimpse and looked away immediately. “I’m curious,” Lana said smilingly.

“Just how rich are you?” Even though he was taken aback by the question, Donald quickly regained his composure. “I don’t have much now.

My net worth is more than a hundred billion, but my expenses are astronomical. The annual fees for the three hundred thousand Horizon Group members alone are staggering enough.”

“Oh, my gosh! Where do you get your money from, then?” Calm as always, Donald took a sip of his coffee before dropping the bomb.

“Well... Dartan belongs to me.” Lana stared at him in utter disbelief, eyes widening with every second.

Dartan was a foreign nation and also one of the global financial centers. However, it had been in a state of anarchy for the longest time, giving rise to the rampant growth of private armies. If it weren’t for its strategic location, Dartan would have long descended into chaos and the junk heap of destruction.

The precarious situation went on until Donald formed the Horizon Group and dispatched a team to set up a base in Dartan.

Dartan’s a world trade center and has several countries around its borders. Once we’ve launched the new energy sources and superinsulation materials powered by our

controlled fusion technology, we'll hold our first official press conference there," Donald added.

"As for the superchip that you've mentioned, Dartan has an even more advanced one. It's the place to go for the best technology and innovation!

Having heard all of that, Lana was utterly dumbfounded. The closer she got to Donald, the more she was stunned by his power and influence. No wonder everyone said Donald wouldn't be able to compete with the Campbell clan in the country, but if they were in an international setting, he'd crush them without even breaking a sweat!

After chatting for a bit more, Lana decided to change the topic. "Jennifer and Tyrone are getting engaged on the twenty-sixth of this month. What are your thoughts on that?" Donald shook his head. "It all depends on what Jennifer thinks." In all honesty, he hadn't seen Jennifer yet, and neither did he have any traces of her in his memories.

The only way to jog his memory of her was if he met her face to face. As such, he wasn't too bothered by the engagement for the time being. For the rest of the day, Donald roamed about Pollerton as he tried to search for his old memories.

Meanwhile, Silas was starting to suspect that something had gone amiss. Not only had Francesco not returned, but the bodyguards he sent out had also failed to find any information.

Silas had set up an office in Pollerton, and a group of people had gathered inside, most of whom Donald would find acutely familiar.

Other than Silas, there was also the chairman of Pollerton Translations, Akio Ono. However, there was one specific person that caught everyone else's attention.

He was a man in his seventies, dressed in a long, flowing robe. Even as he sat quietly in his seat, the aura emanating from him was eerily frightening.

As it turned out, the man was none other than Jeffery Lysle, Francesco's master. He was one of the founding members of Crimson Dust Order and had immense influence overseas.

At that moment, Jeffery was stoic as he gripped his phone tight, not saying a word. "There's still no news about Brutus and Francesco," Silas uttered before stealing a peek at Jeffery. To say the latter was terrifying would be an understatement.

Jeffrey had earned his fame decades ago, and everyone knew his powers were unfathomable. Silas had even once witnessed him casually leaping a hundred meters into the air.

Just as one could cut the atmosphere with a knife, a knock on the door rang out, breaking the silence.

A masked man promptly entered the room and walked up to Akio. "Mr. Ono, I've seen Holton Danvers and Arnaldo Wilson. They're still alive!" This time, it was Jeffery's turn to be surprised at the masked man's appearance. After all, he could tell from one look that the latter was the third-best fighter in Yartran, Amadeus!

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Threatened Amadeus paused briefly before continuing, "According to the informant, Donald seems to be alive too. He's having his meal at a restaurant now." Silas narrowed his eyes.

"This Donald is such a lucky person. I've been searching for him for so long. Unexpectedly, he's still alive.

Well, that's fine too." Jeffery said, "Let's target Halton first. We'll force him to tell us what happened before killing him.

Then, we'll murder Donald!" Silas uttered, "I think there's no need to be anxious tomorrow is the day", summary meeting, right? I'll send an invitation to Holton and Arnaldo.

Let's see if they will come. If they attend and are willing to offer up all their assets, I can consider sparing their lives!"

Jeffery pondered for a few moments. "Is that necessary?" Silas explained solemnly, "Of course, it is.

The richest man in Pollerton, Charles Langford, is still putting up a futile resistance.

Ethan

Lynch has only surrendered ninety percent of his properties, while Zayne Yates and Tyson Quirk are also hiding some of their fortunes.

We'll take the opportunity tomorrow to make an example of them. I want to make all the local influences in Pollerton recognize that we are in charge of Pollerton from now on!" Jeffery pondered his words for some time before saying, "We'll do as you say then!" Meanwhile, a few people were sitting inside Charles' office.

All of them wore bitter and worried expressions. Ethan was disheartened. He was initially Pollerton's powerful gang leader, owning over ten bars, KTVs, and even an entire street of shop lots.

However, all of that was gone now, leaving him with only ten percent of his original riches.

He had no other alternative because Silas instructed Brutus to coerce him into signing the agreement by placing a knife on his neck. If Ethan did not cooperate, Brutus would kill him.

Ethan did not dare to look for Neil because if Silas knew about that, he would immediately bury Ethan alive.

Zayne was aggrieved as well because he lost his Primordial Tower. Charles was not doing any better.

His attempts to establish contact with Tristan had been unfruitful. The latter was still abroad and could not return to the country for the time being.

Besides, even if Tristan came back, he would not make a move on Silas either. Silas was the Lord of Underground of Terrandya, while Tristan controlled an overseas underground army.

If both parties clashed head-on, the impact would be disastrous, possibly destroying even the nation's social stability.

"Silas had sent out the invitations. His intention of hosting the summary meeting at Rivebale Hotel tomorrow is clear as day. He wants us to hand over our remaining assets!"

Charles uttered hoarsely. Ethan bellowed angrily, "Silas Doyle! He's too ambitious!" Zayne sighed. "What can we do aside from giving him what he wants? Who has the capabilities to go against Francesco?"

I reckon if we do not yield tomorrow, he will harm us." Silence filled the atmosphere inside the room as dread filled everyone's chest. Suddenly, Ethan's phone rang.

He glanced at the caller ID with a frown and hung up the call instantaneously. The caller was none other than his old rival, Henry Moore. He was initially repressed by Ethan.

However, after knowing Silas' arrival at Pollerton, Henry swiftly turned to support Silas and offered up all his properties.

Silas was fond of Henry's attitude, so he allowed Henry to handle all of Jim's previous businesses.

As a result, Henry became Silas' most loyal follower. He would do whatever bidding Silas asked of him. After the call was hung up, the phone rang again.

Charles knitted his brows and said, "Pick up the call. Let's listen to what he has to say." Only then did Ethan unwillingly answer the call.

Henry uttered in a haughty and upbeat tone, "Hahaha! Good day, Ethan. You're a fool. From tomorrow onward, you'll be rendered a commoner. I suppose you've never thought I would rise above you one day.

Ultimately, Mr. Doyle will have to return to Terrandya sooner or later. By then, I will rule Pollerton!" Ethan roared, "What are you gloating about?"

Henry replied, "Well, that's because I'm happy. Remember to come tomorrow. If you don't show yourself tomorrow, I'll have to visit you at your grave if I wish to meet you!" He was blatantly threatening Ethan.

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Despair Ethan had the urge to smash his phone onto the floor after hanging up the phone.

"Silas is way over the line!" Charles was displeased as well. He said resentfully, "What can we do? Rumor has it, Silas' wife is possibly a member of the Winston family."

The Winston family was also one of the Ten Prestigious Families. Their businesses mainly revolved around petroleum and coal mining industries.

They control one-third of the country's oil fields. Someone knocked on the door amidst their perturbation Charles and Zayne frowned.

"I'd like to see who that is. Believe me that I'll chop off this person's head. Ethan instantly leaped to his feet and strode toward the door. Everyone else turned to look at the door.

When the door was yanked open, a young man with disheveled hair and indistinguishable facial features was seen standing outside.

The next second, colors drained from Ethan's face in fright. He took a few steps back and stammered, "C-Crabface!"

The elites of Pollerton were made aware of the advent of Crabface in the city. He shattered Leviathan and Noah's destroyer with a kick, battering Javon, the Sword Saint, until the latter scampered miserably in defeat.

Ethan never anticipated CrabFace to appear in front of him suddenly. He wondered, "Could Crabface be working under Silas?" Charles, Zayne, and the others swiftly stood up as if a huge threat had emerged.

They gazed at the figure at the door with darkened and solemn expressions. "May I know why you are here, Mister?" Charles stepped forward, holding his walking stick.

In fact, he was a muscular man, but he enjoyed putting up the pretense of a fragile, weak elderly by using the walking stick. That habit was driven by his extreme sense of vigilance.

"Excuse me. I dropped my rubber band." While fear and anxiety filled the chests of the others inside the room, Crabface bent down to pick up a black rubber band from the floor.

Then, he brushed and tied his hair, revealing the whole of his face. Ethan was stunned. He cursed, "F*ck..." Charles fell into a momentary daze.

A split second later, a joyous grin spread across his face as he exclaimed, "Lord Campbell!" Zayne's nephew, Frankie, dashed forward and knelt on the floor.

"Welcome back, Lord Campbell!" Donald nodded while walking into the room. "You all seemed troubled? Take a sit." Everyone returned to their seats. All of them were beyond excited. Donald's return had significantly boosted their confidence and prompted them to feel hopeful again. "Let me explain," Ethan uttered agitatedly.

Then, he recounted everything that had happened. "Jeffery and Silas?" Donald nodded indifferently after hearing the story. "All right. I got it. Leave this matter to me." "But Francesco and Brutus are very skilled fighters. Taking Jeffery into consideration, don't you think it is safer to bring more people along, Lord Campbell?" Ethan asked worryingly.

Donald shook his head. "That's not needed. I can end Jeffrey's life with a flick of my finger. As for Francesco and Brutus, I've already killed them."

His tone was calm and casual as if he was mentioning a trivial matter. Contrary to his impassiveness, waves of emotions churned within those who heard him.

After all, Donald had killed Francesco, Leader of Crimson Dust Order, an At-rank overseas organization.

There were only a few organizations of such caliber in the world. The tier above A+ was S. S-rank was then categorized into 1S to 5S.

The Ten Prestigious Families were exceptional organizations in 5S-rank, sharing similar grades with the Horizon Group. Even an At+-rank organization was considered a formidable armed force internationally.

After that, everyone began describing the things Silas had done all the while. Donald merely listened silently, occasionally flashing a contemplative look, but did not seem too bothered. "I got it.

I'll be there tomorrow. As for the things all of you have lost, I'll make sure to reclaim every one of them," Donald announced. Ethan was elated.

He wanted so badly to call Henry at once. However, on second thought, he decided it was better to let Henry experience despair at the meeting venue tomorrow.

Chapter 449

The Toroidal Device Following that, Donald departed to make his way over to Lord Campbell Mountain Villa.

There, he touched base with Lilith and Ryan, amongst others. They had already known for some time through Kingsley that not only had Donald fully recovered, but the latter had also attained massive gains to his own prowess.

Regarding Donald, Lilith said, "Congratulations to you on your rebirth, Lord Campbell, and for being able to grow from strength to strength!" Donald acknowledged her with a nod.

"Having been so close to death, the powder from the Jadar Stone has awakened in me a new ability." With that, he emitted a golden mist from the tip of his finger.

Lilith's expression stiffened. "What's that?" Donald shook his head. "I've no idea, but it possesses a tremendous life force that could destroy cancerous cells."

"One moment, please." An excited Lilith immediately went to fetch a glass bottle so that Donald could release some of that golden mist into it.

Then, she carefully capped the vessel. "I'm off to conduct some tests. Bye!" Then, she bounded away. "Chiliad Avion welcomes the news of your return."

A profoundly emotional Ryan approached and regarded Donald. Pausing briefly, he subsequently appeared tentative. "Do speak freely," Donald said. Ryan evoked a bitter smile.

"It's Hannah. She's been moping around since she quit the past year, and I think you may have something to do with it... Would you mind checking in on her when you are able to?"

That surprised Donald. "Sure thing." "Our research on new energy and the extreme insulation material supported by the controlled fusion technology has been completed, and is ready to be publicized at any time," said Ryan while he brought out two items from the side.

One of them was a toroidal device the size of a beer bottle's cap, with numerous sets of circuitry running inside.

Bearing a close resemblance to the Arc Reactor on Iron Man's chest in the movies, the only difference was in how much more compact their device was in comparison.

Receiving that device, Donald was immediately able to sense the massive amounts of energy contained within when he weighed it in his hands.

The energy supply from it was very stable and almost constantly at flow. In addition, he did not sense much radiation emitting from it.

"Is it a Tokamak? A portable nuclear reactor?" Donald was extremely pleased. "Yes. It's a Tokamak device. When fitted onto a cell phone, one set could be used continuously for up to a year without needing a charge! Should it be blown up to the size of a basketball, it could potentially power an electric vehicle for over a range of two thousand kilometers! At present, the most advanced forms of new energy could only top out at eight hundred meters!" This has huge commercial potential!

"Where do we stand on its safety standards and anti-counterfeiting measures?" From the expression on his face, Donald did not appear to have been overtly carried away.

He had exhibited excellent foresight in handing the technology over to Chiliad Avion first time when he came into this technology ten years ago.

"The device is extremely stable, and almost certainly would not explode. Much less needs to be said on the anti-counterfeiting front, as it will automatically cut off its power immediately upon the detection of any attempts at tampering and reduce itself to a pile of worthless circuitry," Ryan said.

"My gut feeling tells me that you may very well become the richest man in the world within the year once we get this out into the market.

All the major players around the world would want to collaborate with you, giving you control over the lifeblood of all the corporations, both large and small!

This would be era-defining! Revolutionary!" "What about the costs? Donald asked. "The cost of a small device is estimated to be around eight hundred.

The larger ones that could be fitted on new energy cars would cost over ten thousand," Ryan said.

"These are current market rates. They are much cheaper compared to the lithium batteries that are presently used in electric cars because those cost more than fifty, sixty thousand apiece!" "It's decided then.

The World's Fair will be held soon. Let's try to find an opportunity to promote it there," Donald said. "But the World's Fair is going to be hosted in Dartan..." Ryan said apprehensively.

"With Dartan currently in a state of anarchy, I fear that it might be dangerous for us to bring such a critical piece of technology there..."

"Just do as I say. It'll be fine because I'll be coming along too," Donald replied.

Apart from Jennifer, I've pretty much met up with all the people I ought to meet with. Seems like my memory has almost fully recovered.

At nine at night, Donald surveyed the entire expanse of the reclaimed land before him which he found to already be in a state of splendor.

Chapter 450

Observe And React On it, the Yund family would develop the most expensive residential area ever built in Pollerton.

The price of a single unit there would start at an insane price of four hundred thousand per square meter, exceeding that of Pollerton Estates.

After some consideration, he traveled to Pollerton Estates in the hope of being able to see Jennifer.

During that period, a number of people had been updating him about Jennifer's situation. In spite of that, something made him instinctively avoidant of her.

It was as though there was something residual in his memory that was bringing about that sense of aversion.

Under the illumination of the street lights, he saw Jennifer standing outside the residential estate.

With her was one other who he also recognized, and it was Tyrone. His memories churned, causing his gaze to grow increasingly frosty.

My sworn enemy from the Campbell clan! When Jennifer and Tyrone stood facing each other, Tyrone's smile was genial.

It was as though he had never been that happy before. Still, his countenance remained pallid.

Slow at times and rapid during others, the latter's heart rate was wildly erratic, with the supply of blood lacking on occasions.

With his keen eyes, Donald was able to determine at a glance that the former had at most two years left to live.

The pair of Jennifer and Tyrone spoke for a while before the latter turned to leave. Hidden in the darkness, were seven to eight men in black watching over the latter protectively like spirits.

Gazing out in the direction where Tyrone exited, Jennifer let out a sigh before she turned back toward Pollerton Estates. Then, she froze in her tracks, for she had spotted a familiar face and silhouette standing under the streetlights and staring at her.

Trembling with eyes widened, she evoked a look of disbelief. Even her voice quivered.

"Donald?" Shortly after, her vision blurred, and everything faded. She quickly ran over and searched all around her.

Yet, everything was still, and there was nothing to be found. Squatting down and hugging her legs, tears started to well up in her eyes. An illusion. It was only my own imagination...

Reflecting on it, it had been almost a year since Donald vanished from her life. Meanwhile, Donald's eyes remained transfixed upon Jennifer in the cover of darkness.

While his memory mended, his frigid eyes gradually thawed. Should I go to her? Perhaps I should just wait, just to observe how she responds.

Donald decided that he would not stand in her way if she was adamant about getting engaged to Tyrone.

Perhaps then, he might even decline to show himself before her again. Should she prove herself unwilling, however, he would risk everything on the day of her engagement in order to take her away.

At that moment, Jennifer felt only a gust of wind breeze past her before all around her had reverted to a state of tranquility.

When Tyrone just stepped outside the residential area and onto the main street when he prepared to get in his car, all seven to eight of his bodyguards showed themselves. It was as though a threat was imminent.

Alighting from the car and scrutinizing the area around him in earnest, Xylus found that his evaluation glasses had turned a full shade of red, with the readings on its power level meter going off the charts.

Following that, he cast his gaze toward a spot some three hundred meters out. There, a man with wild hair stood, staring back at him.

Owing to the distance between them, Tyrone and Xylus were unable to make out the man's features. They were, however, able to recognize him by his profile.

Crabface! "We have to go, Mr. Campbell!" cried an agitated Xylus. Tyrone, too, was looking out into the distance.

His gaze had seemingly set itself on a collision course with that of his counterpart. "It's Crabface!" One of his men looked especially somber, with beads of sweat already percolated off his forehead.

The martial practice of that particular individual enabled him to sense the flow of energy.

Hence, he was able to easily detect the terrifying energy that coursed through Crabface's body. Once unleashed, that energy could be capable of unimaginable levels of destruction.

That aside, he had also detected in his counterpart a surge of hostility, which was the actual source of his own dread. Crabface was regarding Tyrone with hostile intent!

"The scent of blood is in the air. He does not come in peace!" that guard declared. Somewhat shaken up, Tyrone got into the car.

But when he cast his eyes out into the distance, Crabface had already disappeared. After some consideration, Tyrone produced his token and handed it over to that guard. "Take this back to the Campbell clan, and ask Quentin to come to Pollerton to protect me!

Chapter 451

At Nine the second the guard received the token, he got out of the car straight away and hustled off to the airport.

Xylus spoke with lingering dread once the power level readings on his own evaluation glasses returned to normal, "With a power level of five million, he's simply not human.

Maybe even Nathan himself would not be a match for him." Having already surpassed the million power level mark ten years ago, Nathan Long was a legend on the battlefield.

Tyrone shook his head.

"Perhaps we had been mistaken." Xylus was taken aback. "How so?" "The working principle behind the evaluation glasses is the detection of fluctuations.

A reading of five million could only be found on assault weapons that are usually nuclear powered.

In other words, only nuclear power could produce that sort of energy value. Do you think he could be wearing some gear that is powered by nuclear energy?" Tyrone asked.

Initially taken aback, Xylus then shook his head. "Impossible. Nuclear-powered devices like the Tokamak toroidal devices are way too large.

They are as big as a mansion and could possibly weigh up to several tons... Unless you mean to say that Tokamak devices could be developed using controlled fusion technology?"

Could it be like Iron Man's? In the Marvel movies, Iron Man's armor is powered by a Tokamak toroidal device. If Lord Campbell really produced such a device, he could change the world!

Tyrone closed his eyes and nodded. "It'd be an unbelievable business opportunity, the ability to shrink a nuclear reactor that is originally as huge as a pyramid into the size of a fist.

It will be a complete game changer!" Mind blown, Xylus remained stupefied for a while before he spoke up again. "That makes a lot more sense.

Seeing that there's no way any mere mortal could possess such immense power, it makes the presence of a Tokamak device the only plausible explanation."

When he developed the Anti Golden Lord Device, Rupert had to expend enough power to light a few dozen streets before he could get it started up. In spite of it, he had never actually managed to deploy it more than ten times.

Were he to power it using this Tokamak device, he may very well be able to activate it more than a hundred times!

On the twenty-third, the engagement date between Jennifer and Tyrone was just three days away.

The situation was unfolding in Pollerton quickly and in increasingly unpredictable ways.

Countless corporate representatives and top-class, as well as second-tier tycoons, ceaselessly flocked into town without pause in preparation to extend their own congratulations to Tyrone and Jennifer.

It was a rare sight and a true spectacle for the ages. Jennifer's relatives and friends were so envious that they were in no short supply of commentary to present about it.

"You're so lucky, Jennifer!" "The engagement date itself hasn't even arrived, and already, so many have come to Pollerton!" "Yeah.

The last time you married Donald, it didn't even come anywhere close to this. In the end, only his grandfather came, and none of his other relatives even bothered to show up!" Relatives of the Wilson family were all engaged in discussions galore.

The Wilson family from Tayhaven had sent representatives, and Sylvia had personally come to Pollerton herself to suck up to the mighty Campbell clan.

By nine in the morning, Rivebale Hotel had become fully occupied. It was around the same time that Silas arrived, stepping out the moment his Maybach rolled to a halt.

With his piercing gaze, he cut an imposing character. Walking alongside him, was a man who was in his sixties. Dressed in a tunic suit, the latter had both hands held behind his own back.

That was Jeffery Lisle. "Ms. Collins." Silas scrutinized Lana from head to toe with eyes narrowed when he saw her. Hmm... that face and that sort of figure.

Her reputation as the most beautiful woman in Jadeborough is unquestionably well-earned. Lana merely nodded politely.

"Everything is ready on the ninth floor." "Excellent." Silas then walked toward the elevator. Conversely, Jeffery's eyes were fixated upon Lana.

Remarking off the cuff without reservations about whether Lana could hear him, he said, "This woman doesn't look too bad.

I really have to figure out a way to bed her, at least once!" Another car cruised in shortly after. Out stepped a rotund middle-aged man.

Wearing a mink coat, a thick gold chain, and clutching a branded bag, he looked every bit like a member of the nouveau riche.

It was Henry Moore, known to others as Mr. Henry! In the past year, Henry had been riding on a high. Merely a small-time ruffian previously, he also used to be one of Ethan's henchmen.

Chapter 452

Someone Important But being the first to pledge his allegiance to Silas after the latter arrived in Pollerton and by offering up all of his own assets in the process, he won the favor of Silas who went on to appoint him as his first vanguard.

Sooner or later, Silas will have to leave Pollerton, and in the latter's absence, Henry would rise up to become the true master of Pollerton.

Thus, it had to be said that he had chosen wisely. "Bring me a chair. I have to take a good look at the faces of all those bigwigs in Pollerton from before, just to see whether they would shit themselves," Henry said.

A henchman with a fancifully colored mane immediately ran over and set a chair down. Henry then sat boldly and uninhibitedly by the doorway with his legs crossed and eyes narrowed.

"Oh, Herman. You're here too?" Not bothering to set himself upright, Donald offered up a boisterous greeting when he saw a man alight. Herman merely eyeballed Donald coldly before he went straight inside the hall.

"Remember that you have to hand over the shop in Southwood E-commerce District today. Hahaha..." laughed Henry after him. "Hmm. Isn't that Crow? You are really early. Mr. Doyle's waiting for you already." Henry was on a roll.

He was really looking forward to seeing how Ethan, Charles, and the others would react. Coming up to ten in the morning, Henry was starting to get a little impatient when Charles and the others had yet to arrive.

Thus, he gave Ethan a call. "Yo, what's with the hold-up? You've kept Mr. Doyle waited for almost an hour already.

You should know that there's going to be consequences if you don't show yourself soon, so don't say that I didn't warn you!" "Let him carry on waiting then," Ethan's nonchalant voice rang out. Taken aback, Henry then broke into a tirade.

"It seems to me that you've grown tired of living. Wait till I repeat what you've just said to Mr. Doyle!" "Whatever." Ethan's reply was equally pointed. Being no fool himself, Henry said ambiguously, "Sounds like you found yourself some kind of backer."

Disinterested in tattling on with his counterpart, Ethan casually hung up. The snorting Henry was unconvinced of Ethan's ability to secure any kind of formidable backing.

Even Neil was reluctant to get involved in all that. With the guests continuing to stream in, Henry psyched himself up upon seeing a couple approach.

It's Arnaldo Wilson and his daughter Reina! Henry finally got to his feet. "You're late, Arnaldo, and Mr. Doyle is very displeased!" Arnaldo only regarded him blandly. "Really."

"Aren't you afraid that Mr. Doyle would have your head?" said Henry in an attempt to demand some respect for himself.

Arnaldo's gaze gradually turned frosty. "Why is a cur like you even trying to issue threats around here?" Stunned, Henry then roared, "You're a dead man.

You're never getting out of Pollerton alive!" Arnaldo went on to ignore him and led Reina inside.

Holton and Yolanda arrived shortly after, but Henry made no attempt to taunt them, for he knew that Holton was no pushover, and Yolanda, especially, had a reputation for being ruthless.

At eleven sharp, Henry finally spotted Charles, Zayne, Tyson, and Ethan arrive in concert. Returning to his post on the chair, Henry smiled broadly at the lot of them. He then lifted his wrist to check the time.

"Late for almost two hours. Boy, you lot are in trouble now!" Coming up to him, Charles towered over him before sending a backhand across the latter's face.

"Mind your own damn business!" Taken by surprise, Henry felt the impetus to blow his top.

But at the sight of the considerable number of bodyguards behind Charles, he could only muster up a sneer.

"You won't be cocky for much longer. From this day on, you'll no longer be the richest man in Pollerton!" Charles could not be bothered with him.

His crew quietly waited in the lift lobby, as though they were awaiting the arrival of someone important.

Shortly after, a man dressed in a suit with his hair pulled back into a ponytail appeared outside of the glass door.

The shell-shocked Henry exclaimed, "You're alive, Donald Campbell. To think that you'd dare show yourself around here. Mr. Doyle has been looking everywhere for you!"

Chapter 453

Back Up Silas had been searching high and low for Donald in Pollerton. He had raised Donald's bounty up to a million and had also seen his photo before. Hence, Silas' had a deep impression of Donald. "I want to call Mr. Doyle now!" With that said, Henry grabbed his phone to make the call.

As he fished out his phone, his phone started to burn unexpectedly.

Meanwhile, Donald walked in and ignored him completely. "Catch him!" Henry roared. The next second, he dashed forward to Donald with eight of his lackeys, and some of them even whipped out their batons.

Donald did not turn around and merely tapped his foot on the ground. Instantly, a layer of white wave could be seen. Its impact was huge, and it spread across the place like a surge.

About seven to eight men let out a scream as all of them flew backward and smashed against the glass door. Clang! The glass door broke and shattered into shards.

"There's a pool table on the ninth floor. Do you want to have a match later, Mr. Campbell?" Charles and the rest were shocked upon witnessing Donald's move.

Nonetheless, he kept his cool and asked in an ingratiating manner. Donald was momentarily

stunned. "Okay." He nodded. Soon, they took the elevator and arrived on the ninth floor.

The place was packed with big shots and powerful people. Akio, the president of Pollerton Translations, was also there. At that time, he was playing pool with Silas.

There were three pool tables there. By the time they arrived, there was only one table left. The other two tables were occupied by some other players.

Thump! Silas hit the ball accurately and successfully pocketed a ball. Seeing that, Akio clapped his hands and laughed.

"You have great skills, Mr. Doyle!" Silas shot a glance at Jeffery, who was at the table beside him and said, "Mr. Lysle has better skills than me.

He can score all the points effortlessly." The gangster who was having a match with him did his best to butter Silas up.

In the distance, Holton, Arnaldo, and the rest were sitting by the window while playing with their phones nonchalantly.

Ding! Hearing the elevator's sound, Silas halted his movement and looked out the door. Charles walked out of the elevator while Ethan and his men followed closely behind. "Finally, he's here."

A wicked smile appeared on Silas' face. Nevertheless, he was startled when he saw someone following behind. It was Donald. Silas glowered at him and asked, "Donald, do you have a death wish by coming here? What's the matter? Are you here to plead for mercy?"

Leaning on his cue stick, Silas narrowed his eyes at Donald. Instant silence filled the room as everyone there watched the situation unfold at the side.

However, Jeffery was the only exception. He gave Donald a glance and was disinterested in him.

Other than his good looks, I find nothing special about Donald. He doesn't have a strong presence, and his aura is pretty weak to me.

Unimpressed, Jeffery played pool by himself. Meanwhile, Charles glanced at him with the cane in his hand. "Silas, go ahead and spit it all out. I'm a busy man.

I don't have time to waste with you." The bigwigs there were overwhelmed with shock to hear

that.

Could it be that someone is backing Charles up? Otherwise, how dare he speak so brazenly? Silas chuckled.

A cold glint flashed across his eyes as he gazed at Donald sinisterly. "I'll get down to business first. After that, I'll kill you."

Walking to another pool table, Charles said to Donald, "Do you want to have a match?" Donald walked over to the table and picked a cue stick randomly.

Then, both of them started playing together. Silas watched everything at the side with his eyes narrowed and started to ponder inwardly.

Could it be that both of them have someone powerful to back them up? Why are they so arrogant? In fact, the big shots there shared the same thought too.

Nonetheless, Holton and Arnaldo exchanged a smile, seeing the gloating look in each other's eyes.

Poor Silas, do you even have any idea who you are facing? It was at that moment Silas abruptly let out a laugh. He asked, "Tell me, Charles. Who is backing you up? The Yund family? The Campbell clan? Or is it the Freedman clan? Who is it?"

Chapter 454

Obey Silas paused for a brief moment and suddenly thought of a possibility. "Could it be that Tristan is back?"

Upon hearing that, everyone was startled. Tristan is back? Well, that explains Charles' arrogance, but why is Donald behaving that way too? Charles smiled faintly and did not deny anything.

"Yes, I have someone in high places," uttered Charles.

True enough, Tristan is back! Following that, Silas could feel his heart sink slightly. He turned to look at Donald and scoffed, "Donald, a loser like you manage to curry favor with Tristan too?"

Donald voiced eventually, "Do you think I need to do that?" What an arrogant and condescending man! Silas shot Donald with a bloodthirsty gaze, thinking about how to finish him off.

Jeffery leaned on the pool table, preparing to hit the ball. As he made his move, he pocketed a ball effortlessly and voiced out of the blue, "So what if Tristan returns? What's with the snobbiness? Tristan is a loser anyway." As he spoke, it was as if he was talking about a trivial matter.

His words shocked almost everyone present there, nonetheless. How could he not know anything about Tristan?

Tristan is well known as the leader of Azuro. Back then, he had a high power level. His power level had been close to eight hundred thousand! Jeffery sounds like he's not a tad bit afraid of Tristan. If so, he must be someone more powerful than Tristan!

Hearing Tristan's words, Silas stopped worrying and giggled out loud. "It seems like you have no one to back you up anymore, Charles!" Charles said impatiently, "Cut to the chase!" Instantly, Silas dropped the nonsense and glanced around with a grim expression.

He scanned Holton, Arnaldo, Charles, Zayne, Tyson, and the rest before he uttered aloofly, "Holton, sign on the share transfer agreement immediately. I want all of your properties!"

Next, he shifted his attention to Arnaldo and said, "Arnaldo, I want the three of your sports complexes in Terrandya!"

He continued, "Zayne, I want eighty percent of the shares in Pollerton Opera House!" "Ethan, I want to own your Southwood E-commerce District!"

As soon as he spoke, everyone saw his greedy intention. The properties that Silas had just asked for cost roughly three hundred billion.

At that moment, the one thousand square meters large floor fell into an eerie silence. Standing up, Jeffery glanced around with a cold expression.

Whoever dares to disobey will be killed first! One of Pollerton's big shots stood up and stammered, "Mr. Doyle, you're asking for all of my shares. Isn't it too..." As a matter of fact, the man had made a name for himself locally by being the pioneer to set up a casino in Pollerton.

Not only that, but he had also retired long ago. Being one of the influential people in Pollerton, his net worth was up to twenty billion.

Regardless, he had never expected himself to be on Silas' list. Before he could finish his sentence, a cue stick howled in the air, flying across the room speedily.

The tremendous impact nailed him right on his chest and hung his body onto the wall. His

blood dribbled down the wall uncontrollably. Promptly, ear-piercing screams resonated the entire floor.

“Who else has a second voice?” Jeffery grabbed another cue stick and asked coldly. Witnessing that, everyone was beyond terrified, except for Donald.

His eyes gradually turned cold as he observed. How could he kill people because of their non-acceptance?

You’re going too far, Jeffery. Have you forgotten about Yorksland’s system? In the meantime, the other big shots trembled in fear, and their face went as white as a sheet.

Jeffery is no different from Francesco. They make people feel an overwhelming sense of powerlessness.

The air became tense. It was at that moment an explosion blared out of thin air unanticipatedly.

Immediately afterward, the floor-to-ceiling window shattered into pieces. All of them were too frightened to react to the incident.

Meanwhile, Jeffery bellowed in a low voice and turned around to point his cue stick at the window.

Instantly, the cue stick in his hand bent and sparks flew all around the place.