

## Chapter 465 A Long Lost Weapon

"I will take all of you at once," Nathan replied calmly. He had no fear of death. Erskine was the first to move when he stomped on the ground, sending an arm-wide crack extending from where his foot landed.

Dust shot up from the ground and was floating in the air. Immediately, Nathan drilled his Serpent Spear into the ground. An overwhelming force was injected deep underground, clashing with the momentum created from Erskine's blow.

Boom! Three deafening explosions ensued as the ground between them broke in a clamor, emitting a glaring light. Like a demon, Erskine dashed into the haze, and by the time he emerged again, his fist was already directed at Nathan.

Nathan hurled his spear to cushion the impact of the attack. His lance curved inward as the blow landed. Then, he lifted his left hand and beat the end of his spear. At the force, the weapon straightened and exerted an immensely huge force, thrusting Erskine off into the air.

Crack! His body smashed into a towering tree, and the trunk fell apart. Nathan's counterattack was

formidable, but he overexerted himself.

He coughed up a mouthful of black blood. "You've been poisoned!" Finnley cried out in terror. Hobarton chuckled. "Yes, and there's no cure for it—at least not in this country. If I'm not wrong, his organs are pulverized by now."

Meanwhile, Erskine appeared from amidst the dust again, clapping. "You did not disappoint at all, Nathan Collins. You've been poisoned, but not weakened." Nathan stood back up in silence.

"Enough talk. Paralyze him. The Chiliad Avion will have to come and claim him with what we want," Erskine ordered. Pharaoh advanced, but before he could come any closer, he and those around him saw something coming from above, and they looked up. Before they could even react, someone had shot down at lightning speed behind Nathan and Finnley.

That person grabbed their clothes, and in the next instant, the lot had already rocketed into the sky.

Everything happened in just a second. "Rosie Irving! Why are you here?" Nathan asked. Rosie Irving was a dashing woman in her thirties known for her unbeatable speed. "Your family offered one whole production line for your life, so here I am," she replied coldly. "There's no way I can get away from them," Nathan said with a sigh. "Ah!" With a grunt, Rosie's body jerked forward before she fell to the ground. It turned out that Pharaoh had caught up.

A snake-like wire circled above his head with blood dripping down from it. He had ground a hole through Rosie's back, and she was bleeding.

"No one challenges my speed," Pharaoh sneered. Finnley's eyes went red when he saw the weapon. It was exactly the same wire that punctured the heads of the three thousand two hundred members of the Collins family.

Beside him, Rosie's face contorted in agony. "Rosie? Are you okay?" A voice came from the wireless microphone she was wearing.

It was someone from the Irving family. They had been keeping a close eye on the war. "It's Pharaoh. He got Hunter's Coil," the woman replied. The person on the other end sucked a breath of cold air. Even Nathan was shocked. "Are you sure that's Hunter's Coil?" Like jurganite, Hunter's Coil was made of a type of rare ore.

The only difference was it was much rarer than jurganite. Hunter's Coil could be controlled by voice. It was as if it had a spirit of its own and it was highly sensitive to high pitch sounds.

That meant that it could be summoned and controlled using songs or whistles and it could penetrate just anything. The weapon appeared once thirty years ago. It was used to eliminate the old Novem Stella Warriors in the country. After that, no one knew where it went until Pharaoh used it that day.

#### **Chapter 466 Unexpected Aid**

"You're right. It's Hunter's Coil." With a whistle, Pharaoh straightened the wire before it curled up into a ball of a baby fist's size. Nathan closed his eyes in desperation. I should have known. Swoosh! Footsteps approached. The special forces were closing in, and their searchlights illuminated the earth as they neared. Rosie was unnerved at the sight. There are at least tens of thousands of them, and they are armed with the best weapons. There were people from the Angel Alliance, the Knights of The Round Table, the Homeless Alliance, and an army.

Together, they formed the Continental Rebel Army—one of the biggest armed mercenary groups abroad. Their leader was someone they called "General," a long-term partner of Noah. "I guess I don't have a choice.

I will have to go all out if I want the production line," Rosie noted with a smile. "Kill the annoying woman first!" Erskine ordered.

He morphed into a humanoid tank and charged forward. Then, he raised his shiny robotic arm and extended its sharp fingers, wanting to pierce through Rosie's head. Rosie's eyes widened in horror. With a grunt, Nathan got ready to unleash his full potential to save her.

A whistle suddenly sounded. Again, the Hunter's Coil in Pharaoh's hand extended into a full-fledged coil, penetrating Nathan's scapula. The other end of the wire was maneuvered toward his abdomen.

Nathan snarled at the attack and lost all his ability to fight. He was locked right where he was, unable to move an inch.

All he could do was watch Rosie being butchered. “Rosie!” the person shouted through the wireless earpiece. “What’s going on?” “I think Hobarton poisoned me. I can’t move!” she shouted frantically.

She slumped to the ground, and her face paled as she watched the robotic arm move closer toward her throat.

She could even see in her mind Erskine’s gruesome face as he choked her to death. That was a moment of despair for her, but it was also then that a loud noise reverberated in the air.

Erskine was propelled backward forcefully until he banged into a tree. His right arm shook uncontrollably at the impact. Everyone was thunderstruck.

“How dare you.” From deep within the woods, a man in a metal mask and a suit surfaced. On his back was a metal box that looked like a coffin. Erskine stared at his arm in disbelief, and a tempestuous storm raged in his heart.

He could not believe his arm was punctured by a mere stone. I’m a Novem Stella Warrior! There’s no way a stone can break my arm! Who is this man? Nathan and his friends were equally alarmed. They shifted their gaze toward the mysterious man—Donald.

“How dare you create a mess in my territory? Since you guys have the audacity to do that, none of you will leave Yorksland alive,” Donald continued calmly as he walked toward Nathan. When he was right in front of Nathan, Donald looked down at the Novem Stella Warrior. “Run,” Nathan whispered when he met Donald’s gaze.

“There’s poison all around,” the wounded man added. “Who are you?” Erskine interrupted. “You’ll regret coming here alone,” Pharaoh weighed in.

Beerus also agreed. “We have thirty thousand soldiers from the special forces with us. Besides, there are four Novem Stella Warriors here.”

Donald glanced around, and golden flames shone in his eyes. At that time, beams of red lights were directed toward him.

The snipers were ready to fire. “Kill him!” Pharaoh roared. Bang! Gunshots echoed incessantly until the moment when everyone stopped in horror.

A light beam blocked off the bullets around Donald, protecting Nathan and everyone else who was with him. They dodged all the bullets.

## Chapter 467 The Golden Lord

"Is this the best you can do?" Donald ridiculed. "Since you dare lay a finger on the army of Yorksland, I will teach you what 'despair' means today."

Then, Donald lifted his foot and booted the ground. Vroom! Ear-shattering explosions followed one after another, shaking up the whole no man's land.

What came next were shrieks and screams of thousands of special forces soldiers who were flung upward into the air en masse. The projectiles halted mid-air before Donald held out his five fingers and clenched his fist. Poof! All of them were smashed into dust.

What? What kind of power is this? Before that attack was over, Donald lifted his hand again and another five thousand soldiers were hurled into the air.

The same fate befell them when they were burned into ashes. Nathan, Finnley, and Rosie were awestruck. Did he just kill ten thousand men? Beerus, Pharaoh, Erskine, and Hobarton froze with their eyes glued to the sight as their faces turned colorless. Since when did Yorksland have such a formidable warrior?

"This is insane!" Finnley exclaimed. Rosie was equally shaken. Her beautiful eyes said it all when they widened in disbelief.

His power is terrifying. As a Novem Stella Warrior himself, Nathan thought he was already at the pinnacle, but when he saw Donald, his mind was blown away. "Who are you?" Erskine roared.

"Who am I?" Donald mumbled as if he was talking to himself. "I'll show you who I am." Clang! The metal box he carried was flung into the air and it opened up on its own. A sparkling halberd dropped from the metal box into his hand.

The jurganite halberd! He must be the Golden Lord! "The Golden Lord! You didn't die!" Erskine bellowed. Fear flooded his eyes. With the weapon in his hand, Donald became increasingly invincible and intimidating until his whole self turned into the embodiment of perfection. His power level broke five million, and the whole area quaked violently around him.

Although no one was wearing evaluation glasses, Donald's power level was evident. Everyone knew he was indestructible at that point. His ability was fully released, sending ripples of strong astral winds blowing across their bodies.

Cries resounded again among the soldiers. Their flesh was cut open and scraped off by the waves of wind, leaving behind just their skeletons. Erskine, who was already debilitated by the sight, retreated speedily and fled, but just as he turned, the golden

halberd appeared and enlarged in his field of vision until it nailed him to the ground through his stomach.

In a heavy thud, the warrior was pinned to the ground. "Argh!" Erskine bawled. Meanwhile, Rosie had already taken out her phone to record what she saw. "Harness your poison!" Pharaoh reminded Hobarton.

Donald turned slowly and pointed at them. "Come at me all at once if y'all dare," he uttered. "Now!" the King of Plagues barked. He waved his right hand, and a green thick smoke diffused into the air from his palm, engulfing his enemy.

"Die now!" Hobarton cursed, but the hideous expression on his face was soon replaced by shock. When the poison got in contact with Donald's skin, it formed circles of ripple before turning into flames.

He's invulnerable to poison! Swoosh! Pharaoh quickly awakened Hunter's Coil and unplugged the metal wire from Nathan's body.

It expanded until hundreds of meters long with one end accelerating toward Donald's head, but the latter did not dodge. The coil hit him, emitting a loud clash when it collided with Donald's head. The friction sparks proved that Hunter's Coil did not penetrate his skin at all.

### **Chapter 468 Plena Stella Warrior**

Then, Donald grabbed the coil and crumpled it in his palm. "Nice tool. I'll take it." Pharaoh was

shell-shocked. In a swift movement, he vanished from where he was. When he reappeared again, he was already hundreds of meters away from Donald.

"And you call yourself the fastest warrior in the world?" Donald scoffed. While his voice was still ringing at one spot, his body was already right in front of Pharaoh and Donald clutched him in the neck.

Rosie gaped at his shadow which was still lingering and talking in the original spot. "What the f\*ck! I'm seeing his afterimage!" Right after Donald's shadow disappeared, he returned to the same spot again with Pharaoh in his hand.

Donald smashed him to the ground and drilled his foot through his stomach. A gush of blood spurted from Pharaoh's mouth, and he felt as if his whole body was crushed. Donald's strength was unbearable for him.

"Fall back!" Beerus roared. His heart was already overwhelmed by fear. He knew he should not stay any longer, yet before he retreated, a sharp pang of pain spread across his chest. He lowered his gaze only to see Donald's punch planted on his chest before his ribcage shattered.

One blow! Beerus could not even survive a single blow from Donald. I'm a Novem Stella Warrior! I should have seen him coming at me! Beerus' hands crossed in front of his chest as he was pushed back by Donald's force by tens of meters.

That distance was nothing to Donald. He marched forward and dealt another punch. The second blow's impact was so great it emitted a light that lit up the whole sky. Slash! The strike landed on Beerus' arms and severed his two limbs.

His agonizing shrieks pierced through the air as his body was thrown off far away, breaking tens of trees before he finally dropped to the ground, immobilized.

Hobarton knew that was a lost cause. He ran off frantically to save his life. At that moment, Donald looked at the coil in his hand and whipped it.

Hunter's Coil straightened into a one-hundred-meter long string and it stabbed Hobarton, pegging him to an old tree.

The four Novem Stella Warriors from abroad were no match for Donald. They could not even survive a blow from him.

When Donald returned to the ground again, he motioned his right hand, and the jurganite halberd returned to him. Erskine, who had witnessed what happened to his companions, was gripped by terror. How do I not know of such a person in Yorksland?

Could he be a Decem Stella Warrior? "A-Are you a Decem Stella Warrior?" he choked. "No. I'm a Plena Stella Warrior," he answered in indignance as he walked toward the armed troops facing him. Those ten-over companies had their guns in place and took aim at Donald.

One of the leaders spoke into his loudspeaker. "Fighters of Yorksland!" he shouted. "Hand us the Novem Stella Warrior before we raze this entire place to the ground!" A choppy sound came from above as helicopters and fighter jets hovered above Donald, getting ready to fire at him.

Nathan struggled to get on his feet and took a leap until he stood at the top of a tree so he could have a bird's-eye view of the situation.

Twenty thousand armed soldiers already had them surrounded, yet down below, Donald was completely unfazed. "I hope you guys are prepared to die since you chose to attack Yorksland.

No one escapes my attack alive!" Donald's tenacity in the face of the vast army made him look even more commanding. "I will take on all of you in one go. There's no need to go easy on me," Donald stated calmly as he beheld his enemy. With that said, the jurganite halberd blazed up in an explosion.

### **Chapter 469 The Stronghold Of The Enemy**

The halberd was forged using high-density jurganite, so it weighed about a hundred tonnes. When Donald unleashed his internal strength for the first time, his power saturated the halberd in the form of a golden force containing certain radiation.

When Donald swung his weapon, a blaring sound thundered in the sky and the ground where the twenty thousand men stood collapsed and crumbled into smithereens. A shaft of light broke out from his halberd, shining tight into the sky.

In the same instance, the fighter jets were perforated and broken to pieces in the sky. Donald stood tall beneath the faltering planes as he watched on.

To Nathan, Rosie, and Finnley, that was a moment they would never forget in their entire life. In the country, every Novem Stella Warrior was viewed as a national asset because of their prowess, but it only took Donald one strike to make them seem useless.

Donald's appearance at that time had upended the balance of military power in the country. Erskine was still hanging in there to his dear life when that happened. He was completely blown away.

Likewise, when Nathan witnessed what happened, a sense of helplessness overcast his heart. He thought being a Novem Stella Warrior meant he could roam the world fearlessly, but Donald's ability made him understand that he was still far from being the best.

Donald braved the confrontation with four Novem Stella Warriors without flinching and he even vanquished them within seconds.

Besides, Nathan had heard that the Golden Lord was not even thirty years old. Is this even possible? Is there really someone who's this strong? As for Rosie, she had recorded the entire incident with her phone because she found it thrilling and impressive.

To her, someone as heroic as the Golden Lord was the ideal man of all the women in the world. When the whole commotion was over, silence resumed in no man's land. Miles away, a few drones captured the incident.

It seemed like foreign spies and forces had been keeping abreast of the war, and they were stunned when they saw what happened. "Wait for me here," Donald said to Nathan. "Where are you going?"

Nathan was surprised. "Their fortress is over there. I want to make sure they never come close to the northern border again,"

Donald replied, pointing forward. "But there are a lot of surface-to-air missiles and defense artillery over there! They have all sorts of modern weapons.

They can even intercept intercontinental missiles!" Nathan dissuaded. That location was the enemy's overseas base. Donald shook his head. "Those are nothing to me." With that said, Donald leaped and landed on a branch in a swift and light fashion as if he was strolling in the air.

Back on the battlefield, one out of the four Novem Stella Warriors who challenged Donald had died. The remaining three were severely injured and were lying on the ground in pain. They looked remorseful for their actions. "By the way..." Finnley uttered, "who is the Golden Lord?" "He might not be the Golden Lord because even the Golden Lord is not as powerful as this man is. He just killed a Novem Stella Warrior!"

"I'll go take a look," Rosie said as she followed Donald with her phone. As for Nathan, he struggled and sat up so he could have a clearer view of what happened on the other end. From where he was, the distant sky looked bright as day.

That was the stronghold of the enemy's army. It was a city-like base filled with heavily armed mercenary groups.

High buildings equipped with state-of-art facilities rose from the ground over in that part of the land. Suddenly, a siren blared continuously.

Donald was already at the entrance of the city. He lifted his head and observed the military base. At the entrance, someone spoke to him in Donald's own native language. "Sir, you just injured four Novem Stella Warriors and killed thousands of men.

We advise that you leave this area immediately. Turn back or we will fire. We will use assault weapons if you refuse to cooperate," the person warned in broken language. From the top of the building, a few loaded machine guns turned and pointed at Donald.

Further away, the missile silo was ready for action. Anytime from then, a missile would be launched in Donald's direction, but the man was fearless. "Don't you think it's too late for me to turn back now?"

### **Chapter 470 Reduced To Ruins**

"You are all just a bunch of weasels who aren't afraid to die. If I don't show you what it feels like to be beaten up, all of you will never learn." Upon speaking, Donald started to walk toward the military base.

Almost simultaneously, various attacks started falling from the sky. From far away, the army that was up against Donald started attacking with intense firepower.

The entire scene that had unfolded was deeply engraved in everyone's mind. It was a sight Rosie would never forget. In the next second, Donald retaliated. A large wave of energy rolled out from his body while his eyes turned gold and shone brightly. He then slowly raised his right hand and pointed at the army.

Before anyone could even blink, a bright yellow light was projected out from all five of his fingers. Its diameter was around the same size as his fingers.

The military equipment that was situated in the military base started to malfunction just as the alarm sounded. "Sir, that man's body is emitting high levels of radiation with energy fluctuations. It is interfering with the launch!" "Sir, our electronics have been tampered with by the radiation emitted by the enemy.

All of our weapons are down!" "Sir, our system shows that the enemy has a power level of more than five million. Wait, it's already at a level of six million!" The soldiers in the military base started panicking.

Anxious expressions were clearly seen on each of their faces. That man could easily take on hundreds and thousands of soldiers alone. As they were panicking, Donald aimed for the military base and swung out his halberd.

The halberd sliced through the air as it soared. It was one hundred meters long, and it headed straight for the military base. With a loud boom, the entirety of the military base was reduced to ruins. All of their advanced equipment broke apart and fell to the ground as scraps.

Their loss was definitely more than six hundred billion. "What should we do now?" a middle-aged soldier with blond hair asked.

Even though his eyes were filled with murderous intent, he could not do anything about the situation. Just as he spoke, a chill ran down his spine while his hair stood on end. He stiffly turned his head only to find that Donald was standing right behind him, staring coldly at him. Smoke was still coming out of the ruined military base. "I have killed one of the four Novem Stella Warriors.

If the other three would like to stay alive, show your sincerity by going to Chiliad Avion. You may exchange either advanced technology or even six hundred billion in cash for your lives. You are given three days, and three days only.

If I find out that you have failed to do so by the end of the third day, I will be sure to pay a visit to your country personally." Donald was holding the jurganite halberd in his hand as he spoke. He looked just like a God of War who descended from the heavens.

"Yes, yes..." The middle-aged soldier quickly nodded in agreement. With that, Donald left the area and returned to where Nathan was.

Next, a troop of soldiers walked into the base. They were not from overseas, but they were sent by Chiliad Avion to clean up the mess. "Bring the three Novem Stella Warriors back to Chiliad Avion.

Those few armed forces from overseas will come to redeem them," Donald said to Nathan. "Thanks," Nathan mumbled. Rosie sent the video back to the Irving family before walking over to ask, "Are you the Golden Lord?" Donald glanced at her.

He did not admit nor did he deny it. Finnley, on the other hand, looked at Donald with excitement evident in his eyes. "Thank you. May I know your name?" he asked as he bowed. Donald was not interested in having a long conversation with them, therefore he only replied, "I came to save you on behalf of a lady from the Collins family. I'll be going now."

A lady from the Collins family? Who is it? Nathan and Finnley looked at each other in confusion. Err... There are many women in the Collins family, but which of them actually knew such a powerful figure?

Donald had just walked a few miles away when he could feel Nathan's presence following behind him. "Mr. Collins, you are already safe now. Why are you still following me?"

Nathan looked at Donald. "Can I... see your face?" Donald hesitated for a moment before deciding to take off his mask. "I hope that you will keep this a secret, Mr. Collins." He's so young! Nathan was taken aback. "May I know what your name is? Where are you from?"

## **Chapter 471 Jennifer Runs Away**

"My name is Donald Campbell from Quadfield," Donald answered. Nathan took a deep breath.

"Oh! You're Lord Campbell!" The man nodded in agreement. "I know who you are and I know that I can trust you.

Regardless, I ask that you keep my face a secret. Noah has not yet revealed himself, so I can easily kill him. But his nickname is the King of Special Forces, and have many eyes planted everywhere. They will become a threat to the lives of the people that I care about."

"Of course, of course." Nathan thought that being able to know such a powerful figure was an incredible honor. He then thought of something and said, "You know one of the women of the Collins family?" With a slightly shy expression, Donald dodged the question and said, "I'll be going now."

And he left. As Nathan looked in the direction of where Donald had disappeared, he chuckled to himself. It was the twenty-sixth day of the month. Pollerton was already bustling with excitement at eight in the morning for it was the engagement between Tyrone, the Ninth Prince of the Campbell clan, and Jennifer.

Many luxurious cars were driving along the highway while traffic control was set up at all entrances into the city center. As it was an engagement, it was done on a rather grand scale.

Tyrone had said that he wanted to invite the entire city, so he booked all the famous luxury hotels in Pollerton to hold an 'engagement tour'. The first stop was Rivebale Hotel, a famous international hotel. Next was Grand Myer Hotel, and then Sky Garden.

It was such a grand event. Both of Jennifer's parents got up early in the morning to get ready. They were all excited. Kevin was wearing an expensive tuxedo and had a branded watch on his wrist. He and his girlfriend, Skylar, knocked on Jennifer's door.

"It's six thirty, Jennifer. Tyrone is going to be here at seven. Why aren't you awake yet?" There was no sound from inside the room. Kevin knocked again. Linda suddenly became very agitated. "What's going on? Let me take a look."

She walked up to the door and kicked it down only to see that there was no one in the room. All that was left was the faint smell of a perfume. Jennifer had already left.

Leonard's expression darkened, and he quickly called Jennifer on the phone. However, he soon realized that her phone was turned off. A bad feeling rose in his heart. He looked at Linda and saw that there was fury written all over her face.

She ran away from the engagement? How dare she! Bang! Kevin smacked the door hard. "What the hell is she trying to do?" Skylar was equally crossed. "I think she still misses Donald, that dead man." "What are you all standing there for? Go and find her!"

Leonard bellowed as his face started twisting in anger. There were already some members of the Wilson family waiting at the hotel. If Jennifer actually went into hiding, and Tyrone called off the wedding in anger, the Wilson family would be left with nothing! As they were discussing, the doorbell rang.

Kevin flung the door open to find Tyrone standing outside the door with a bouquet of red roses in his hands. He had a pleasant smile on his face. "Tyrone... Y-You're here?" Kevin stammered. Tyrone nodded. "Where's Jennifer? It's nearly time for us to go to the hotel now."

Kevin's face froze as he looked at his parents. Both Leonard and Linda looked at Tyrone fearfully. In the end, it was Linda who steeled herself to answer, "Jennifer is missing." Upon speaking, they instantly hung their heads low.

They were already imagining how angry Tyrone would become. However, what shocked all of them was Tyrone's unusually calm reaction.

"She ran away? Okay, got it." He then turned around. No one managed to catch the glimpse of fury and maliciousness in his eyes. "I'm giving you one minute to find Jennifer's whereabouts," Tyrone spoke into the phone. After several seconds, Tyrone's phone rang. "Tell me," he answered.

### **Chapter 472 Marital Home**

Over the phone, a voice sounded, "Got it. She's in a residential area located in Norham." After hanging up the call, Tyrone turned to Linda, Leonard, and Kevin. "She's in Norham.

Shall we go and take a look?" Leonard and the others were stunned for a moment before they nodded. What kind of place was Norham? The house she and Donald were supposed to move into after getting married was located in a residential area in Norham.

"That brat. I'm going to teach her a lesson!" Linda was furious. Her face was sour, and her eyes were fierce. Inside the marital home at Norham. Even though it had been empty for more than a year, Jennifer still came to clean it from time to time.

At that moment, she was sitting curled up on the couch. She stared blankly at her phone with her red eyes. Jennifer couldn't forget how Lana had criticized her by saying that she had single-handedly caused Donald's death.

The truth was that she felt so too. In the past year, she had been living in guilt. Often, she wondered if she hadn't prioritized her family so much, would Donald have stayed with her? Regardless, all that was nothing but assumptions.

Suddenly, the door was kicked open. The security door was bent out of shape as a loud boom sounded. In shock, Jennifer raised her head. The first thing she saw was Tyrone and the others walking in. Linda rushed into the room. Immediately, she was stunned.

The entire room was filled with Jennifer and Donald's wedding photos. Some of them had even been freshly printed! On the shoe rack, there were men's shoes arranged neatly. It was as though Donald had never left.

Tyrone raised his head and pondered over what he was seeing. Meanwhile, Linda's face twisted. She rushed over and pointed at Jennifer. "You brat. Are you trying to anger me to despair? It's already time to go, yet you came here!" Leonard's expression was ugly as well. With a solemn face, he said to Kevin, "Destroy all the pictures. I don't care if you tear them or burn them!" Kevin already had the same idea in mind.

He rushed to the wall and started tearing down the pictures one by one. Then, he threw them on the ground and stomped on them. "He's been dead for so many years. Why are you still hung up on him?"

How could you be so heartless?" "Stop!" Jennifer was outraged. With her eyes red, she wanted to charge toward them.

However, Linda stopped her. "Tell us. What are you trying to do?" As Jennifer's temper rose, she couldn't help but raise her voice. "I will never marry this man. Leave, all of you!"

Tyrone replied calmly, "Our guests are already at the hotel. I am still a prince from the Campbell clan. Don't you think you should show me some respect?" Jennifer shook her head. "I don't want to get engaged to you. I don't like you!" Slap! Linda slapped Jennifer across her cheek. "How could you do this? What the hell do you want!" Her tone was extremely harsh and hysterical.

If Jennifer refused to marry even a prince, then who would she marry? When she saw that Jennifer had already made up her mind, Linda's expression changed. "Very well. You refuse to get married, huh? If so, you can watch me die!" With that, she ran out to the balcony and climbed onto the ledge.

Leonard snorted coldly. "I will die before you too!" Similarly, he climbed up onto the ledge. By then, Kevin had already torn all the pictures down and set them in a pile. He lit the pile on fire before following suit and standing on the ledge of the balcony.

"Count me in!" Linda said, "Jennifer, are you going to marry him? If you dare to say no, then our entire family will jump down from here. You will have to live in suffering for the rest of your life." Being faced with such a situation, Jennifer was horrified. She knew that Linda was just trying to scare her, but she could not take the risk.

"Can you guys come down from there? Will you all only be happy once you've pushed me to the brink of death?" Jennifer's tone had softened significantly. Skylar chimed in and said, "Jennifer, stop being stupid. Mr. Tyrone is much more powerful than Donald. This is something that most girls can only dream of. Do you know how many people wish to come across an opportunity like this?"

### **Chapter 473 The Engagement**

Kevin whispered, "Jennifer, go get changed quickly. If you hesitate any longer, Mom is going to jump?" Jennifer's face was covered in tears. "All right, all right. I'll take you to go change into your gown." Skylar grabbed her arm and led her to the room.

Behind them, someone came up with a gift box. Seeing that, Tyrone felt disdain in his heart. "I'll wait for you all in the car downstairs." Soon enough, Jennifer came out wearing a white wedding dress.

She had also put on some delicate makeup. Her eyes were still red, but her features were as beautiful as ever. Not only that, but her figure was also slender, and her skin was fair.

Skylar stared at her in envy. It was no wonder so many men fell for Jennifer. She definitely had a charm that was very alluring.

The gentle and dignified demeanor she had was the greatest attraction. Downstairs, Tyrone sat in the car. When he saw Jennifer come down, his eyes lit up.

There were plenty of gorgeous girls in Jadeborough. However, it was rare to come by a woman as elegant as Jennifer. When he thought about how Jennifer was about to mark a new chapter in his life, emotions started to flood Tyrone's heart. It had been a long time since he last felt hopeful. His desire to survive was stronger than anyone else. If he could, he would exchange Raymond's heart with his own. "Ms. Wilson, please get in!" One bodyguard opened the door and invited Jennifer on board.

Like a walking corpse, Jennifer entered the car after being pushed in by Leonard and Linda. On the other hand, Kevin observed the shadows cast by the black Rolls-Royces. After all, there were thirty-six cars there.

His eyes filled with admiration. It was simply too extravagant. Tyrone is definitely the prince of the Campbell clan! The convoy quickly headed to the main road. It attracted a lot of people's attention. Some people took pictures and some even went so far as to live stream the scene.

"Everyone, look. Today is the engagement of the Ninth Prince of the Campbell clan. The entire city has been invited. Take a look at his convoy. Even now, there are still cars flowing in!"

"As expected of the powerful Campbell clan." "That 'Jennifer' girl is so lucky. She's struck the jackpot!" Some people felt admiration while others felt shock. Kevin sat in the car. His heart was filled with happiness.

Turning to him, Skylar said, "Kevin, when we get married, we should have these many cars in our convoy too!" From an aerial view, one could see that there was a Rolls-Royce convoy as well as a Ferrari convoy.

All over the streets, there were wedding decorations and balloons. "I will try my best to make it as grand as possible. However, there's no way it will match up to this. Something of this scale is only achievable by the Campbell clan," replied Kevin. Skylar pouted her lips disdainfully.

If it wasn't for your sister, I would have kicked you away a long time ago. She found it odd that all the so-called rich men never responded to her messages. There were several times when she tried to schedule meetups with them but it never worked out. Jennifer sat down beside Tyrone. She did not pay him any heed as she stared out the window.

On the lamp posts along the main road, there were many banners hung up. Congratulations to Mr. Tyrone and Ms. Wilson on their engagement! Unfortunately, she was in no way feeling touched. At exactly eight o'clock, they reached Rivebale Hotel.

That was the first stop and it was also the largest one. The main hall could fit more than two hundred people. The place had been decorated to look unusually posh. In his suit, Gideon was bustling about. He had to welcome guests, watch the car convoys enter, then run over and open the door for them.

"Mr. Tyrone, most of the guests have arrived..." Behind him, there were a bunch of other people from the Campbell family. For example, Winston and Colt.

Tyrone hummed in agreement. "You did well. After this, I plan to give you some shares of Campbell Capital along with management rights." The Campbell clan had established Campbell Capital in Pollerton.

The idea was to try and take the new resource that Lord Campbell Mountain Villa had produced. "Thank you, Mr. Tyrone," replied Gideon. On the red carpet, Tyrone got off the car and the others came from a side door to welcome Jennifer off the car.

### **Chapter 474 The Engagement**

Jennifer got out of the car with a fuzzy mind. She could not help but to look up and stare at Rivebale Hotel. Suddenly, she saw Lana watching her with a creepy smile from the window on the second floor. "Come on, let's go inside. Almost all of the guests are here," urged Tyrone. He stretched out his arm, signaling Jennifer to walk arm in arm with him, but the latter remained unfazed.

Linda quickly darted to the front and wrapped Jennifer's arm around Tyrone's. Jennifer pulled her hand away and snapped indifferently, "Mom, I'm going to leave if you continue behaving like this."

Linda was about to go ballistic when Tyrone's cold glare swept across her face. "Just let her be. You can leave now." Linda smiled awkwardly and retreated.

Although Tyrone was her son-in-law, she was quite afraid of him. Sometimes, a stare from him would make her shudder in fear. "Ladies and gentlemen, the newly united couple!" Gideon announced.

Immediately, a group of men popped confetti launchers to spice up the occasion. The noisy hall then fell silent. Everyone was anticipating Tyrone's arrival.

Among the guests present were the business tycoons from Pollerton, CEOs of the nation's top five hundred companies, and members of the Ten Prestigious Families.

To everyone's surprise, even Neil showed up to send congratulatory messages on behalf of the Yund family. The emcee of the event was a famous influencer in the country, who was regarded as one of the most promising rising stars.

"First, let's welcome Mr. Tyrone Campbell and Ms. Jennifer Wilson!" Following the emcee's announcement, vibrant music was played in the background to hype the crowd up.

The entire hall then erupted in applause and incessant clapping. Jennifer's relatives who had attended her simple wedding with Donald in the past compared both events and found them to be worlds apart.

That time, only Raymond was there to represent the Campbells. "Jennifer is so blessed to have found such a wonderful husband in her second marriage." "I know, right? She's definitely climbing up the social ladder." "I can imagine how arrogant and proud Linda will be." "This man is certainly way better than Donald."

Tyrone walked toward the emcee to pick up a huge diamond ring. He held it in his hand and looked straight into Jennifer's eyes. The emcee exclaimed, "Oh my goodness! What did I just see? It's the blue sapphire diamond ring personally made by the top-notch jeweler of a luxury brand!

Three years ago, it was sold for fifty million in an auction." When the Wilsons heard that, they stared intently at the precious diamond ring in Tyrone's hand. Jennifer, too, turned to look at the diamond ring.

A long time ago, she came across a necklace called "Eternal Love", which was more beautiful than the ring. Subsequently, the emcee announced, "Today is the twenty-sixth of the month. On behalf of the two families, I welcome all of you here to attend the engagement ceremony of Mr. Tyrone Campbell and Ms. Jennifer Wilson. I hereby declare the official commencement of the ceremony." Thump, thump, thump! The music started playing and the hall became lively again.

"Mr. Tyrone is successful, young, and handsome—a truly remarkable man. Ms. Wilson, on the other hand, is graceful and gentle.

They are a perfect couple and a match made in heaven. Now, I'm going to ask Mr. Tyrone the most important question while the guests bear witness to this very significant moment.

Do you take Ms. Jennifer Wilson as your fiancée?" The emcee passed the microphone to him. Tyrone stated, "Yes, I do." "Great! Now, let me ask Ms. Wilson. Do you accept Mr. Tyrone Campbell's proposal?" The emcee approached Jennifer and handed the microphone over to her.

Conflicting emotions rose within her as she faced the entrance, seemingly spacing out. "I..." Before she could finish her sentence, her eyes widened and her body jerked in surprise as she stared outside of the door in disbelief.

## **Chapter 475 Do You Or Do You Not**

Everyone craned their necks, anticipating Jennifer's response. Come on, say it already! Yes, I do! Hurry up! Don't keep us all in suspense. Many guests wished that they could snatch the microphone from Jennifer and utter the words on her behalf.

The atmosphere turned extremely silent and tensed that one could cut it with a knife. Everyone noticed that something was off about Jennifer. She kept staring at the door, and her eyes widened in shock as if she had seen something unbelievable. Tyrone could not help but look at Jennifer and then in the direction of her intense gaze.

There was a towering figure standing at the door with an impassive look on his face. He was dressed in a suit and had his hair cut short. Slowly, he approached the couple in a deadpan manner.

Tyrone's face instantly darkened. It's Donald. It's really him! Upon realizing something was amiss, the crowd turned their heads in unison. Those who did not recognize him were puzzled, whereas those who knew who he was, expected more drama to unfold soon. The Wilson family started gossiping softly.

Meanwhile, Leonard and Linda's hearts skipped a beat when they were struck by an ominous premonition. Kevin grimaced. His expression changed from ferocious to terrifying. D\*mn it! Why isn't Donald dead? Why didn't he just die? How come he suddenly showed up today?

Gideon was all angry and shouted, "Where are the security guards? Get rid of him at once!" Donald walked toward Jennifer without saying a word as if he was waiting for her to take her stance.

The experienced emcee tried to make the situation less awkward for the couple by repeating the question as he passed the microphone to Jennifer. "Ms. Wilson, do you accept the proposal?" She merely stared at Donald and did not offer any answer.

She wanted to take a good look at him. "Do you accept his proposal?" Donald finally opened his mouth and asked. At that moment, tears streaked Jennifer's face. It's him. He's back. It's really him.

Her mind went black for a moment. Next, she took over the microphone and proclaimed loudly, "I... do not! I have a husband, and that's him. I will only marry Donald in this lifetime.

I love him!" After that, she dropped the microphone, held her dress, and dashed toward Donald.

"You're back! You're finally here.

I thought that I won't be able to see you again. " Donald froze for a second. Then, he slowly lifted his arms and wrapped them around Jennifer's waist tightly. "Yes, I'm back." She heard those few words loud and clear.

At that moment, nothing else mattered to her anymore. I'd pay any price just to be with Donald. With her arms around his neck, Jennifer lifted her head and went all out to plant a passionate kiss on his lips. She could not be bothered by the watchful eyes of a few thousand people staring at them.

Donald too kissed her back affectionately. The emcee was completely stunned. What's going on? Isn't this the engagement ceremony of Tyrone and Jennifer? Why is she kissing another man who appeared out of nowhere? What is with my luck? Why am I hired to be the master of the ceremony today? Speechless, the emcee was utterly bewildered. As he cast a careful glance at Tyrone, a cold chill went down his spine. What is with his expression?

His eyes were filled with hints of icy-cold, murderous intent, and his menacing presence demonstrated his sense of superiority.

The Campbell clan was one of the Ten Prestigious Families. Being the ninth prince, he was one of the nine heirs to the Campbell clan.

Actually, he had no feelings for Jennifer. The reason he wanted to marry her was to make her bear a child for him, so that he could replace his heart with the child's.

### **Chapter 476 Consequences**

Donald and Jennifer had humiliated the Campbell clan. No, I can't let this happen, and neither will the Campbells allow it. The emcee scanned the faces of all the guests. Some were gloating while others averted their gazes and pretended to sip tea as they pondered over what happened before their eyes.

Neil lowered his head and said nothing. This is getting interesting. The Campbell clan is very dignified and yet it has been downright insulted today. I bet this matter will spread like wildfire and get to all members of the clan within ten minutes.

Donald has provoked the most horrifying fury of the century. The Campbell clan will definitely exhaust all means to eliminate Donald, Jennifer, and possibly the entire Wilson family too. The relatives of the Wilson family were all individuals with shallow views who had not realized the severity of the problem.

Hence, all of them were livid. Tyrone bent down to pick the microphone up. His face was as pale as a sheet. Xylus hurried over to give him some medicine for the heart and patted his back. "Don't get too worked up. The Campbell clan cannot be shamed." Tyrone sat on the chair and closed his eyes, trying to suppress his emotions. On the other hand, Leonard and Linda ran toward Jennifer like two crazy people. They wanted to pull the latter away but were blocked by Donald.

A long while later, the duo finally stopped kissing each other. Linda yelled at Donald, "Get lost, you bast\*rd! Why aren't you dead? Why did you return?" Leonard bellowed in extreme rage, "Go to h'll, Donald! Why didn't Silas end your life there and then? How dare you cause a scene here at the engagement ceremony of Jennifer and Tyrone?" "I'm going to kill you!" With that, Kevin rushed over with a bottle of wine. Like a wild beast, he had gone stark raving mad. His bloodshot eyes stared out of a face that was glowing savagely. "Stop it, Kevin!" Jennifer stood in front of Donald. Yet, Kevin ignored her and slammed the bottle onto Donald, who got a hold of it. "I'll grant your death wish!" Donald glared evilly at him.

An eerie malicious intent flashed across his eyes and pinned on Kevin, prickling his skin with goosebumps. As a result, he dared not move a muscle. At that point, there was pin-drop silence in the hall. Most of the distinguished guests had realized the seriousness of the matter.

"That's enough." Tyrone took up the microphone and broke the silence. Instantly, everyone fixed their eyes on him, anticipating what the heir of the clan was going to say next.

Ironically, Tyrone did not seem very angry. In a calm manner, he queried, "Jennifer, do you know what your actions mean?" He did not wait for her to answer. "It means that you've lost your best chance to marry into a prestigious family. It also means that you've given up pursuing the dream of nine hundred million girls.

It's okay if you don't care about all these, but you should at least know this one thing—your actions were such that they tainted the reputation of the Campbells! No one should bring dishonor to the Campbell clan.

As a result, you will face the clan's wrath." He continued, "The worst way of punishment will be applied to you, your parents, your brother, and all the Wilsons in Pollerton! It's going to be far worse than how Raymond was defeated.

I will settle the score myself." The Wilson family gasped, followed by an uproar in the crowd. "Mr. Tyrone, please understand that we're just Jennifer's distant relatives. We're actually on bad terms."

'That's right! We're just here for the food.'

"We aren't close at all!" Leonard and Linda swiftly went up to Jennifer and grabbed her arm. "Apologize to Mr. Tyrone. Hurry up!" Linda lashed out fiercely, "Say sorry now, you little shrew, or I'll end my life!"

Seeing that Jennifer was unperturbed by her threat, Linda clenched her jaw and knelt in front of Tyrone. "I apologize on Jennifer's behalf, Mr. Tyrone, for she doesn't know what she's doing. Please give her one more chance. I promise to take care of this mess," she pleaded.

### **Chapter 477 The Tables Have Turned**

Leonard followed suit and went down on his knees. "Yes, yes, Jennifer wasn't thinking and acted rashly. It's all Donald's fault! Everything will be resolved as long as he's dead." The crowd despised what Leonard and Linda did.

Why on earth did the seniors kneel before their son-in-law? At the same time, Leonard's ruthlessness also struck terror into their hearts because he had just reminded Tyrone to murder Donald! Looming over the crowd like a high and lofty king, Tyrone cleared his throat and cast an imposing cold glance at the rest who were mere specks of dust in his eyes.

"Needless to say, I'll get rid of Donald. However, I'll also get revenge on the Wilsons." Once again, Kevin darted across and made a lunge for Donald. "Why are you still alive? You should go to h\*ll, Donald!"

Right then, Donald's eldest uncle, Michael intervened. "Why are you going against Mr. Tyrone, Donald? We've come a long way. Why must you bring this upon us?" Gideon and the rest were equally infuriated, so much so that they wished to strike Donald to death.

"I'll settle everything and put this matter to rest." Donald pulled Jennifer to his side and exchanged glances with Tyrone. The latter broke out laughing. "I heard that Silas searched for you high and low for a year when you deliberately hid.

So you dare to show your face now that he had been assassinated?" Most of the people from Pollerton were aware of the mishap which befell Silas when he was murdered by Crabface. Hence, Tyrone had the impression that Donald went missing in action for a year because he was targeted by Silas.

Based on that assumption, he presumed that Donald resurfaced because Silas was dead. "Lo and behold, he's a coward!" The crowd started to give him an odd look. Some disdained him, including Jennifer.

Upon calming herself down, a thought suddenly dawned on Jennifer. Although Silas is long gone, my impulsive actions today would make Donald lock horns with Tyrone directly! The scary thing is that Tyrone is more vicious than Silas. Additionally, he's also more powerful and cruel.

Tyrone seemed to have noticed the change in Jennifer's expression. Again, he fixated his gaze on her and asked, "Jennifer, I'm giving you one last chance to change your mind.

I won't lay a finger on Donald if you finish this ceremony with me. Otherwise, I'll see to it that he won't leave this place alive." Just then, footsteps from soldiers marching away in unison were heard from the outside.

It was the Campbell Clan's Army. From the rumble and clatter of armor heard, there were thousands of them besieging the entire place. All of them looked very much like members of the Horizon Group, especially the one leading the troop.

He seemed to be in his sixties or seventies with the look of a modern priest in a suit and holding a black umbrella. In actual fact, he was Quentin, aged a hundred and fifty. A century ago, he was already a Novem Stella Warrior. No one could imagine how powerful he had become! "Enough! It's best that nobody heads out until this matter is resolved,"

Tyrone said. "It's not the end yet. We still have a chance to turn things around." Linda got all worked up and pointed at her daughter. "Carry on with the ceremony, Jennifer! Go!" Leonard mulled it over and advised, "Jennifer, you don't want Donald to die, do you? If that's the case, hurry up and apologize to Tyrone."

Jennifer's face turned ghastly. She lifted her head and swept a glance at the man who she loved. "Donald, I... I'm sorry. I don't want you to get hurt. Therefore, I must go." Tears flowed down her cheeks. Donald furrowed his brows upon sensing that something was not right with Tyrone.

A man like him never allows himself to be entangled in any relationships. Logically, he wouldn't make such a big fuss over Jennifer.

I'm sure he has a hidden agenda. Donald stopped Jennifer and assured her, "It's okay. I got this." Jennifer shook her head and replied, "He's Tyrone, one of the Campbells. You know how the Campbell clan works, don't you?"

## **Chapter 478 Three Hundred Thousand Soldiers**

While speaking, she tried her best to break free from Donald's embrace. Tyrone watched on with great interest. "See, Donald. This is the best thing about having the upper hand. I can crush you anytime, to the extent that I can even make your woman dump you and throw herself into my arms."

Unfazed, Donald domineeringly kept Jennifer close to him and said, "Don't worry. Just leave it to me." A cold smirk settled upon his face. "Who on earth do you think you are?"

Kevin shouted contemptuously as he lost control of himself and threw a plate in Donald's direction. Knowing that his tossing skills were bad, Donald ignored him totally. Linda chimed in, "How can a bast\*rd like you compare yourself to Mr. Tyrone?" "Donald, don't drag us down with you," retorted Leonard.

The Wilson family never stopped hurling insults and harsh comments at him. Gideon even stomped his feet out of frustration and yelled, "Seriously, just who exactly do you think you are?" Donald scanned his surroundings and stopped at Tyrone.

"I guess I'm outnumbered, huh?" While the latter fell silent, Xylus interrupted, "Precisely. How are you going to fight the Campbell clan? They will crush you into a million pieces within the snap of a finger. You're doomed even with divine intervention."

A mocking expression appeared on Donald's face. "What if I have three hundred thousand members of the Horizon Group at my command?" Everyone present froze for a second before bursting out into laughter. They could hardly hold it back in.

The Horizon Group serves in Quadfield. Will they offend the Campbell clan for the sake of Donald? Tyrone sneered, "Are you building castles in the air?"

Three hundred thousand soldiers from Horizon Group will..." Before he could finish his sentence, the chief from the Campbell Clan's Army rushed in and reported, "Mr. Tyrone, we've been surrounded by Horizon Group.

There are three hundred thousand of them in total!" Oh my... The crowd was bewildered. Three hundred thousand soldiers from Horizon Group?

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! Just then, the deafening siren and flare gun signals ejected into the sky attracted the attention of most guests. They took a peek outside and witnessed rows after rows of well-trained soldiers, fully armed and suited in traditional armor.

Each of them looked ever ready to attack their prey. Soon, a green armored man holding the Azure Wyvern Blade walked in. It was none other than Kingsley, the Wyvern King.

The startled Tyrone turned his head to look at Donald, perplexed. Why does Horizon Group keep lending a hand to Donald? Is he one of them? "What do you want, Kingsley?" Xylus questioned him rudely.

Kingsley removed his helmet and revealed his good-looking face. Then, he pointed his blade at Tyrone. "Don't I look familiar to you?" Everyone present was baffled, including Tyrone. They had no clue what he meant. Kingsley smiled coldly. "Ten years ago, the Campbell clan wiped out the entire Louberg family."

"What does that have to do with you?" Tyrone grew impatient. Kingsley continued, "You know me as Kingsley Felton, but my real name is Walter Louberg. Can you believe that I'm still alive and kicking after ten long years?" Tyrone's heart lurched in response.

He was aware of the tragedy that befell the Loubergs. A young man from the Campbell clan named Ronan was responsible for the mission. Never in a million years would he have thought that one of the Loubergs survived and became the renowned General Felton of Horizon Group!

Tyrone rose to his feet and exclaimed, "So, you're saying that you were the one who made all thirty-two hundred guards from the Campbell clan disappear without a trace as soon as they stepped foot into Pollerton?"

With a gloating look, Kingsley responded, "Yes, you're absolutely right. Today, I'm here to beat the h\*ll out of you!" "Watch your words, young man. Don't be too insolent." A crisp voice was heard from behind.

"No doubt you're a formidable opponent, you still have a long way to go." Kingsley turned his head and spotted Quentin right away. "I might not be your match, but what if they join me?" Donald pointed toward the door.

### **Chapter 479 I Dare You**

A woman in red armor made her way over. She was cool and had a red spear with her. Her aura was downright intimidating. That was Alessia Morey, the Phoenix King Xylus' evaluation glasses hummed and rang

To everybody's surprise, those glasses revealed that her power level was at least eight hundred thousand.

That meant she was on par with Octo Stella Warriors. Her power might even be equal to Novem Stella Warriors. Still, Quentin shook his head and said, "You have two Octo Stella Warriors with you, but that still won't be enough."

"Is that so?" A deep voice echoed around the place. It didn't take long before a tall muscular man stepped forward with a metallic rod that would actually be better described as a pillar. That was the Chelonian King. "What if I were to join the fight as well?" asked Manticore King who was the last one to show up. The Four Greatest Divine Generals were all Octo Stella Warriors. When they stand united like that, even Quentin would be overwhelmed

He was getting too old and was nearing one hundred and fifty years old. He didn't have the drugs that genetically modified him or if he had lost his incredible strength, he would long be gone.

That was why he rarely got into fights. Every time he got into a battle, his stamina and strength would be depleted Quentin glared

"Are you sure you want to go against the Campbell clan?" Kingsley calmly replied, "I don't really care what price I have to pay.

I'm simply here to humiliate Tyrone and the Campbell clan. Everyone here can slap Tyrone, and anyone who stands in our way will be killed." "Don't you dare!" roared Tyrone as Xylus stepped up.

Turned out that no one dared to go after them. Kingsley was there to help everyone, but at the end of the day, they would still have to return to Quadfield.

What then? What do they do if the Campbell clan came after them after Kingsley left? "Anyone who goes after Tyrone today will be, in effect, declaring war against the Campbell clan," announced Xylus. Just then, Donald stepped up and slowly made his way to them.

"Then I will make the first move." Kingsley kept his expression stoic so that he wouldn't slip or expose any secret. He simply said, "Okay, go ahead." Slowly but surely, Donald moved toward Tyrone.

Xylus' gaze turned evil. He reached out and tried to choke Donald with one hand.

Jennifer yelped, "Careful"

As soon as she finished speaking, an arm fell to the ground.

Someone had cut it off cleanly. No one knew when Kingsley made his move or how he showed up right in front of Donald within seconds, but they knew he was the one who severed Xylus' arm.

"Did you not hear what I said earlier?" Xylus screamed in pain as he gripped his shoulder. Step By step, Donald moved toward Tyrone. Quentin leaped to go to protect Tyrone, but he hadn't even reached the place before all four Octo Stella Warriors barred his path.

They stopped him in his tracks. Tyrone stood up and glared evilly at Donald. "Donald Campbell!" Donald was moving steadily forward and didn't stop until he was standing right in front of Tyrone. The former put his hand on the latter's throat and pushed him right back into his seat.

Slap! A merciless slap swept across his face. The entire place fell silent. Everyone was stunned at the sight of what had happened. Their eyes bulged as they stared in astonishment. It was simply too crazy.

That was the renowned Tyrone Campbell who was one of the heirs of the Campbell clan. And now, he had been slapped in public! "Stop it!" roared someone.

The Campbell Clan's Army was about to rush to his rescue. "You imbecile!" The Horizon Group made their moves as well, and many stepped forward. They pointed their spears at the Campbell Clan's Army, who were extremely angry.

This is it. War is about to break out. These were the thoughts that ran through quite a few minds. Even Neil was thinking of the same thing. Tyrone was weak, didn't know martial arts, and was born physically fragile.

Hence, Donald could easily choke the guy and forced him back to his seat. "Over a decade ago, you slapped my grandfather, even though then we were only sixteen years old.

I have repaid you for that today." declared Donald as he towered over Tyrone and glared. Tyrone's gaze burned with cruelty as a palm print slowly bubbled up in his reddening face.

He looked rather calm and somewhat kind earlier, but that same face was now shining evilly. In a harsh tone, he said, "Donald Campbell, have you thought about the consequences of your actions?"

## Chapter 480 Slapped

"Do you realize that Horizon Group will not be here forever? You simply got lucky and are here when they happen to show up. At the end of the day, you are still a powerless idiot."

Donald stared calmly. "The previous slap was to punish you for what you did to my grandfather.

This next one's for me." After saying all that, he slapped Tyrone again, this time on the other side of Tyrone's face. Many guests squirmed with their eyes closed as if that slap was dealt on their own faces

"This next one is to teach you a lesson about the consequences of being too arrogant," said Donald. He remained just as relaxed as he could be when he slapped Tyrone again. That totaled to three slaps

"This slap is to punish you for trying to hurt Jennifer. And this one is to get back at you for killing my grandfather's career for so many years..." Donald didn't stop until he dealt nine continuous slaps across Tyrone's face.

He grabbed a chair and sat right in front of Tyrone to look right into the latter's eyes. Tyrone had one of his hands clutching his shirt to put pressure on his chest and used his other hand to shakily retrieve a piece of tissue to wipe the blood off of his lips.

By then, his eyes were already burning with insanity and fury. "I have decided to cut every member of the Campbell family in the Sanctum Branch off.

Everyone, regardless of age and gender, will be disowned!" Gideon trembled right away when he heard what Tyrone said. The former glared at Donald as anger and hatred ran wildly in his heart.

Donald, however, scoffed. "I am not worried about that threat. We've been on opposite sides for over a decade, and the tension between us has only gotten worse. I should share yet another bad news with you, though.

I will officially reopen the Dragon Fide Villa project today." One sentence was all it took to blow everybody's mind. Their reaction to that news was understandable because that was just how great the Dragon Fide Villa project was. Over a decade ago, Raymond spearheaded the project that would build mansions on a luxurious site.

Once it was completed, it would be the largest luxurious residential area in the country and the profit it generated would be tremendous.

Unfortunately, Raymond got on Tyrone's bad side while the project was still ongoing and the project was forced to come to a sudden halt.

It had since turned into the worst abandoned region in the country and no developer wanted to take over.

Even members of other powerful families were too afraid to take over as well because doing so would imply that they were opposing the Campbell family. Hence, no one, be they rich tycoons or developers, had ever thought about kick-starting the Dragon Fide Villa project again.

Donald, however, had publicly declared that he would do exactly that. Many saw that as a mission impossible and thought he was a lunatic. Tyrone was taken aback when he first heard the news.

He came around soon after and glanced at Donald mockingly. "The man from Jadeborough is on his deathbed and won't last long. He is the most powerful ally you and your grandfather have, and even he is too weak to help you.

What makes you think you can get the Dragon Fide Villa project running again? You don't think that Horizon Group will help you with that, do you? That would just be ridiculous."

"Okay, enough, The conflict between us will end right here and now.

Don't mess with me again or no one, not even Luke, can save you," warned Donald While glaring evil at Tyrone. The Luke that Donald mentioned earlier was none other than

Luke Campbell, the current leader of the Campbell clan. Quentin was being held back and couldn't even move a muscle. All he could do was watch as Donald mercilessly and continuously slapped Tyrone.

When Donald got down from the stage, he made his way to Jennifer and offered his hand

"I'll take you with me." Jennifer stared hesitantly for a bit, but she eventually took his hand obediently and nodded "Okay," After that, she let Donald take her right out of the front door.

Tyrone watched as the two of them left. The viciousness of his soul was glowing from his eyes and was clear as day.

"Jennifer Wilson, if you walk out of here today, will commit suicide," threatened Linda loudly. Jennifer turned around and glanced at her mother before leaving. Tyrone was about to stand up when Kingsley suddenly showed up right in front of him.

The latter towered over the former, glared, and said, "Not yet, haven't dealt you your punishment yet." Slap! Slap! Slap! Kingsley was much harsher than Donald was, and his slaps came one after another, making the place sound as though someone was clapping. Many closed their eyes because they were too afraid to witness it.