

Chapter 491 Lord Campbell

Donald was stunned for a moment before he shook his head. "I don't know." He had no idea how powerful he was either, but he was already unrivalled in terms of the power level of a human.

Wayion's pupils constricted imperceptibly, for Donald's capabilities were far more terrifying than those on Mount Konlange, albeit it was the dwelling of the master of the Dragon clan of all times.

Melanie was just about to speak when a feeble voice drifted out of the room. "Let him in." It was Solomon's voice. Donald swept his gaze over the few people. Then, he walked into the room without a single word. Melanie followed behind him.

Meanwhile, Wayion wore an indifferent expression. It was as though he could never smile. "How could he be so powerful?" Melanie inquired in a whisper.

At that, Wayion and Yadriel exchanged a glance. "We already know who he is." In a flash, Melanie's curiosity was piqued. "Who is he?" "Ah, it's a secret.

It's a high-confidential matter!" Yadriel answered. Wayion nodded.

"He's a warrior of the Grandmaster Realm!" The standard of a Novem Stella Warrior was around a power level of two million.

A power level of three million would render one a Decern Stella Warrior, and there were few of them in the entire world.

As for someone with a power level exceeding three million, he was known as a Grandmaster.

There were scarcely any Grandmasters, with only one in a few centuries. Only on Mount Konlange were there two to three Grandmasters.

Above Grandmaster was the legendary warrior of the Mythical Realm. The previous warrior of the Mythical Realm was familiar to everyone, for he was none other than the founder of Supreme Ultimate Sect Martin Bellamy.

There was also Troy Travers on Mount Phoenix. However, all that was a few centuries ago. In other words, there hadn't been any warriors of the Mythical Realm for five hundred years.

Melanie was stupefied for a moment. Such a young Grandmaster? Unbeknownst to them, Donald had long since gone beyond a Grandmaster and broke through to the Mythical Realm.

After entering the room, Donald look down at Solomon, who had several silver needles inserted into his head.

"Raymond's grandson has grown up a lot," Solomon remarked weakly. Donald stared at the man.

The latter had a solemn countenance, but wrinkles littered his face. He was at an advanced age of almost ninety years old, so it was time for him to depart this world from old age.

As he had cerebral infarction and minor cerebral haemorrhage, an infection would kill him right away.

"Pardon me, Mr. Sanchez," Donald murmured. All of a sudden, the tips of his fingers glowed, and one could see mist-like liquified energy condensing.

It was all very much mysterious. They abruptly felt a spring breeze blowing past, suffusing them with a sense of warmth.

Gregor's eyes went wide. Is this medical skills? This is absolutely far beyond that. It's divine healing! Narrowing his eyes, Yadriel muttered, "Mythical..." Indeed, that was a means only warriors of the Mythical Realm possessed.

They could transform their energy into life energy. That situation persisted for half an hour.

After everything was over, Donald stopped and wiped the sweat off his forehead. Solomon, on the other hand, had already fallen into slumber, his breathing deep and even.

"He's fine now and can live for another ten years," Donald stated calmly. Subsequently, he turned to Yadriel. "I'd like to speak to you privately, Mr. Qualls." Throughout it all, he didn't even look at Melanie. Upon hearing that, Yadriel blurred and disappeared from the spot in the blink of an eye.

At the same time, Donald's figure blurred, and he vanished into thin air

For the first time, a bitter expression showed on Wayion's face. Such capabilities are too terrifying! Ten kilometres away, Yadriel bowed to Donald slightly.

"At your service. Lord Campbell!" "Don't stand on ceremony, Mr. Qualls!" Donald hurriedly helped him up. Previously, Yadriel had no idea of his status.

Later, he had an inkling about things, but it was mere conjecture. Right then, however, it had been affirmed. "Mr. Qualls, as I'm here to deal with the King of Special Forces, Noah Rodríguez, my identity has to be kept under wraps.

For that reason, I hope you can minimise the number of people in the know," Donald asserted.

Chapter 492 You Live Up To Your Name

"Don't worry, Lord Campbell. Despite being no prominent family, the Qualls family still has some power. From now on out. I'll do my best to help make things easy for you," Yadriel vowed.

He was one of the first batches of warriors who kept guard over Quadfield, so he knew what that meant. "Besides, I'll also tell Mr.

Sanchez about this and have him erase traces of you at the critical juncture," Yadriel added.

After all, it was better to have as few people as possible knowing about Donald's identity as Lord Campbell.

Anyone who was aware of his true identity was either people he trusted unquestionably, killed, or sent to Quadfield's no man's land to perform hard labor. "Thank you.

In that case, please excuse me," Donald uttered. "Please wait for a moment. Lord Campbell.

Mr. Sanchez has already awakened, and he'd like to see you," Yadriel declared. Donald was startled momentarily before he nodded in agreement.

Upon returning to the Sanchez residence, he discovered that Solomon had already gotten out of bed. In fact the man was walking out. Having checked all the various readings, Gregor was wholly amazed.

Donald's capabilities are simply mind-boggling! Melanie's hostility toward Donald was all but gone. When she saw him walking in, her eyes lit up.

She promptly rushed over to him. "I'm sorry, Donald. I apologize for my rashness earlier." She had a slender figure.

As she spoke graciously in a crisp voice, she trained her beautiful eyes on the man.

Donald merely spared her a glance before looking away, having no interest in taking another look at her.

Neither did he reply to her. Melanie gritted her teeth hard. The urge to finish off the man gripped her. I'm one of the three most beautiful women in Jadeborough.

Not only am I from a prominent family, but I'm also dubbed Princess Sanchez in the city.

There's a long line of men wishing to marry me! Countless young and talented men in Jadeborough were crazy about her, fighting to get her attention.

Alas, she didn't like any of them. I've always gotten whatever I want, yet this man isn't even interested in taking a look at me. The instant Solomon caught sight of Donald, he chuckled.

"Having seen you today, you certainly live up to your name." It was clear as day that he had also figured out Donald's identity. That had Donald all the more wary. Ugh! My identity is still too sensitive that anyone with high status can tell without much effort! They knew more than the average person, and he couldn't possibly suppress himself all the time as he still needed to use many more techniques. "You flatter me, Mr. Sanchez," Donald replied calmly. He wasn't fond of smiling.

Perhaps it was because he had lived with bloodshed for too many years, but he didn't smile easily. "Come in, and we shall talk." Solomon pointed at the study.

"Go and brew a pot of coffee, Melanie." Melanie was planning to listen to their conversation, but her grandfather gave her the boot. At once, chagrin swamped her. In the study, Solomon commented, "Rumors always had it that Lord Campbell is only twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old this year.

Sure enough, you're very young." Donald didn't know how to respond to that, so he merely urged, "Let's cut to the chase, Mr. Sanchez."

Lowering his head, Solomon organized his thoughts. "I've long since heard about the conflict between you and the Campbell clan.

Back then, I didn't do anything to stop the Campbell clan when they made a move against your grandfather." Donald merely gazed at him expressionlessly.

And so, Solomon continued, "The reason being, it wasn't merely one prominent family who stopped me from doing so. The night before, at least five or six prominent families visited the Sanchez residence and threatened me."

"It was the Irving family, the Youngblood family, the Campbell clan, the Collins family, and the Yeager family, right?" Donald stared right at the man. Hearing that, Solomon was momentarily stunned.

Then, he lauded, "As expected of Lord Campbell, who allegedly has the best intelligence network in the world!" "It's okay. I'll settle my grievance with the Campbell clan alone." Donald's voice was cold.

"I know you're capable, and I'm also aware that your identity can't come to light now. Therefore, do whatever you want without holding back.

I'll clean up the mess after you. If need be. I'll go to Pollerton personally. I believe that they'll still show me some respect," Solomon declared.

Chapter 493 He Is An Intriguing Person

When Solomon said that, a ferocious aura rose within him. It was the imperious air of someone superior—inimitable nor was it innate. "Okay. I'll be leaving if there's nothing else," Donald intoned.

"Sure. Also, please take care of this granddaughter of mine for a bit," Solomon implored with a wide smile. Melanie was in politics, dubbed one of the youngest high-ranking officials in history with a bright future ahead of her, far more promising than Neil.

Neil was already up in years, so one could tell that his days were numbered. Conversely, Melanie had just started out and had infinite potential.

She was different from Wynter—the superstar, Lana—the queen of the business world, Reina—the nouveau riche, and Jennifer. Even the Campbell clan didn't dare offend her easily. Ultimately, she was above them all in status.

She was the epitome of might and power, attending each and every important political event such as major summits among various countries.

Dipping his eyes, Donald countered, "We've got different paths in life." His meaning was obvious—Melanie wasn't his cup of tea, and he didn't like her. "How would you know without spending some time with her?" Solomon persuaded.

A hint of derision manifested on Donald's face, and he slowly stroked his wrist. "Are you telling me to abandon Jennifer and marry a woman I don't like? So what if she has a high status and an infinite future?"

What has that got to do with me? If I care about all that, how do I keep guard over Quadfield? Besides, my achievements aren't great, but when did I ever use such a method to get to where I am today?" By the end of his speech, intense scorn was written all over his face.

Solomon was taken aback before he chuckled wryly. "True. Sorry for simply matching you up with her." "Goodbye." Donald got to his feet and opened the door, striding right out. As Solomon stared at the man's retreating back, he wore a thoughtful expression on his face.

When Melanie spotted Donald exiting the study, she stood in front of him, stretching out a hand to stop him. "It's already late at night. Rest for a bit, and I'll treat you to a meal tomorrow."

Her tone was hard and forceful, seemingly leaving no room for negotiation. Donald frowned. "I'm not free." At that, Melanie was floored. How many times has he turned me down thus far? Could it be that I've lost my allure?

"Hey! What do you mean by that?" Melanie demanded in disgruntlement. Donald tilted his head and glanced at her, his gaze impassive and vacant. His figure blurred, and he disappeared in a heartbeat. Stomping her foot, Melanie snarled, "Argh! I'm so pissed!" Just then, Solomon walked out.

Chortling, he teased, "Unexpectedly, there are times when you fail to charm someone!" Melanie stomped her feet. "Grandpa, he's simply too rude! Who exactly is he?" In response, Solomon shook his head. "Well, he's an intriguing person." An intriguing person? Melanie was stumped for a moment.

Grandpa rarely says this about anyone. "I asked whether he'd like to marry you earlier, but he declined," Solomon admitted. Once more, Melanie was knocked for a loop.

While Solomon had retired, he had mentees all over the world. That aside, he had enjoyed a high status for a long time, so his connections were beyond one's wildest dreams. Many of the descendants he nurtured single-handedly had also become prominent figures.

Throughout the years, the Ten Prestigious Families had hoped that Solomon would match them with his granddaughter. Once that happened, they would obtain the support of the Sanchez family.

It was no exaggeration to say that no one in the whole world could resist the temptation of Solomon playing matchmaker to marry Melanie. However, Donald turned the offer down.

Melanie grew all the more upset. "Am I really all that wretched?" "No. The truth is, he doesn't care for the Sanchez family." Solomon's gaze was dark.

Chapter 494 The Calm Before The Storm

"Hmph! In that case, I'll go to Pollerton and look for him!" Melanie harrumphed. Solomon wore a smile on his face, neither protesting nor stopping her from doing so.

After all, the achievements of someone like Donald would only be greater in the future. Only a handful of people knew that the man had secretly gained control of the world's finance center, Dartan.

"I'll go to Pollerton early tomorrow morning!" Melanie then packed her clothes to head to Pollerton. At dawn, Donald arrived back at Pollerton. He turned on his phone, only to see a ton of missed calls and WhatsApp messages. They were all from Jennifer.

"I'm sorry for misunderstanding you, Donald!" "Where are you, Donald.

With his face devoid of expression, Donald turned off his phone. Although he wasn't a petty person, Jennifer's words hurt him.

Despite being a warrior of the Mythical Realm, he was still human and had feelings, knew joy and sorrow. Hence, he didn't plan on replying to Jennifer. He figured that they should both take a break first.

It had been exceptionally peaceful in Pollerton recently, but many people in the elite classes know that it was calm before the storm.

Kingsley, under the command of Donald, humiliated Tyrone. Although the Campbell clan hadn't made a response to that, everyone knew that they would never let the matter slide.

Thus, their swift retaliation was imminent. More than ten years ago, the remnant of the Golden Beast, Donald, relaunched the Dragon Fide Villa project and went head to head against the Campbell clan.

Jennifer initially had other businesses besides providing supporting facilities for the land reclamation project, but they had all screamed to a halt then.

Everyone knew that Tyrone would expend his effort on dealing with Jennifer and everyone related to her. At nine o'clock in the morning, grave news started circulating.

Pollerton Translations had been wiped out by a mysterious force in a single night, razed to the ground. All the mercenaries whose visas had expired seemingly disappeared off the face of the earth.

It snagged the attention of many big shots in Pollerton, but they couldn't find any leads. Consequently, they gave up. At a little over ten o'clock, Jennifer walked out of Pollerton with weariness lining her face, her eyes red and swollen.

On the one hand, she hadn't rested well. On the other, all her business channels had been severed, including her capital chain. As such, Jennard Construction was on the brink of bankruptcy.

"This is all on Donald for having a conflict with Tyrone out of the blue!" Kevin followed behind her with displeasure etched across his features.

Jennifer stared at the pink Ferrari. "Since the shareholders withdrew their capital, I'm going to sell this car. Otherwise, we'll go bankrupt!"

Shock inundated Kevin. "No way! Skye wants this car before she marries me!" "A car is only a consumable item. After selling it, I'll fill the shortage before buying you a car worth about a hundred thousand," Jennifer coaxed earnestly.

However, Kevin shook his head frantically. "No, no! Skye said she isn't going to marry me without a luxury car!"

In a trice, Jennifer flew into a rage. "Are you a moron, Kevin? Is Skylar someone who'll be content living a simple life? I once saw her sitting on Akio's lap with my own eyes!"

Kevin's eyes went wide. "Even if you don't like her, Jennifer, you shouldn't be slandering her in such a manner, no?" Feeling that he was already beyond saving, Jennifer heaved a sigh.

She took out the spare key and started the car, continuing to bustle around to drum up business.

The Wilson family in Tayhaven didn't dare have anything to do with Jennifer anymore, severing all ties with her. Meanwhile, Donald sat in Supreme Villa in Pollerton Estates, combing through information.

Dubbed the king of spies, Noah had planted innumerable spies in Pollerton, yet to be removed until then. Ultimately, they were a hidden threat Bradley strolled in. "Lord Campbell, Ms. Wilson has encountered some difficulties."

Donald went still and a thoughtful expression showed on his face. In an instant, he figured out the key.

A long while later, he drawled, "Let's do this. Dartan Expo is commencing next week, yes? At that time, give her some business."

Chapter 495 I Will Just Eliminate Them

"It's not that." Bradley's expression was rather solemn. Taken aback, Donald lifted his head and stared at the man, waiting for his report. "The heir of Irving Group came to Pollerton and established Irving Capital.

With a cash flow of a billion, he bought out Pollerton Pharma and gained control of that pharmaceutical giant. Besides, his target may be Ms. Wilson and her family!"

Bradley reported. Irving Group? Isn't that my maternal grandfather's family? Ten years old, Raymond's business worth tens of billions were suppressed by the Campbell clan.

Not only did Donald's mother's family not help, but they even hit them when they were down. Back then, Donald was still studying. His father brought him to the birthday banquet of the head of Irving Group.

He asked them for their help to mediate that matter. If they were to stand up for them, that matter would definitely be resolved. Furthermore, it would only take a few words from them.

Alas, not only did they not help, but they even sabotaged them further by bribing Raymond's driver, Jonah Linker. Donald could vividly remember his biological uncle pouring a pot of coffee over his father's head at the banquet before everyone.

Coffee dregs ended up all over his face. Nonetheless, his father merely smiled ingratiatingly, not daring to show the slightest hint of a temper just because he hoped that Irving Group would lend them a helping hand.

As for his mother, he couldn't remember her attitude. When Donald's thoughts returned to the present, he asked languidly, "Who came over?" "Your aunt's son, Braxton," Bradley replied. "Ah, it's my cousin. How intriguing!" Donald wasn't enraged at all, still as calm and unruffled as ever. His cousin had always looked down upon him.

Every time he returned to Irving Group with his mother, the former would bully him. When his cousin was five or six years old, he started snatching his candies. At ten years old, it escalated to his toys.

And at fifteen or sixteen years old, it intensified into his crushes. "Let them kick up a fuss. I'll just eliminate them if they piss me off." Donald opened his notebook once more.

Pausing briefly, he continued, "As for Jennifer, keep a closer eye on her. Arrange for Yuna to protect her secretly. Tyrone's attitude toward her is rather strange, so I'm afraid he won't give up so easily." Thereafter, Bradley left quietly.

At almost the same time, a pale Tyrone was fishing on a luxurious yacht in Pollerton. Many women in bikinis were dancing on the yacht, all surrounding an incredibly handsome man.

Tyrone hadn't much interest in women. Perhaps it was due to the fact that he had congenital heart disease, but he seldom played the field.

However, the women he hooked up with were all top-notch beauties. Therefore, he disdained these mediocre women. The incredibly handsome man swept a gaze over Tyrone. He patted the bikini-clad models before heading toward the latter.

He stood at one point eight five meters, with a well-proportioned figure and fair skin. Verily, he was all too handsome that he would render even celebrities inferior. He was none other than Donald's cousin, Braxton Irving.

The four heirs of Irving Group were named alphabetically—Atticus Irving, Braxton Irving, Carson Irving, and Desmond Irving. He was the second son. "Are you not going to join the fun?" Braxton went over to Tyrone. Tyrone's face was devoid of expression.

"I'm not interested." Chuckling, Atticus interjected, "Well, you're just too set in your ways." At that, Tyrone's expression gradually contorted. "How could I not when I'm going to die soon?" In response, Atticus guffawed. "You're still got a chance, no?"

Tyrone snapped his head over. "You've got to help me in this and win Jennifer over!" Braxton broke out in laughter. "You're joking, Mr. Tyrone! It's a piece of cake for you, the Ninth Prince of the Campbell clan, to win over a woman with no background!

If all else fails, just snatch her. No one will dare go against you!" "I used to share your sentiments in the past, but the Campbell clan is now on opposing ends with Lord Campbell.

I don't want to provoke the Azuro force as well," Tyrone countered.

Chapter 496 Look Forward To Working With You

Braxton was stunned for a moment. "What do you mean?" The Azuro force was the world's top dark force, and it was also known as Supreme Stygian. All its members were brutal and vicious.

Tristan, in particular, always acted without showing any restraint. Consequently, all countries detested him. However, no one dared to offend the Azuro force, for there were rumors that the power level of its leader was exceedingly terrifying.

Someone once saw its leader wiping a private military company out of existence within a night while wearing a clown's mask. "There are rumors that the commander of the Azuro force, Tristan, likes Jennifer."

As Tyrone stared at Braxton, he couldn't help exclaiming inwardly that the latter was a man whose every facet could have countless women falling in love with him.

"Wasn't that verified as a rumor?" Braxton queried. "What if it's true? I've got to be particularly careful during this time." Tyrone's face reverted to its expressionless state. "How can I help you?" Braxton asked with a frown.

Tyrone was silent for a long time before he started, "You know I've got congenital heart disease. Since I was diagnosed at three years old, the Campbell clan has expended a tremendous amount of money and connections to find a suitable donor for me, but to no avail.

They either showed signs of rejection or their blood types didn't match. Anyway, my physique is exceedingly unique. But some time ago, the Genetic Research Center sent news that they found a suitable donor.

It was Jennifer. She meets the criteria of being my donor in all aspects." "What are you waiting for, then? Just kidnap her and take her heart out to transplant into you!" Braxton drawled nonchalantly.

Tyrone was seemingly muttering to himself, his voice a whisper. "But she's already advanced in age, so there might be a degree of rejection. Due to the influence of genetic factors, the transplant might very likely last me for only a few years.

The best solution is for me to have a child with her, then take the child's heart!" "Then, what help are you seeking from me?" Braxton questioned. "Jennifer doesn't like me, but she'll definitely like you.

No woman can resist your advances when you're handsome and rich. Thus, my plan is that you pursue her and win her over.

You can have your way with her, and when you're sick of her, get her drunk and pregnant with my child. As long as she's the one who falls in love with you, Tristan won't dare do anything even if he returns."

A cold gleam glinted in Tyrone's eyes. Braxton was wholly stumped. Then, he flashed the man a thumbs-up. "What a great plan! As long as she's the one who falls for me, the Ten Prestigious Families will team up and suppress Tristan if he dares to kick up a fuss."

"Exactly!" Tyrone echoed. "At that time, she can focus on the pregnancy. Once she gives birth, we'll finish her off," Tyrone explained his plan. "Whoa! Awesome! You're truly ruthless!"

Braxton flashed him a thumbs-up. "As long as you do that for me, I'll give you the thirteen car service centers in the northwest," Tyrone promised. "Deal!" A bright smile bloomed on Braxton's face. "I look forward to working with you." Tyrone abruptly yanked up his fishing rod.

A greedy and plump fish landed on the deck, flipping around. In the evening, Pollerton's local television stations started broadcasting the evening news. "We will be starting by broadcasting a few brief news.

Firstly, Lord Campbell Mountain Villa's super renewable energy and extreme insulation material have been successfully developed. The next step will be exhibiting them at Dartan Expo before mass producing them for civilian use.

Secondly, Braxton Irving of Irving Group entered Pollerton with a cash flow of a billion.

Like Campbell Capital, he established Irving Capital and bought into Pollerton Pharma while attracting investment and seeking distributors. The leader is Braxton Irving.

Thirdly, Ms. Melanie Sanchez came to Pollerton at five o'clock this evening to check on Pollerton's economic and social structures." Those three brief news attracted a great deal of attention. Sitting on the couch, Jennifer watched the news.

Chapter 497 You Brought This Upon Yourself

Linda chattered away, "Melanie is a high-ranking official at such a young age. Obviously, she slept her way to the top."

Leonard added, "She's twenty-seven this year but she is already a high-ranking official. Her future husband wouldn't have to work hard at all." Jennifer snorted.

"Someone as influential as her won't marry an ordinary man. I'm pretty sure no man from the Ten Prestigious Families can win her heart easily." Leonard glanced at her.

"By the way, Jennifer, how is your business doing?" Jennifer's face was devoid of expression as she responded, "I don't have any business now. All my previous partners blocked me, and my employees are resigning in batches.

I'm losing many employees as we speak." Linda leaped to her feet and pointed at Jennifer.

"You brought this upon yourself! Tyrone was the perfect husband, but you weren't satisfied with him. Look how miserable you are now. Isn't this your fault?" Hearing that, Kevin seethed angrily.

"Someone is still infatuated over Donald. He's nothing but a loser. Look what happened. Haha!" Jennifer got to her feet solemnly. "We need to pack up. Someone will be here to seize our house. It's humiliating if they were to kick us out."

Crash! Leonard threw his cup to the ground. "You refused to lead a wealthy life and instead ended up being a beggar. Is this what you want, Jennifer?" he demanded.

Jennifer turned at her shoulder coolly. "Dad, will anything change if you accuse me? Have you ever considered my feelings?" With that said, she pulled the door open and stormed out.

"Kev, you have some connections. I finally realize that your sister isn't reliable at all. It would help if you started a business yourself. I have over one million that you can use to start a business,"

Linda told Kevin in a serious tone. She pulled a card out and offered it to Kevin. Kevin took it from her and asked blankly, "What business should I do?" Leonard and Linda were taken aback.

He's right. What business should he do? Linda thought long and hard before she suggested, "Pollerton Pharma is looking for distributors, right? Find out what the requirements are.

If you can't make it, you can open a pharmacy." "Sure. I'll do that tomorrow." Kevin pocketed the card, but he was thinking about where he should gamble that night.

Meanwhile, Jennifer was strolling along the busy street out of boredom. Suddenly, a van rolled to a stop beside her. A few masked men stepped out of the truck and brandished their knives at her. "Get in the car!" they barked.

Jennifer cowered back in fear, but they quickly surrounded her. In the dark, a lady wearing a white traditional outfit glared at them icily. A long sword appeared in her hand as she got ready to defeat the masked men. Soon, a smirk flitted across her lips as she blended back into the darkness.

A tall man clad in a suit stepped out and yelled, "What are you doing? Are you trying to kidnap her?" He rushed out and punched one of the kidnappers' faces without hesitation.

The kidnapper screamed in anguish. "Kill him!" he ordered. There were five kidnappers in total, and they charged at him with their knives aimed at him. The tall man waved his hand.

"Get them!" A dozen bodyguards wearing black suits emerged and seized the kidnappers in the blink of an eye.

"Ma'am, are you all right?" The man turned around and gazed at Jennifer in concern. Finally, Jennifer got to see his face clearly.

She immediately gaped in disbelief. Oh, my. What a hunk! The man's cheekbones appeared chiselled into shape by a master craftsman.

They looked like they were sculpted and paired to perfection. With eyes as bright and spellbinding as lode stars, they bewitched all those who fell under his steady gaze.

Standing at one hundred and eighty-five centimeters tall, he looked like a domineering CEO in his expensive suit. Jennifer's cheeks turned pink when she realized he was gazing at him. "I'm fine. Thank you

Chapter 498 Killing Several Birds With One

Stone Braxton nodded. "I'll go ask them why they tried to kidnap you." Jennifer watched as Braxton questioned the kidnappers briefly. A few minutes later, he came back to her with a grim expression on his face.

"The kidnappers said you're facing a capital chain crisis. The shareholders want to withdraw their investment, but you don't have enough cash for them."

Comprehension dawned on Jennifer. "Oh, I see. It was them who sent the kidnappers." "Can I add you on WhatsApp? You can ask for help anytime.

"My name is Braxton Irving," Braxton told her gently. His voice and smile were as pleasant as the spring breeze. Jennifer didn't spot the smug glint in the depths of his eyes. Before coming here, Braxton had investigated Jennifer thoroughly.

He knew Jennifer was Donald's ex-wife. Donald adored her but had never touched her. In other words, Jennifer was still a virgin. Most importantly, she was gorgeous and charming. It was rare to find someone as elegant as her in Jadeborough.

Besides dealing Donald with a blow, I get to sleep with her and get the thirteen car dealerships belonging to the Campbell clan for myself. Tyrone also owes me a favor this way. I get to kill several birds with one stone! Braxton didn't show any of his true colors despite thinking that way.

Jennifer tucked a strand of hair behind her ear and said, "You don't have to help me. I need to treat you to a meal to thank you for saving me tonight. Otherwise, I don't know what will happen to me." Her porcelain cheek and cute earlobe were exposed, and a seductive scent entered Baxton's nostrils.

Braxton couldn't hide his surprise. He had plenty of experience with women, but Jennifer's nonchalant action still attracted him.

"Can I scan your QR code?" Braxton dug his phone out. Jennifer bobbed her head and showed him her QR code on WhatsApp. "I need to go now. We'll chat through WhatsApp, yeah?"

Braxton asked. Jennifer nodded. "Sure. Bye!" A luxurious Mercedes Pullman was parked beside the road.

Braxton waved goodbye to Jennifer and got into his car. Jennifer's brows knitted together. Why does his name sound so familiar? Realization struck her.

Oh, he's Braxton Irving from Irving Group, also the chairman of Irving Capital! She stared in the direction he left for some time before turning to leave. In the dark, Yuna snorted. "What a fool. It's obviously a setup so he can save the damsel in distress. Isn't that obvious?" Soon, the news reached Donald's ears. Yuna sent him a text: Lord Campbell, your most prominent rival has arrived.

Braxton Irving is too handsome. Even I can't help but find him hot. Your ex-wife is no exception, too.

Donald replied: Whatever. If Braxton could seduce Jennifer easily, she wasn't worthy of being with Donald. Since he was young, his father told him that anything that could be taken away easily was worthless.

Yuna reported: The Irving family's Octo Stella Warrior, Rosie Irving, follows him at all times to protect him. The Novem Stella Warrior from the Collins family, Nathan Collins, has arrived in Pollerton.

He wants to meet you to thank you personally. Donald replied: No. They were busy chatting when he received a call from his grandfather, Raymond. Donald's brows scrunched up.

Why is Grandpa calling me at this hour? He answered the call and greeted, "Grandpa." "Come here.

I need to talk to you," Raymond's raspy but cheerful voice rang out. "Sure," came Donald's reply. Half an hour later, he arrived at Raymond's house. He stepped in and saw Melanie chatting to Raymond.

Melanie got to her feet in an elegant manner when she saw Donald. "You're back?" You're back? Why does she make it sound like this is her home? Despite thinking that way, Donald didn't reveal his true emotions. "Grandpa, you want to see me?"

Chapter 499 Melanie Pays A Visit

"Oh, it's nothing. Melanie's here, so you should welcome her," Raymond said with a grin. A smile nudged Melanie's lips. Raymond took one look at Melanie's fortune and

gaped inwardly. She has the True Dragon aura surrounding her. I can't believe I see that in a woman.

She has a bright future ahead of her. She was already a high-ranking official at a young age. I wonder where she would be five years later.

"Donald, I'll be in Pollerton for three months. You can come to me anytime if you need help," Melanie told him. Donald responded, "It's all right. I can take care of it myself."

"Instead of flying in a rage at his response, Melanie flashed a smile. "There will be times when it isn't suitable for you to take action, right?" "I'm sleepy, so I'm going to bed now."

"Why don't you two chat somewhere else?" Raymond asked. Melanie glanced at Donald. "Let's go for a stroll?" Donald grunted in acknowledgment. They walked under the moonlight slowly. It was early autumn, so the weather was chilly.

Melanie wore a trendy coat that gave off a different vibe from the outfits she usually wore in meetings. Their shadows stretched under the street lights. Melanie lifted her head and looked at Donald's side profile.

"I'm curious about your identity." Donald looked ahead. "Didn't your grandpa tell you about my identity?" Melanie shook her head. "No. He said your identity is top secret." "You're a high-ranking official. You know what 'top secret' means. Do you think I'll reveal my identity to you?"

Donald sneered. Melanie remained calm. "People might think I'm a tough and merciless person, but I'm a woman too. A pretty one, at that. Why are you treating me icily?" Donald replied, "I know you won't get upset. I'm curious why you're pestering me, though." Melanie giggled. "You're better than Atticus. Oh, by the way, Atticus Irving is my fiancé," she revealed. "What a coincidence. Atticus is my cousin," Donald responded.

Melanie added, "I don't like him." "Me, too." Donald inclined his head. Melanie chuckled aloud. "Look, we have a common topic!" Donald was caught by surprise. "Why are you so good at starting a conversation?" Melanie rolled her eyes in exasperation.

"I'm going to hold an economic work conference the day after tomorrow to redeploy the social structure of Pollerton."

"Will you join me?" she asked. Everyone knew Pollerton was an economic and financial center after Donald started the land reclamation project here, creating endless possibilities.

The successful development and mass production of extreme renewable energy and extreme insulation material would change the industry entirely.

The market would gradually eliminate conventional energy sources such as petroleum, coal, and natural gases.

The Ten Prestigious Families and Atlantis from a foreign country would try to stop the change. However, if they failed to stop the change, they would have to start a revolution, too.

Thus, it was just a matter of time before Donald became the wealthiest man on earth. The higher-ups also noticed that Pollerton needed to undergo a structural change and sent Melanie here.

That proved how capable and influential Melanie was. She was the youngest female high-ranking official in history. "I'll be there," Donald told her. "Pollerton is quite lively now.

Many conglomerates moved here, for example, Campbell Capital, Irving Capital under Irving Group, Yund Group's automotive company, Collins Group's phone company, automotive companies, local companies, and Noah's Noah International Group, among others," Melanie explained in detail as a smile flitted across her lips.

A sculptor could not have fashioned her face any better. Spools of her hair plunged around her photogenic face and splayed on her shoulders. She had a sophisticated personality instead of coming off as a loose woman.

One would notice that she looked both authoritarian and arrogant if one were to observe her.

She also boasted a curvy figure. Standing at one hundred and sixty-five centimeters tall, she was blessed with ivory skin and a swan-like neck. There was no accessory adorning her body, and she simply looked elegant.

Chapter 500 You Are Staring At Me

Donald stared at her, awed by her beauty. "You're staring at me." Melanie whipped her head around and glanced at Donald as her eyes crinkled up in delight. Donald responded, "No." "You are!" Melanie inched nearer to him and lifted her head.

A light fragrance entered Donald's nostrils. Oh, she smells great. Donald's brows twitched as he took one step backward. "Fine, fine." What does he mean by "fine?" Melanie pursed her lips in amusement.

Suddenly, Melanie sensed someone was looking at her. She glanced in the direction curiously. A woman was standing not far away, staring at her and Donald. Jennifer Wilson! Donald had spotted Jennifer, too.

His eyesight was good enough for him to see the tears and sadness in her eyes. Dejection clawed up Jennifer's throat. She was standing a distance away and couldn't see the woman clearly.

However, it was obvious that the woman was gorgeous. "Who is she?" Melanie asked gently. Donald was in a foul mood. "She's my ex-wife," he revealed. After pondering briefly, he decided to go to Jennifer.

Jennifer gazed at him as tears welled up in her eyes. "I called you one hundred times and sent one hundred text messages, but you didn't reply to me at all.

I thought I was to blame for hurting you. However, you're dating another woman late at night. It looks like I've overthought things." Donald responded solemnly, "This is the second time I'm meeting her.

We're talking about work." Jennifer bit her lip. "Why can't you talk about work in the morning? Am I not the most important person to you?" Tears trickled down her cheeks as she said sadly, "I've seen you being intimate with Lana, Wynter, Reina, and Hannah.

You are also close to my cousin, Ysabel. H-How are you going to explain that?" Donald was at a loss for words. Jennifer mocked, "Why? Are you at a loss for words because I'm right?"

Suddenly, Donald grew irritated. "What about you? Remember Harrison, Bryan, Nigel, and Tyrone? What am I to you? Besides, you know how your parents feel about me.

You only care about your parents and often neglected my feelings. You've never considered how I feel. If you are willing to stand in my shoes even for once, I won't feel that way," he snapped. His gaze gradually grew fierce and sharp.

With that, silence ensued. Melanie stood aside and didn't interrupt them. Jennifer parted her lips to say, "We—" Before she could finish, Donald cut in, "We should forget about getting back together."

As soon as he said that, his entire being relaxed instantly. He was exhausted after spending the last few years with Jennifer.

It wasn't even that tiring when he had to wipe out eighty-one warzones and battle against various Novem Stella Warriors. Tears streamed down Jennifer's face.

"You said that yourself!" "Yes," came Donald's answer. He was relieved. Jennifer shot him a glare before turning to leave.

Donald stood in his spot for a long time and said nothing. A while later, Melanie came over to join him.

At once, she felt a chill go down her spine. Donald's face was utterly expressionless, as though he was a lifeless statue.

She couldn't help but tremble in fear. She had never seen such terrifying eyes as they lived in a peaceful era. It felt as though Donald was above all humans. Donald broke the silence. "Let's go."

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