

Madness 478

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?"

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

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

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