

## Madness 521

### Chapter 521

Duel Before the man could even react, Donald had fractured his sternum. "You!" The other security quickly realized that something was horribly wrong. Just as he was about to strike, Donald was one step ahead. A beam of bright light appeared from the tip of the black umbrella. When the men returned to their senses, a red line trickled across their throats. The two Quattur Stella Warriors fell dead in the blink of an eye. Who is this man? How is he so powerful?

don't care who you are. If you dare cause trouble in Est Montaigne, then you shall not leave here alive!" "What a coincidence, because I have the same notion," remarked Donald casually. "Everyone in this safe house today shall die." At his words, strong glass walls shot up from all four sides of Tevin, encasing him within. The glass walls

voice came from the other end of the line. "Mr. Sivert, someone is challenging the safe house to a duel. Please come as soon as possible." "Aren't Wayne and William there?" "They're dead. He killed them in one move." "In one move?" Sivert immediately sat

the sound of something breaking sounded from Tevin's end, followed by a high-pitched scream. "What was that? Talk to me!" The call was quickly cut off after that. Sivert stared at the phone in his hand, eyes widening in disbelief. Sivert was familiar with the security system of Est Montaigne. He knew the durability of the glass wall at the reception. The sound of something breaking just now... It couldn't have been the glass wall, could it? If it really was the glass wall, the troublemaker might at least be an Octo Stella Warrior. Sivert no longer dared to waste any more time. Picking up the spear hanging on the wall, he rushed toward the reception with a dark expression. In the meantime, not only had Donald broken the glass protection as though it was nothing, but he had rested the tip

### Chapter 522

Rigorous Training "Argh!" Those who could become the Youngbloods' manager in charge of the safe house had to undergo rigorous training. Yet, Tevin Youngblood felt that no punishment was as agonizing as the pain he was feeling. "I'll tell you... Oscar's in Heavenly Private Room." Tevin could not stand it anymore. The past two seconds felt like years to him. Donald nodded and began walking to Heavenly Private Room with an umbrella. Tevin then grabbed the hem of Donald's pants and pleaded in a lowly manner, "Please give me the antidote..." Donald kicked Tevin away and muttered, "This poison will only be in effect for three minutes, so enjoy it." Three minutes? Tevin could not even stand it for another second. The poison weakened every part of his body and made him unable to even end his own life. Steeling himself, Tevin then opened his mouth to bite his tongue.

As he held the spear in front of him, he uttered, "Who are you? How dare you barge into the Youngblood family's Est Montaigne? Do you have a death wish?" "Scram." Donald continued his way, completely ignoring Sivert. What an arrogant fellow! In his fury, Sivert shot out his spear toward Donald's throat. The

fail, he would twist his spear and swing it downward before swiping it on the ground to force a gap between him and Donald. However, in the next second, Sivert's plan was disrupted. Normal people tend to take a step back at an incoming stab, or they would use their weapon to block the blow. Yet, the

spear was like a toy to Donald, completely harmless. Donald reached out with his left hand and easily grabbed the spear. "Huh?" Sivert froze. "You're too slow." Donald continued walking forward as he bent the spear in his hand until it was out of shape. When Sivert sensed the pressure coming from his hand, he hastily took a step back and twisted the spear in an attempt to make Donald let go of it. Nevertheless, it was pointless. Donald's left

Knowing that he was no match for Donald, Sivert fled. Donald sneered, and he flung the spear toward Sivert, stabbing his thigh.

### **Chapter 523**

Quite Beautiful "No wonder Tyrone was willing to release news about the ten billion worth of personal assets. You're quite beautiful." As he spoke, he walked toward Jennifer. Just as he was about to touch Jennifer's face, she abruptly snapped back to her senses. "Who are you? What are you trying to do? Get away from me!" Jennifer lifted her leg to kick Oscar, but due to the lingering effects of the drug, her hit did not kick Oscar away. Instead, he grabbed her ankle and began chuckling. "I like the way you struggle. The more you struggle, the more excited I am." "You pervert! Let go of me!

where she was; she could not even ask Donald to save her. Am I going to be ruined by this man in front of me? I'm sorry, Donald. I'm so

shuddered before he shouted at his bodyguard, "Gordon, take a look at what's going on outside." Oscar was in the Heavenly Private Room. As long as he did not leave the room, no one would technically come to him, let alone kick his door. Gordon thought of checking the surveillance camera outside the room, but just as he came close to the screen, he realized the signal was lost. "Boss, the camera has been destroyed, so I can't see who's outside." The kicking sounds were getting louder and louder, and Oscar could even feel the house begin to shake. At that, he started to panic. It seemed like his enemy had come, but he did not know which enemy was

they heard a loud thump. In the next moment, they saw a man-made hole in the wall beside the door. Oscar paled and turned speechless. While it was true that the door remained intact, they could not say the same for the wall. "Fire!" At that order, Gordon raised his rifle and began shooting at the figure behind the wall through the hole. It was such a narrow space, so there was no way he would miss the person. Yet,

### **Chapter 524**

Hovering Bullets When Donald saw Jennifer, who was on the couch with a swollen red cheek, his gaze turned cold. After Donald took a step forward, Gordon and Oscar finally noticed the bullets hovering in front of him. As Donald continued walking forward, the bullets turned to face Gordon while still hovering in midair. Gordon panicked and tried to flee, but in the next second, those bullets flew toward their target at a much quicker speed. In the blink of an eye, Gordon was riddled with bullets. Gordon's blood splattered on Oscar's face as Oscar stared at Donald, who looked like a demon that had just crawled out of hell. In his fear, he fell on his buttocks and stammered out, "D-Donald, what are you trying to do? I have the Freedman clan backing me up!

Freedman clan... The Freedman clan will never forgive you for this!" "The Freedman clan?" Donald let out a derisive snort. "How did you think I came here?" Right. How did he come here? This is the

Heavenly Private Room. He couldn't have... slaughtered his entire way here, right? "That's impossible! This is the Youngblood family's safe house. How can a loser like you enter this place?" "I'm already standing in front of you, but you're still denying reality?" Donald questioned as he looked at the pathetic Oscar. "I'll let you die in peace. My name is Donald Campbell, and my territory is

of Quadfield, Lord Campbell? "Y-You're Lord Campbell?" It was at that moment Oscar finally understood how Donald managed to charge all the way inside. Not even ten safe houses were safe from Lord Campbell, let alone Est Montaigne. No wonder Sebastian was adamant about being on Donald's side, even if it meant that he'd be against his family. It's because Donald is Lord Campbell! Surprisingly, Oscar calmed down upon knowing Donald's identity. He knew that he was doomed to death. "Can you... make it quick?" A cruel grin grew on Donald's face as he glanced at the

from Est Montaigne. Yet, they came only to be greeted by the closed doors of Est Montaigne. Wyatt Humboldt of the Humboldt family said to Gibbons, "Don't you know what kind of being the Youngblood family is? How can the Youngbloods' safe house be worth less than Mr. Campbell's ten

## **Chapter 525**

Members Only The sight of the eight prestigious families squabbling over Jennifer like children outside the gates of Est Montaigne would undoubtedly be a ludicrous one to any bystanders. The crowd fought unceasingly, none willing to relent. They then looked to Tyrone, who was seated at the side. "You were the one to offer this reward of ten billion. So tell us, who should enter first?" Tyrone was too concerned for Jennifer's safety to be bothered with anything else. "Who amongst you dares to go head to head against Gibbons?" Tyrone said derisively at the group of fools being frustrated over their order of entry. Tyrone's words shocked them to a realization.

Though they were members of the eight prestigious families, none of them could contend against Gibbons in terms of power or brutality. Gibbons was smoking a cigarette and enjoying the show when the other seven prestigious families fell silent at the mention of his name. What's there to argue about? Like Tyrone said, who dares to walk in front of Gibbons? The entrance to Est Montaigne opened slowly. "It's open! The gates are open!" Gibbons threw the cigarette butt onto the ground, extinguished it with his heel, and stretched before strolling toward the facility. The other prestigious families followed closely behind.

of their expressions changed upon entering the facility. Tevin was lying in bed with a mouthful of blood and wide, unblinking eyes which seemed to contain no more life. Other parts of Est Montaigne were also in a wretched state. It looked as if it had been trampled by a frightening force. "Did somebody attack Est Montaigne?" "Go in and locate Jennifer. Quickly!" Tyrone ordered. The subordinates he brought

of that description had been razed in Pollerton. "Since everybody is here, let's hear it." The patriarch of the Youngblood family in Gerton, Yuvich Youngblood, sat at the head position in the hall and swept a cold gaze at everybody within. "Ever since news regarding Est Montaigne was released, Mr. Youngblood, the valuation

the reputation of their safe houses. As a result, the impact on Youngblood Group could only be imagined with such a blow to their reputation. "I don't want to hear what I already know. Tell me something else," Yuvich barked as he surveyed the crowd. "Like how Est Montaigne was razed, and who is behind it all."

“All of the surveillance cameras in the facility had been destroyed, Mr. Youngblood. There are no survivors

give ten billion to whoever it was that could rescue a woman named Jennifer from Est Montaigne before it was destroyed?” The Youngblood family members present were not stupid. Their eyes lit up at Yuvich’s words. They derived two pieces of information from Tyrone’s declaration. The first was a woman named Jennifer being at Est Montaigne before the incident occurred. The second was Tyrone being the person most likely to attack the occupants of Est Montaigne since he had offered a ten billion reward to whoever it was who could rescue Jennifer. “Send somebody to investigate. The person who attacked Est Montaigne must have connections to Jennifer or Tyrone. Report whatever you find back to me. I’ll have that person wish they were never born.” “Yes, Mr. Youngblood.” “One more thing. I heard Donald Campbell of Pollerton has launched the Dragon Fide Project. Callahan will handle this. Dragon Fide Villa must

he said in a low voice. “Have you not found out who killed Oscar in Est Montaigne?” Oscar was the most highly regarded member of his generation within the Freedman clan. If everything went according to plan, he would take over from the elders in another three years to become the new patriarch of the Freedman family. Oscar’s purpose in Pollerton was originally to relax and gain experience. Unexpectedly, that

## **Chapter 526**

Three Tickets Ever the incorrigible pervert, Fane would not have been drawn to a vampish woman like Keira otherwise. Predictably, he was not able to take his eyes off Jennifer from the second he laid eyes on her. Such was the appeal of Jennifer’s exquisite features and fair complexion that not even the loose-fitting clothing she had on was able to detract from her luscious curves. “Hello, Ms. Wilson. I’m Fane Grayson.” Fane extended a hand toward Jennifer. Though he appeared to have done so out of politeness, what he really wanted was to get a feel of Jennifer’s hand. Unexpectedly, Jennifer merely smiled and showed no inclination to share a handshake with him.

something to drink?” When Frank brought them the menu while Fane was speaking, none of them expected that the latter would instruct Frank directly without even reviewing the items that were available. “A set of your signature course meals for each of us, and then pop a bottle of ’75 Latife

property.” “Real estate, huh? I’ve several subsidiaries in my group that also dabble in that. What project are you currently working on? Perhaps we might find ourselves collaborating somewhere down the road. As our company has just started out, so we haven’t really done any projects of note to date.” What Donald said gave Fane a good idea of where they each stood. As Pollerton is not a big place, I’ve already acquainted myself with all the biggest players in the real estate business here. This chap, Donald Campbell? Never even heard of him before. That was why Fane

million annually.” Though it may seem that Fane was merely lamenting the state of affairs, it was essentially a cover for a bit of humble bragging on his part. Donald merely chuckled and did

## **Chapter 527 Fireworks**

“What’s so great about watching a concert from a distance? It feels so emotionally disengaging,” said Donald blandly at the side.

you have any idea how in demand these are in the open market? Emotional engagement? You're seriously overthinking this." Not only had Wynter celebrated Jennifer's birthday with her herself, but Jennifer had also met the singer several times prior and in person. Would Fane still think as much of those three tickets he

he had completely wrecked Donald's plans. While they walked along hand in hand, Donald felt an indescribable sense of contentment just by seeing the happiness Jennifer showed on her face while she munched away at the grilled skewers she was holding. Living simply with just the basic essentials, without the need to contend with any form of contentiousness and scheming. Was

be married again, Jennifer." "Huh?" Jennifer went red in the face as she had not expected Donald to suddenly drop such a suggestion. The truth was, Jennifer regretted that they had divorced before. It was only after they parted ways that she realized exactly how much she loved Donald. Now that Donald had actually made his intentions explicit, it conversely filled her with a feeling of uncertainty. Is Donald being serious this time? Are we likely to split again

### **Chapter 528 The Stand**

The thought of what may follow got Jennifer's cheeks in a hot flush. Should I give in if Donald were to make a move on me? While still mired in indecision, Jennifer produced the keys to unlock the door.

"Huh? Why are the lights on?" The two of them entered the house only to discover Leonard and Linda inside the living room. Kevin, Jennifer's younger brother, was there as well. "Dad, Mom. How did you get in here?" Jennifer was stunned. Though she had not changed the locks to their marital home since Donald moved out, she was the only one who held the keys. Linda's expression instantly stiffened when she saw Donald standing behind Jennifer. "How did we get in? I have the spare set of keys to this house!" said Linda as she stood up from the couch.

allow Donald to stay for the

with you," replied Jennifer in a sullen voice. That got Linda incensed. "I am your mother, so you tell me whether that ought to be any concern of mine! Shouldn't it be obvious to you by now what sort of man Donald Campbell is? If it isn't enough that he's always stirring up trouble everywhere he goes, he's also constantly messing around with other women out there. Lord knows how many of them he's gotten himself mixed up with, and most importantly, he even tried to..." "Mom, that's enough!" Jennifer snapped with displeasure written all over her face. "I've already told

responded made Leonard wary of following through. She's my daughter, after all, and how would hitting her ever help to resolve anything? More crucially, how would she be able to present herself to Mr. Irving if I were to end up making her face swollen? Linda retrieved a ticket to the Supreme Gala from her own purse, which she then tossed onto the table. She addressed Jennifer sternly, "This came from Mr. Irving. He hopes that

### **Chapter 529 Two Conditions**

"Go ahead. If you jumped, it'd come to me as a relief. That way, Donald and I may be able to go on and live our lives in peace." Jennifer regarded the three of them frostily and showed no inclination whatsoever to dissuade them, leaving them at a loss for how to react to Jennifer's unexpected hardheartedness that time around.

“Are we still going to jump, Mom?” Kevin asked, stupefied.

“Do it yourself if you want to! I haven’t gotten tired of living yet!”

Linda had only threatened to jump to her death to make Jennifer relent. Since Jennifer was unmoved, there was no reason for her to really end her own life like that either.

“Fine, Jennifer. You can remarry Donald, but only on two conditions.”

“Are you actually going to allow them to be remarried, Mom? Have you lost your mind?”

quantifying how much Kevin fretted inside as Jennifer was, in his esteem, his golden ticket to the high life. If Jennifer were to marry someone as worthless as Donald, then

Donald, she still hoped to be able to receive her family’s blessing. On her part, she had no desire to sever all her familial ties even after she returned to Donald’s

Mom, What are these

impassively, “The first. Donald is

might

intimacy through their body language left

decide whether you want to rekindle your marriage

you that I don’t want to attend the Supreme Gala and am even less interested in Braxton.” Linda reacted with a frosty smirk.

you are unable to fulfill the second condition? If you can’t do it then go ahead and reregister your marriage tomorrow,

threat against Jennifer. Jennifer might be inclined to stand firmly on Donald’s side had Linda proposed anything more unreasonable, but in careful consideration, she did not find Linda’s demands that much to ask.

Chapter 530 Good Grief

Linda shot a look at Kevin.

“What? Is it that hard for you to help maintain your sister’s chastity? Do you want to stay here to keep watch or go home and sleep? Figure it out for yourself!”

“I’ll stay.” Linda only headed downstairs with Leonard after seeing no further protestations from Kevin. Inside the elevator, the flummoxed Leonard asked, “Darling, don’t you think that the two conditions you proposed just now were a little too simple? What if Jennifer is still determined to marry Donald after tomorrow’s Supreme Gala?”

“Relax. That won’t happen,” replied Linda with a smirk.

“I’m not going to allow Donald any chances because I will only have my daughter marry someone of Braxton’s caliber!”

Early the next morning, there was a knock on the door. When Jennifer answered it, the pallid and shivering Kevin clutched his own arms and made his way inside.

to take a hot shower first, Jennifer, so you should tidy up quickly. Mr. Irving will be here to pick you up in the state he was in led Jennifer to conclude that her younger brother must have kept vigil outside her doors the entire night. She was somewhat displeased but driven by the thought of needing only to endure one more day before she could be remarried to Donald. She bottled up her

left Kevin stumped. "Do

That set, however, was considerably conservative in its design. It comprehensively covered Jennifer and exposed no other part of her body aside from her face. Wouldn't Jennifer be embarrassing herself by showing up to such a formal banquet dressed like that?

this way for comfort. Is there a

be pulling little stunts like this. Shouldn't you at least try to put

the grim-faced Jennifer said.

looker, she had never been a flashy dresser and certainly owned no clothes that were sensuous in any way. While Kevin was mulling over how to talk Jennifer around, Linda and Leonard showed up outside the door alongside Braxton.

be able to attend the Supreme Gala tonight and has been really looking forward to it since yesterday."

Linda's voice faded, she lifted her head to see

smile freeze in place. Good

that you're wearing, Jennifer?