

Chapter 592 Josiah

Yulia paused briefly before replying, “Ms. Wilson, this time, we don't intend to simply sponsor the programs monetarily because this method is very cost-ineffective. We plan to arrange novice entertainers cultivated by our company to participate in the variety shows.”

“Novice entertainers cultivated by us?”

Yulia proceeded to elaborate on the proposal in detail. Jennifer listened for some time before she wrapped her mind around the idea.

Yulia intended to establish an entertainment company and cultivate a team of brand ambassadors who genuinely belonged to Dragon Fide Corporation through scouting new talents.

Jennifer had to admit Yulia's plan was very innovative. Having novice actors or actresses flourish alongside Dragon Fide Corporation could not only ensure their loyalty toward the company, but the two parties could also complement one another in accomplishing achievements and progression.

However, the only issue was how Dragon Fide Corporation should cultivate its own talents in the entertainment field.

Yulia looked at Jennifer and said, “As this matter concerns the significant issue of the entire corporation's brand image, we decided to implement this cultivation program in phases. The first phase will consist of ten people in one group, and we'll assess their performances and influence on their fans. What do you think, Ms. Wilson?”

“I think your idea is wonderful. We'll execute according to your plan for now.”

“Okay, Ms. Wilson. We'll get a move on this task right away.”

Jennifer was about to discuss the details further with Yulia when her assistant, Jane, entered.

“Ms. Wilson, someone name Josiah Xanthos is looking for you. He said he has some matters to talk to you about.”

“Josiah Xanthos?” Jennifer was momentarily dazed. “I don't know him.”

Instead, Donald, sitting at one side, asked, “Is he Josiah from Xanthos Group?”

“Yes.”

“In that case, I shall meet with him.”

Jennifer gazed at Donald in bafflement. “Are you acquainted with him?”

Donald whispered beside her ear, “Josiah is the owner of the hotel we stayed in last night. Perhaps he has some things to ask us.”

Jennifer's face turned crimson instantaneously when she heard him mention the word “hotel.”

She felt touched when she woke up and realized Donald didn't do anything to her. At the same time, she also fathomed he genuinely respected her as a woman instead of treating her as a tool to vent his sexual desires.

Still, despite the sentiment, she was embarrassed to be reminded of her impulsive action of staying overnight in a hotel room when she had a home to return to in the first place.

After telling Jane to stay inside the room to await further instructions from Jennifer, Donald headed straight to the reception room.

Once he entered the reception room, Donald saw Josiah sitting on the couch while wearing a grimace and the bodyguard standing behind him.

The bodyguard appeared calm, but it was apparent at first glance that he was trained in combat.

Sensing Donald's arrival, Josiah immediately asked, “Are you Donald Campbell?”

Donald nodded. “Do you know me?”

“I saw the surveillance camera's footage inside the hotel, so I know everyone who stayed there last night.”

Donald locked the door behind him, prompting the bodyguard to become more vigilant.

“Isn't it the hotel's basic obligation to protect the customer's privacy? Why do I feel that everyone's allowed to view the surveillance camera's footage now?”

“I don't have the time to prattle with you.” Josiah lifted his head and stared into Donald's eyes as he asked, “Were you the one who hurt my son?”

As Donald mentioned the day before, he didn't kill Warren. Instead, he merely gravely injured the latter, causing the latter to end up in a vegetative state.

Firstly, Donald shattered all the bones in Warren's body, turning him into a real good-for-nothing. Then, Donald severely damaged Warren's cranial nerves, rendering him comatose without apparent brain activity.

Aside from Warren, the other three people present were eliminated by Donald, leaving no one alive to describe the truth.

Taking in Josiah's straightforward demeanor, Donald poured himself a glass of water and sipped on the fluid while saying, “Why are you so sure it's me?”