

Chapter 593 Is It A Coincidence

“I don't know what tricks you've done to destroy the hotel's surveillance cameras, but you clearly could not destroy all of them. I checked all the rooms yesterday and found out that only the presidential suite's secret cameras were removed. Who could be behind this if not you?”

Donald had destroyed all the cameras in the hotel so that he could make things easier for the police.

If he really did not want Josiah to find out about him, he could have done things even more thoroughly.

However, not only did Donald not panic upon hearing Josiah's words, but he even drawled, “So that means you knew what your son had been up to.”

Josiah stared at Donald and said, “So, are you admitting to beating up my son?”

“That's right. It was me.”

Whoosh!

A dagger brushed past Donald's ear and stabbed into the wall of the conference room.

Josiah took a deep breath and said to the bodyguard behind him, “Break his tendons. I want to take him to the hospital to have him apologize to my son.”

Josiah was not a patient man.

He had brought his family to glory alone and had been in the corporate world for many years. The one thing he knew was that a man had to be ruthless.

Since Donald had been bold enough to lay a finger on his son, he was going to make Donald pay.

His bodyguard, Hoyt Koenen, slowly walked over to Donald with a dagger in his hand.

Donald guessed that Hoyt should not be skilled in close-quarters combat but was skilled in dagger-throwing.

“You knew what your son was doing, but you still let him do as he pleased. In other words, you're a sc*mbag too.”

Josiah burst into laughter when he heard Donald's words.

What is this brat talking about? Me, a sc*mbag? What's the matter? Is he trying to judge me while standing on the moral high ground?

“When you're stuck in a living hell later, you'll be begging me, the sc*mbag, to give you a swift death.”

With that, Josiah leaned back on the couch. He never thought he would be able to find the culprit behind Warren's injuries so swiftly.

In the next second, two whooshing sounds filled the air. Josiah even prepared himself to enjoy the look of pain on Donald's face.

Yet, the scene he expected never played out.

Something had blocked off the two daggers midair.

When Hoyt lowered his head to look at the daggers, which had fallen onto the carpet, his eyes grew wide.

The dagger had broken into four pieces.

“Boss, something's strange about this man.”

Looking at the unfazed look on Donald's face, Hoyt was not going to doubt the quality of his daggers first.

Donald had to have countered his attack; that was the only plausible explanation. Yet, Hoyt did not even catch a glimpse of how Donald countered it.

As Donald looked at Hoyt, he said, “This mustn't be your first time doing something like this. Therefore, it wouldn't be wrong for me to kill you.”

At that moment, Hoyt felt as if he had stepped into the grim reaper's house. His heart almost stopped.

The overwhelming pressure urged Hoyt to throw out all of his daggers before spinning around to flee the room.

Alas, Hoyt underestimated Donald.

In the next instance, Donald jerked his glass downward and used his left hand to smack the water droplets that had spilled from the glass.

The droplets were quicker than bullets, and they instantly broke all the daggers flying toward him. At the same time, one of the droplets pierced Hoyt's temple.

Thump!

Hoyt fell at the same time as his daggers did. It was only then Josiah noticed something amiss about the situation and leaped to his feet.

“Who are you?”

Josiah knew well about Hoyt's prowess, but Donald had managed to kill Hoyt in the blink of an eye. It was clear that Donald was far more capable than Hoyt.

Could it really be a coincidence that someone as powerful as him had come after my son?