

Chapter 610 Call A Friend

Instantly, Willard's arm broke with a loud crack.

He clutched his arm and howled in pain. Grant, who stood at the side, was shocked at the turn of events. He did not expect the gentle-looking Donald to be so good at fighting.

“Mr. Campbell, please just let this slide. We have surveillance cameras here, and it won't be beneficial to you if you beat him too harshly,” he interjected.

Willard glared at Donald and hissed, “How dare you hit me! I'm going to kill you today!”

“Really? I do want to see how you're going to do that,” said Donald scornfully.

“If you have the guts, wait while I make a call!”

“Sure. I'll wait for you to call someone over.”

Donald then turned around and told Jennifer, “Go home first. I'm going to teach him a lesson.”

Knitting her brows, Jennifer said, “Darling, it's not worth it to waste your energy on him. Just leave him alone.”

“I can't. I put up with him for too long. Don't worry. I'll return to the company right after I deal with him.”

“All right. Take care, then.”

Jennifer knew of Donald's capabilities, so she had nothing to worry about when it came to dealing with someone like Willard.

After Jennifer left, Donald plopped down on the couch and crossed his legs as he watched Willard make the call.

Upon noticing Donald's demeanor, Grant felt his heart sink.

His greatest worry had come true—Willard was messing with someone more powerful than himself.

While Grant had already figured out what was going on, Willard was totally oblivious.

The latter was too engrossed in his hatred against Donald that he did not bother to consider why the latter was so emboldened.

At that moment, a man's lazy voice answered his call, “Hello?”

“Mr. Zielinski? This is Willard. Do you remember me?”

“Willard? What Willard? You playing billiards or something?”

Willard couldn't help but feel embarrassed when the man showed no recollection of him at all.

He covered his phone with one hand and lowered his voice, saying, “Mr. Zielinski, didn't I just treat you to a meal yesterday? I'm Willard Lambert, the businessman who came to Pollerton to invest in real estate.”

It was only then that Yosef Zielinski remembered him. “Oh, it's you.”

Willard did reserve a table at a restaurant the night before and used his connections to get Yosef to attend.

As a businessman from Baridoki, Willard had the tendency to do things according to the common practices there. He believed he could earn a fortune as long as he spent enough money and built proper connections.

However, he was unaware that the land he had his eyes on belonged to the Irving family, one of the Ten Prestigious Families.

Although people considered Yosef one of the bigwigs in Pollerton, he was nothing compared to the Irving family.

Thus, Yosef already had a plan in mind.

He would take Willard's money, but he might not actually help the latter.

When Willard heard Yosef's reply, he grinned and said, “Mr. Zielinski, here's what happened. I'm currently in Belle Residences to purchase some properties, and I ran into an unreasonable guy who hit me for no reason. I'm totally defenseless and no match for him! He even kicked my arm and broke it. My friend, I feel so upset. I can't just let this matter go.”

Yuck. When did I become his friend?

Yosef scoffed silently at Willard's words. Nevertheless, he loosened up when he found out the latter's issue was just about a fight.

Although he couldn't help Willard to steal business from the Irving family, it was a piece of cake for him to stop a fight.

With that in mind, he asked, “Who's the guy? How many people does he have with him?”

Willard gave it a thought and answered, “He's just a good-for-nothing. He's alone.”

Good-for-nothing? Then he's probably just a nobody.

Warming up his body, Yosef said, “All right. Wait for me at Belle Residences. I'll head there with my men.”

“Okay, Mr. Zielinski. I'll wait for you here.”

After hanging up, Willard looked at Donald smugly and boasted, “You're dead meat. Don't you try to go anywhere!”