

Chapter 611 Get Someone More Powerful

Donald simply flashed him a smile without saying anything in response. Grant took a deep breath and said to Willard, “Mr. Lambert, this is the sales gallery of our company. It will be hard for me to explain to my higher-ups if you two get into a fight here. Would you mind letting this go for my sake?”

“Let this go? This punk broke my arm with a kick! How can I possibly let it go? You'd better stay out of this, Grant, or I'll have you share his fate later!” Willard yelled with a vicious look on his face.

He had gotten a lot more arrogant with Yosef backing him up.

Tanya walked up to Willard and said in a gentle voice, “Please don't take Mr. Dixon's words to heart, Mr. Lambert. Here, let me have a look at your injury.”

Hearing that inflated Willard's ego instantly.

He sat down on the couch like Donald and patted himself on the thigh while motioning for Tanya to sit on it.

“I don't think it's appropriate for me to do that while I'm at work, Mr. Lambert.”

“I'll take care of you. You don't need to work anymore. Now, get on my lap!”

That was exactly what Tanya had been waiting to hear.

With a coquettish smile on her face, she made her way over in her figure-hugging pencil skirt, sat on Willard's lap, and wrapped both arms around his neck.

In doing so, Tanya was blatantly disrespecting Grant by disregarding his orders.

Donald glanced at his watch and asked Willard calmly, “Why are your men taking so long to get here? My time is extremely valuable. I can't afford to be wasting too much of it on someone like you.”

Willard thought Donald was chickening out when he heard that.

He burst out laughing and asked, “What's the matter? Are you scared? Get on your knees and beg for forgiveness, then! If your performance pleases me, I might just spare your life and leave you crippled instead!”

Donald stared at Willard as though he had just heard the silliest thing ever. “I'm afraid you have the wrong idea. If your men don't get here sooner, I might have to start entertaining myself by breaking one of your fingers every ten minutes.”

That sounded so terrifying that even Willard shuddered and got goosebumps all over.

Their conversation was interrupted when Yosef called out lazily from the door, “You've got a lot of guts threatening to break Mr. Lambert's fingers, punk! Looks like I'll have to teach you a lesson!”

Willard gave Tanya a hard smack on her bottom when he heard Yosef's voice, causing her to squeal in pain and surprise.

He stood up and clutched at his broken arm while greeting Yosef with a warm smile, “I'm glad you're finally here, Mr. Zielinski! You heard what this punk said, right? He was blatantly disrespecting you and the United Hearts Society as a whole!”

There were plenty of underground organizations in Pollerton. The one Yosef was a part of was the United Hearts Society, which had developed well over the years and possessed a great level of influence over the eastern part of the city.

Most of the owners of small and medium enterprises would have to seek the United Hearts Society's approval before they could start anything in the city.

Willard clearly wanted Donald dead by getting such a powerful organization involved.

Yosef knew full well what Willard was trying to do, but he chose to ignore it.

As long as Willard is paying me a reasonable amount of money, I don't mind making some random punk disappear! After all, I'm the one who calls the shots around here!

With that in mind, Yosef pulled out a cigarette and held it in his mouth. “Hey, punk! Which gang are you from?” he asked while eyeing Donald from head to toe.

This guy isn't wearing anything fancy, but he does look rather handsome. That must be the reason he's able to come to a fancy place like Belle Residences!

Donald waved his hand dismissively at Yosef and said, “You're his backup? I'm sorry, but you can't handle me. Go get someone more powerful.”