

Chapter 615 Clean Up

How is Donald's act of slaughtering someone as if they were livestock legal? Just how far does Donald's connection stretch that the police help him?

Willard felt helpless.

“Oh? Are you sure?” Donald asked.

“We're sure. There's nothing wrong with what you've done, Mr. Campbell.”

Once Clifford finished, Donald swung the cleaver in his hand downward and chopped off three of Willard's fingers in front of everyone.

Clifford's lips twitched, but there was not any hint of a smile on his face.

Willard wailed in pain and pointed at Donald. “You've all seen it! He cut off my fingers. My fingers!”

Clifford glanced at Willard and then said, “Your fingers were cut off in the middle of a fight by the United Hearts Society. What does this have to do with Mr. Campbell? I suggest you behave yourself, or you may be dead in the battle.”

Willard finally understood the situation when he heard Clifford's response.

No one here would bat an eyelid even if Donald beat him to death.

“Don't worry. I'm a man of my word. If I say I'll only take three of your fingers, that's all I'll take, so keep this in mind.” Donald threw the cleaver aside, then gestured for Tanya to go over to him. “Come here.”

Having witnessed Donald's ruthlessness, Tanya looked at him as if she was looking at a devil. She dared not act haughtily as before.

Tanya moved slowly to Donald, and before he did anything, she knelt before him.

“Please let me go. I will do anything for you.” Tanya looked at Donald seductively. The meaning behind her words was clear.

However, Donald was not moved. He lifted his hand and slapped Tanya across the face.

Before she could come back to her senses, he slapped her other cheek with the back of the same hand.

These two slaps knocked Tanya out, and blood flowed out from her nostrils. She looked extremely miserable.

“All right, I'm done. You guys can clean up the rest.” After Donald said that, everyone let out a breath of relief.

Once he left the rest to Clifford, Donald walked out of the sales gallery, took out his phone, and checked his inbox.

Donald first informed Jennifer that the matter had been settled. Only then did he notice a text from Yulia.

Yulia said the show was very successful and had over twenty-five percent audience rating. It was the highest record yet in Pollerton TV Station.

The subsequent message was from Weston stating that something happened on the set that required Donald to handle it immediately.

Donald flagged down a taxi to go to Pollerton TV Station. Upon arrival, he felt that the atmosphere there was amiss.

The production crew was crowded outside and engaged in a discussion as if something terrible had happened inside, and no one dared to enter.

When Donald got closer, he finally spotted Evelyn kneeling in the middle of the stage and a woman sitting on the VIP seat, watching Evelyn with a gaze full of disdain.

“You're just a newbie, and your job is to accentuate a superstar like me. Did you think your company sent you here so you can become famous? Stop daydreaming. I also climbed up from the bottom, so I know what should be done at what stage of the career. Since you haven't gained fame, stay as a wallflower. How dare you snatch my screentime?” That woman sounded angrier the more she talked. She grabbed the microphone stand on the table and hit Evelyn with it.

Evelyn dared not dodge, so she could only take it on.