

## Chapter 636 Winslow Moore

“Chester, have you lost your f\*cking mind? You talk about killing him despite my having told you that he is the vice president of Dragon Fide Corporation. What gives you the right?”

Chester, who had been beaten up within an inch of his life, sneered at Huey, “Would I have been so impulsive if you hadn't told me there wasn't such a person in the company? He not only beat me up but also broke both of my hands. You know my hands are my livelihood, and now he has messed it up. So, do you still think it's heinous to want him dead?”

Seeing that he was being serious, Huey shot to his feet and exclaimed, “You've gone crazy. You've really gone crazy! Fine, then I don't care how you get even with Donald, and I won't interfere in any case.”

Are you sure, Huey?” Chester said mildly. “We are minnows in Dragon Fide Corporation and don't stand a chance against Donald, the vice president, but Mr. Moore should do the trick, no? We have done so much for him throughout the years. It's time for him to return the favor now.”

“Are you threatening me?”

Dragon Fide Corporation was a large conglomerate consisting of dozens of subsidiaries. Thus, chaos wouldn't begin to describe the top management in the company.

The subsidiaries would have fallen apart if the chief executives hadn't had unconditional trust in Donald.

The aforementioned Mr. Moore was Winslow Moore, the director of an interior designing and construction company under Dragon Fide Corporation.

Outwardly, he appeared competent, but only Chester and a few others who knew the inner workings were aware that seventy percent of the money pocketed from the projects was funneled into Winslow's pocket.

“I'm insignificant and would never dare threaten you and Mr. Moore, but I can't shrug off Donald's humiliation.”

Huey studied Chester with narrowed eyes for a moment.

“This matter isn't up to me. I'll have to confer with Mr. Moore.”

“Fine by me. I'm not in a hurry. You have one more day anyway.”

Donald had provoked Chester this time, and Chester was willing to go to any lengths for revenge, including threatening Winslow.

Huey waited until Chester had taken everyone to the hospital for treatment before giving Winslow a detailed report.

Winslow responded over the phone, “Humans aren't spineless. It's natural to want vengeance after being beaten.”

“But, Mr. Moore, it's Donald we're talking about.”

“What about it? He's still mortal and can bleed and die like the rest of us, right?” Winslow's sinister words rang clear, causing goosebumps to pebble over Huey's skin.

“What are you saying, Mr. Moore?”

“If Chester's willing to give his life to exact revenge, let's give him what he wants. After all, we can't really stop someone with a death wish, can we?”

Huey instantly understood his words. “I got it, Mr. Moore. I'll handle this immediately.”

Donald disregarded Chester's proclamation to take revenge on him. Instead, he headed straight to the TV station after getting off work.

After all, he was still responsible for training the newcomers, and ignoring Evelyn and the others at the TV station wasn't an option.

Weston was putting together a program for the day after tomorrow when Donald arrived at the studio.

Evelyn and Zoey were the main newcomers being trained by Dragon Fide Corporation, and they would be assigned to the VIPs attending the ceremony to piggyback on their popularity.

“Are you filming, Mr. Tanner?”