

Chapter 638 Where Is My Brother

“He never went back?”

Mila stared intently at Weston for a long time before finally determining that he was not lying to deceive her.

“Very well. Let me change the question. Why did my brother come here?”

Weston opened his mouth, but no words came out. However, he instinctively glanced at Donald.

Seeing that, Mila immediately turned to Donald and asked with a seductive gaze, “I don't suppose you also passed out when my brother came yesterday, did you?”

Since he had complete faith in Billy's ability to tie up loose ends, the latter was confident that, as long as he claimed that he had also fainted, Mila would not be able to locate any evidence, even if she had any suspicions.

However, for some reason, when Donald met Mila's gaze, he had the impression that she was not there to exact revenge on him.

That was because there was not even a tinge of grief or anxiety in her eyes.

At that thought, he deliberately looked down at her cleavage and said lewdly, “Of course I didn't faint, but if you want to know what happened, why don't we talk about it somewhere private?”

Weston, who was observing from the side, thought Donald was insane.

This woman from the Zurlo family obviously came here to confront you, yet you still want to talk to her somewhere private? Aren't you courting death?

“I'm impressed by your boldness.”

With that, Mila beckoned Donald to follow her with a smile.

When they left the studio and arrived at the entrance of the TV station, the woman wearing a black, form-fitting dress with a side slit got into the car. She then told the driver to get out and wait for her outside.

Once Donald entered, Mila closed the car door, knocked on the glass, and said, “This car window is bulletproof and completely soundproof. Now tell me. Where is my younger brother?”

The man did not answer her question immediately but stared at her with a smirk.

“Is Zack truly your brother? How's your relationship with him? Good?”

Mila arched an eyebrow. “Does this have anything to do with the question I just asked?” she queried.

“Of course it does,” Donald answered while sitting with a commanding posture. “I'll have to consider an escape plan if you get along well with him. Should I hold you hostage and leave, or should I kill you first, then kill the bodyguards outside? But if it's the reverse, I believe we can share a dinner later before going to a hotel to explore the meaning of life.”

“Are you saying that Zack is dead?” Mila excitedly questioned after hearing his words.

Even though he clicked his tongue and said nothing, his expression had already given away the answer.

“That's impossible.” She continued with a frown, “Zack is accompanied by two Septet Stella Warriors. How could you possibly be a threat to him? Tell me the truth. Where exactly is he?”

Donald answered while picking his ear, “I'm only responsible for killing him, not for tying up loose ends. If you want to find your brother's body and bring it back, don't bother. You probably won't find it.”

“How can I believe that what you say is true?”

“It's up to you whether you believe it or not.”

Mila fell silent at his words.

I'm just an ordinary woman from the Zurlo family. I have no special skills, nor do I have any experts protecting me like Zack, so I have no means of evaluating Donald's formidability.

However, she could tell by the look in Donald's eyes that he had probably not lied to her.

Does this mean that Zack is truly dead? How strong must the man before me be if he did kill Zack as he claims to have done?

It only took Mila one minute to make up her mind.