

Chapter 646 Killed In Seconds

Otis' smile wasn't that bright anymore. This brat has some pretty good luck.

Kevin panicked. “This brat is like an unkillable roach, Otis! We can't let him live. If we don't kill him tonight, he'll definitely give us trouble in the future!”

Raven, who was sitting at the side and holding a wine glass, spoke casually when he saw Kevin acting anxiously. “What are you worried about, Kevin? Otis said Donald gets to live if the gun fired a blank, but he didn't say he'll let him walk away just like that.”

Upon hearing that, Donald turned to Otis. “So you're going against your word?”

“No, not at all.” Otis beamed at Donald. “You get to keep your life, but you have to leave all your limbs behind.”

The moment he finished speaking, he gestured for Percival Valentine, who was waiting at the side, to attack.

Percival unsheathed his sword and stared expressionlessly at Donald. “Remember my face. If you live, take revenge on me if you have the chance in the future.”

Clearly, it wasn't the first time he said something like that. Maybe he thought saying that before he cut someone down made him look cool.

Unbeknownst to him, Donald thought it was immature and lame.

Percival swung his sword in Donald's direction, but no blood was spilled because the latter used two fingers to hold the blade in place.

Silence filled the air.

Raven and Otis couldn't understand what they were looking at. Meanwhile, Percival was so terrified that all the hair on his body stood up, and he thought his heart was about to stop beating. This man's definitely an expert!

When Percival attempted to pull his sword away and flee, he realized in horror that he couldn't remove the blade from Donald's clamp-like fingers.

“What's the matter? You're going to run away after trying to cut me down?” Donald taunted.

The look in Donald's eyes spooked Percival so much that the latter abandoned his weapon and turned around to escape.

Donald snapped the blade's tip the moment Percival twirled around and shot it through the latter's chest at an extreme speed from behind.

Thump!

Even though Percival was a Septet Stella Warrior, he didn't even have the courage to face Donald and was killed in seconds.

“So this is the expert you hired?” Disdain was visible on Donald's countenance. “He's not that great.”

At that moment, Raven and Otis were dumbstruck. Donald isn't a War God, so how the heck did he kill Percival that easily?

Moments later, Otis removed his legs from the table, put away his arrogant facade, and spoke to Donald with a serious expression. “It seems like there's some misunderstanding between us, Mr. Campbell.”

He just said he wanted to chop my limbs off, yet now he's saying there's some misunderstanding between us. What a joke. Sneering, Donald removed two bullets from the revolver and spun it again before handing the weapon to Otis. “Now, there are three bullets in the gun. Since you love to play games, let's keep playing.”

Then he pointed at Raven and Kevin. “Pick up the gun. Each of you will get a shot. If it's a blank, you get to keep your life. If not, then it's game over for you.”

He was a lot more merciful compared to Otis.

Statistically speaking, there was a fifty percent chance that the first shot would be a blank. That percentage would only go down as more shots were fired.

However, not everyone had the courage to shoot at themselves like Donald, especially when they weren't sure if the first shot had a bullet.

Otis' heart raced as he held the revolver.

He still wanted to negotiate with Donald. “There's no need for you to take such drastic measures, Mr. Campbell. We're all peers, aren't we? It's fine if you kill me, but my backer is—”