

Chapter 652 Fifty Million

“W-Who exactly are you?”

Yoel knew the capabilities of his bodyguards all too well.

While they weren't at the level of War God, they were all elites who were handpicked from the military.

Yet, they couldn't even hold out for half a minute when they faced off Donald.

Staring at him, Donald replied icily, “Is that important? Your parents failed to educate you well, so I can only do it for them. You're a wealthy heir, yes? Since you've got so much money, how about I relieve you of some?”

He took out a dagger and held it at Yoel's thigh before continuing placidly, “Have your parents transfer fifty million to my account immediately. Otherwise, have them come and collect your body half an hour later.”

Fifty million?

With a grim expression on his face, Yoel growled, “This joke isn't funny, buddy.”

Right as his words fell, Donald swiped the dagger across his thigh.

In an instant, blood spurted out of the gash on his thigh.

He cried out in pain and clutched at the wound, his expression changing drastically.

Oh my God, he's actually serious?

“Do I look like I'm joking to you?”

Whipping out his phone, Donald set a timer for thirty minutes.

“If I don't receive fifty million in half an hour, I'll cut you up first before bleeding you out until you slowly die of blood loss.”

Judging from his tone, he's definitely not joking!

His hand trembling, Yoel took the piece of paper, on which was written the account information, from the man. Enduring the pain, he gave his father, Jamie Webber, a call.

Right then, Jamie was discussing business with a man in the presidential suite of the Grandscape Hotel in Pollerton.

The table in front of them was filled with thick stacks of money. Anyone with a discerning eye would be able to tell that there was at least twenty million in cash.

“I'm one of the top tycoons in the entertainment industry, Mr. Saunders. There are a total of over three thousand karaoke lounges and five thousand hotels in the whole of Pollerton, and they all have business dealings with me. As long as you're willing to sell me this batch of goods, I promise you we'll all be able to make a fortune.”

Lazarus Saunders, who held a cigar in his hand, glanced at the money on the table before replying mildly, “Mr. Webber, we have a lot of goods in hand this time. This paltry sum of money on the table isn't quite sufficient, is it?”

There's twenty million here, yet it's insufficient?

Jamie narrowed his eyes a fraction, his brain whirring at warp speed.

At that time, the development of Webber Group encountered a bottleneck.

After all, Pollerton wasn't all that big, and its consumer market was limited. As such, there was no way for Webber Group to expand further.

That aside, he caught wind that Dragon Fide Corporation had also involved itself in the entertainment industry. Therefore, he felt that he couldn't sit around without doing anything. Instead, he needed to take a shortcut to help the company gain new profits.

As a result, he focused his attention on Rapture.

It was said that Rapture could affect someone's nervous system, plunging one into hallucinations to attain psychological and mental pleasure for a short period of time.

Most importantly, it contained no prohibited ingredients.

In other words, Yorksland had no legislation against substances such as Rapture at the moment.

Thus, after learning through the grapevine that Lazarus, who had some Rapture in hand, had come to Pollerton, Jamie immediately came knocking on his door with twenty million.

“May I know how much you're selling Rapture for, Mr. Saunders? Why would you say that twenty million is still insufficient?”

“Generally, when we sell Rapture, we charge three thousand per pill. Considering your sincerity, Mr. Webber, I've decided to give you a discount of a thousand, so it's now only two thousand per pill. We have a total of forty thousand Rapture pills in hand right now. Do you think you brought enough money, Mr. Webber?”