

Chapter 655 The Fifty Million Transfer

More than thirty bodyguards in black suits rushed in to glare at Donald with batons in their hands.

Only after the bodyguards stood still did Jamie appear before Donald with a grim expression.

“Dad! Save me, Dad!” At that point, Yoel no longer seemed as smug as before.

Xavion, who was trembling in the corner, immediately hurried over to Jamie when he saw his boss and uttered, “You're finally here, Boss! That punk cut Mr. Webber several times and even threatened to kill Mr. Webber!”

“So why didn't you stop him?” questioned Jamie, glancing at Xavion.

“I... I was no match for him,” replied Xavion as he pointed to the unconscious bodyguards lying all over the place. “He knows how to fight, Boss. You must be careful.”

Does he? Standing aside, Zeke unabashedly released the force field of a War God.

In response, Donald narrowed his eyes while remaining seated.

Another Septet Stella Warrior?

It's as if they're everywhere in Pollerton.

Dealing with a Septet Stella Warrior like Zeke would be a walk in the park for Donald, but he could not do so without revealing his identity, which meant he would have to kill everyone at the scene.

Even though Yoel was quite arrogant before, he did not deserve to die.

When Jamie saw Donald remaining silent, he thought the man was intimidated by Zeke's show of strength, so he sneered, “It's normal for young people to get into fights, but it is not acceptable when knives are involved. Moreover, it's obvious that you know Yoel's my son, yet you have the audacity to ask me for fifty million? I have the money with me, but are you sure you want to take it?”

Since Jamie was convinced that he had the situation under his control, he held nothing back when talking to Donald.

At first, Donald was thinking about dealing with the matter in a civilized manner, but after listening to Jamie, he got inexplicably annoyed.

“Of course. Why wouldn't I?” answered Donald calmly with his dagger still on Yoel's neck. “Transfer the fifty million to my account now, or I'll bleed him dry in front of you. You there. You're a Septet Stella Warrior, right? Would you like to find out if you can move faster than my knife?”

Even though Zeke was confident in his capability, he could not promise that he would be able to stop Donald in time to prevent Yoel from getting hurt. “Boss, if he's as ruthless as he made himself out to be, I only have sixty percent confidence.”

“Transfer him the fifty million,” ordered Jamie through gritted teeth.

“It's fifty million, Boss! Once the money is transferred, it will affect the cash flow of Webber Group and trigger a chain of reactions.”

In response to that, Jamie scoffed, “Do you really think I don't have any friends in the Central Bank of Pollerton? I'll make him spit out the fifty million he got from me soon enough.”

Jamie had already informed Kayden of the Central Bank of Pollerton to get the fifty million digitally marked, so the transfer was just for show.

In other words, Donald would receive the money but not be able to withdraw a cent. Not only that but his account would also be frozen.

Ding!

After Donald's phone beeped, Jamie voiced, “I've already transferred the fifty million to you. Now that you have the money, let my son go.”

At that moment, Jamie's utmost worry was Donald not keeping his end of the deal.

Fortunately for Jamie, Donald did release Yoel after confirming the transfer.

Yoel was limping, yet he moved faster than usual, and the bodyguards quickly stepped up to shield him as soon as he reached them.