

Chapter 660 Bloody Hand

When Donald saw the wooden sign, his eyes turned solemn.

The words “Bloody Hand” were carved on it. Donald could feel a strong sense of murderous intent just from the font alone.

“Where did you get this from?” Donald asked.

“Someone placed it on my study table this morning along with a letter. The letter says that an organization named Bloody Hand has taken an interest in my influence. They want me to get in touch with them and become a part of them. Otherwise, they will kill me and have another woman replace me.”

Kill Wynter and have another woman replace her?

If Donald hadn't heard Wynter say that herself, he would have thought it was a joke.

Wynter was one of the most popular stars in the country right now. She had come to where she was today not only because she was rich, but also because she possessed incomparable talent.

It could be said that no other woman could possibly take her place when it came to singing.

“So you're worried about your safety?”

“Not for now,” said Wynter with a smile. “Although the Lowe family isn't a prestigious family, our clan members are capable of protecting me. Still, I have to be careful in case that organization watches me in secret and schemes against me. No matter how tight our security is, there will always be an oversight. I don't want to die one day without knowing how or why I died, so I want to ask you to help me eliminate this organization.”

Donald pursed his lips. “Are you serious? You only helped me out with a problem, and now you want me to eliminate an entire organization for you? Doesn't this put me on the losing side?”

“Did you suffer a loss? I don't think so.” Wynter blinked at Donald charmingly and continued, “You're Lord Campbell. Isn't it your job to protect Quadfield? In fact, Bloody Hand has another goal—to occupy Quadfield and get rid of you.”

“What?” Donald couldn't believe his ears.

There are still people out there who dare to have this goal in mind? Aren't they asking for death?

“I've given you the information, and it's up to you to help me or not. Anyway, don't you want to go home? How about I drop you off?”

Glancing at the red Porsche before Wynter, Donald waved his hand. “Never mind. I'll just go home on my own.”

Wynter was a superstar, after all. Although she had been acquainted with Jennifer for a long time, Donald didn't want the two women to interact too often.

When Donald arrived at Belle Residences and opened the door, he saw Jennifer watching television in the living room.

She was in her pajamas, her arms wrapped around a pillow. Although the television was on, her attention was somewhere else.

At the sight of Donald, Jennifer ran over.

“Darling, you're back? Where did you go? It's so late already.”

As Jennifer said that, she leaned in and sniffed Donald. With a frown, she asked, “You drank?”

“Yeah, I went to the bar and drank a little.”

Hearing that, Jennifer said cautiously, “Is it because of my parents? Darling, I know they treated you poorly before, but they've really changed a lot now. If you really feel upset, I'll refrain from meeting them. Don't be mad, okay?”

Donald stroked Jennifer's head when he saw how nervous she was. “I just suddenly felt like having a drink, so I went to the bar. Don't be so worried. Where are Dad and Mom?”

“You're really not mad?”