

Chapter 681 Amelia Is Here

“The first is Rachel Mitchell, also known as the rose. I believe she's a student at Pollerton University studying to be an actress. She also took dance classes for a few years. Hence, her waist is so flexible that she can do any pose you want. It's worth the price.” Yeshua then gestured an eight with his hand.

“Eight hundred?” asked Donald.

Yeshua rolled his eyes. “It's eight thousand!”

“You must be joking. Eight thousand a night? Is she made of gold?”

“If you think she's expensive, wait until you hear about the rest.” Grinning, Yeshua rubbed his chin. “Anyway, the second is Ashley Goodman, the hibiscus. Thirty-something years old.

Apparently, she doesn't do anything but talk to the customers like a caring older sister. She's so good at what she does that customers are willing to spend twelve thousand per night with her.”

Instead of replying, Donald simply smiled as though he was listening to a story.

“The third is Geneva Vasque, the jasmine. I think she's a doctor working in a hospital. She's very

well-educated, so she's an intellectual beauty. If you want to spend a night with her, you need to fork over fifteen thousand."

"What about the fourth?"

"The fourth is Xandra," uttered Yeshua as he gazed at Xandra with saliva present at the edges of his lips. "If you want to sleep with her, you need to pay at least twenty thousand."

"Why is she so expensive?" Donald inquired. She has an alluring body and face, yes, but she's incomparable to Jennifer. I don't understand how he seems so infatuated with her.

"It's not because of how pretty she is. Her position in the parlor is why she's so expensive. Think about it. She's the manager of this establishment, and she controls the other Golden Flowers.

Don't you think it'll feel immensely satisfying to conquer her?"

I think this man may have a fetish. Donald stayed silent as he smiled.

Just as he thought he had heard enough, Yeshua inadvertently said, "Although, I heard someone new is going to join soon. I think she's an interior designer called Amelia Ellis."

Amelia! Narrowing his eyes, Donald questioned, "Is your source reliable?"

That stunned Yeshua for a moment before he snickered. "You're interested too? Unfortunately for

you, she only joined last night, so she can't accept any customers yet.”

According to New Garden's rules, Xandra needed to teach newcomers what to do before allowing them to accept customers.

However, New Garden would first leak some information about the newcomer before they were allowed to provide services to rouse the customers' interest.

Seeing that Donald appeared to be interested in Amelia, Yeshua asked, “It seems like you know this Amelia, Mr. Campbell.”

“Yeah, she's my coworker. I'm just not sure if we're talking about the same person.”

“Wow, a coworker!” Excitedly, Yeshua remarked, “You're so lucky. I wish something awesome like that would happen to me, too.”

His words confused Donald. What does he mean by lucky?

Upon noticing his confusion, Yeshua explained, “Think about it. If she's your coworker, and you spend a night with her, won't that mean you'll have dirt on her? New Garden won't allow you to threaten their employees, but since you two are coworkers who meet each other daily, I think you can use that leverage to slightly take advantage of her. Oh, just thinking about it makes me excited!”

When Donald saw Yeshua's lustful expression, he immediately understood why the latter seemed so knowledgeable about New Garden. “Do you know whether I can ask her to service me now?”

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Chapter 682 Wild Ones

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Yeshua waved his hand and said, “That's impossible. Didn't I mention this to you earlier? The rule

at New Garden is to educate their new employees first before allowing them to deal with customers. This rule cannot be broken regardless of how much money you pay. I'm guessing Amelia must've offended someone for her to be brought to New Garden.”

“What do you mean?”

Yeshua scanned his surroundings cautiously before elaborating to Donald in a secretive manner,

“Mr. Black has always been in charge of the Chanaean Commercial District, and New Garden is one of his properties. Mr. Black is a ruthless person. Men who had offended him would get their limbs crippled and left under bridges to work as beggars, while women would suffer a fate similar

to Amelia's. They merely appear to live their daily lives normally, but in truth, they are actually being controlled by someone and forced to sell their bodies at places like New Garden.”

Hearing Yeshua's explanation, Donald was suddenly reminded of Chester's threats.

Although he couldn't care less about an insignificant figure like Chester since the latter couldn't cause him any trouble, the same couldn't be said for Amelia.

If Chester were to target Amelia, she wouldn't be able to resist him.

At that thought, Donald strode toward Xandra.

“Let me take a second look at the price list earlier.”

When Xandra turned her head around and saw it was Donald, she instantaneously became disinterested.

She gave him a perfunctory response. “Didn't you request a regular massage? I've already arranged a masseur for you. Please be patient. The masseur will be here soon.”

“I said I want to look at the list again.”

Sensing his insistence, Xandra asked the receptionist to show Donald the list despite her reluctance.

Donald swiftly browsed through the list and tossed it on the floor near Xandra's feet. “What kind

of rubbish services are these? They are all of the subpar standards.”

Looking at the list beside her feet, Xandra, wearing a furious expression, slightly narrowed her eyes and uttered, “Mister, are you here to cause a scene? Don't you know who's New Garden's owner?”

“I do. It's Mr. Black, right?” Donald took out a bank card from his wallet and tossed it in Xandra's direction.

Unexpectedly, the card fell on her ample bosom.

“There's three hundred thousand in this card. I'll make a request. If your place provides this service, you can spend the money inside the card as you see fit.”

Xandra wasn't in a hurry to fall out with Donald. Instead, she handed the bank card to the receptionist.

The receptionist used a credit card reader and verified the card's three hundred thousand spending limit.

Seeing the receptionist nodding at her, Xandra immediately wiped her angry facial expression away and replaced it with a dazzling smile.

She took the initiative to step forward and wrap her arms around Donald's arm. Then, she uttered coyly, “Mister, I didn't know that you were unsatisfied with the choices of services provided by

our massage parlor. In that case, you should've informed us sooner. New Garden is famous for prioritizing our customer's satisfaction. We provide all forms of services for your pleasure. You could even have some fun with me if you wanted to.” She winked at him, seducing him with a lustful look. Donald stretched out his hand to push her away and said nonchalantly, “I don't like an experienced veteran like you. I heard there's a newcomer here at New Garden who works in the interior design field.”

The smile on Xandra's face froze as she replied stiffly, “Mister, the girl just joined us today, so we haven't trained her yet. What if she accidentally hurts you when she's entertaining you?”

“There's no need for any training. I prefer the wild ones.”

“T-That would be against our rules.”

Right after Xandra finished her sentence, Donald threw another bank card at her.

“There's one million in this bank card. Is it still against the rules?”

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Chapter 683 Have Fun

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If Donald were just able to convince Xandra to think more highly of him when he took out the first bank card, he assured her of his status as an affluent man when he brandished the second bank card.

Most of the people who visited New Garden were white-collar workers like Yeshua, who occasionally went to that place to relax.

Hence, they could at most only earn one to two thousand from an office employee a night.

However, if they could secure that one-million incentive from Donald...

Ultimately, Xandra gave in in the face of money.

"In that case, please follow me, but don't let anyone see us."

Donald followed Xandra to the third floor.

He caught whiffs of a scent formed from the mixture of perfumes and essential oils by simply walking in the corridor.

When they arrived at the first private room on the third floor, Xandra knocked on the door.

"Who's there?"

A man's wary voice sounded from within.

"It's me, Xandra."

The door was pulled open, revealing the face of a bald man.

"Why are you here, Xandra? Who is he?" The bald man stared at Donald in alarm.

Xandra slapped that bald man. "Quit asking so many questions. He's our VIP guest."

After pushing the bald man into the room, Xandra said to Donald with a smile, "Please enter, Mr. Campbell. This is the new girl you mentioned just now. Her name is Amelia Ellis."

When Donald stepped into the room, he saw Amelia lying on the cold floor with her hands tied behind her back.

With her body drenched in cold water, she curled up on the floor, shivering.

There were two men and another woman, who was tasked to train Amelia, inside the room.

"Why is she in this condition?"

Xandra explained with a grin, "All newbies are stubborn like her. Now that she's here, she thinks she can be uncooperative and wait for the police to investigate this premise. She should've asked around to learn if anyone from the police station dares to interfere in the Chanaean Commercial District. Mr. Campbell, if you really like to have this kind of fun, I'll ask someone to tie up her limbs. That way, she wouldn't be capable of hurting you even if she wanted to."

Mr. Campbell?

Amelia, who was curled up into a ball on the floor, struggled to lift her head. Tears streamed down

her cheeks at once when she saw Donald. "Mr. Campbell, help me! Mr. Campbell!"

Mr. Campbell?

The two men inside the room immediately drew their daggers and aimed their weapons at Donald.

At the same time, the other woman swiftly strode over and locked the door.

Xandra gestured for everyone to calm down.

She glanced at Amelia, who was pleading for help on the floor, before looking at Donald.

"Mr. Campbell, do you know this girl?"

"I do. She's my colleague," Donald uttered calmly. "I came here to figure out who she offended and why she was kidnapped to this place."

"Does that mean you're not here to have fun?"

Xandra's expression darkened as she felt Donald made a fool out of her.

"Of course, I'm here to have fun, but I'm here to play with you all instead of her."

"You're courting death, b*stard!" The bald man swung his dagger at Donald's waist without hesitation.

Evidently, the bald man was an experienced fighter. Otherwise, he wouldn't have acted so decisively.

Regrettably, regardless of how quick he may be, he was still an amateur in front of Donald.

Donald booted the bald man with his right leg. The latter knelt on the floor while hugging his stomach before he could even reach the hem of Donald's clothes.

The other man who attacked simultaneously with the bald man initially planned to flank Donald.

Unexpectedly, right after Donald dealt with the bald man, he thrust his fist at the second assaulter.

The latter suffered an injury more severe than his bald companion, grunting and collapsing straight to the ground.

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Chapter 684 Avenge Chester

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The fact that Donald took out the two burly men the moment he made his move shocked Xandra and the other woman.

While backing away, Xandra said, “I'm warning you, punk. New Garden is Mr. Black's territory.

Did you even consider the consequences before causing trouble at his place?”

Donald picked up the dagger from the ground and untied Amelia before saying to Xandra nonchalantly, “Amelia's an employee of Dragon Fide Corporation. Have you considered the

consequences when you did this to her?”

“What a joke. So what if she's an employee of Dragon Fide Corporation? Is Dragon Fide Corporation more powerful than Mr. Black?”

Hearing that, Donald fished out a phone from the bald-headed man's pocket and tossed it to Xandra. “Go on. Give Mr. Black a call and tell him I'm waiting for him here. Tell him I'll make a police report if he doesn't show up in twenty minutes.”

As the manager of the massage parlor that had been in operation for many years, Xandra naturally had connections with Pollerton's police station. However, that relationship only allowed them to do secretive things in the massage parlor. The matter could never be made public, or both parties would be humiliated.

Xandra could still suppress the matter if Donald made the police report outside of the massage parlor.

If he did it in the massage parlor, the police officers would have to check out the shop, which could turn the situation ugly.

Given no choice, Xandra dialed Marco Black's number and told him about the situation.

After hanging up, Marco said to Chester, whose arms were still in a cast, “D*mn it. You bring

nothing but bad luck. That girl hasn't even taken any clients yet, and there's already someone causing trouble.”

Chester froze momentarily in his wheelchair.

“Someone's causing trouble? Who?”

“His name's Donald Campbell or something, and he's from Dragon Fide Corporation.”

Donald!

A look of hatred flashed past Chester's eyes.

He gritted his teeth and said to Marco, “Mr. Black, Donald's the reason why I'm in this state. If you avenge me, I'll give you the four hundred thousand I have in my bank account.”

Marco's eyes lit up at Chester's words.

Though Marco was well-known, he only had a few ways of earning money.

In the past, Marco would not be attracted by the sum Chester offered. However, it was currently more than enough to let him enjoy life for some time. Moreover, all he needed was to deal with a punk. He did not think it was something difficult.

At that thought, Marco patted his chest and promised, “Don't worry, my friend. Our principles must still be upheld even when we're gangsters.

That punk breaking your arms is equivalent to cutting off your finances. This is the biggest taboo in the industry. Not to mention he's brazenly

causing trouble at my shop. He clearly has a death wish.”

Chester could not help but smile when he heard Marco agreeing.

Just then, Chester remembered something and said in a serious tone, “I think Donald practices martial arts. Maybe you should take a few men with you.”

“He practices martial arts?” Marco lifted his jacket, and Chester spotted a gun strapped at the former's belt.

“Is his fist faster than my gun? Don't worry. I'll make that punk get on his knees in front of you later.”

Marco was brimming with confidence, but he still brought twenty men into the van before heading to New Garden.

The first thing Marco did upon arriving there was to vacate the place.

He assigned five subordinates to guard the entrance and brought the rest to the third floor.

As soon as the door to the room on the third floor was pushed open, Marco's face turned purple with rage at what he saw.

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Chapter 685 Never Let A Woman Take A Bullet

The bald-headed man and the other man were sprawled on the ground. Their mouths were stained with blood, and there were even some broken teeth on the floor.

Meanwhile, Xandra and the other woman were kneeling on the ground with their hands tied. Just like Amelia a moment ago, they were drenched in cold water and shivering.

“You punk. You're quite the bold type, huh?” Marco shot his subordinates a look. Immediately, they went forward to release Xandra and the other woman.

Just as they took two steps forward, a silver flash of light appeared from Donald's hand, and it stabbed into one of the subordinates' thighs.

“Ow! My leg!”

The subordinate rolled on the ground while clutching his leg. At the same time, the others hurriedly whipped out their weapons.

Marco never expected Donald to attack so brazenly in front of him.

At that, he took out his gun and aimed it at Donald.

“D*mn it. I'm going to shoot you!”

Guns provided people, including Marco, a sense of security.

The moment Marco took it out and aimed it at Donald, he felt as if he had complete control over the situation.

Even Chester, who had been hiding behind the men, stepped out from the crowd when he saw

Donald not daring to move because of the gun.

Chester gazed at Donald with an air of arrogance.

“Remember me, Mr. Campbell? You must be confused and clueless as to why you're in this situation today, right? I told you I'd never let you off if you broke my arms. It looks like you'll be dying before my eyes today.”

Donald cast him an unruffled look and said, “I knew you were the one behind this. This is between us. Why involve Amelia in it?”

Chester harrumphed and questioned, “So what if I involve Amelia in this? That b*tch has pissed me off multiple times over the past few years. I would've been tricked by this b*tch long ago if not for my trusted subordinates. Not to mention she didn't tell me about your identity when she knew about it. Do you think I didn't know what was going on in that head of hers? She clearly wanted to make you do all the dirty work and get me kicked out of Dragon Fide Corporation.

Since that's the case, there's no need for me to be so particular about what I do. Am I right, Amelia?”

Amelia's eyes welled up with tears as she stood silently behind Donald.

It was true that she had plans to make Donald deal with Chester.

However, Chester was the one who had been making things difficult for her throughout the years. How is he the victim now?

Nonetheless, all that did not matter.

The moment Amelia spotted the gun in Marco's hand, she knew their chances of escaping that day were slim.

Not wanting to live a pathetic life being insulted by people, she said to Donald softly, "Mr.

Campbell, I'll charge out there and shield you from Mr. Black's gun. During that time, you need to run away and come back with a few men to avenge me."

Amelia still took Donald for a CEO who was good at fighting.

Hence, she was determined to take such a risk to help Donald flee.

To her surprise, Donald responded without turning his head, "I never let a woman take a bullet for me. If you really want to help me, lean your head closer."

Amelia had no idea what he wanted to do, but she obeyed his instructions.

Right then, Donald reached out and hit her neck, causing her to pass out instantly.

Chester, Marco, and the others were dumbfounded by Donald's actions.

What's the meaning of this? Why is he attacking someone who's on his side?

Just as the crowd was trying to grasp the situation, Donald took out a cigarette, placed it between his lips, and said to Chester plainly, "I've spared your life once. Why do you still come out and cause trouble?"

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