

## **Chapter 686 This Belongs To You**

The cigarette between Donald's lips moved as he spoke. He made his way casually toward Marco with a calm expression. It was as if Marco was not holding a gun but a flaming torch instead.

Meanwhile, Marco raised his brow, feeling as if Donald was underestimating him.

The distance between Marco and Donald was already less than a few meters. If Donald continued taking a few more steps forward, he could snatch the gun away from Marco.

Of course, Marco would not let that happen.

He yelled at Donald in a low voice, "Stop right there, or I'm going to shoot!"

Donald could not help but feel amused by Marco's tone.

Dude, you're the gangster here. Why are you shouting stuff like the police?

Donald continued walking forward instead of stopping in his tracks.

At the same time, Marco pulled the trigger without hesitation.

He had experience in using a gun.

It was not that he did not dare to kill someone; he only killed when there was a need.

Instead of aiming at Donald's head, Marco aimed the gun at the former's calf.

The distribution of nerves in the human calf was denser than in the thighs. However, it was less likely for bullets to hit an artery there.

Hence, people would usually feel less pain when they got hit in the thigh, but they would die from losing too much blood.

On the other hand, getting shot in the calf would not be fatal, but the pain was enough to make a grown man wail.

Marco wanted to make Donald suffer a little by shooting the latter in the calf.

However, unlike how he had imagined it, Donald did not collapse to the ground after taking the bullet.

Instead, Marco watched Donald make a grabbing motion in the air and grin at the former as if he was fine.

The others behind Marco were stunned.

One subordinate, Finlay Lester, swallowed hard and said, "He couldn't have caught the bullet, right?"

Marco swung his hand to slap Finlay's head. "Are you f\*cking high? Do you seriously think humans can catch bullets? I'm sure that b\*stard's still playing with me here only because the bullet didn't hit him earlier."

With that, Marco took a deep breath and aimed the gun at Donald again.

This time, Marco was not aiming at Donald's calf but at the latter's forehead.

The truth was, Marco kind of knew whether or not the bullet did hit Donald just now.

The distance between the two was short, and Marco's shooting skills were not bad either.

It was impossible to miss. Moreover, even if he actually missed his target, there was no way Donald could smile so calmly at him.

Can ordinary people smile in this situation?

That was why Marco found Donald odd and decided to aim the gun at the latter's head.

"See? I actually pulled the trigger. You're lucky the bullet didn't hit you just now. I won't miss the next time if you continue walking forward."

"Is that so? I'll give you another chance then. Aim properly. Don't miss again," Donald said, pointing at his forehead.

F\*ck! Is this punk serious?

Donald's words ignited the flames of fury in Marco's heart.

I just need to kill a person, right? It's not like I've never done that in the past, anyway.

Seeing Donald was about to walk forward again, Marco fired without hesitation.

This time, Donald made a move at the same time.

He disappeared in a flash and dodged the bullet at an incredible speed. In the next second, he reappeared in front of Marco.

“You—” was all Marco could say before Donald smacked his right hand on the former's forehead. “This belongs to you. Here you go,” Donald uttered coldly.

Marco immediately fell to the ground on his back from Donald's attack. Most importantly, there was a creepy hole in the former's forehead.

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Chapter 687 Donald Strikes

## **Chapter 687 Donald Strikes**

Had the crowd not witnessed the scene earlier, they would never have believed Donald made that hole in Marco's forehead using his hand.

Can a person dodge a bullet from such a close distance and shove a bullet into another person's forehead using only his hand?

If someone had asked Chester that question in the past, he would have thought that person was crazy.

However, Donald did all that in front of Chester.

When Marco collapsed, the surrounding subordinates wanted to rush forward to avenge the

former.

Yet, as soon as they saw the hole in Marco's forehead, they instantly realized Donald was not someone they could trifle with.

Noting Donald's gaze was on him, Chester gulped and stammered, "M-Mr. Campbell, I never knew you were so skilled."

Donald flashed Chester a half-smile. "I am skilled. Did you just know about it today? Who else do you know? What other tricks do you have? Bring it on. Don't say I never gave you a chance. I'll wait here for you to gather your men."

Chester twitched his lips in frustration.

Mr. Black was the most powerful backer I had. Who else can I look for when you've eliminated him with your bare hands?

"It's all my fault, Mr. Campbell. I deserve to die. Please have mercy and forgive me again. Or maybe you could break my legs this time?"

It was at that moment Chester realized a ruthless person like Donald, who could catch bullets with his bare hands, was not someone he could afford to mess with.

Hence, Chester had to come up with a way to protect himself.

My limbs are nothing compared to my life.

Shaking his head, Donald said, "I've already given you a chance, but you didn't cherish it."

Chester sensed something was amiss with Donald's words. Just as he was about to run away, the latter threw a fist.

It landed on Chester's back and crushed his chest. Chester's eyes widened, and he collapsed to the ground.

When Marco's subordinates saw how ruthless Donald was, they, too, knew there was no escaping death that day. They gripped their weapons and got ready to fight Donald.

Donald stomped on the ground with both feet, causing cracks to spread over the tiles.

Immediately, the shiny floor turned into a ground filled with uneven and sharp tiles.

Although the ground caused discomfort to the subordinates' feet, it did not affect their movement. Nonetheless, what happened in the next second shook them from the inside out.

The person who stomped on the tiles vanished as he charged at them like a predator running toward its prey.

The subordinates were relentless in their attacks, but Donald was too agile and elusive.

One of the subordinates was struck by Donald's knee. As the former subconsciously bent over, Donald grabbed the former by the back of his head and pushed him hard to the ground.

The subordinate's face slammed into the uneven ground instantaneously, and he was stabbed to death by the sharp tiles that were as sharp as knives.

“That dude's not human! We need to retreat! We need to leave!”

“Help me! I don't want to die!”

“I was wrong! Please forgive me!”

The hooligans who often bullied ordinary folk were currently crying and pleading with Donald for mercy.

At that moment, Donald seemed like a devil. The moment he made a move, a life would surely be taken.

Alas, Donald turned a deaf ear to their pleas.

After all, they never begged for mercy when they forced a girl from a good family like Amelia to become a prostitute.

Moreover, justice and fairness never crossed their minds immediately when confronting someone like Donald, who had done nothing wrong to them.

They had committed too many crimes and taken too many lives. And now, Donald was representing justice and passing judgment on them for all the crimes they had committed.

## **Chapter 688 Winslow**

In less than two minutes, none of Marco's men were breathing.

In the meantime, Xandra and the other woman witnessed everything while kneeling on the ground.

At first, they were happy Marco had come, but now, Donald's actions had filled their hearts with fear.

Everything they experienced that day was more intense than taking a roller coaster ride.

“Don't kill me... Mr. Campbell, I'll do anything for you if you spare my life.”

Xandra was no longer her high and mighty self.

She hastily stepped forward to remove Donald's belt, but he simply slapped and kicked her away.

“I don't kill women, but since you two have seen me taking action, you must disappear.”

With that, Donald took out his phone and sent Billy a text. Shortly after, Billy and a few men arrived on the third floor and took the women away.

A group of police from Chanaean Commercial District came along with Billy.

They announced to the public they were carrying out an anti-pornography and anti-crime



operation, coincidentally clearing New Garden as well.

In reality, it was a cover-up to let Donald leave through the backdoor and help him clean up the mess.

After helping Amelia to a bench by the side of the road, Donald bought a bottle of cold water from the convenience store and placed it on her neck.

The icy sensation instantly awakened Amelia. At first, she stood up nervously, but she soon became confused when she realized she was by the side of the road.

“We're alive?”

Donald questioned plainly, “Did you want to die?”

“No. I mean, wasn't Mr. Black pointing his gun at you? How did we get out?”

In response, Donald gave her a look to make her glance across the street.

A group of armed policemen was taking people out of New Garden.

Among those people were the massage therapists and people who seemed to be customers like Yeshua.

“We were saved by the police. When Mr. Black was about to fire, the policemen rushed in and shot him to death.”

“Huh?” Amelia could not help but find his explanation a little odd, but she could not quite put her

finger on what was odd.

“All right. Don't think too much. You should go back to the company soon.” Donald waved his hand at Amelia as he walked away.

Just then, Amelia thought of something and called out to Donald, “Mr. Campbell, do you know how Chester got associated with Mr. Black?”

Pausing in his tracks, Donald asked, “Do you know something?”

People like Chester could never get associated with Marco if they did not have any special methods.

After all, there were many people in Pollerton who had savings of hundreds of thousands.

Marco would have become rich if everyone could simply go to him to have their revenge taken.

“The reason Chester managed to get in contact with Marco is all thanks to Huey's connections.

Most importantly, Huey's backer is the director of Dragon Fide Corporation, Winslow Moore. It's true that Chester wanted to kill you, but the person making him do the dirty work was Winslow.”

“Who's Winslow?”

Donald's words rendered Amelia speechless.

You're the vice president of Dragon Fide Corporation. How could you not know the directors under your care?

Massaging her temples, Amelia said, “Winslow Moore's the executive director in charge of renovation materials. Since our corporation's restarting the Dragon Fide Villa project, the purchase and consumption of building materials are high.”

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Chapter 689 Take Down Winslow

## **Chapter 689 Take Down Winslow**

Gazing at Amelia, Donald asked, “Why are you telling me all this?”

“It's simple. I want to help you take down Winslow. Once that's done, I hope you can recommend me to the board of directors.”

Donald shot her an intrigued look.

After all, going from a design supervisor to becoming an executive director of Dragon Fide Corporation was a big leap.

She's delusional for having such a thought.

“What makes you think you have the right to become one?” asked Donald.

Biting her lip, Amelia answered, "If I can take Winslow's place, I promise I'll do a better job than him. Only heaven knows how much money he's stolen from the company in the past few years, not to mention the illegal profits he received. I'm different. I won't take anything from the company apart from my salary."

Amelia sounded confident when she said that. She had many chances to make illegal profits using the company to improve her life when she was the top design supervisor.

People like Chester had already bought a few houses while working there for the past few years. Meanwhile, Amelia barely had enough for a down payment on a house, even after working there for so many years.

The people around her thought she was a fool, but she insisted on abiding by her professional ethics.

She loved her job, which was why she did not want to taint it with money.

Donald gazed at Amelia and said, "Surely you don't think Winslow became an executive director because he could gain illegal profits? As an executive director in charge of renovation materials, he needs to have experience and connections. You might not agree on the part about experience,

but how will you compare to him in terms of the network? If something goes wrong with the building materials because of you, do you think you can handle it?"

What Donald said were things Amelia had never considered in the past.

She often complained about how someone like Winslow could become an executive director.

Now that Donald had dumped so many questions on her, she realized she did not know how to respond to them.

"If you can help me take Winslow down, I'll recommend you to become one of the company's higher-ups. Whether or not you can seize the position of an executive director will depend on your capabilities."

Amelia's eyes sparkled with excitement when she heard Donald's words.

"Thank you, Mr. Campbell!"

"Don't thank me so soon. What I promised you earlier can only be done when you take Winslow down. One more thing. Don't get me involved when you want to achieve something in the future."

Of course, Amelia understood what he meant.

Dragon Fide Corporation did not need an executive director that could not function. The same could be said for other companies.

"Mr. Campbell, I have one last request."

“Go on.”

“If possible, can you assign a bodyguard to me?”

Worried Donald might not agree, Amelia quickly added, “You've seen how ruthless Winslow is. If I'm not given protection, I'm afraid I might be eliminated before I can take him down.”

Donald nodded. “Give me your address. I'll get this sorted out right away.”

Upon receiving her address, Donald went back to the company.

First, Donald gave Billy a call to let him assign someone to protect Amelia. After that, he headed to Jennifer's office.

It was not until Donald pushed the door open that he realized Jennifer was having a meeting with several other department heads. There was also a man in his fifties who was wearing a suit and sitting on the couch as he listened to the reports with Jennifer.

“This must be Mr. Campbell, right?”

The man did not rise to his feet. Although his tone was polite, there was no respect in his gaze for Donald.

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Chapter 690 Winslow And Huey Conspire Against Donald

## **Chapter 690 Winslow And Huey Conspire Against Donald**

“Who are you?”

“My name is Winslow Moore. I am an executive director in charge of the materials for renovation. I'm often out and about while sourcing new clients, so it's normal if you haven't seen me around, Mr. Campbell. I came here today to deliver a report along with a few managers from the departments I'm in charge of. Would you care to join us and listen in on my report?” Winslow replied.

Judging by Winslow's attempt at dominating the conversation with his lengthy response to a simple question, Donald could tell that he had lots of experience in the corporate world.

“Thanks, but I'll pass on the report. I came here to see Ms. Wilson. Is this report of yours important? If not, we'll just go ahead and cancel this meeting.”

Winslow narrowed his eyes and stood in the corner without saying a word.

Of course, the report was a lie all along. He only came here to see Donald as he wanted to know the kind of person Donald was.

Jennifer didn't know about the conflict between Winslow and Donald, but she would always listen to Donald, and this time was no different.

“Have them send me the report in written form instead. It would be a huge waste of time to have all department managers deliver their reports orally in person,” Jennifer said with a nod.

Winslow understood the situation when he saw Jennifer go along with Donald's request.

“Sure thing, Ms. Wilson. I'll have them deliver the reports in written form as soon as possible,” he replied with a smile and left her office.

Winslow had just stepped out the door when Huey, who had been waiting outside, came running toward him. “How did it go, Mr. Moore?”

“I'm afraid Donald is no pushover. Judging by his hostile attitude toward me, it's likely that he already knows something,” Winslow replied with a solemn expression.

Huey was getting incredibly anxious. “What do we do, then? I just received word that Chester and Mr. Black have died in New Garden! The police are labeling it as the result of a gang war.”

Winslow arched an eyebrow in response. “A gang war? That's too much of a coincidence, isn't it?”

“Of course it is! I suspect that Donald could have affiliations that we don't know about. Rumor has it that he's the abandoned child of the Campbell clan. They say he offended the Ten Prestigious Families because of Dragon Fide Villa. No one makes an enemy of the Ten Prestigious



Families and lives, but Donald managed to survive and even established Dragon Fide Corporation!”

Winslow nodded. “It looks like we'll need to ask others for help, then.”

Of course, Donald had no idea that Huey and Winslow were conspiring against him.

He walked up to Jennifer and told her about Amelia as well as everything that happened at New Garden.

Jennifer flashed him a terse smile as she asked, “You visited a massage parlor during working hours? Have I not been satisfying you lately, Darling?”

Donald didn't know whether to laugh or cry at her response. “That's not the point here! Winslow is trying to get at me right now, so I believe he had ulterior motives for coming over to deliver his report earlier.”

“What do you plan on doing, Darling?”

“I plan on transferring Amelia over to see if she has what it takes to bring Winslow down.”

“Why do you need to transfer Amelia over? I could just have some of my men investigate Winslow if you find him suspicious. Does Amelia look really pretty or something?” Jennifer asked in a somewhat jealous tone.

Donald flashed Jennifer a smile as he said, “Are you jealous? You were the one who told me to help Amelia out because she was a capable woman. You'll be able to assess her capabilities if we transfer her over. Besides, we'll need someone to take over Winslow's position if we do end up firing him.”

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