

Chapter 702 A Stroke Of Genius

Donald leaped out of the van to give Gavin a cigarette.

“Don't concern yourselves with where they came from. Just tell me whether or not you'll take the goods.”

“As you were bold enough to bring them here, we'll take them. However, there's the matter of the price...”

“I'm sure we can come to an agreement, but do you have a way to get me what I want?”

Donald had already noticed Aldrich, the arms dealer, when he was dealing with Otis at the club.

While Zordan was boasting in Dragon Fide Corporation, Billy had sent Donald a text message informing him that Aldrich had arrived at Pollerton.

However, his whereabouts were so secretive that even Billy could not immediately pinpoint his location.

Fortunately, Billy provided Donald with another clue: Aldrich had arrived at Pollerton with two lieutenants.

One of them was called Susan Moore, known to the world by her first name.

Susan was vicious and cruel. Though she looked demure to men, she was a black widow capable of devouring them whole.

The other, Xanathos Jameson, was an inept advisor of Aldrich's who was largely responsible for his business failing to expand.

It did not take much time for Donald to figure out that Xanathos would not be the ideal target for them to find a breakthrough. This was because Xanathos was very particular about his designation of being Aldrich's second in command.

Hence, he had little interest in money or women, making it difficult to manipulate him.

Susan, on the other hand, was different.

She would do almost anything for money.

Having recently heard that it was particularly lucrative to produce videos of an intimate nature, she tasked Gavin with them.

If he had remained orthodox in his approach, Donald would have found it challenging to get in touch with Susan, let alone get involved with her.

As Gavin lacked a female protagonist for his film, Donald did not hesitate to offer up Ruth for the role.

“What's with this additional guy?” Josh Rogan, Gavin's lackey, asked curiously just as Gavin was about to discuss the price with Donald.

“This fellow is a gift. He won't cost extra.”

“A gift?” Gavin frowned. “We only need good-looking women for films like these, Mr. Campbell. What good would men do us?”

Donald chuckled. “Here's something you don't know: she is this guy's girlfriend. Don't you think the shot would be more compelling with him present during the shoot?”

The corners of Gavin's lips twitched as he cast Donald a complicated gaze.

From the perspective of making a visual impact, Donald's idea was so good that Gavin thought it was a stroke of genius.

From an ethical standpoint, however, Gavin thought Donald barbaric.

“If I may, Mr. Campbell, have these two wronged you in some way?”

“No. I'm just looking to make some money.”

Donald's response caused Gavin to inwardly curse at the former, calling him an animal.

“How are we going to deal with the guy, Gavin?” Josh asked.

“Did you not hear Mr. Campbell? Tie him up and stuff his mouth. We'll have him watch when we shoot later.”

“All right.”

Lifting one captive each, the two lackeys dumped Zordan and Ruth into a small room of the abandoned factory.

To gain Gavin's trust, Donald had concocted a story about being so destitute that he needed to pull one large heist for the money it would bring.