

Chapter 703 Professional Editors

Gavin had initially suspected Donald to be a cop.

However, his concerns regarding Donald's identity dissipated when Donald lent a hand in the abduction of the couple.

What cop would put others in danger?

Donald followed Gavin into the recording room. He was able to observe the other room via the screen.

Gavin picked up a communication device and addressed his two lackeys in the other room, “The equipment is all set up. Roll the cameras.”

Josh chuckled. Picking up a bottle of water from the table, he woke the couple up by dousing them.

“Where are we?”

Having just regained consciousness, the pair gazed about their surroundings in a daze.

“What are you doing? Don't come any closer!”

Before the couple managed to ascertain where they were, Ian Somner, one of the lackeys, groped Ruth.

Startled by his gesture, Ruth smacked him across the face.

Ian was not angry at receiving the blow. Instead, his eyes glinted with excitement.

He picked up a length of rope from the table beside him and tied Ruth up in professional-looking knots.

After tying Ruth up, he forcefully kissed her.

“What are you doing? Let go of her!”

Zordan's eyes were tinged scarlet with rage. He wanted nothing more than to knock Ian to the ground.

Even though Ruth was not the best woman out there and Zordan did not intend to marry her, she was still his girlfriend.

This is one of the most humiliating things a man can endure!

“Do you know who I am? I am Quantrill Group's—”

Smack!

Before Zordan could finish his sentence, Josh sent a tight slap across the former's cheek, stunning him.

“I don't give a d*mn who you are. You're now on our turf, and you'll do as we say. Know your place, or I'll cut off your balls.”

Having been raised in a sheltered and privileged environment, Zordan had never faced such a predicament and promptly fell silent at the sight of the machete in Josh's hand.

Though Ruth is indeed my woman, it seems hardly worth risking my life for her.

It was only when Zordan fell silent that Ruth realized she had to save herself.

Thus, she adapted quickly. When Ian was about to do something worse after securing her restraints, Ruth yelled, “Is Donald behind this? Are you Donald's men? Tell him I won't let him go if he does this!”

Upon hearing how vehemently she was calling Donald's name, Gavin, who was standing before the recording equipment in the adjacent room, no longer had any doubt regarding Donald's identity.

How would a cop make a woman hate him so much?

“That won't do, Wilson,” Donald chided while chewing a piece of gum. “She's shouting my name for the whole world to hear, which means I'm going to be exposed when you distribute your little film!”

“Rest assured, Mr. Campbell,” Gavin said with a toothy grin. “We have professional editors whose job will be to keep out the details that should not appear there.”

“I'm glad to hear that. Remember to leave my name out of it.”

Then, Donald glanced at his watch. “It's getting late, and I have matters to attend to. Call me if you have what I want ready.”

“Don't worry, Mr. Campbell. See you.”

Handing Zordan and Ruth to the likes of Gavin was the best form of punishment Donald could think of.

To make Susan money, Gavin had long since abandoned all notions of ethics.

I don't care if he owns Quantrill Group.