

Chapter 710 Ghostbuster

Filbert opened his mouth but was at a loss for words.

I am not as bold as him. If there really are ghosts here, I might have to apply for a transfer.

As Filbert was mulling over his prospects, the faint sound of a woman sobbing sounded from a distance.

He instantly grew nervous.

“Did you hear that, Mr. Campbell? That's the ghost!”

There were no women at the site. Filbert, being the supervisor, was confident about that.

Without a word, Donald pushed open the door and went out, determined to see who it was causing trouble.

Following the noise, he arrived at where the construction materials were piled up.

Any further past that spot was the toilet of the construction site.

Following Donald's wake, Filbert suddenly pointed at the top of a pile of timber. “Look, Mr. Campbell,” he cried in a quavering voice. “Is that her?”

Gazing in the direction of Filbert's finger, there was indeed a woman with long hair and clad in a white robe seated atop the lumber.

Deathly pale, she wore a sinister smile.

Thud! The last thing Filbert remembered was his vision going dark as he swayed before falling to the ground in a dead faint.

Donald, on the other hand, remained upright and unfazed. The ghost seated atop the timber was taken aback at that.

What's up with this fellow? Didn't I exude enough War God energy?

“You got me excited, thinking ghosts exist. Turns out it's just somebody masquerading as one.”

Donald placed a cigarette between his lips and gazed nonchalantly at the “ghost.” “Are you going to get down here, or shall I make you?”

The “ghost” narrowed her eyes. “You're not afraid of me?” she asked Donald in surprise.

“A Penta Stella Warrior is hardly going to have me quaking in my boots.”

Upon seeing how Donald had managed to ascertain her level from a glance, the woman immediately knew he was no ordinary worker.

She turned to flee, but Donald waved his right hand, and the timber piled on the ground rose on their own accord. Arranging themselves in a line in midair, they flew toward the woman.

“Object manipulation! You are a Mortal Realm expert!”

Learned as she was, the woman's knowledge was not going to help her beat Donald.

To avoid being struck by the timber, she was forced to retreat, closing the gap between her and Donald. The logs fell from midair and surrounded her like a fence.

“You killed two of my workers. You're not leaving without giving me an explanation.”

Walking toward the woman, Donald released his War God force field.

Upon the release of a force field from a Mortal Realm War God, the woman, who was only a Penta Stella Warrior, fell to her knees before him.

“I can't believe Dragon Fide Corporation is concealing a Mortal Realm expert,” she said through gritted teeth. “It looks like you were the one who killed Svein.”

Donald merely smiled, neither acknowledging nor denying it.

This woman seems pretty clever for still trying to trick me into spilling the truth at this point.

Arriving before the woman, Donald gazed down at her. “My patience is limited. Either tell me who sent you or be prepared to die here. Naturally, I will ensure it's as painful and drawn out as possible.”

The woman fell silent for a moment at Donald's words before speaking, “I am Helen of the Youngblood family.”

The Youngblood family!

Donald's pupils dilated. He became wary at once.

The Youngblood family was undoubtedly the most powerful out of the Ten Prestigious Families.

He had yet to recover after taking apart the Youngblood family's safehouses and causing their stocks to plunge.