

## Chapter 711 Tell Them I Sent You

Donald had expected the Youngblood family to send somebody to Pollerton to cause him trouble.

However, he did not foresee the Youngblood family targeting Dragon Fide Villa immediately upon arrival.

Could the Youngblood family know something?

“Ah, so you do know fear?” Helen asked with a smile upon noticing the shift in Donald's expression. “I have come under orders to find out who the expert hidden in Pollerton is, and I'm surprised to find out it's you. You must be the one who sabotaged our safehouses. Who are you to Jennifer Wilson?”

Does Helen not know who I am?

Donald was nonplussed.

If they have set their sights on Dragon Fide Villa, they must know who I am, as I'm its founder. How does she only know Jennifer but not me?

“Besides you, who else from the Youngblood family is here?”

A Penta Stella Warrior may be deemed powerful to other families, but they were only pawns within the Youngblood family.

Helen was about to speak when Donald took several quick steps back as if noticing something.

A cloud of pink smoke erupted beneath Helen's feet. She was about to escape with the help of the distraction when Donald picked up a steel bar from the ground and hurled it toward her.

He was confident his strike would have stabbed Helen in the thigh and robbed her of her mobility.

To his astonishment, he heard a bang through the smog as if something had blocked it. The steel bar fell to the ground.

Squinting, Donald detected two figures flanking Helen when the smoke cleared.

The two newcomers were clad in a white robe and a black robe, respectively.

One of them held the Staff of Despair while the other held the Soul Chain.

At first glance, they looked like twin Grim Reapers.

To Donald's surprise, these two were also of Mortal Realm.

In other words, they are experts dispatched to Pollerton by the Youngblood family.

“Weren't you supposed to cause trouble for Jennifer, Helen? How are you so inept as to fail to handle such a trivial matter?”

“Shut up,” Helen retorted through gritted teeth. “Can't you see that this fellow is also a Mortal Realm expert? I suspect he's the one who did away with our safe houses and also the person backing Jennifer.”

At those words, the pair turned their gazes to Donald in unison.

“He's a Mortal Realm expert?”

They regarded him with looks of disdain.

Previous Mortal Realm experts they had encountered exuded auras of Grandmasters.

He looks like a poor farmer. How could somebody like him be a Mortal Realm expert?

“Don't underestimate him. He's skilled in object manipulation, and his strength far exceeds my own.”

The pair became warier at her words.

“What's your name, kid? When you get to hell, tell them that I, Connor Youngblood, was the one who sent you.”

“Remember my name, kid. I am Chandler Youngblood.”

Connor and Chandler. These names are easy enough to remember.

“How unfortunate that the Youngblood family has descended into such a state,” Donald lamented. “All they have left to send forth are a bunch of clowns. Do you think you can kill as you please just because you are dressed like the Grim Reaper?”

Connor sneered. “You will find out soon enough whether or not I am capable of taking your life. Hurry up and tell me your name.”

“You want to know who I am? Well, I don't suppose there's any harm in telling you. My name is Donald Campbell.”

“Donald Campbell?” The trio froze in surprise upon hearing his name.

Helen started as if she had thought of something. “Are you the abandoned child of the Campbell clan? Impossible! How could you possess the strength of a Mortal Realm expert if you were Donald Campbell?”