

## Chapter 403 Protest

"I understand that. I really do. It's just... I don't want to die. I'm so young. Please spare my life, Lord Campbell! I promise I will never make the same mistake again," begged Mason while shaking fearfully. At that point, urine had already drenched his pants.

The man was so terrified that he had peed himself.

Donald's gaze glowed with cruelty. He was emotionless when he glared at Mason and stood up slowly.

Mason's eyes bulged instantly. One recurring thought ran through his mind. He's going to kill me. He's going to kill me!

At that thought, his heart began thumping extraordinarily fast.

Thump! Donald saw Mason's eyes turning bloodshot at an incredible speed. Then, Mason fell backward and landed on the floor. His entire body twitched for a bit before it fell motionless.

"Did he just die of fear?" asked Donald, who was momentarily stunned.

Kingsley stepped forward and checked Mason's breathing. "Yeah, he did."

Donald scoffed. "What a coward."

He ignored the dead body and asked, "How long before the men from the Winston family arrive at the construction site?"

Kingsley spoke to Bradley before answering, "They've already arrived."

"Okay, got it. For now, send a small team and lure the entire Winston family there. After that, we will destroy all of them in one go," instructed Donald.

The project at Lord Campbell Avenue was already over sixty percent complete.

Jennifer had invested heavily into the project to make sure everything was done as quickly as possible. She also offered a great salary, so everyone worked hard to complete the project.

Once the three-lane highway was completed, Jennifer was certain she could finish Lord Campbell Avenue within three days.

Earlier, Kingsley had spoken to Jennifer about it as well. If she got everything done in advance, he would pay all the outstanding fees to her right away. He would also pay her for the land reclamation project in one go.

All that inspired Jennifer to work harder, but trouble followed soon after.

The second most powerful clan, the Winston family, had heard about how she would be building a three-lane highway. Hence, they were now protesting at the construction site and demanding a hefty compensation of ten million.

Meanwhile, Albert was talking to Jennifer. "You are free to construct the three-lane highway, Ms. Wilson. You just need to compensate us ten million for it."

Jennifer's eyes widened. "That's ridiculous! You're obviously extorting me."

Kevin, Linda, and the others showed up at that moment.

Linda planted her hands on her hips and roared, "Don't cross the line, you punk! Mr. Lane has his eyes on Jennifer, and if you mess with her, you mess with him. I'd watch my back if I were you because he will surely kill you for it!"

Kevin and Skylar, on the other hand, drove up in their Ferrari. They pointed at the car and bragged, "See that? That's the newest model. Are you sure you can afford to mess with someone who owns that?"

Albert shifted his gaze to the car, but he wasn't worried at all.

Neil had always been reluctant to mess with the clans because it would affect the stability of the local economy. Hence, Albert didn't need to care about pissing Joshua or Neil off.

"So, you guys are that rich, huh? In that case, I will change my terms and demand for ten million and that car," replied Albert calmly.

Over a hundred men from the Winston family were stationed behind him, and every single one of them was in a black suit. It was as though they were from the mafia.

Some of those men even stood beside the machinery and made it impossible for the construction workers to work.

The worst was those who lay on the ground and acted as though they would not leave until they received the money.

Jennifer was so angry that her entire body trembled. "Why should I?"

Albert replied, "I guess you don't know this, Ms. Wilson, but this property used to belong to the Winston family. We used this piece of land to grow crops and sell them. Now that you have taken it away, we have no way of making ends meet. That is why we demand compensation. How else will we feed all the mouths of our members? You don't need to know the details, though. Just know this—you have to pay us today."

Albert grinned fearlessly because he held all the power. "As for Mr. Lane... Well, I don't think he's actually interested in you."

Jennifer growled, "Your family hasn't grown any crops here in over a decade. Plus, Horizon Group had already compensated you with three times the profit you would've made from this land before we even began construction."

## **Chapter 404 Trouble Everywhere**

Albert shook his head and replied, "The construction of this three-lane highway is not a part of the project for Lord Campbell Avenue. This is your private project, so we require separate compensation."

"Aren't you worried about delaying the construction of Lord Campbell Avenue and angering him?" threatened Jennifer.

The truth was that she wasn't confident in her threat at all.

Albert laughed. "That is the one thing I don't need to worry about. Your mission was to construct the project at Lord Campbell Avenue, but you personally wanted to build this three-lane highway. This isn't a part of Lord Campbell's project, so why would I care? Besides, you invested so many resources into building this separate three-lane highway that has nothing to do with him. Shouldn't you be the one who should be worried about his wrath?"

Jennifer was so angry that she was trembling.

Albert's eyes glowed with lust as he scanned Jennifer from head to toe.

Even he couldn't deny that Jennifer was truly gorgeous. She is so much better than those so-called models who depend heavily on their make-up to look beautiful.

Albert paused for a moment before he continued making his demands. "Okay, I don't want to waste any more time here. Transfer the money to my bank account right now, or else..."

Jennifer replied, "I will never comply! Let's go, guys."

She turned around to leave.

Thump!

A shoe flew toward her and hit her right on the back of her head, causing her to stumble and almost fall.

Furious, Jennifer turned around and saw Andrew removing his other shoe. His eyes shone with menace when he looked at her, and with his cap on, he looked like a gangster. The overall aura he exuded would make anyone uncomfortable.

"That is too much!" roared Jennifer angrily.

Kevin threatened, "What the hell was that? You realize we can call the cops on you, right?"

"Go ahead. I'll admit defeat if you can get them to respond in any way," replied Albert arrogantly as he lit up a cigarette.

Jennifer was going to leave right away when the secretary she had recently hired suddenly called her. "Ms. Wilson, something terrible has happened! Over a hundred people have gathered at our office, and they even brought funeral wreaths."

"I will head over right now," replied Jennifer before she turned to Kevin. "Give me your car keys."

Kevin was taken aback. He seemed reluctant to hand his car over. "Jennifer, maybe you could hail a cab instead?"

Skylar said, "He's right. It might be for the best since he has to drop me off at home later."

"Hand it over!" growled Jennifer, her expression turning icy.

Kevin was too cowardly to go against her, so he handed the keys over.

Jennifer was actually a great driver. After she took the keys, she stepped on the gas and hurried all the way back to the office.

She had just reached the ground floor when she became infuriated at what she saw right in front of her.

Over a hundred men in suits were sitting on the floor and making a ruckus. Several funeral wreaths had also been placed around the entrance.

Many onlookers had gathered around and were staring at Jennifer with pity in their eyes.

They knew that Jennifer was in trouble because she had offended the second most powerful clan in the city.

What was happening now was one of the family's favorite moves, and it always worked wonders.

"Ms. Wilson, pay us now, or we will have people bring you a coffin later," threatened a burly man before he sneered.

Jennifer kicked away one of the wreaths and demanded, "Where is security? Have them kick the troublemakers out of here right now!"

Her new secretary showed up with reddened eyes. A palm mark rested on her cheek, and it was obvious that someone had slapped her. "There was a fight, and they were sent to the hospital because they were injured."

Jennifer was so angry she wanted to scream.

Over a hundred men had gathered near the office. Even though they weren't fighting or anything, they were still disrupting the company's operations just by lying there.

Jennifer began calling for reinforcements, but everyone gave her some excuse and hung up after they heard about how the Winston family was behind it.

No one dared to cross the clans because that was how powerful they were. They were like superglue and were impossible to get rid of once they decided on their target.

Years ago, Zayne faced similar issues. It was so troublesome that he chose to pay them just to have some peace.

Jennifer actually thought about compromising as well, but she couldn't afford it since she only had a few million in her account.

Just as she was at a loss, her phone rang once more. Linda's panicked voice came over the phone after the line was established. "Jennifer, come quick. They are beating Kevin up!"

Jennifer stomped angrily, but she had no choice. She had to take the elevator back down to the ground floor, hop into the car, and drive to Reclamation Area One.

She had just arrived when she saw Kevin on the ground with a bleeding nose. His eye was bruised, and it was obvious he had been beaten.

## **Chapter 405 Donald To The Rescue**

Andrew was gripping Kevin's hair as he stuffed a dirty sock into the latter's mouth.

A few burly men were holding Linda back while Skylar stood there, too afraid to move a muscle.

"Pay up right now, or we will cut all of his fingers off. We're not kidding either as we've already taken a few of them," said Andrew before he gestured to Kevin's right hand. A few fingers were already gone.

"How dare you! Let go of my brother now!" yelled Jennifer.

"Are you paying or not?" demanded Albert. "Stop wasting our time. If you keep refusing to pay up, I'll f\*ck you right here, right now. Seriously, either get Tristan to come after me now, or I'm having my way with you." Albert was a thug through and through, and as he spoke, he closed in on Jennifer rapidly.

Grabbing her shoulder, he shoved her so hard that she fell to the ground.

Jennifer yelped. She struggled to move backward, but Albert had already pounced on her. One hand moved to seize her hair while the other made to tear her clothes off.

At that point, Jennifer started screaming, "Okay, okay! I'll pay!"

Unfortunately, Albert had no intention of letting her go at all. "Too late. I've already decided to have you first."

Jennifer's coat had already been pulled down her shoulders, revealing her shirt underneath.

Albert's eyes glowed with lust, and his gaze seemed to be burning. Even his breathing was getting uneven.

Before he could do anything else, a stern bellow came from nowhere. "You better let her go right now!"

Seconds later, a brick came flying and smashed right into the back of Albert's head.

The intense pain prompted Albert to caress his head. Crimson red blood tainted his hand immediately.

He stood up immediately to look at the person who assaulted him.

It was Donald.

His eyes oozed with icy anger, and the hostility within them was as aggressive as a raging tsunami.

Jennifer was the woman he cared about the most, so he refused to let those hooligans treat her like that.

"Donald," called out Jennifer. She instantly got up and ran toward him, her face ghastly pale.

Mmph!

Kevin quickly removed the dirty sock from his mouth and knelt there, retching.

"Ah, the abandoned child," said Albert. His eyes shone evilly. It was obvious that the back of his head was injured because he was still bleeding.

"Donald Campbell, do you have a death wish?" roared Albert. "Men, gather around!"

One order was all it took to have over a hundred men surrounding them.

Fear bubbled up in Jennifer's face. "Don't hurt him! You want ten million, right? I'll pay you."

Albert licked the blood off his palm and cruelly replied, "No, that won't do. I want fifty million now. The extra forty million is to pay for the hospital bill. That is the price you must pay for tossing that brick at me."

Donald stood there. He looked calm, but the aura he exuded was overwhelming and dominating. It was as though he were a dragon that had just been awakened, and his power was inhumane.

"You're from one of the clans, huh?" uttered Donald calmly. "You're gutsy. I'll give you that. Well, if the government is too cowardly to deal with you all, then I shall be the one to deliver justice." After saying that, Donald swept his gaze around.

"Oh, shut up! Quit trying to act tough," shouted someone.

To everybody's surprise, the one who complained wasn't a member of the Winston family. It was Jennifer's mother, Linda.

She put a hand on her waist and pointed at Donald before scolding him, "This is all your fault! We could've solved this problem with ten million, but you had to show up and cause their demand to increase to fifty million. Leave now! You bring nothing but bad luck!"

She truly hated Donald and stepped up to slap him across the face.

He moved ever so gracefully and stopped her hand before slapping her in return.

Smack!

The heavy slap landed on her face, causing her cheek to sting terribly.

Linda was taken aback before she plopped to the ground and began throwing a tantrum like a spoiled princess. "Jennifer, did you see what he did? He actually slapped me! I'm your mother, and him hurting me is unforgivable! I will disown you if you insist on being involved with this piece of trash!"

## **Chapter 406 Pay Up**

Before Jennifer could say anything, Donald refuted, "What kind of mother are you? Were you going to let him rape your daughter right in front of you?"

Albert laughed aloud in response to that. "See that? Even your ex's mother is against you. What's the point of living a life where no one loves you? You might as well just drop dead."

He snapped his fingers a moment later and ordered, "You know what? Let's not waste our breath. Men, break his legs right now."

All the men came after Donald simultaneously. It was as though they were a zombie horde, and they were relentless.

"Don't kill me! Please don't kill me! This has nothing to do with me. It's all Donald's fault!" screamed Kevin fearfully as he placed his hands on his head and cowered on the ground.

Skylar shouted as well, "He's right! This has nothing to do with us. If you want to punish someone, go after Donald!"

Linda also yelled, "Take Donald away. You can do whatever you want. Break his legs if that is what you wish."

Albert smiled evilly and made his way to the couple. "Jennifer is your ex-wife, but rumor has it that you've never slept with her. This is perfect. I will f\*ck her right in front of you."

He reached out once more to grab Jennifer.

Jennifer turned pale and hugged Donald tightly.

"It'll be fine," cooed Donald as he shook his head.

"Don't even try it!" thundered someone angrily. Immediately after that, a burly man in a suit flew into the air before dropping down. He slammed into a forklift, and his body spasmed. Blood trickled from the corners of his mouth.

Albert spun around and saw a muscular man running toward him. Following the latter were over a hundred men dressed like punks.

He immediately recognized the man.

That's Mr. Lynch!

"Anyone who tries to cause trouble will meet an untimely end!" shouted Ethan. He led his men into the fray, each punch instantly feeling his opponent.

Thud! Thump!

One by one, the muscular men from the Winston family screamed in agony or moaned in pain.

Ethan seemed displeased. "Hmph! One punch and you punks are already rolling on the floor."

Albert was stunned momentarily, but he snapped back to his senses immediately after. "Ethan, are you declaring war against us?"

Albert wasn't scared of Ethan because he was certain that the latter had, at most, two to three thousand men at his disposal.

The Winston family had over ten thousand men on their side.

Ethan kept his head up and proudly announced, "The Winston family is nothing."

If Donald weren't there, Ethan would not have had the guts to say something like that. He certainly wouldn't have worked that hard.

However, the aforementioned man was standing right in front of him, so he had to work especially hard and show initiative.

There is no need to worry about anything when Lord Campbell is on my side.

Albert laughed boisterously, and a hint of insanity could be heard. "Fine, then just you wait. I will show you exactly how powerful my family is."

After saying that, he fished his phone out of his pocket and called his father, who was also the head of the family. "Hey, Dad? I'm working on the issue at Reclamation Area One, and Ethan has butted in. He is going to fight against us."

"I will be there in thirty minutes," replied Zachary before he hung up and sent a group message to everyone: Every member of the family who is between eighteen and fifty-five years old is to gather at Reclamation Area One for a battle against Ethan Lynch.

Zachary was in his fifties, but he was rather healthy and only needed to put on a leather jacket before he left the house.

A middle-aged woman suddenly suggested, "I'll call my dad right away."

Zachary grinned proudly and pointed out, "No, don't bother. Ethan is a nobody, and we don't need the Denzel family's help to destroy him."

The Denzel family was the most influential family in Pollerton.

Zachary's message had been sent a mere five minutes ago, but every member who was working or taking their breaks had already set everything aside. They moved as quickly as they could and gathered at Reclamation Area One.

It only took half an hour for over three thousand men to show up at Reclamation Area One.

They came from every angle and every road.

"Everyone is to wait for my orders," instructed Zachary.

One and a half hours later, Reclamation Area One was filled with over ten thousand burly men employed by the Winston family. Everyone was armed with a weapon.

## **Chapter 407 Gathering The Men**

Neil had been alerted to the matter as well, but when he learned about how Donald was there, he smiled in amusement. "Interesting... I'll just leave the matter to Lord Campbell, then."

Over ten thousand men were there, and from a bird's eye view, it looked as though someone had painted the land black. Everyone had a suit on and was armed with steel bats. All they had to do was stand there, and their sheer presence was overwhelming enough.

Zachary stood in front of them. He looked rather heroic in that regal outfit.

Ethan and his men were trembling a little when they saw how things had progressed.

At that moment, they only had about a hundred men with them. However, the Winston family had over ten thousand men.

"This is it. We're dead," muttered Linda. Her legs kept shaking, and she was crying so much that it was as though she was mourning her child.

Kevin was even worse off. He was too scared and weak to move and was trembling endlessly.

Zachary walked toward Ethan and glared evilly before asking, "Ethan, are you really going to go up against me?"

Ethan replied, "Yes, I am!"

Zachary sneered. "Great. I'm guessing the Freedman clan won't come after us for the sake of a local gangster, so destroying you will be a nice bonus."

After saying that, he turned to Jennifer and sighed. "Young lady, you could've solved this problem with a mere ten million. Now, things have escalated to the point where ten million will no longer cover our losses."

"H-How much do you want?" asked Jennifer fearfully.

She would pay however much was necessary to keep Donald safe.

"We have over ten thousand men with us. We'll leave if you pay us ten thousand each," replied Zachary.

Jennifer was stunned in place because that would total to one hundred million.

Albert suddenly demanded, "No, that won't do. I demand forty million in medical fees because he injured my head. That would make the total one hundred and forty million."

Zachary knew that Jennifer was about to be extremely rich because she would receive a few hundred million once the fee for the land reclamation project was paid.

Skylar suddenly stood up and complained, "Wait, that has nothing to do with us. It's all Donald's fault."

Linda was taken aback, but she quickly came around and chimed in, "That's right. He did everything out of his own free will. We're innocent!"

Trembling, Kevin said, "It's true. We were about to pay ten million when Donald showed up and prevented us from doing so. You should take your anger out on him instead."

Donald was so angry that he shook his head in exasperation.

He honestly didn't understand what was going on in Kevin's and Linda's minds.

What do I have to do with any of this? Besides, bullies like Albert will always take advantage of the situation. Paying him won't solve the issue. He will return in the future and keep badgering you.

Donald only ever had one rule when it came to men like Albert.

That rule was to beat them up.

Only by knocking those bullies out with absolute force would the problem be solved.

While stationed at the border, Donald had encountered countless bullies like Albert, and the former had always overwhelmed them with his power.

That was why the army of Azuro became known as the most powerful underground force in the world. Donald had earned that title with his fists.

Zachary and Albert grinned mockingly when they heard what Kevin and Linda said. "My, my. You are an abandoned kid, but no one pities you."

Albert smiled and taunted, "Donald Campbell, I will cripple you today, even if heaven itself is against me."

Zachary waved his arm and shouted, "Ready?"

The loud shuffling of over ten thousand of the Winston family's men moving simultaneously and in sync rang out. Every single one of them had a bloodthirsty look in their eyes.

That was how the Winston family rose to be the second most powerful clan in Pollerton. They were united and fearless.

"What do we do, Donald? What do we do?" asked Jennifer while hugging Donald's arm. Fear and panic were written all over her face.

Donald scanned around. He couldn't be any calmer when he said, "They're just a bunch of idiots, so there is no need to be concerned."

"Kill him!" roared Albert, whose eyes were shining evilly.

The punks who had come with Ethan and who didn't know the truth were instantly on the verge of crying.

A hundred of them were fighting against ten thousand men. It was a suicide mission.

## **Chapter 408 Fight**

They would obviously be torn apart.

The ten thousand men moved in unison and approached rapidly.

Even from a distance, the sheer numbers would cause anyone's scalp to tingle.

Donald raised his head, revealing his emotionless eyes. It was as though he were looking upon ants.

"First Army, gather!" ordered Donald indifferently.

No one knew what was going on, but they understood soon after.

A flare gun shot a signal into the air.

Moments later, over a thousand men suddenly showed up on the scene. Every single one of those men was wearing the uniform unique to the Azure Wyvern Army, and they were in formation. Their eyes glowed with power as they marched forward.

Zachary was stunned for a second, but he soon laughed aloud. "That's all you have?"

"Second Army, gather!"

Donald's second order prompted the flare gun to send the second signal. Another group of a thousand members of the Azure Wyvern Army showed up.

That totaled to two thousand men, but Zachary remained calm because he had over ten thousand men on his side.

"Terrandya Army, gather!"

The third signal danced in the sky and brightened it.

Over a hundred armored tanks appeared on the horizon. All of them had cannons installed.

Up in the air, dozens of helicopters circled around.

"The Terrandya Army has gathered, and our radar has identified everyone. Awaiting further instructions."

Zachary's smile faltered immediately.

He looked up at the sky and at the Terrandya Army that was quickly approaching from a distance. His jaw dropped, and his cigarette fell onto the floor, but he didn't even notice that.

Six thousand men had shown up, and they were armed with enough heavy weaponry that they could annihilate the Winston family easily.

Despite that, Donald wasn't done. The fourth signal sped into the air.

A bellow came soon after. "Azure Wyvern Guard, gather!"

The man who shouted that order was a young man who was wearing the armor of the Azure Wyverns. He had the Azure Wyvern Blade with him, and the only thing that could be seen was his intimidating eyes.

It was the Wyvern King, Kingsley Felton.

Zachary felt his vision going dark as horror appeared in his eyes.

How did I end up pissing Lord Campbell off? Also, how did Donald get Lord Campbell to show up?

Zachary turned to Donald. A single terrifying thought ran past his mind.

Could it be? No. That's not possible. It can't be!

"Tudela Army, gather," shouted Kingsley.

Another army of men showed up from the northeastern side.

Those men were wearing white uniforms and had immense passion burning in their eyes.

They didn't know who Lord Campbell was, but they were aware of how the man was the leader who commanded them to head there.

"No. 81 Reserve Army, gather," shouted Kingsley. He sent the fifth signal into the air.

The No. 81 Reserve Army?

Zachary almost fainted at the mention of that name because that was an army that was known for its flexibility and power. It could get combat-ready at a moment's notice.

As suspected, military vehicles drove up from the northwest side. They came one by one, but they totaled over two hundred.

That was equivalent to over ten thousand men.

The No. 81 Reserve Army was supposed to merely be a reserve army, yet they totaled ten thousand in numbers!

A muscular man stepped out of the crowd soon after. The young man made his way to Kingsley and greeted, "I, the major-general of No. 81 Reserve Army, Jacob Reynolds, salute to you, Wyvern King. My team and I shall await your orders."

Kingsley looked around. Over thirty thousand men had shown up by then.

That was more than enough to squash Zachary and his men.

"There's no need to rush. The other armies haven't arrived yet. Hmm... let's just send the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth signal simultaneously."

"Pollerton Air Force Regiment, gather!"

"Pollerton Army, gather!"

"No. 72 Reserve Army, gather!"

"No. 72 Elite Army, gather!"

Kingsley shouted his orders consecutively.

Rumble!

Dust danced in the air and reached all the way to the sky, and the ground trembled in response.

## **Chapter 409 Lord Campbell**

Three airplanes sped toward the scene. They were fifth-generation fighter jets equipped with assault weaponry.

The Winston family was frozen in fear.

Adrenaline coursed through Ethan's veins as he stared at the sight. He almost wanted to give himself a good smack on the face to make sure he was not dreaming.

Linda, Kevin, and Jennifer were equally shocked.

Jennifer could not help but look at Donald as she whispered, "What's going on?"

Instead of answering her question, Donald pointed into the distance and muttered, "There's more."

At first, they could only see the vast ocean before them.

Soon enough, a massive contraption sped in their direction.

It was a destroyer!

Jacob stepped forward and announced, "The Pollerton Destroyer Army has assembled, General Felton. Only one member is absent from our a-hundred-thousand-strong army. Awaiting your orders, General!"

Kingsley acknowledged his report before shooting Zachary an intimidating stare.

Zachary immediately fell to his knees and pleaded for mercy, "Please, Wyvern King, we have done nothing wrong!"

"He's right! We only came to have a stroll!"

"We haven't done anything at all!"

Members of the Winston family chimed in, desperately pleading for their innocence.

Kingsley's icy glare remained as he uttered, "Ms. Wilson organized the construction of a three-lane highway as groundwork for Lord Campbell Avenue, but you stopped her and delayed the construction progress!"

Albert's heart skipped a beat. The thing he feared the most had still happened.

Meanwhile, Kingsley pointed at Linda and the others and ordered, "Those of you who are not involved, leave."

Linda pulled Kevin and Jennifer along with her as she made her escape.

Jennifer tried to pull Donald along with her, but he said, "You go ahead. I need to explain the situation clearly."

After some thought, Jennifer replied, "All right. I'll wait for you outside."

A military vehicle arrived to take Jennifer and the others to a place five kilometers away.

"Let's begin," Donald declared.

Zachary looked at him. His eyes narrowed when he saw Kingsley and Jacob carrying a chair over and placing it behind Donald.

The two men also said respectfully, "Please have a seat, Lord Campbell."

Lord Campbell?

Zachary hastily knelt on the ground.

How could I have offended Lord Campbell?

However, Albert was the most alarmed of them all.

The reason was simple.

Though Jennifer was Donald's ex-wife, everyone knew that Donald still loved her deeply.

Albert had humiliated Jennifer earlier without knowing Donald's true power.

Donald sat down and said slowly, "Your family is foolishly brazen."

From where he knelt on the ground, Zachary wailed, "Please have mercy on us, Lord Campbell!"

The rest of the Winston family visibly quivered in fear.

If Donald unleashed his full rage, he could send them to their graves.

Three years ago, he had established his fearsome reputation after killing almost a hundred thousand private armed forces in the Quadfield War.

Donald ignored Zachary and turned his attention to Andrew. "You shot Ysabel," he said.

Andrew's heart lurched in response.

He never could have imagined that Lord Campbell and Donald were one and the same. It was an earth-shattering secret.

Dread filled his soul as he recalled how he had shot Ysabel in front of Donald.

"I was wrong! Albert told me to do so! Please forgive me, Lord Campbell!" Andrew fell to his knees and sobbed.

Donald stared at the family silently.

Five kilometers away, Jennifer stared in the direction of Reclamation Area One, still in shock over Donald's actions.

A hundred thousand soldiers filled every inch of the space.  
Fighter jets circled overhead while the destroyer landed nearby.

Kevin stared at the scene and exclaimed, "It's no wonder Lord Campbell is the finest young man of our era!"

Skylar's gaze was filled with admiration. If I ever marry someone, I should marry someone like Lord Campbell! He's truly a hero of our times!

## **Chapter 410 Taking On The Clans**

"If only Lord Campbell liked you, Jenny. Too bad his heart belongs to that brat Ysabel," a jealous Linda lamented.

Jennifer, on the other hand, regarded the situation suspiciously.

All of this seems related to Donald.

Farther away, Donald stared intently at Albert and said, "You struck Jennifer's head with a shoe."

Albert immediately paled.

Donald's demeanor appeared to cool several degrees as he continued, "How could you humiliate someone so precious to me?"

"Mercy! Have mercy! I was wrong! So wrong!" Albert shouted before dissolving into tears.

"Slap him," Donald instructed.

Kingsley stepped forward and roughly tugged on Albert's hair to pull the man's head back. Then, he gave Albert a hard slap.

Crack!

Albert's head nearly turned a full round before the man collapsed limply to the floor.

Zachary watched on tearfully but dared not say a word.

Meanwhile, Donald announced, "Send everyone from the Winston family here to the warzone. They will repair the fort there for a year."

The men from the Winston family knelt and bowed repeatedly to express their gratitude.

"Hand over all your phones," said Kingsley.

They obediently threw their phones on the ground.

"Spread the word that I wish to reorganize the clans' powers. If the Denzel family refuses, they can taste my steel," declared Donald.

The Denzel family was the most powerful clan in Pollerton. They already knew something was wrong when they found out Donald had summoned a hundred thousand men to Reclamation Area One.

The head of the Denzel family was Luciano Denzel. When he first heard of Ethan's involvement, he had planned on leading thousands of men to capture Ethan.

Luciano's phone suddenly rang. When he answered it, he heard a cold voice through the receiver. "Luciano, it's me, Kingsley Felton."

Luciano froze in surprise before replying, "At your service, General Felton."

"Dissolve your family's influence, or Lord Campbell will do it for you!" Kingsley hung up right after issuing that warning.

Luciano's back was covered in a sheen of sweat. He felt as though he had just avoided a catastrophe.

An hour later, the Winston family was sent off to the warzone to start reparation works on the fort. They did not even have time to say goodbye to their relatives.

Though it was a harsh punishment, Donald was not wholly unreasonable.

He promised to release them after a year's service and also pay their families monthly for their work.

Three hours later, the entire Pollerton learned about what had happened at Reclamation Area One.

Everyone learned of the Winston family's failed attempt to stop the construction of Lord Campbell Avenue. They also knew Lord Campbell had sent a hundred thousand soldiers to subdue the Winstons, whose little stunt had infuriated him, causing him to begin suppressing the various clans in Pollerton.

He had also released an announcement, saying, "The clans in Pollerton have gone too far. We will not hesitate to crack down on anyone who misuses their clan's influence to cause trouble!"

Naturally, he struck terror in the hearts of every Pollerton resident.

The Winston family was the second most powerful clan in Pollerton, yet they were forced to become hard laborers at the borders.

Meanwhile, Kevin began boasting about his encounter with Lord Campbell.

To everyone he met, he said, "Did you know that I saw Lord Campbell in the flesh? The Winston family had the audacity to stop my sister's project, but Lord Campbell used his soldiers to scare them off. He even brought a destroyer!"

"What does Lord Campbell look like?" his friends asked curiously.

Kevin answered, "Lord Campbell is very handsome and two meters tall. He holds a purple and gold club in one hand. He's pretty friendly too, even greeting me."

Later that day, at six in the evening, Jennifer finally met Donald.

"What did you stay behind to do?" Jennifer asked him suspiciously.

Donald shot her a small smile and said, "I had to explain everything that happened clearly, including how the conflict began in the first place."

Jennifer's disbelief was palpable, and she said, "Why do I have the feeling that you know Wyvern King personally?"

## **Chapter 411 Saying Goodbye**

Donald fell silent for some time before revealing, "Because I'm Lord Campbell."

Jennifer burst into giggles. She held Donald's shoulder for support and responded, "I don't believe you. Everyone wants to be a hero like Lord Campbell, but a hero like him only shows up once every few hundred years. You're Donald, the man I've always loved."

Donald's heart skipped a beat as he glanced at Jennifer.

Their gazes met.

Jennifer gazed at him adoringly as her cheeks turned pink.

Reluctantly, Donald explained, "All right. I shall tell you the truth. My grandpa was a geomancy expert. Before the land reclamation project began, Kingsley hired him to check the geomancy."

That Jennifer believed. "That sounds about right. Don't try to curry favor with Wyvern King, though. Men like him are unpredictable, arrogant, and cruel. You'll be at a disadvantage if you were to interact with him," she reminded.

Donald was at a loss for words.

Do I even need to curry favor with Kingsley?

As Jennifer refused to believe that he was Lord Campbell, he wasn't about to explain things to her.

A brief silence later, he revealed, "I might have to part ways with you soon."

Jennifer's entire being trembled as she gazed at Donald. Her face slowly drained of color.

"I don't have much time left," Donald said calmly. "I've contacted a medical institution and will undergo surgery before the New Year. There is a possibility I won't get to leave the operating table alive."

Donald couldn't tell her that he was going to the newly built S7-Grade laboratory in Lord Campbell Mountain Villa to remove the Jadar Stone particles in his body through the artificial sun. Thus, he had no choice but to explain the process in a simple manner.

Tears escaped Jennifer's eyes. "I'm sorry, Donald. I really am. If you can't make it through the surgery, I'll die alongside you."

Donald shook his head slowly. "If I were to die, you must live well and marry a suitable man one day."

As he finished speaking, it was as though he had used up all his strength.

No one knew how much courage he had to pluck up to say that.

He wouldn't have said that unless it was absolutely necessary.

"All right. It's getting late, so you should leave. I'm getting sleepy," Donald told her.

Shaking her head profusely, Jennifer grabbed his hand and rubbed it on her cheek. "No! I won't leave. I want to be with you."

Donald let out a sigh and caressed her soft cheek slowly.

Silence ensued.

Shortly after, the deafening roar of a sports car approached them. A pink sports car driving at two hundred miles per hour sped past the traffic light not far away and screeched to a halt before them. Its tires were smoking from the friction.

The door opened, and Kevin stepped out.

He was clad in his usual branded outfit.

After getting out of the car, he idly swirled the car key on his left finger and glanced at Donald. "Oh? Why are you still pestering my sister when you're going to die soon? Scram! You aren't worthy of Jennifer!" he mocked lazily as he leaned on his car.

"Kevin!" Jennifer glared at him furiously.

Donald looked at him before turning to the sports car. "Why are you driving a pink sports car? Isn't it embarrassing as you're a man? Besides, this sports car belongs to your sister. It isn't yours."

"Everything that belongs to Jennifer is also mine. Are you jealous? Have you ever driven a Ferrari?" Kevin asked.

Donald's lips curved into a sneer. "Are you serious? How are you so justified in taking Jennifer's stuff?"

Kevin retorted, "I won't waste my time talking to you. Jennifer, he won't make it past the New Year, so stop contacting him. I believe a big shot will fall in love with you one day. Don't miss the opportunity to marry into a wealthy family just because of Donald!"

"I need to go." A low-profile local car rolled to a stop before them. Donald opened the door and got in.

Jennifer gazed at him, her eyes wet with tears.

## Chapter 412 Transferring The Ownership

After Donald left, Kevin declared, "Jennifer, I need a favor."

"What is it?" Jennifer asked sadly.

"Skye will only marry me if you transfer the ownership of this car to her," Kevin explained.

Hearing that, Jennifer blew her top. "Eleanor gave the car to me on my birthday. It isn't for her!"

Kevin retorted indignantly, "You don't like driving cars, so why not give it to her?"

Jennifer shook her head sternly. "No."

Her words caused him to panic instantly. "What about my future? What if she doesn't want to marry me?"

Jennifer snorted in disbelief. "Why do you insist on marrying her? Is she even a nice girl? Don't you know her well?"

Kevin's fury sprang to life. "Jennifer, she's your future sister-in-law! How could you insult her this way? I don't care. This car is mine. You have no choice but to give it to me even if you don't want to! I'm going to Mom and Dad now."

With that said, he got into the car and drove away.

It was three in the afternoon when Donald arrived at Lana's office.

He was about to enter the laboratory soon, and there was no telling whether he would survive the ordeal. Thus, he wanted to bid goodbye to everyone personally.

Of course, it would be great if he could survive. However, if this plan were to fail, at least he had gotten to bid goodbye to them.

Lana was talking on her phone. "What? I don't want to even see him, let alone marry him!"

Thud!

She cut the call as her eyes turned red.

That was the first time Donald saw the frail side of her.

Sensing his gaze, Lana turned at her shoulder and saw Donald leaning on the door. He was staring at her calmly.

"Donald." Lana went over to him and shot him a smile. "I'm hurt, so I need a hug."

A smile nudged Donald's lips, and he didn't reject her advance.

She's so soft and silky. Oh, how amazing.

"I came here to say goodbye to you," he explained.

He sensed Lana's body tensing up in his arms.

"I'm not sure whether I'll survive this ordeal," he added coolly.

He didn't seem afraid of death.

However, it would be nice to remain alive.

"Good luck." Tears threatened to escape from Lana's eyes.

After saying goodbye to Lana, Donald then paid Reina a visit.

Reina pouted when she saw him. "You got back together with your ex-wife and stopped coming to me. B\*stard!"

Donald smiled wryly.

"Why are you here?" Reina asked.

Donald queried, "Is Scarlet Swan Villa doing well recently?"

Reina hesitated briefly before answering, "Not bad."

Donald nodded. "I'm here to bid goodbye to you."

Reina couldn't hide her surprise. "Where are you going?"

"To the operating room," came Donald's answer.

Reina fell silent for a long while before tears welled up in her eyes.

Donald was so capable that they had assumed he was healthy.

His calm demeanor was at odds with his situation, as though death wasn't knocking at his door.

This had caused everyone to forget that he was, in fact, a terminally ill patient who was about to die soon.

He was suffering from various cancers. An ordinary person would've been dead by now if they were in his shoes.

However, he managed to last this long.

"Good luck. I'll be waiting for your return." Reina stepped nearer to him and took his hand.

Her gaze was earnest as she vowed, "As long as you survive, I can give everything up. I won't even demand anything as long as I can be with you."

"You're a fool," Donald told her.

He then went to Wynter, who was currently in a foul mood, no thanks to her family.

Following the incident with Sebastian, the Lowe family realized that Wynter had a powerful backer, someone they assumed was her sugar daddy.

It was hard to part with him. "You must survive. I'll be waiting for you," she said sadly.

