

Read Novel Son In Law Madness Chapter 621

Son In Law Madness Chapter 621- One focused on strength, while the other focused on speed.

The duo attacked Donald in unison for the slight chance of staying alive.

If it was an average Mortal Realm expert, they would surely choose to avoid them even though such an attack wouldn't be much threatening.

Unfortunately, the duo encountered none other than Donald.

Donald loved damaging one's pride.

He turned around and punched Kun, causing the latter's right arm to become dented.

And then he swung his foot backward and kicked Tom in the chest.

With those simple attacks and without anything fancy, it took only three seconds for Donald to get rid of the duo.

Lucy, who was on the stage, shivered as she looked at Donald.

At that moment, she was bereft of words and horrified, for Donald looked like the God of Death.

"How are you a superstar as compared to Wynter?"

"D-Don't kill me."

While gazing at her, Donald uttered calmly, "Don't worry. I won't kill you. I'll make you suffer a fate worse than death, as you said just now."

Donald moved like a lightning bolt as he tapped on Lucy's neck. The next second, as if she had been electrocuted, she toppled to the ground, convulsed, and foamed at the mouth.

Zack, who collapsed on the ground, gritted his teeth and said to Donald, "Donald, don't be too arrogant. The Zurlo family will surely send someone to get to the bottom of what happened after I die. By then, your identity will be exposed!"

"Is that so? Then before you came here today, why didn't you guess that Braxton's death is related to me?"

Donald's question stumped Zack.

This time, as the Ten Prestigious Families returned to Pollerton, the Zurlo family had assigned him a primary mission to find out how Braxton and Hamish died and to determine the suspects.

Zack was pretty confident with his analytical capability. But as Donald said, why did he not suspect that Donald had something to do with their death?

Just as Zack was in a state of bewilderment, Billy came out from the obscure spot of the studio.

There was also a group of people in reddish-black uniforms who had walked out together with Billy.

They were the Dark Crows—Donald's subordinate's most capable intelligence organization, which is specifically responsible for settling matters for Donald and hiding his real identity.

As soon as Zack caught sight of Billy, realization dawned on him.

Even though Tom and Kun were Septet Stella Warrior and above, they didn't even notice that Billy and those people were hiding in the shadows. From that, it was apparent that Donald was incredibly powerful.

After a moment of silence, Zack asked, "Donald, who on earth are you?"

Donald shot a look at Zack. "You don't deserve to know."

When Donald waved his hand, Billy appeared behind Zack and took out a dagger to stab the latter.

Instantly, Zack's face stiffened, then he appeared to be in extreme pain. His facial features contorted violently, and he died in anguish.

Billy's weapon was called Misery and was coated with some customized deadly poison.

That type of deadly poison had no other effect than letting a person suffer excruciating pain and endure unimaginable torment the minute before he died.

"Clean up the place. I don't want this matter to draw any attention. Do you understand what I'm saying?"

Lowering his head, Billy replied, "Yes, Lord Campbell."

When Evelyn and Weston woke up again, the bloodstains and stuff had been removed except for a few steel plates stabbed to the ground.

The duo had no idea what had happened. Meanwhile, Donald had arrived home to discuss the renovation of the mansion with Jennifer.

Read Novel Son In Law Madness Chapter 622

Son In Law Madness Chapter 622-Since Dragon Fide Corporation owned excellent designers and a renovation team, it was easy to solve the problem of the renovation of the mansion.

“I’ve made up my mind. I’ll pick this one.”

Jennifer showed Donald the slideshow of the design plan she had decided on. “What do you think? Do you like this renovation style?”

The renovation style Jennifer had chosen was a modern Chanaean-style design. Although that style looked good, it would be troublesome to execute it excellently.

Shrugging, Donald responded, “It doesn’t matter to me as long as you think it’s nice.”

“How can you be like that? This is our future home. What do you mean by it doesn’t matter to you? No. You have to give some input.”

Since Jennifer insisted he gave some input, Donald thought for a while before saying, “Are you sure you want to use this kind of ceiling? Our mansion will take on a modern Chanaean-style, but this type of pattern is usually used outdoors. It won’t look nice indoors. Also, why not use floor tiles? I think it’ll look better with cloud white marble tiles.”

Donald had only intended to give some random input. However, he ended up changing the whole design plan.

Jennifer stared at Donald in shock. “I’m surprised you’re so knowledgeable about the renovation. Did you learn interior design in the past?”

Donald scratched his head. “Not really. I’ve seen plenty of interior designs before, so I get the hang of it.”

Even though Donald was the abandoned child of the Campbell clan, he had often visited various prestigious families in the past.

Those prestigious families usually designed their houses in modern Chanaean-style to show their status.

Just as Donald said, he didn’t study interior design, but he naturally grasped the sense of it, as he had seen many houses in that design style before.

Jennifer pondered for a moment with her head hung low before she said to Donald, “Darling, I want to assign you another task.”

Donald gave a bitter chuckle and uttered, “Darling, didn’t you just arrange a talent show for me? Why are you giving me another task? Am I the only one who’s capable in the company?”

Jennifer rolled her eyes at Donald. “Capability and responsibility come hand in hand. Besides, Yulia told me that the television station is starting a new production again. You’re free during this period.”

Donald was rendered speechless.

He realized Jennifer was well-informed regarding most company matters since she took over as CEO.

After all, the matter of the television station changing content was a sudden decision made three hours ago after a discussion between Weston and Spencer, the head of the TV station.

Yet, Jennifer had already found out about it. It showed that she had all the corporation’s businesses in the palm of her hand.

“Tell me, what is it? I won’t do it if it is something too complicated.”

“How can it be complicated? It must be related to your profession.”

Jennifer took out a document from the study before handing it to Donald. “Darling, take a good look at this document. I’ll continue after you’ve read through it.”

When Donald glanced through the document, he noticed it was a renovation contract.

Although Dragon Fide Corporation’s main focus was to restart the Dragon Fide Project to build Dragon Fide Villa, it didn’t mean that Dragon Fide Corporation wouldn’t accept other businesses.

After all, such a big corporation wouldn’t survive for too long if they only invested without earning profit.

In fact, the renovation contract Jennifer showed Donald had just been signed in the morning.

As the service provider, Dragon Fide Corporation would provide all the necessary renovation services for the Atlas Project. Moreover, the design style requested by the other party was the modern Chanaean-style.

At that moment, Donald wanted nothing more than to slap himself.

Why did I discuss the renovation style with Jennifer? I must be too free to seek trouble for myself.

Read Novel Son In Law Madness Chapter 623

Son In Law Madness Chapter 623-“What do you think, Darling? Based on our discussion, I think you’re more than capable of handling the job. This shouldn’t be a problem for you, right?”

Donald glanced at Jennifer and said, “This is an ordinary collaborative project. Aren’t you overdoing it by asking me, the vice president, to do it?”

“How would people know you’re the vice president if you remain silent about it? Besides, this project isn’t as simple as you think. Atlas Group promised to give us another one hundred million deal if they are satisfied with our service. Darling, you have to put effort into this project. I have high hopes for you.”

Donald heard of Atlas Group before. It was a real estate company. Nevertheless, he had never expected Atlas Group to be so wealthy that they would willingly invest one hundred million just for the renovation works.

“By the way, you don’t have to do anything there. The person in charge of this project is Amelia Ellis. Your job is merely to give her some bits of advice. It’s a simple job for you.”

At that, Donald heaved a sigh of relief.

“All right. I’ll go over tomorrow.”

The next morning, Jennifer headed to the office just to pass Donald’s approved proposal to the company’s renovation team. She needed them to commence work on the mansion as soon as possible.

After buying breakfast at the entrance, Donald took the bus to his destination to supervise the Atlas Project.

The bus was crowded with people during peak hour.

Donald wanted to experience the feeling of being an ordinary white-collar worker. However, he regretted it right away after taking the bus.

Ugh! I should have just driven my car to the office! Why am I here to make myself suffer? Forget about it! There are just a few stops left until I reach the place.

As the thoughts occurred to Donald, he caught a man reaching his hand out and silently pickpocketing a lady by fishing her wallet out of her pocket.

The passengers on the bus saw it too, but none of them attempted to stop the pickpocket.

Just when the pickpocket was about to leave with the wallet, Donald grabbed his hand.

“Why are you grabbing my hand? Let go of me!”

“Take out the wallet that you stole.”

“What are you talking about? When did I steal a wallet?”

Refusing to waste time, Donald pulled the pickpocket and pressed him down.

He took out the lady’s wallet from the pickpocket’s pocket and passed it back to her.

“Check your wallet and see if anything else is missing.”

The lady quickly thanked Donald and kicked the pickpocket twice.

“Let me go! Do you hear me? I’ll make you regret it!”

The thief made a fuss, yelling at Donald. He looked as though he was about to start a fight with Donald.

“Since I don’t have to clock in to work today, I’ll send you directly to the police station. Let’s see if you still have the audacity to act so rudely,” Donald sneered.

He twisted the pickpocket’s arm and got ready to leave the bus. It was at that moment he saw three men emerging from the crowd. All of them were holding shiny switchblades in their hands.

“Hey, you! Mind your own business. Let go of him now.”

The passengers, who were watching the scene, swiftly left upon seeing the weapons in the men’s hands. In an instant, the crowded bus turned empty.

All of them had squeezed into the front compartment, leaving only Donald and the lady behind. They were afraid to get injured by accident.

The lady wanted to make a move as well, but she could not, as the three men were glaring daggers at her with knives in their hands.

“Are you guys with him?” Donald asked placidly.

The bald man in the lead snorted. "With him? What do you mean by that? I can't stand watching you bully a good man. That's why I'm asking you to let go of him."

Read Novel Son In Law Madness Chapter 624

Son In Law Madness Chapter 624—"A good man? This man just stole a wallet from this lady! He's a thief. How does that make him a good person?"

"Is it?" The bald man turned to look at the lady. "Did he steal your wallet?"

"N-No. I dropped my wallet. He was being nice by helping me pick it up."

A smug smile bloomed on the bald man's face.

"Did you hear her? He was helping her, and yet you turned him into a thief. Let him go now."

Donald did not expect the lady to be a turncoat just like that by siding with the pickpocket.

Fine. I shouldn't have been nosy and helped her in the first place.

Donald had no choice but to release the pickpocket. The next second, the latter started wailing while holding his arm.

"Ah! My arm! Something's wrong with my arm! I think it's crippled!"

Judging from the pickpocket's facial expression and body language, Donald could tell that it was not his first time doing that. He looked professional in his acting.

The bald man pretended to check on the thief. "How ruthless of you to hurt him! What are you going to do to settle this?"

Donald smirked.

The lady didn't appreciate my help. Now that I have no choice but to release the pickpocket, he's trying to extort money from me.

"What do you guys want me to do?"

"Since you hurt him, you have to pay for his medical fees for his examination at the hospital. The medical check-up cost about fifteen thousand. I'll let things slide if you can pay ten thousand to him now."

"Wouldn't that be a huge loss if I only pay ten thousand? As you mentioned, the medical expenses are about fifteen thousand. What if there are other problems?" Donald

sounded concerned as he continued, "How about I pay you guys twenty thousand as compensation instead? Go and get a proper check-up. Give me a call if there is any problem."

"Sure! Sure!"

There was a deeper meaning in Donald's words. However, he failed to realize this and merely nodded desperately.

Meanwhile, the bald man was smart enough to understand the underlying meaning of Donald's words.

He's implying that we are allies. It seems that he's disgruntled.

Waving the switchblade, the bald man uttered, "Stop playing tricks with me. This will be over if you're willing to give ten thousand. Otherwise, things could be worse if my men make their moves on you."

"Is that so? Make a move on me, then. Let's see how bad things could be."

"Since you've said that, what's there to talk about between us? Get him! We need to teach him a lesson."

The moment the bald man commanded, the two other subordinates dashed forward, preparing to stab Donald.

They had put their thoughts into choosing the type of weapon to use.

A switchblade of that size could easily injure a person. Most importantly, it was not dangerous to the extent that it could take someone's life.

Its cut was not deadly as long as they avoided stabbing it right on sensitive body parts, such as someone's neck or thigh. Under normal circumstances, the switchblade would merely injure the victim.

Anyone would be frightened to be injured or stabbed by such a weapon. One would give up resisting due to fear after being stabbed.

Nevertheless, Donald was not an ordinary person.

He made a move by taking a few steps backward. Swiftly, he took away the switchblades in their hands.

Then he grabbed their heads, knocking their heads into each other before giving the two of them a kick.

Within three seconds, the bald man witnessed two of his subordinates getting defeated by Donald. They appeared pretty wretched as they hung on the window.

Shit! I just shot myself in the foot!

Donald beckoned him to come closer with his finger and said, "Come over. Is the knife in your hand a display? Come and stab me."

Read Novel Son In Law Madness Chapter 625

Son In Law Madness Chapter 625—"F*ck you!" Provoked by Donald's words, the bald man brandished the blade in his hand and aimed it directly at the former.

Since the bald guy was steadier on his feet than the others, he attacked at a much quicker speed. Hence, Donald did not hold back either. Sweeping his leg sideways, he kicked the man in the head, knocking the latter unconscious.

After making short work of the three burly men, Donald directed his gaze at the thief and uttered calmly, "Well, what will it be? Are you going to come and sit here, or should I go over there and haul you over?"

Now that the thief knew how merciless Donald was, he dragged himself over to the latter and sat down. "It's my first time stealing a purse. I don't know them. That's the truth!"

"Don't worry. I'm sure the officers will soon find out whether it's your first offense," Donald answered with a smile. Turning to the bus driver, he continued, "Please drive straight to the police station."

The bus driver was also a man with a sense of justice. Moreover, since Donald had already subdued the men, he had no qualms about heading directly to the police station.

It immediately piqued the police officers' interest in the four thieves after they jotted down a few notes and discovered that Donald was the one who had brought them in. Don't they have any idea who Donald Campbell is? He's a ruthless man who killed United Hearts Society's Yosef with his own hands. However, these four thieves still dared to stir up trouble on his territory. That's just digging their own graves.

Meanwhile, Donald had just stepped out of the police station in high spirits after doing a good deed when his phone started ringing.

"You're Donald Campbell, right? Didn't we arrange to meet in front of the project at nine o'clock?" The caller had a rather melodic voice, and Donald guessed she was the woman Jennifer had mentioned—Amelia.

“I’m so sorry. I had to catch a few thieves while on my way, thus causing a slight delay.”

“Catch thieves?” she echoed with half-suppressed laughter, clearly not believing a word he said.

I’ve been in this line of work for close to ten years. I’ve met all sorts of characters since I graduated from university, and it’s not like I’ve never encountered someone like him who agreed to meet at nine o’clock but was late. However, I have to say I’ve never met a person who has been shameless enough to excuse their tardiness by saying they were busy catching thieves. Nonetheless, I know he’s someone with close connections to the higher-ups. To put it bluntly, people like him participate in a project just for show if they see something worth their while or that has a capable project manager like me. In reality, they serve no particular role and merely want a share of the credit.

Back when I hadn’t graduated, I would never have tolerated such an occurrence. In fact, I would’ve thrown in my resignation letter to prove my professional integrity. But now, I don’t take these things so seriously anymore. So what if he’s just an attention seeker? As long as it doesn’t affect my work, he can do whatever he wants. That has nothing to do with me at all.

When Donald finally arrived at where he was supposed to meet Amelia, she said, “I don’t care why you’re late. Our construction team has gone up already. Atlas Group is sending some people over later to discuss the specifics of the renovation plans with us. I hope you’ll... speak as little as possible later.”

Without bothering to see how Donald reacted to her words, she walked into the building with her briefcase in her hand.

“She sure has quite the temper,” he murmured, rubbing his nose and following Amelia nonchalantly while admiring her figure.

According to my information, she’s very competent. She has handled fifteen major renovation projects, and everyone she has worked with has only sung praises about her abilities. Her track record was also why Jennifer felt so comfortable about entrusting her with this project. Although she’s almost thirty years old, her features and skin look no different from that of a young lady in her early twenties.

Read Novel Son In Law Madness Chapter 626

Son In Law Madness Chapter 626-What’s more, although she looks like a young lady, she possesses the dress sense and air of a classy and sophisticated woman. Her looks and aura make for a lethal combination, especially for men.

“What are you looking at?” Amelia asked. She could sense Donald’s intense gaze as she walked in front of him, and as someone who had been in the workforce for many

years, naturally, she knew what it meant. Nonetheless, she deliberately turned and asked that question to embarrass him.

To her surprise, he was not the least bit flustered. Instead, he gave a low whistle and replied approvingly, "Nice figure."

What a pervert! She was on the verge of exploding with rage, but she maintained a smile. "What does whether I have a nice figure or not have anything to do with you? Mr. Campbell, headquarters sent you to help me with my work, so I hope you don't just focus on my figure. Do you understand what I mean?"

She would never let anyone take advantage of her. Since she could not control Donald's gaze, she would use the fact that he had been ogling her to make it clear to him that she was in charge and he was only there to assist.

He gave her the okay gesture in response.

Thinking she had achieved her goal, she strutted into the elevator with her head held high, then led him into an office. Atlas Group's employees looked up at them immediately.

Brushing back the hair on her forehead, she smiled and said, "We're from Dragon Fide Corporation. May I know if Mr. Trent Palmer is here? We've come to discuss the plans for the residential renovation project."

No sooner had she said that than a middle-aged man came walking out of an office with a mug in his hand. "Oh, it's you, Amelia. Why are you here so early?"

She hurried over to him and said, "Don't make fun of me, Mr. Palmer. Something came up while we were making our way here. That's why we're late. I'm so sorry about that."

"Don't be silly. We know each other so well. What does it matter if you're a few minutes late? Come on. Let's talk in my office." While Trent Palmer spoke to Amelia, his eyes raked over her body.

She was wearing a white, lacy shirt and a black, tight-fitting skirt that perfectly showcased her slim figure.

To Trent, a woman like Amelia was a rare beauty, and a man's patience toward beautiful women was infinite. He was not interested in whatever renovation plan she had come to discuss with him. All he wanted was to spend as much time as he could with her and revel in the bliss of talking to a gorgeous woman.

However, Trent had just returned to his office and set down his mug when he spotted Donald following Amelia into the room. The smile on his face froze. "Who might this be?"

“This is Donald Campbell, a manager. Our headquarters sent him to assist me. Since he also has a good eye for the Chanaean style, they hoped he could help ensure I don’t overlook anything so we can better serve Atlas Group,” she replied.

Trent’s smile faded a little. If I was alone with her, I could still crack a few crude jokes here and there at her expense. But now that a guy who’s a complete stranger is here, it’d make me appear uncouth if I did that, wouldn’t it?

“Now, I’ve got to say a few words about those fools leading your head office. Amelia, your competence is unquestionable. I’m sure everyone can attest to that after how well we’ve been getting along these past few days. Where’s the need to send a manager to supervise you? Why don’t you quit working for Dragon Fide Corporation? Join this company and work with me instead of those pigs.”

Read Novel Son In Law Madness Chapter 627

Son In Law Madness Chapter 627-Trent’s words weren’t entirely a joke. It was a probe and also a mockery.

Anyone else might’ve laughed it off if they were in Donald’s shoes. After all, Trent was the client. Businessmen were used to being on the end of brusqueness from their clients.

However, Donald was the one present at the meeting, and he wouldn’t stand for insults like that.

Since Jennifer was the one who sent Donald there, she would be the fool leader that Trent was referring to.

Trent just stepped onto a landmine for criticizing Donald’s wife in front of him.

Leaning against the couch, Donald propped his legs on the coffee table. He tipped his chin at Trent and said, “We’re partners, Mr. Palmer, and the prerequisites for collaboration are respect and tolerance. You insulted the leaders of my company, calling them pigs. That begs the question, what about your company’s leaders? Are they cats and dogs? Or chickens, ducks, fish, or geese? Are they part of the poultry family?”

Anger twisted Trent’s features at Donald’s snide comment.

Amelia was staring at Donald as if he had lost his mind.

“Donald, do you even know what you’re saying? Apologize to Mr. Palmer immediately!”

Amelia was aware that the person the headquarters sent with her might be useless, yet she didn’t expect Donald to be both worthless and stupid.

This is the first time Donald meets Trent, and the two are already knocking heads with one another.

“He was the one who insulted our company’s leaders first, so why do I need to apologize to him? He should be the one apologizing. Don’t you think so, Mr. Palmer?”

Trent stared at Donald with narrowed eyes for a while.

Suddenly, Trent’s lips curled into a grin. With a grave expression, he said to Donald, “Apologies, Mr. Campbell. I normally run my mouth without filtering my words, so I often offend others. Please don’t take it to heart.”

Donald was surprised at Trent’s apology but didn’t show it on his face.

Trent Palmer. He sure is something. I thought he’d argue with me and use his position as the client to win the argument. I wouldn’t have hesitated to escalate the issue if he had done that. After all, I’m not the one being unreasonable, and I know Jennifer will take my side. However, Trent apologized so easily, so it’s obvious he knows he’s being unreasonable. I’m sure he’s planning to regain the respect he lost in subsequent exchanges.

If Donald could see through Trent’s intention, surely Amelia could too.

When Trent apologized, Amelia immediately rose to her feet and said with a solemn expression, “I’m sorry, Mr. Palmer. It was only supposed to be a joke between us. I didn’t think Donald would take it seriously.”

“Between you and I, there’s no need for apologies, and I think Mr. Campbell is right. The prerequisites for collaboration are respect and tolerance, a lesson he has reminded me of. Enough of that. Let’s cut the small talk. Show me the amended proposal.”

Since Donald had broken the initially harmonious atmosphere, Trent halted his calculative advances and started focusing on work.

He gave his secretary a call to arrange for a conference room, then summoned all the team members involved in the project to the room before leading Amelia there to present her proposal.

On the way to the conference room, Amelia’s hands itched to wrap around Donald’s neck to choke him.

Initially, the main components of the proposal were already set in stone, and they were merely there for formality so that Trent would give his stamp of approval and they could start with the construction.

That was why Amelia had the construction team waiting at the site.

Yet, Donald had now pissed Trent off. All those prior arrangements went down the drain. There was a possibility the entire renovation proposal would be rejected.

“Is everyone here?”

Trent’s assistant, Kenny Zeyl, answered, “Everyone is here, Mr. Palmer.”

Read Novel Son In Law Madness Chapter 628

Son In Law Madness Chapter 628-“Great. Let’s start, then.”

Trent reclined against the chair comfortably with a cup of coffee in his hands. Everyone in the room turned their attention to Amelia, who stood at the podium.

Amelia sucked in a deep breath to calm her nerves before plastering a smile as she slotted the flash drive into the computer and displayed her proposal on the screen.

“After numerous discussions with Mr. Palmer, the renovation plan we’re proposing is…”

The proposal had over seventy slides, including possible issues that may arise throughout the construction phase and the concepts behind their design.

Two hours had passed when Amelia finally arrived at the last slide.

Impatience surged within her when she glanced at the twenty-over missed calls on her phone.

All those calls were from the company’s construction team.

Although they had arrived on site with their equipment, they didn’t dare to start without Amelia’s order.

“What do you think about our proposal, Mr. Palmer?”

Hope shone in Amelia’s eyes as she looked at Trent.

As long as Trent gave his approval on the proposal, Dragon Fide Corporation’s construction team could start immediately.

“Now, see, here’s where you’re wrong, Amelia. I’m only the project manager, so I can’t make the decisions on the expertise stuff. Why else would I have this meeting if you only needed my say on this?”

Trent swept his gaze at his colleagues in the room and said, “All of you can pitch any comments you have too. Feel free to state your opinion.”

Working for Trent was no easy job. Hence, none of Trent's team members were pushovers.

Everyone in the room was aware Amelia was close to Trent.

However, if they were truly as close as they portrayed, Trent wouldn't have asked her to present her proposal and opened the floor to his team members.

Thus, the minute Trent's words were out of his mouth, his colleague was ready to nitpick at Amelia's proposal.

"The floorboard is a problem from the start. Hearing Ms. Ellis' introduction earlier, I realized the floorboard doesn't match the style we had in mind. The wooden flooring you stated in your proposal has patterns on them. Frankly, that's fine for the average household, but it'll make Atlas Residence seem cheap. Also, your selection of furniture makes us question your taste. For example, the table and barrel chairs in the study might seem fine at first, but, in actuality, they don't fit the modern Chanaean style. The modern in modern Chanaean style means refreshing and not just popular."

Once someone took the lead, more and more people started finding fault with the proposal.

Some suggestions were pertinent, but the majority were simply idealism that didn't provide any reference value to the project.

Amelia, who stood at the podium, was close to crying.

It looks like my proposal is sure to fail today, and it's a wasted trip for the construction team.

Aggrievance flooded Amelia at the thought of the scolding she would receive from the team leader of the construction team after the meeting.

Everything was going smoothly when I first took over the project. Why was everything shot to pieces when Donald got on board?

Amelia turned to level a glare at Donald.

To her surprise, Donald was holding his phone up to record the scene.

Has he lost his mind? Is he clueless that recordings aren't allowed in internal meetings?

Trent also caught Donald's action.

With a smile, he asked, "Mr. Campbell, are you recording with your phone?"

Donald nodded and replied, "Yeah, you have too many suggestions about the proposal. I wouldn't know where to start when I get back if I don't record all of your comments down."

Read Novel Son In Law Madness Chapter 629

Son In Law Madness Chapter 629-Trent laughed coldly and said, "Mr. Campbell, we are suggesting a list of amendments because your proposal is far from perfect. If you can't remember all the details, you should be penning it down now instead of recording a video."

"The thing is, I don't think there's any issue with our proposal."

Donald's reply infuriated every single one of Trent's subordinates who had provided their feedback earlier.

"What do you mean by that? Are you implying that we're finding fault with you? How did such an unprofessional person become the manager? Does Dragon Fide Corporation still intend on working with us?"

By then, Amelia was no longer surprised by Donald's outrageous behavior.

It finally dawned on her that Donald's motive was not to get credit but to destroy the project!

She even wondered if the top management disliked her, so they sent Donald to stir up trouble on purpose.

Trent looked at Donald and declared formally, "Mr. Campbell, not only have you violated the rule that forbids video-taking during our internal meetings, but you're also refusing to accept these comments and rectify your problems. With that, I hereby represent Atlas Group to issue you a warning. I hope you can stop the video recording immediately and make all necessary changes to the proposal based on our inputs shared. Otherwise, your action will be deemed a breach of contract, and you'll have to compensate us with a significant sum."

Trent had no other talent. If there was one thing he was ever good at, it was his ability to nitpick and make allegations.

He was confident that the haughty Donald would become submissive once he mentioned the breach of contract.

To his surprise, Donald was not the least bit terrified. Instead, he spoke into the phone.

"Mr. Chasselton, these are the exact words of Mr. Palmer. Did you hear it loud and clear?"

Mr. Chasselton?

Trent knitted his brows.

Who's this fellow talking to?

Before Trent could figure that out, a familiar voice sounded from the other side of Donald's phone.

"Yes, yes, I heard it. Anyhow, please allow me to explain, Mr. Campbell. Trent's opinion doesn't represent the stance of Atlas Group. I'm sure there's a misunderstanding. Please give me a little bit more time. I'm already on my way and should get to you within ten minutes."

Whatever I say doesn't represent Atlas Group?

Trent was enraged by the comment.

He slammed a hand on the table and questioned Donald, "What on earth are you doing? Not only did you take a video during our internal meeting, but you also engaged in a video call with others! Do you know this constitutes the crime of leaking classified information?"

Donald stared at Trent as though he was a fool.

"Mr. Palmer, don't tell me you can't recognize the voice of your boss—Mr. Samson Chasselton? How can I be charged for leaking company secrets when I'm actually on the phone with him?"

Mr. Samson Chasselton? The CEO based in our headquarters?

Trent burst out laughing.

How could a man like Donald rub shoulders with a big shot who has a net worth of tens of millions?

Amelia, however, seemed to be in deep thought after hearing what was said.

She had learned her lesson, and she now refrained from messing with Donald when she discovered the strong backing he had. Amelia stood aside and waited quietly to see what Donald would do next.

Though Samson had requested Donald to wait ten minutes for him, Trent would not spare the latter the time.

Conversely, Trent called upon the legal team and instructed them to draft a notice for breach of contract in front of Donald. Then, he signed the letter and tossed it at Donald.

“You may leave now, Donald. Henceforth, you’ve got nothing to do with the Atlas Residence project. Make sure you’re prepared to pay the exorbitant liquidated damages in a few days’ time.”

Read Novel Son In Law Madness Chapter 630

Son In Law Madness Chapter 630-“Are you sure?” Donald looked at Trent, seemingly giving him another chance to take back his words.

However, the latter stared at him with disdain and taunted, “Why? Are you fretting now? If you’re scared, you can kneel before me and beg for forgiveness. I might feel better and retract the notice of breach of contract. Who knows?”

Trent was inundated with elation. It took him more than a decade of hard work to climb the corporate ladder and be where he was today. All he ever wanted was to have the upper hand and feel powerful.

Right then, someone kicked the conference room door open, and Samson, who was wearing his suit, rushed in.

The next second, he lifted his hand and slapped Trent across his face.

“M-Mr. Chasselton?” Trent cried, aghast. “Why did you hit me, Mr. Chasselton?”

“Not only will I strike you today, but I also swear I’m going to destroy you!”

As he spoke, Samson landed a kick on Trent’s stomach.

The latter did not expect the attack and was sent flying along with his chair.

The other employees tried to appease the situation, but they were all stopped by Samson.

He continued beating Trent to his heart’s content for one whole minute. Then, he fixed his tie and suit before walking up to Donald with a smile.

“I’m terribly sorry, Mr. Campbell. I didn’t expect things to turn out this way. It’s all our fault. We will deal with it seriously and give you a satisfactory answer.”

Mr. Campbell?

Everyone in the conference room turned their heads to look at Donald in shock.

Who exactly is this fellow? Why does Mr. Chasselton address him respectfully as Mr. Campbell?

“Well, our company values the collaboration with Atlas Group. That’s why I was sent here to supervise the project and provide my suggestions accordingly. Never had I thought that I would face such a challenge even before the commencement of the project. This has certainly made things very difficult for me to proceed,” Donald responded indifferently.

Samson felt quite proud when he heard what Donald said.

This man is the vice president of Dragon Fide Corporation! Regardless of position or net worth, he’s in the same league as my boss, Mr. Yale Hennessy. No matter how big Atlas Residence is, it’s still deemed a small project. What else can I ask for when the vice president of Dragon Fide Corporation is here personally to help me check on the renovations of the entire residential area?

That was precisely why Samson fretted like he had ants in his pants when he saw how Trent treated Donald during the video call.

It was not because Atlas Group was fearful of Dragon Fide Corporation.

Instead, he felt so embarrassed to have a gloating staff humiliating the representative of the other company who demonstrated their sincerity in the partnership.

How will others see Atlas Group if news of this gets out?

At that, Samson quickly mollified Donald by saying, “Don’t worry, Mr. Campbell. After considering it carefully, our board of directors has concluded that Trent is not suitable to be the manager of this project. Come over here, Ben.”

Subsequently, a man in his early thirties entered the conference room.

“This is Bennet McKinsley, whom I’ve intentionally transferred from headquarters to take over the Atlas Residence project. Mr. Campbell, you can call me anytime should you have any questions about the project in the future. I promise to be right there when you call.”

Wow, the CEO with a net worth of tens of millions is willing to make himself available whenever Donald calls?

Meanwhile, those present in the room who had given Donald a hard time earlier started trembling in fear.

No one else dared to utter a word the moment Samson backed Donald up in public.

All the plans proposed by Amelia were approved on the spot, and work could commence right away.

As Amelia trailed behind Donald on the way out of the conference room, she gazed at his back with a complicated expression.

Donald did not wear any branded clothes from head to toe, and he looked no different from a regular white-collar worker.