

## **Unlimited Son-In-Law Chapter 167 -**

### **Chapter 167**

Any ordinary person would be afraid to hear his name.

As expected, Kristina's face turned pale at the sight of Zayne. "Mr. Yates," she immediately bowed and greeted him.

"Who are you?" Zayne retorted without showing her the slightest respect.

Kristina's face flushed before turning pale.

Her mother immediately chimed in, "Mr. Yates, she's one of your administrative officers. Both of you had a meal together some time ago."

Zayne came to a sudden realization. "Oh! I remember that now!"

Kristina was delighted to hear that. However, the thing Zayne said next made her die of embarrassment.

"She tried to seduce me at that time, but I rejected her. Despite being single and available, I'm not that desperate."

Kristina's face burned with embarrassment. Every pair of eyes in the room fell upon her.

Is that true? It's so embarrassing.

Zayne waved his hand dismissively and said, "Fine. You no longer need to report to work from tomorrow onward. I'll inform the office about that." He then moved his wheelchair toward Raymond and struggled to get himself up.

"It's okay, you don't have to do that," Raymond said.

"Old Mr. Campbell, happy birthday. This 100-year-old ginseng is for you. Ginseng is an excellent energy-restorative supplement." Zayne handed over a red box with ginseng in it. It was impossible not to notice that it was of top-notch quality.

Another extravagant gift!

The Campbells were excited, except Raymond, who had put on a solemn face and was eager to leave.

However, he couldn't do so as Sixten hadn't arrived.

Raymond sighed. "I wanted to be low profile..."

Before he could finish his words, a young man rushed in and prostrated himself before Raymond. "Please forgive me for showing up without an invitation. Grandpa, I wish you many happy returns, great fortune, good health, and longevity.

No one could see his face as he remained prostrated.

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Raymond was stunned. Which grandson is this? How come I have no idea who he is?

"Lift up your head," Raymond said.

"All right." The young man lifted his head and showed his handsome face. He flashed an obsequious smile with his perfect white teeth.

It was Frankie, the master of fawning in Pollerton.

The Campbells were utterly stupefied.

Everyone knew Frankie's character. He was a bully who preyed on the weak. However, he wouldn't hesitate to fawn over a more powerful person.

What does this mean? It means either Raymond or Donald has become powerful enough that Zayne and Frankie are willing to butter up the two of them.

"Get up," Rayment said resignedly. He sincerely wanted to remain low-key.

Donald had wished for the same too.

However, things went along against their wish.

All of a sudden, Gideon let out a laugh. "Raymond. Not bad. After not seeing each other for a year, you've managed to impress me. I didn't expect you to progress secretly to such a level."

"Not bad, right?" Raymond was not in the mood to explain.

"However, all these people seem to be businessmen. I don't see any influential politicians," Gideon scoffed.

The Campbell clan had yet to lift the seal imposed on Raymond. Therefore, no one from the realm of politics dared to show him support.

Shortly after, a loud voice came from the outside. "Old Mr. Campbell, Joshua's here. Happy birthday!"

Then, two men in suits walked in.

They were Johnny from Johnny's Antiques and Joshua, who was the successor of Pollerton!

Joshua was a man of integrity. With a solemn expression, he handed a gift box to Raymond and said, "Old Mr. Campbell, happy birthday. I can't stay to have a meal as I have something important to settle."

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Joshua looked straight ahead while talking as he dared not make eye contact with Donald

At that moment, Gideon's expression darkened once again. How many times have I been humiliated today? Also, how can Joshua disregard the Campbell clan's deterrence and come over to wish an abandoned individual from the Campbell clan a happy birthday? Is he not afraid of losing his future?

In response, Raymond got up and shook Joshua's hand courteously. "Sure, Mr. Green. Go ahead."

Following Joshua's departure, everyone heaved a sigh of relief and looked at their watches. It's already almost eleven. Aside from Sixten and the people with him, no one will come here anymore. Right?

While they were pondering, a series of clacking sounds generated by high heels sounded.

Instantly, the over-sensitive people shifted their gazes toward the door in unison. It was a tall and slender woman in a gown. She had a cold expression presently. Thanks to her current attire, her beautiful legs were on full display. Moreover, she was wearing a pink bag over her shoulder. As she had a deadpan countenance, one might think she was born expressionless.

She seemed like a woman who had no interest in anything other than studying and learning.

That woman was none other than Hannah.

At the mere age of twenty-eight, Hannah was a medical professor, a visiting professor at Plíston University, and a double-degree doctorate holder.

On top of that, she had published ten theses in the world's top medical science journal-

Aesculapius.

One must realize that such a journal was known as "The Nobel Prize" in the medical world. For ordinary medical professors, publishing a single thesis in that journal was impossible in their entire lifetime, let alone ten.

However, Hannah managed to complete ten theses on her own.

"Old Mr. Campbell." Hannah paid obeisance to Raymond.

In the meantime, the members of the Campbell family had varying expressions while watching everything that was occurring with narrowed eyes.

There were feelings of puzzlement, admiration, and last but not least, jealousy.

What in the world is going on today? Has Raymond been in a decadent state for the past ten plus years? Or has he still been operating everything in secret? If the first statement is true, how should one explain the numerous aristocrats from Pollerton that came to give him wishes for his birthday today? On the other hand, why are there no actions from the Campbell clan if he's still operating everything? Everyone knows that a century-old affluent family will always stand their ground!

As for Gideon, his current expression was temperamental. Shortly afterward, he looked toward Donald and wondered if everything was the latter's doing.

It did not take long before he shook his head as he perceived that it was impossible. Donald could not even come up with the six-hundred-thousand medical fee back then! Michael can attest to that since Donald called to borrow money!

Perhaps feeling it would be too cliche, Hannah did not bring along any gifts. She then walked over to Donald and stood beside him while remaining silent.

I knew it! She has something to do with Donald, too! Derrick's countenance turned ferocious when he saw Hannah standing beside Donald.

All the while, Derrick had been looking at Donald condescendingly. I have two sets of houses, and I'm also the tuner of Donter Pictures with a monthly salary of over ten thousand. How about Donald? He's only a security guard! Yet, why are there so many women who like him? As though that isn't enough, those are beautiful and outstanding women!

Not long after, Gideon's eyelids twitched as the sound of footsteps echoed again.

It was Jennifer

She was wearing a white dress and a pair of black stiletto heels on that day. Along with her fair skin, she had a gentle aura.

The second he saw her, Winston widened his eyes.

He had that reaction because he had always liked Jennifer.

"Today's your birthday, Grandpa. I apologize for not preparing much. This sweater is for you." Jennifer took out a sweater from her bag before continuing, "I knitted it myself."

When Jennifer took out that gift, those present could not help but look toward Wynter.

Jennifer had knitted a sweater, whereas Wynter had knitted two scarves.

"You're here, Jenny." Raymond broke into a wide grin as soon as he saw Jennifer.

Whether it was Wynter, Hannah, or the others showing up, Raymond did not express much delight.

However, everyone could see the happiness on his face once Jennifer appeared.

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Everyone, including Donald, could not understand why Raymond valued Jennifer so much.

“Aren’t you and Donald already divorced? Why did you still come here today?” Gideon asked.

Before responding, Jennifer darkened her expression a little when she noticed Donald and the exceptional women standing beside him. “We are divorced, but Old Mr. Campbell will always be my grandpa.”

Winston chimed in, “Since you’re divorced, can I pursue you then? Donald is only a security guard—”

Straight away, Jennifer interjected, “I’m sorry. I’m not interested in you.”

Sure enough, Winston’s countenance turned bitter as he felt exceedingly embarrassed.

“Can we have our meal now?” Donald questioned.

Gideon chuckled in response and replied, “We can, but some special guests haven’t arrived yet. Can we wait for a while?”

He then glanced at his watch after finishing those words.

A few seconds later, a loud voice sounded from outside. “The president of Pollerton Commerce, Sixten, wishes Old Mr. Campbell a happy eightieth birthday! His gift to Old Mr. Campbell is a grandfather clock!”

Immediately afterward, a few burly men in suits entered the house while lifting a two-meter tall grandfather clock.

At that instant, Donald emanated a boundless and terrifying aura. A grandfather clock as Grandpa’s eightieth birthday gift? Is that an implication that his time on Earth is running out?

“Leave it there. I’ll teach you a severe lesson if you dare to step over.” Donald got up and gave that warning. An unceasing murderous intent was brewing in his heart at the moment.

He thought Sixten must have a death wish.

“Put it down.” Sixten stepped forward and stood beside the grandfather clock. He then laughed and patted the clock before proceeding, “The material of this grandfather clock is pure bronze. Its weight is three hundred kilograms. Eight people are required to lift the clock.”

In their culture, carrying a coffin also usually needed eight people.

“It seems like my reminder to you is still not enough” Donald strode toward the grandfather clock emotionlessly.

In response, Sixten giggled. “Come on. Don’t be like that. This clock is not from me.”

After those words, he pointed at an inscription on the grandfather clock.

Tyrone of the Campbell clan. Those were the inscribed words.

“Mr. Tyrone heard that today is Old Mr. Campbell’s eightieth birthday. Therefore, he customized this grandfather clock specifically and transported it to Pollerton.

Fortunately, it arrived just in time.” Sixten had a perpetual smile on his face when he spoke.

Meanwhile, Gideon and the others stood up and directed their faces outside with a respectful attitude.

One would think that they were in a sacred location, judging by their action.

As for Raymond, he remained silent and was only staring at Sixten.

Despite suffering a devastating humiliation earlier, Kristina, Winston, and the others at their side had fully recovered. They were currently glancing at Donald and Raymond arrogantly. The meaning of such glances was pretty obvious. So what if Zayne and Reina suppress us? Once the Campbell clan has a grip on Pollerton, we will have a meteoric rise and reappear at the top!

"Donald, Mr. Tyrone called me yesterday and instructed me about something. Do you want to hear it?" Sixten was still grinning elatedly.

Upon hearing those words, Donald walked over to Sixten slowly.

Seeing that, Raymond shouted at Donald, "Get back here! What are you doing! Have you forgotten what I told you before?"

He had reminded Donald earlier not to kill anyone on that day, no matter what.

As soon as he heard Raymond's utterance, Donald stopped in his tracks.

Even with the massive grudge, having a bloodbath on Raymond's eightieth birthday was forbidden as it would bring ominousness.

A while later, Sixten uttered, "Haha. Mr. Tyrone's words are good news for you guys. Now, I want those willing to follow the Campbell clan to stand before the grandfather clock. We'll then give this clock to Old Mr. Campbell together as a gift!"

That was an exceedingly cruel way to deal a blow to someone.

"I'll give everyone a minute." Sixten then took out a pocket watch and began the countdown.

Unsurprisingly, Gideon and the others were overjoyed.

They had longed to defect to Tyrone's side a long time ago but did not have the opportunity since the latter was in the prime of his youth.

He was only sixteen years old when he slapped Raymond in the face a few years back

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At present, Tyrone was only twenty-eight, the same age as Donald. Moreover, his nickname was the Ninth Prince, as his rank among the eleven warriors from the Campbell clan was ninth.

He was hardly favored, but he had a dignified authority without question.

The first person who walked toward the grandfather clock was Gideon. He placed his hand on the clock and pledged, "I, Gideon Campbell, am willing to follow in Mr. Tyrone's footsteps and serve the Campbell clan without complaints!"

At that moment, Gideon finally felt what it was like to hold his head up high and be in high spirits.

Apart from that, he believed no one in the world had the nerve to offend Tyrone from the Campbell clan except for the other noble disciples like Tyrone.

Initially, Gideon and the others had already planned on carrying on the current ordinary development as they thought it was no longer possible to return to the Campbell clan.

To their utter shock, there had a huge opportunity to do that on that day.

Thus, it was no surprise that Gideon was ecstatic and decided right away.

Following closely behind were second-generation members like Cameron Campbell and Alexis Campbell.

"We're finally about to join a powerhouse like the Campbell clan!"

"It has been a difficult journey indeed!"

Raymond had worked so hard for so many years, but he failed. Conversely, we've succeeded today!" Winston felt like he was about to burst out in tears out of excitement. He then walked toward the grandfather clock and pressed his hand onto it. "Let's gift this clock to Raymond today!"

Jack also chimed in, "Honestly, I already knew Mr. Tyrone would accept us because of my excellent writing. In particular, Donald's chapter in The Abandoned Children of The Campbell Clan. Mr. Tyrone was very complimentary about that chapter!"

"Exactly! Jack has played a huge part this time!" Gideon responded.

Soon afterward, most of the members of the Campbell family began to walk toward the grandfather clock.

In the end, the only ones left were Michael's family.

Raymond looked toward Michael and Derrick indifferently, waiting for their decision.

Michael was his biological son, while Derrick was his biological grandson.

Currently, Michael was wearing a gloomy expression. One could tell that he was struggling

"Why are you still standing there? Come over here! Stop caring about that old geezer's feelings!" Following those words, Michelle headed to the front of the grandfather clock and stood in line.

Not long after, Derrick uttered, "That's the Campbell clan. How can I possibly give up on this opportunity? Ha! I'll also be one of the disciples of the Campbell clan from now! Let's see who has the nerve to provoke me!"

He then stood in front of the grandfather clock as Michelle did.

"How about you?" Raymond questioned Michael.

Following a few seconds of contemplation, Michael finally stood up and spoke in a deep voice. "I choose to pledge my allegiance to the Campbell clan! You will never have any chances to rise anymore! I know why Tyrone smacked you on the face back then. You had his fortune read and claimed that he would not live past thirty. After hearing about it, Tyrone slapped you in front of everyone. Then, he unleashed his wrath and nearly exterminated us! I've told you many times that fortune-telling has no scientific basis, but you wouldn't listen. As a result, you brought catastrophe upon us. I've hated you from that day onward! We would've already returned to the Campbell clan by now if it weren't for your nosiness! I would've led us on the path of glory! You've caused us to waste over ten years! Hence, I choose the Campbell clan over you!"

Upon hearing those griefful words, Raymond shut his eyes.

Aside from Donald and Raymond, every single one of the members of the Campbell family stood before the grandfather clock.

"Excellent." Sixten smiled with unusual jubilation and continued, "Take a good look Raymond. You've lost, and you will be on the losing side forever!"

Meanwhile, Donald had a chilling countenance at the moment. There was a glint of ferocity in his eyes as well. One could feel his hazardous aura exuding when he opened his eyes.

Regardless, he had no choice but to suppress his emotions for the time being. Others can make light of Raymond's feelings, but I can't!

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"After the clock strikes twelve tonight, Sixten will face his doom!" Donald closed his eyes

while murmuring that sentence. When he opened his eyes again, not a hint of fluctuating emotion remained in him.

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As if she could feel Donald's current state of mind, Reina took the liberty to hold his right hand before telling him her thoughts in a soft voice. "I'm always by your side, waiting for you no matter what happens."

When Jennifer saw that, her heart sank. Slowly, a bitter smile started to form on her face.

"Don't bother following Donald anymore. Once Mr. Tyrone has freed up some time, Donald will be his first target. When he starts his attack on Donald, do you think that anyone in Pollerton could protect Donald? Even in the entire country, no one could defend him, not even Charles! Ladies, you should follow me instead!" Jack sneered. "Come now, Jack! Don't be too ambitious and leave one for me," Winston reminded with a smile. "You can take Wynter, but Jennifer is mine!"

Derrick guffawed loudly. "In that case, I'll take Reina. That girl is decent!"

"That's enough! Go back and pass the message to Tyrone that I'll take this grandfather clock." Donald walked to the grandfather clock and looked at Sixten straight in the eye.

"Don't worry. It will definitely appear at your place as your coffin."

Sixten did not lose his composure at all, and instead, he had a sudden urge to laugh.

"No problem. My apartment is located on the thirty-third floor. I'll be waiting for you."

Are you kidding me? The grandfather clock will appear at my house and become my coffin? It can't even fit into the elevator! Unless he is planning to lift it using a helicopter?

After hearing their exchange, Raymond said hoarsely, "All of you can leave now."

Since Sixten had already completed his task, there was no point in staying behind, so he chose to leave.

At the same time, he was also worried about Donald going berserk and smashing his head into a cake just like what Donald had done to him previously.

Before leaving, Sixten announced, "Everyone, come with me to Noah International Hotel. I have something to tell you."

Upon hearing that, the rest of the Campbell family left one after another.

Raymond asked, "Donald, it must be difficult to tolerate that."

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Raymond sighed before continuing, "It's been hard on you."

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"It was actually Gideon who told Tyrone about the fortune-telling session between you and Tyrone," Donald uttered.

"I know." Raymond smiled bitterly.

"And it was Michael who told Gideon about that," Donald added. "Yes, that's right. You don't have to look at me that way. It was your good son, Michael who did that." There

was a cold, terrifying glint in his eyes.

Raymond looked as though he had lost all the energy within him and fell to the chair. After a while, only did he ask, "Why did Michael do that?"

"He was unhappy that you raised my dad as your successor, so he recorded the entire fortune-telling session where you predicted Tyrone's future. Then, he passed the recording to Gideon, who in turn passed it to Tyrone." Donald smiled coldly.

"Please leave me now. I need some alone time." Raymond closed his eyes to take a rest, but Donald knew very well that he was in great pain at the moment.

Hence, Donald did not force him any further and left him alone.

"Make some arrangements to pull the grandfather clock away," Donald instructed.

Reina immediately called a tractor and a truck. After covering the clock with a black cloth, it was shipped to the suburbs.

At Noah International Hotel, Rupert and Sixten met each other affably. They had booked the entire hall and started the meeting there.

In the hall, Sixten regained his arrogance and indifference as he swept his gaze across Gideon and the rest. "Just because Tyrone accepted you guys doesn't mean that you are a part of the Campbell clan."

Everyone froze, not understanding what he was implying.

"Mr. Tyrone has made it clear that you have to accomplish certain achievements to be a part of the clan. Even though the Campbell clan has a great business empire, we will not tolerate a bunch of good-for-nothings," Sixten continued with a sneer.

Needless to say, the expression on the face of Gideon and the rest did not look good. But we have already struck a deal Why is there a sudden change?

"We all know that there is going to be a land reclamation project in Pollerton soon. In a few days, the official approval will be issued. According to Mr. Tyrone, he wants you to get one or two of the subprojects. It could be related to earthworks, steel frames, transportation, concrete, and even the management of the land after the land reclamation. The profit this year must reach one billion!" Sixten added.

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Everyone was dumbfounded upon hearing that.

Gideon felt a tingling sensation on his scalp as he repeated, "Land reclamation project?" He subconsciously drew in a sharp breath. One could visibly see his pupils constricting at this moment.

To proceed with land reclamation, we have to downgrade Class One Conservation Area to Class Four Conservation Area. How much power do we even need to accomplish this?

"That's right. The approval for the land reclamation project will be announced shortly. This is the information I have gotten directly from Mr. Tyrone himself!" There was a sense of fervor on Sixten's face at the mention of Tyrone.

Gideon suddenly snapped back to his senses. "Mr. Tyrone has gotten the approval?"

"I bet he has. Only the Campbell clan has such capability," Jack replied haughtily.

His arrogance grew after Tyrone praised him for his writings regarding the piece he wrote for Donald's part in The Abandoned Children Of The Campbell Clan. To be exact,

Tyrone said that his sharp tone in the writing had an air of an accomplished writer. However, Sixten shook his head. "It's not Mr. Tyrone. Instead, it's Horizon Group!" Everyone was even more surprised after hearing that.

Why do the people of Horizon Group not stay at Quadfield, the border of Walund? So why are they carrying out their business in Pollerton?

Sixten continued, "After some rough estimation, the entire land reclamation project can be split into different segments of the project. There are dozens of subprojects worth a billion, over a hundred subprojects worth one hundred million, and over a thousand subprojects worth ten million. Once the approval for the land reclamation project is announced to the public, the real estate proprietors and developers will all enter Pollerton, allowing the most basic construction and the more sophisticated market exchange to occur. From this project, a century-old prominent family will emerge! We could be as powerful as the Wilson family from Tayhaven!"

Gideon and the rest of the people had already lost their ability to comprehend the significance of Sixten's announcement.

"Is this Lord Campbell's work?" Gideon felt goosebumps all over his skin.

Sixten merely gave a snort. "Now, here's what you have to do. By hook or by crook, you have to get a few multi-million subprojects. It'd be better to get some subprojects worth a billion as well. Do you understand?"

Gideon laughed heartily. "Don't worry. If this is another type of project, I might not be skillful enough to manage it. But since it's related to infrastructure, I have the upper hand here. After all, I have dozens of engineering teams and hundreds of connections in this industry. I just have a few questions. Who is the leader of this project and who are we reporting to? Besides, who is the person in charge of infrastructure?"

"The appointment of the relevant people in charge is still in progress, so you have to monitor the news closely!" Sixten replied seriously.

Gideon nodded as he rubbed his hands together. "It's finally time for us to shine!"

In no time, night had fallen.

A box truck drove into Pollerton slowly. Because of the enclosed cuboid-shaped cargo area, one could not see what was stored in the truck.

The driver looked rather indifferent, wearing a pair of sunglasses and a face mask with only his eyes revealed.

It was none other than Kingsley.

While driving, he deliberately avoided the streets with surveillance cameras.

Meanwhile, Donald was standing in the dark compartment with the two-meter-tall grandfather clock in front of him.

The clock was made of pure bronze, and it weighed around six hundred to seven hundred pounds.

Though he did not show any expression on his face, his gaze was as sharp as a sword. At one o'clock in the morning, the truck slowly drove to the city of Pollerton, entering Golden Residence.

It was a lavish residential area with good security and management. Every square meter cost around sixty to seventy thousand.

The truck came to a stop, as there were several cars entering and exiting the residence. As some people were night owls, it was just the beginning of their nightlife. Nevertheless, this did not affect Donald at all.

After they found a secluded spot, Kingsley got out of the truck.

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Donald instructed, "Wait for me here."

Kingsley lowered his head.

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He then saw Donald raising the heavy grandfather clock single-handedly.

Usually, the grandfather clock could only be lifted by seven to eight strong men, but it seemed to be as light as a feather in Donald's hand.

After that, he jumped down from the truck and walked into Golden Residence to the block where Sixten was living.

Donald lifted the grandfather clock above him and looked at the thirty-third floor where the lights were still on.

As Donald gently leaped from the ground, he seemed to be flying upward as though he was a bird.

If an average person saw this, they would be shocked out of their wits.

After all, it was already rather unbelievable to see a human leap over a hundred meters into the air.

On top of that, Donald was holding a heavy grandfather clock.

On the seventeenth floor, a young man was having an intimate moment with his girlfriend in front of the window...

Suddenly, both of them rubbed their eyes.

"Darling, did you see something flying upward just now?" his girlfriend asked breathlessly.

The man was continuing doing the deed as he answered, "I'm not sure. Are you enjoying it so much that you start to hallucinate?"

On the thirty-third floor, Sixten was drinking his red wine. While he whirled the wine in the glass, his eyebrows were tightly knitted together into a frown.

As the person appointed by Tyrone to be in charge of the business in Pollerton, he was quite stressed indeed,

Tyrone was a rather odd man of turbulent emotions who had a weird fetish of only liking other people's wives. Ever since he was seventeen, he had no interest in single women and only sought after married women,

Throughout the years, he had caused quite a great deal of trouble himself.

This time, he gave his last instructions to Sixten, saying that if the latter could not do a good job in Pollerton, he would replace Sixten with another person. Besides, Tyrone also told Sixten that either Jack or Gideon was a good candidate.

Hence, it was rather stressful for Sixten.

After heaving a sigh, he prepared to switch off the lights to go to bed.

However, at this very moment, his bulletproof windows that had security bars installed suddenly crashed into pieces.

Then, he saw a huge item flying into his apartment before it landed in front of him. A great trepidation filled him when he took a closer look at the item, which was none other than the bronze grandfather clock.

This was the grandfather clock that Tyrone had specially made for Raymond. When he took a closer look, he saw someone standing underneath the grandfather clock, and that man was looking at Sixten impassively as he held up the clock with one of his hands.

What the f\*ck?

Feeling as though lightning had struck him, Sixten was thunderstruck as his knees trembled.

I-Is he still a human? How is it possible for him to lift the heavy clock single-handedly? Such a big item can't even be moved into the elevator!

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Donald surveyed the room before letting out a disdainful snort. "Just as I told you before, I've brought it up to the thirty-third floor."

A bad feeling instantly rose within Sixten, who staggered backward as he yelled, "Are... you a human or a ghost?"

His apartment had a generous space of five hundred square meters, and each floor only consisted of one unit. Hence, no one could hear his yell right now.

"It really is quite convenient to perform a murder on the thirty-third floor," Donald exclaimed.

Sixten was scared to the core. "What are you doing, Donald? What are you attempting to do to me? I'm appointed by Mr. Tyrone to be in charge of Pollerton. If you murder me, you'll be seen as the enemy of the Campbell clan!"

Donald let out a snort of laughter. His tone was heavily laced with disdain as he asked, "The Campbell clan?".

Thousands of thoughts raced through Sixten's mind. Just then, a sudden stroke of realization dawned on him. "Who are you?" he asked in a fearful voice, "I'm from... Quadfield," Donald replied softly.

A simple sentence from Donald was enough to make Sixten lose all of his energy. It was as if there were waves of terror rolling turbulently in his eyes.

There was a buffer zone which had borders with many different countries.

After the buffer zone was crossed, one could directly enter Quadfield, which was a no man's land.

As no country would like to conquer that area, Quadfield was a perpetual warzone.

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With rough estimation, there were at least more than a hundred private armed forces and organizations which originally belonged to different governments.

That situation persisted until Donald conquered Quadfield.

With the mention of Quadfield, a name would pop up in everyone's mind-Lord Campbell.

\*Your surname is Campbell. You are... Lord Campbell!" The color completely drained from Sixten's face. He shook like a leaf, causing him to almost lose his footing as he felt a chill rising from his foot to his head.

This is why he dares to attack me! No wonder he has the guts to claim that killing Tyrone is not a big deal!

In Pollerton, Donald might not be able to fight against the Campbell clan, but outside the city, the Campbell clan was definitely no match for Donald.

Besides, Donald was a person with tremendous potential to the country.

Six years ago, it was rumored that he almost joined The Eleventh Array.

"That's right." Donald held the grandfather clock in his hand and looked at Sixten coldly.

"I've warned you that this clock will be your coffin."

Sixten's knees buckled. "Please forgive me, Lord Campbell!"

Donald walked to him without any expression on his face. "I can't do that."

Just as Sixten was about to say something else, he was enveloped in a dark shadow.

The shadow of the enormous clock had completely fallen on him, enshrouding him in pitch-black darkness.

"I admit that I'm wrong, Lord Campbell. Please spare my life!" Trapped inside the clock, Sixten begged for his life continuously.

Donald's voice permeated through the grandfather clock and reached Sixten's ears. "If you can stay alive after taking nine blows, I'll let you off the hook."

Sixten froze after hearing Donald's words, but he soon understood what the latter meant.

A deep chime of the clock rang loudly, deafening Sixten's ears.

"Argh!" He let out a bloodcurdling scream as he covered his ears. His eardrums had perforated.

Blood oozed out through his fingers and stained his shirt.

As he was in the middle of the grandfather clock, the sound waves swept past his body and formed ripples on his flesh.

"Lord Campbell!" he roared before letting out a sob.

Standing in front of the clock, Donald ignored him and sent another blow on the grandfather clock to create another loud chime of the clock.

The clock chimed away in the middle of the night, awaking many people who were sound asleep.

"Who is the madman ringing a bell at this hour?"

"Who the hell is it?"

"What are they doing?"

People from the floors below raised their heads to look at the thirty-third floor, wondering what was going on there.

Amidst the darkness, Sixten's fear had reached its peak. With his voice already hoarse from screaming, he cowered on the ground with his palms on his ears. His ears continued to ring as he lost consciousness gradually.

Donald made the clock chime nine times and turned around to give a final glance to the grandfather clock before he gently leaped out of the window from the thirty third floor.

With that, he landed on the box truck and left.

At two o'clock in the morning, a number of people barged into Sixten's apartment unit after someone called the police and filed a complaint about the noise from Sixten's

house.

When about seven to eight people opened the grandfather clock together, they were shocked to find Sixten cowering in it with bulging eyes. He was already dead with blood flowing out from his eyes and nose.

"Goodness! He was killed by the sound vibrations alone!"

"With my many years of experience, this is the first time seeing a murder of this nature!"

"Something's off here. This huge clock weighs at least six hundred to seven hundred pounds. How did it get up here?"

Many people were discussing the murder fervently.

"Check the surveillance cameras, including those in the elevator and at the staircases," a policeman instructed.

The news of Sixten's death spread around the next day. Gideon was having his breakfast when he heard the news, and he was so shocked that he almost dropped the bowl in his hands.

"He was killed by a clock's chimes? Wasn't Donald the one who took the clock away?"

Thinking that something was wrong here, he frowned. "Did Donald hide his identity from us?"

"But how did the clock get onto the thirty-third floor?" Jack also made a face, but he was not too troubled by the news of Sixten's death.

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### Chapter 175

All Jack had to do was to latch onto Tyrone.

"They have already paid a visit to Donald, but he has proof that he was not at the scene. Numerous people have testified that Donald sold the grandfather clock to a scrap factory for ten thousand. The owner of the scrap factory said that the grandfather clock was later bought by a mysterious buyer," Winston said.

"Are you saying that someone is trying to frame Donald?" Gideon asked.

A few of them shook their heads.

After hearing the news about Sixten, Raymond sighed and said, "Donald, they are going to investigate you sooner or later."

"Not for the time being. Charles and Kingsley are great at tying loose ends, so they definitely wouldn't leave any trace behind, Donald said nonchalantly.

He paused for a moment and continued, "Besides, even if they find out, what can they do about it?"in

Is the Campbell clan going to fight me over Sixten? No, I doubt so. I guess they will only make their move if I lay my finger on Tyrone.

"Grandpa, I'm not afraid of the Campbell clan. Besides, they won't get out of this fight unscathed if we really come to blows, Donald said.

Seemingly remembering something, Raymond asked, "Is the Campbell clan pushing for The Eleventh Array?"

The Eleventh Array consisted of eleven members. All of them were influential in their own territory, and each of them commanded tens of thousands of people.

"It would not be the Campbell clan. Don't worry about it," Donald said as he stubbed out the cigarette.

"Jennifer is doing well. I could see strong and good energies forming on her glabella. You should spend more time with her, so you can succeed!" Raymond said seriously. Donald became frustrated and said, "Here you go again. do you expect me to believe this fortune-telling nonsense?"

Raymond smiled and said nothing.

Shortly, Donald left and met with Lilith.

"The experiment's data is solid. The error rate has dropped to zero point one percent. This means that after fifteen days, I will be able to get into the laboratory and launch the thing," Lilith said.

Being the chief engineer of the Rising Dragon Project, Lilith had always remained elegant and composed in the face of immense pressure.

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\*Then I should stir up some trouble in Pollerton as soon as possible to draw attention to myself. Only then will we manage to lure out the big fish," Donald said.

Lilith smiled and said, "All right, I'll be counting on you. By the way, Chiliad Avion said they will give you a huge surprise after this is done."

"I certainly do not hope to receive any nasty shock," Donald said.

Pollerton became peaceful once again in the following days as people seemed to have forgotten about Sixten's passing.

Tyrone called Gideon for the first time and said, "We can do nothing about Sixten's passing. The plan remains unchanged, so you will take over the land reclamation project as Pollerton's ambassador."

Gideon and the rest of his men were ecstatic.

On the first of November, the news at eight in the morning sent the whole Pollerton city into a frenzy.

The land reclamation project was officially announced.

The news spread across Pollerton and caused a great commotion throughout the whole country.

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Even the normal civilians knew about the project.

The project was worth hundreds of billions, and they were all funded by original funding 4.

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If the project managed to set up several industrial chains, such as financing, financial loans, real estate, and industrial parts, the profit they could earn would be significant. In the Pollerton Estates, Jennifer was having her breakfast on the couch. Seeing the news, she closed her eyes and said, "Finally! The day has come!"

Kevin was also stunned as he stared at the TV. "Wow! A land reclamation project!"

"I wonder who was the one that managed to get the approval for the project?" Leonard asked.

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"I heard Jenny mentioned this before. If I'm not mistaken, he's called Lord Campbell or something."

## **Chapter 176**

Jennifer nodded her head and said, "That's right. It's Lord Campbell, and he is only twenty-seven years old."

Linda got excited and said, "Lord Campbell and Donald both have the same family name, and they are of the same age. Why are they so different from one another? Jenny, wouldn't it be nice if you get married to Lord Campbell?"

"Mom, can you stop daydreaming? There is no way Lord Campbell would fall for me. Do you think he lacks women?" Jennifer said exasperatedly.

Linda calmed down and said, "You are right, but you really should be thinking about getting married. Are you still in contact with Nigel lately?"

"Nigel wouldn't dare to come to Pollerton right now," Jennifer said.

Leonard suddenly asked, "So, how is your preparation for the land reclamation project going?"

Jennifer sighed, gave Kevin a dirty look, and said, "Everything is ready. It's already on the news, so they will start the planning process soon. After that, they will decide on the general manager and the project manager. I will attend their bidding conference to participate in the bidding, and if I manage to secure the project, I will go and look for investors."

Kevin shrugged and asked, "Why are you looking at me like that?"

"Don't contact Skylar again. You hear me?" Jennifer said.

She still remembered seeing Skylar sitting on Akio's lap in Fortune Bar.

"Why?" Kevin asked.

Jennifer shook her head as she tried to stop herself from thinking about the scene. Meanwhile, the president of Pollerton Translations, Akio had also seen the news. He immediately met with Rupert and asked, "Can we secure one or two projects?"

Rupert shook his head and said, "We are not sure yet. I still can't figure out who got the approval for the land reclamation project."

Nigel was wearing a coat and a pair of sunglasses as he walked in and said, "It's Lord Campbell."

Akio and Rupert gasped and exclaimed, "So that's what happened. Has Lord Campbell come to Pollerton?"

"He's probably still in Quadfield, but Kingsley is here," Nigel said.

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As soon as he finished talking, the news came on the TV. According to the proposal, the land reclamation project is worth hundreds of billions, and the amount of the investment would change based on the work progress. The project's general managers are Charles Langford and Kingsley Felton, and they are still in the process of selecting a project manager. Individuals and companies who are interested to participate in the bidding can head to Seasons Hotel.

Nigel pointed at the TV and said, "Look! That's one of Lord Campbell's subordinates, Kingsley Felton, the Wyvern King."

"Get someone to contact him immediately." Akio ordered.

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However, Rupert fell into deep thought, and a hint of uneasiness flashed across his sob eyes.

Noah International Group has just been established, and Lord Campbell turns his attention to Pollerton. Will any of these interrupt my plans

Thirty minutes after the news ended, various companies began to make their move. Businessmen from all over the country started to swarm into Pollerton to look for various business opportunities.

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A project with an original capital of hundreds of billions would allow industries around it to benefit drastically, so no one was willing to let go of the golden opportunity.

The bidding officially started one day later

A press conference was also held in conjunction with the bidding conference.

Both conferences were held in a large hall that could cater to two thousand and five hundred people in the Seasons Hotel,

On the big screen, Kingsley remained motionless as he sat in his seat. Charles' hair was immaculate, and he was wearing a silver-white suit. He took the microphone and said, "I'm honored to be selected as one of the general managers of the land

reclamation project. The entire project covers a total of thirty square kilometers of the sea area, which is equivalent to the size of a town. Considering factors such as qualifications and work progress, we will be dividing the thirty square kilometers into five sections for the bidding."