

Chapter 628 Under Attack

“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.”