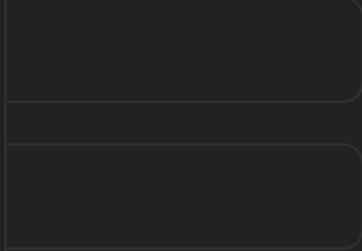


Chapter 630 The Real Big Shot



“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.