

Chapter 631 Not My Problem

More importantly, Donald's demeanor was nothing like a boss, let alone a multi-millionaire.

He appeared very lazy and casual, just like the low-level employees Amelia had seen.

“Mr. Campbell—”

Donald glanced at her and said, “Please, don't. Samson has no choice but to call me that because we are on the same level. However, I was assigned by the headquarters to assist you, and my position is none other than a manager. Therefore, you can tone the respect down a little.”

Amelia flashed him a wry smile.

How can I go casual with you when you're indeed the vice president of the company?

“There's something I don't understand, Mr. Campbell. May I ask?”

“Go ahead.”

“What's so special about Atlas Residence? Why would the headquarters send you here to help me out?”

Amelia had been working in the industry for years and had encountered many bizarre things.

She was worried that there might be a special reason why Donald was appointed to work with her on the project.

A battle between the gods would make ordinary humans suffer. I'm just a small fry in the company and don't want to be implicated if anything happens.

Donald seemed to be able to read Amelia's mind. He scratched his face and replied, “There's nothing special about it. Perhaps I have had too much free time recently, so they sent me here to help you. Don't overthink things, and just focus on your job. By the way, don't reveal my identity to others.”

Amelia nodded. While the two were chatting, they had already arrived at the unit undergoing renovation.

Although Amelia was the nominal leader of the renovation team, it was actually led by Chester Horsecraft, her subordinate.

He took advantage of the fact that the workers were trained by him and refused to heed Amelia's orders in most matters.

As a project manager, Amelia could only give suggestions instead of exercising her full authority as the rightful supervisor.

Anyhow, she was used to it by now because she had faced the same issue in almost all of the projects she had worked on.

If this were during ancient times, she would be regarded as the army overseer, a marionette who took instructions from the headquarters and had no actual power.

On the other hand, a person like Chester would serve as the general.

These workers are like his soldiers, so why would they not listen to him?

As soon as Donald and Amelia entered the unit, they saw Chester with a cigarette tucked behind his ear, playing cards with a group of workers.

The entire room was filled with smoke, and there was also a broken beer bottle on the floor.

It was not the first time Amelia was greeted by such a scene.

Immediately, she told Chester, “Mr. Horsecraft, the proposal has been approved, so we can start the renovations now.”

“Wait a second, let me finish this round,” Chester responded half-heartedly without turning his head.

Amelia was slightly embarrassed, especially when Donald was standing right beside her. She was worried that Donald would have a bad impression of her afterward.

Amelia cleared her throat and proceeded to make a second attempt. “Mr. Horsecraft, the construction progress today is super urgent. Why don't you stop for a while and let us discuss the details?”

“D*mn it! Didn't I ask you to wait a moment? Why do you keep talking?”

Then, Chester chucked his cards aside and bellowed, “You dare tell me that today's progress is urgent? We agreed to come at ten and commence work at eleven. Take a look at the time now! What time is it? Huh?”

“We were delayed because the client had some problems with the proposal. Nobody wanted that to happen, and we've tried our best to resolve it.”

“A problem came up on your side, but how does that have anything to do with me? It speaks volumes about your capability.”