

Chapter 321 Offended

Donald shook his head. "No."

Sebastian gritted his teeth upon hearing that. Suddenly, the phone rang. It was from his father, Frederick Freedman, who was one of the second-generation leaders of the Freedman clan.

"Sebastian, what the heck are you doing? Why are you kneeling before Wynter?" Frederick's deep voice could be heard over the phone. "Tell me immediately what is going on. I have blocked the live stream. Hence, there are not a lot of people who know about this."

Sebastian replied in a low voice, "Dad, he wants me to demolish the Freedman clan's mausoleum!"

"What? That guy must have gone crazy. Put him on the phone!" raged Frederick.

Before Sebastian could react, Donald snatched the phone and said, "I'm planning to tear down the Freedman clan's mausoleum.

Do you have any objections?"

"Who are you?" asked Frederick. "Do you know what the Freedman clan is capable of doing?"

Frederick still thought that Sebastian was subdued by force.

There are plenty of people who are skillful in combat. Thus, it's not surprising that Sebastian has encountered one or two pros.

However, if the Freedman clan's mausoleum is demolished, it will bring forth the vengeance of everyone in the Freedman clan.

'It's best that you think this through. You could successfully bring down the mausoleum today, but you will face the endless revenge and kill orders from the Freedman clan. There's no use even if you escape overseas. The Freedman clan has the ability to capture you and make your life a living hell.'

Donald burst out laughing out of a sudden. "I've decided right this moment that not only do I want the mausoleum to be destroyed, I also want you to be the one that makes the demolition announcement."

"Who do you think you are!" Frederick was infuriated.

"Just you wait. Ten minutes later, someone will tell you that," replied Donald flatly.

Meanwhile, at the Freedman clan's Tudela headquarter, Frederick thundered in the office, "Look into it at once. Find out who that man is!"

Donald hung up the call and said to Sebastian, "I'll hold on to your phone for now. Let me first show you the horror of the Dragon badge."

Hearing that, Sebastian asked, "Why?"

"One should pay for their vile actions. Understand?" Donald answered in an indifferent tone.

Wynter felt Sebastian got what he deserved. He acted so arrogantly before. Why is he chickening out now?

The more Frederick dwelled on Donald's words, the angrier he became. "Let me be the one that makes the demolition announcement? Who does he think he is? Even Vincent wouldn't dare to say that!"

As the head of the most prominent and wealthiest family, Vincent was at the height of his power.

Donald then switched on his phone. He typed in the Dragon badge's serial number and sent a message: Teach Frederick Freedman a lesson. Let him make the announcement regarding the demolition of the Freedman clan's mausoleum!

As if an enormous machine fueled by ascendancy started to operate, numerous calls went out.

After just five or six minutes, Sebastian's phone rang.

He quickly picked up the phone as it was from his strongest backer.

The man didn't work with the Freedman clan and lived far away in Jadeborough. He was one of the Ten Array and once brought out gadgets of advanced technology from the S9-Grade laboratory to the Freedman clan while he worked there.

"Issue an announcement at once to demolish the Freedman clan's mausoleum. Right now! At this instant!" The man's deep voice was calm. No emotion could be detected in his words.

Cold sweat immediately trickled down Frederick's body. As though struck by a bolt of lightning, he stood transfixed to the spot as he asked, "Sir, who did my son offend?"

"Don't ask questions that you shouldn't be asking. Do as I say right away if you don't want me to destroy the Freedman clan completely!" ordered the man as his voice turned mildly irritated.

Frederick was stunned, and the phone slipped out of his hand.

The man on the phone absolutely had the power to take down the Freedman clan overnight.

He was one of the Ten Array. Moreover, he was also a member of the Dragon clan and Ministry of Dragon, which made him above the Ten Prestigious Families.

Later, Frederick picked up the phone and called Sebastian's number. "Okay, I'll make the announcement. Pass the phone to Sebastian."

Frederick, who had calmed himself down, asked, "Sebastian, who did you offend?"

After a long silence, Sebastian eventually answered, "The third... Dragon badge!"

Chapter 322 Demolition

Frederick felt like his heart was overwhelmed with roaring seas and engulfing tidal waves. The colors drained from his face as his mind turned fuzzy.

He had thought of many possibilities behind the incident, but the third Dragon badge was not one of them.

"Got it. I'll send out the announcement at once. Go and take down the mausoleum yourself. As for the clan members, I'll explain to them. This piece of news must stay secret between you and me!" stressed Frederick.

Sebastian cast a glance at Timothy and the others before he muttered, "Then, what about the other Freedmans..."

"Kill everyone, except for Timothy and Ivan!" instructed Frederick impassively.

When Sebastian hung up the phone, he continued kneeling and waited for Donald's orders.

Within a minute, an official announcement with the title "Freedman clan's mausoleum had long occupied land illicitly, violating the law of land management. The building is an illegal construction and will be demolished today!" spread like wildfire on the internet.

As soon as the announcement was published, it sent the public and the Ten Prestigious Families into an upheaval.

Pollerton was caught in the eye of the storm as everyone in the nation turned their attention to the city.

"Go on," Donald urged.

The booming voice of bulldozers could be heard from outside the door. The ground shook as four bulldozers made by Pollerton Heavy Machinery Industry drove toward the location.

"Do you know how to drive it?" asked Donald.

With his bloodshot eyes, Sebastian gritted his teeth and choked out, "I can learn."

Donald nodded and pulled Wynter into the car.

The Rolls-Royce then drove out of the Freedman clan's mausoleum while the onlookers stretched out their necks to take a peek.

Many people even started snapping photos of the car.

"Where's Ms. Lowe?"

'Is she in the car?"

"Did something happen? Is it true that the Freedman clan's mausoleum will be torn down?"

"Huh? Look at that. Isn't that Sebastian? Why is he getting into a bulldozer?"

"Spread out. The mausoleum will be demolished soon!" hollered one of the Azure Wyvern guards.

The bystanders were dumbfounded to hear the guard's words. The crowd erupted into discussions simultaneously when they regained their senses.

"What the heck? What is happening?"

"I just saw a piece of news that was personally released by the second-generation leader of the Freedman clan. It was stated that they are going to tear down the mausoleum!"

"Who is the owner of that car? How terrifying. Even the Freedman clan is forced to demolish their mausoleum by themselves!"

An Azure Wyvern guard went up to a bulldozer and shouted, "Ready! Push!"

Boom! Boom!

A thudding sound ensued as Sebastian drove the bulldozer and crushed the tombstones in the Freedman clan's mausoleum.

The rest of the three bulldozers moved at the same time and began to break the building apart.

Smoke and dust filled the air. The ground shook as the Freedman clan's mausoleum, which had stood tall at the center of Pollerton for hundreds of years, was razed to the ground.

Everyone kept taking photos and live-streamed the whole incident to record the moment.

Some naively thought that the mausoleum was indeed an illegal construction, but most understood that some big shot must have taken action to push Freedman Group and Sebastian into the demolition of their mausoleum.

Comments erupted all over the internet as trending news with different titles flooded the web. Shocking news!

Freedman clan's mausoleum is leveled to the ground!

Another one read: The second-generation leader of the Freedman clan issued an announcement to express his apologies! The Freedman clan's third-generation heir drove the bulldozer himself!

One of the articles was named: Breaking news! Sebastian wanted to harass Queen Lowe, angered the big shot backing her!"

There was another headline that took a spin which read: Stand up for love. Big shot spurred to action; the Freedman Group trembled in fear!

After Sebastian was done, he faced hundreds of phones that were live streaming and said, "I was ignorant back then, and my actions had frightened Ms. Lowe. I'm here to apologize to her. I hope she and everyone can forgive me. It is my wish that the gentleman can forgive me as well."

With that said, Sebastian got into a car and left.

When Tyrone heard of the news, his face grew grim.

Chapter 323 The Mysterious Big Shot

Xylus was in utter disbelief as well.

Tyrone asked, "What on earth is going on? Have you found out anything about that matter?"

Xylus shook his head. "No. Everyone from the Freedman clan in Pollerton is dead except for Ivan and Timothy."

Following Xylus' words, Tyrone shut his eyes. "Sebastian is no ordinary man."

Xylus let out a sigh. "The peace in Pollerton is indeed going downhill recently. Lord Campbell comes here to build the S7-Grade laboratory and researches controlled fusion technology. And now, such a person appears to crush Sebastian."

“Who exactly is this person? How could he have the power to force Frederick to make that announcement personally?” Tyrone tapped his fingers on the desk.

Although Xylus also had no idea about that matter, he was well aware that a mausoleum represented the image of a clan. I believe the Freedman clan would never demolish their mausoleum if their life hadn't been hanging by a thread.

All of a sudden, Tyrone felt as though a bolt of lightning flashed across his mind as he blurted out, “Tell me, do you think it's probably the Dragon badge?”

Xylus was stunned and did not know how to respond to it.

In fact, the duo knew the conditions of receiving the Dragon badge. Only someone who made a significant contribution or successfully defended the country would be presented with the badge.

Nonetheless, they knew who were the ones having the Dragon badge.

“The only possibility is that someone has gotten the third Dragon badge, and Sebastian has provoked that particular person!”

Tyrone's gaze was as sharp as a knife.

Xylus muttered to himself, “Is the Dragon badge really that scary?”

“Let me put it this way. If I've offended the Dragon badge, I'll have no intention of retaliating because the Dragon badge can easily wipe out a five-hundred-year-old prominent family! The holder of the Dragon badge is allowed to use their formidable power to do things. In other words, Chiliad Avion and the Ministry of Dragon take these measures to contain the Ten Prestigious Families. Do you understand now?” Tyrone answered.

Hearing that, Xylus nodded.

Tyrone added, “Don't stir up any trouble for now. It's better to lay low.”

At the same time, the internet was in an uproar as tons of photos of the scene flooded in.

The first picture was Wynter burying herself in a man's arms. The man hugged her, whereas Sebastian knelt in front of them.

The second was a photo of the custom-made Rolls-Royce. Only the vehicle's body could be seen, and one couldn't see the people inside.

The third picture showed the Freedman clan's mausoleum had been razed to the ground with four huge bulldozers parked before it.

Then, it was the photo of Sebastian's apology letter with his real name posted on Twitter. In the apology letter, he indicated that

Wynter was frightened by his impulsive behavior, but she did not suffer any substantial harm.

All of that caused the public opinions to go into a frenzy. The public began to think that the mysterious big shot was spurred to action because of love, so he trampled Sebastian, who was from the five-hundred-year-old prominent family, underfoot. Comments came flowing in.

Queen Lowe is so lucky. This secret big shot even trampled on the prominent family with five hundred years of history for her!

How powerful is that person to be capable of doing such a thing?

This man seems to have some white hair. Could it be that he's old?

I don't think that's white hair. Perhaps it's because the photo is too blurry?

The netizens were all speculating about Donald's identity. Meanwhile, Jennifer was no exception. She looked at those photos with great interest.

Skylar and her family went to Jennifer's place. Skylar and Kevin sat on the couch to watch the news, whereas Jennifer ignored them and stared at her phone.

On the other hand, Linda was cooking in the kitchen while Leonard chatted happily with Skylar's father, Yohan Hoffman.

Kevin said, "That mysterious big shot is terrifying."

Skylar responded, "As Wynter is kind of pretty, that man is probably an old man."

Since she had a pessimistic attitude, she was always full of negative energy. In a nutshell, she felt jealous of everything.

Despite the negative comment she made, she thought otherwise deep down. How I wish I were the one that the bigwig liked.

Jennifer let out a snort. "How do you know he's an old man? Who knows? Maybe he's a good-looking and talented young man?"

Chapter 324 A Motley Of Rumors

Skylar pursed her lips in disdain. "How could a young man have white hair?"

White hair? Narrowing her eyes, Jennifer suddenly thought of someone. She immediately took out her phone and kept zooming in on the photo of Wynter hugging Donald.

However, the more she enlarged the photo, the blurry it became. There was no way for her to have a clear look at it.

From her perspective, Donald was young, handsome, and talented. Besides, he had white hair too. Could it be Donald?

But then, Jennifer shook her head. I'm probably overthinking it. Donald should be recuperating currently. For some reason, I'm still suspicious about that because Wynter and Donald are close. Moreover, Wynter seems to like Donald as well. Despite that, I don't think Donald is that powerful to be able to crush the Freedman clan, which had maintained their wealth for five hundred years.

Skylar suddenly queried, "Jennifer, have you settled the payment for the land reclamation project?"

Jennifer asked, "What do you mean?"

"Kevin and I will be getting married in two months, but we've yet to buy a house and a car," Skylar answered.

Jennifer responded, "Even though I haven't paid off that payment yet, I'll need to give part of the money to the Wilson family of Tayhaven after settling the project's fee. Then, I'll use the remaining money for Donald's treatment. Hence, I don't have the budget for you guys to purchase a car and house."

Upon hearing that, Skylar instantly panicked. "No way! I won't get married without a luxury car and mansion. Besides, Donald has cancer. He can't be cured anyway. That useless trash should just die. Why do you care?"

Jennifer glowered at Skylar. "Go and earn money by yourself so that you can purchase them. I'm not obliged to pay for you as I'm not your caretaker."

Kevin was immediately displeased by Jennifer's words. "Jennifer, Skye is my girlfriend. Can't you be nicer to her? Also, she's telling the truth. Donald won't make it to New Year. Even if he has been cured, what can he provide you?"

As Jennifer could not be bothered about the duo, she headed to her room and closed the door behind her.

In the meantime, at the Lowe residence, Wynter's grandfather, Marvin Lowe, was astounded when he saw the news.

He hurriedly called Wynter as he wanted to ask her everything about that matter, but she had switched off her phone.

Since Wynter knew she would be bombarded with phone calls, she turned off her phone in advance.

A motley of rumors was all over the news. For example, Wynter was a mysterious man's sugar baby, the mysterious and powerful man was from Jadeborough, the mystery man was an old man, and so on.

Therefore, Wynter decided to switch off her phone.

Unexpectedly, there was still no movement from the Freedman clan two days after their mausoleum was demolished. It was as though it had never happened in the first place.

Sebastian disappeared from Pollerton and returned to the Provincial Center of Tudela, whereas Timothy remained in Pollerton with Ivan.

Ethan suspected that Timothy was lying previously, but after that incident, he understood that Timothy was not trying to scare him as Donald indeed had terrifying power. Even Sebastian was being trampled on the ground by him, let alone Tyrone.

At that moment, Donald and Wynter, the initiator of this incident, were in Pollerton Estates' Supreme Villa.

It was ten o'clock in the morning when Donald slowly woke up as he became weaker.

Meanwhile, Wynter was making breakfast.

She wore a pink silk nightgown, seemingly soft and smooth. Her hair was casually tied up, revealing her beautiful face. Furthermore, her fair, smooth, long legs were so perfect that they could charm the pants off anybody.

While Donald stepped out of the room, he watched the back of Wynter's busy figure. The duo was the only two people left in the entire mansion.

Suddenly, the heartwarming feeling of a family surged through Donald's veins.

As a matter of fact, he had never felt the same about Jennifer before because her family was her top priority, whereas Wynter paid all her attention to him.

Tenderly, Wynter asked, "You're up?" After she washed her hands, she quickly walked over. "I just made breakfast."

Before she even reached Donald's side, her sweet scent wafted into his nose.

She came to his side and hugged his arm. Upon seeing the veins all over Donald's arm, Wynter felt a lump in her throat.

Donald replied, "I don't feel like eating, but you can go ahead."

Chapter 325 Unexpected Guests

Wynter's heart ached even more at the sight of Donald, whose food intake was so little that he had to have a protein injection once every two days in order to maintain the nutritional level that his body needed.

Besides, Hannah had told her that there was no point in getting surgery.

"Donald, how am I going to live if you're no longer with me anymore?" Wynter couldn't help but hug him and bury herself in his chest.

"Don't worry. I'll get better," assured Donald, but Wynter shook her head in response.

She had seen the suffering that cancer patients went through before they passed away. Donald's condition was exactly the same as theirs—unable to eat and had to rely on protein injections to sustain their lives while their bodies grew weaker and weaker.

"Get me a glass of water, please," muttered Donald. He then grabbed his phone, rushed into the restroom, and began to throw up.

Afterward, he took the glass of water from Wynter and rinsed his mouth. Snorting a bitter laugh, he switched on his phone to check the messages from his subordinates.

Lord Campbell, all the best equipment had arrived in the country. Once the construction of Lord Campbell Mountain Villa is completed, we can assemble them immediately.

Lord Campbell, we've bought the raw material needed for controlled fusion technology. It costs one hundred million per kilogram.

We've acquired eight kilograms of it.

The molecular formula of Jadar Stone is found. Exposure to intense sunlight could really destroy its molecular structure. The theory you suggested—to expose Jadar Stone under the solar flares—is viable!

The artificial sun created using the controlled fusion technology can be officially launched a month later!

Nodding, Donald called Kingsley and instructed, "Tell Jennifer to sign the contract and complete the construction of Lord Campbell Avenue as soon as possible."

"All right, Lord Campbell. There is something I need to report, though," replied Kingsley promptly.

"What is it?" asked Donald.

"The Wilson family from Tayhaven asked for my permission to select a representative themselves to sign the contract. I told them that as long as Jennifer agrees, I have no problem with it," said Kingsley. He further explained, "I'm not sure about your attitude toward Ms. Wilson currently, but I understand I can't make it too obvious that I'm looking out for her. Hence, I responded as such. What do you think?"

"Well done." Donald nodded.

Meanwhile, Jennifer received four unexpected guests at her home—Sylvia, Nigel, his fiancée, Shannon, and Jonathan.

Wearing a gloomy expression as though everyone had owed her money, Sylvia scanned around the house, ignoring Skylar, Kevin, and the rest.

"Where is Jennifer? She's not hiding, is she?" Sylvia marched into the living room and flumped onto the couch, intimidating Leonard and Linda with her behavior.

Hearing the noises outside, Jennifer exited her bedroom at once. "What's the matter?" she inquired.

"We've contacted General Felton just now. We'll sign the contract tomorrow," announced Sylvia.

Jennifer's eyes widened with disbelief. "That's not possible!"

Making no attempt to hide anything, Sylvia replied, "To tell you the truth, General Felton said as long as you agree, he would, too. Which means he cares only about signing the contract. It doesn't matter whom he signs it with."

"It's Jennard Construction that won the bidding, not the Wilson family from Tayhaven!" protested Jennifer, which Sylvia disregarded.

"Jennard Construction is part of the Wilson family. The money you used to establish Jennard Construction came from us!"

"It only cost me fifteen hundred to register Jennard Construction and obtain the business license. I didn't use a single cent of the Wilson family!" Jennifer stood her ground as she needed money urgently.

Sylvia's expression was frighteningly cold. "Everything you have today, including this apartment you live in, is given by the Wilson family. Without us, all of you'd still be cramming together in that ramshackle slum!"

"It's decided. We'll meet General Felton tomorrow. It's not up to you to decide whether you like it or not," added Jonathan slowly.

Chapter 326 Jennifer Faces Challenges

Sylvia continued, "Jennifer, if you obey me, the Wilson family will still have your back. Or else, I'll take back everything you have tonight, including Jennard Construction. How will you be able to compete with the entire Wilson family? Do you really think Tyrone Campbell would entertain you?"

With a sharp glint in her eyes, Sylvia's aura was undeniably domineering.

Not daring to speak up, Kevin and the rest of them shrank into the corner of the room, leaving Jennifer to face the challenge on her own.

Skylar and Yohan, similarly, were too afraid to say a word.

While they would never get involved in difficult matters which could cause them headaches, they wouldn't waste a single opportunity to gain some benefits.

As blood-sucking vampires, their only aim was to guzzle Jennifer's fortune. Nobody cared about her feelings.

With tears welling in her eyes, Jennifer bit her lips and remained silent for a while. "I'll call General Felton," she mumbled and dialed Kingsley's number.

To her disappointment, Kingsley's answer had her heart dropped to her stomach. "Anyone can sign the contract, but the construction must start in two days."

He proceeded to hang up the phone as soon as he finished the sentence.

"So?" Sylvia burst out into laughter.

"Come on. Give me the business license of Jennard Construction," she demanded.

"No way," responded Jennifer coldly.

Sylvia shook her head faintly, whereas Jonathan made a call right away. “How’s it going?” he asked.

A voice transmitted from the other side through the phone. “I’ve reported it missing at the department of regulation. A new business license for Jennard Construction will be printed for me in ten minutes.”

Upon hearing that, Jennifer trembled with rage.

She did not expect the Wilson family to be so shameless—employing dirty means in order to get the construction project for Lord Campbell Avenue.

“Stop squealing, Jennifer. After we’ve signed the contract tomorrow, I’m taking back this apartment,” declared Nigel gravely.

Astonished, Leonard and Linda instantly lost their color.

They had already gotten used to living in that luxurious penthouse apartment with a lakeside view.

Thus, they’d surely struggle to adjust if they were forced back into the old, dilapidated neighborhood.

Paying no heed to their bewilderment, Nigel added, “Not only that, you’ll transfer the six hundred million that you earned from the land reclamation project to the Wilson family. In exchange, we’ve planned to reward you with one million as thanks. It’ll also be your salary for the past few months.”

Upon hearing his words, Linda burst into tears and dropped to the floor, rolling and screaming, “This is too much! I’m suing you.

My daughter’s dedicated herself to work for the Wilson family, yet you want to kick her aside now. No! This is unacceptable!”

Sylvia, however, merely swept a frosty glance over Linda. She promptly rose from the couch and left, leaving Jennifer and her family to stare at each other with stupefaction.

Kevin and Skylar were especially pale after witnessing the ordeal.

“No! No! I’ve ordered a Maserati. I’ve to make the payment in two days!” cried Skylar.

Kevin also winced in accordance. “Yes... If we don’t settle the payment by then, Mr. Crow will definitely not let us off!”

Jennifer, however, simply glared at them indifferently.

“Jennifer, can you think of a way to get two million for me? Skye has driven the Maserati for ten-odd days. We can’t return the car now. We bought it from Mr. Crow, the fiercest thug working under Mr. Lynch, and we’ve promised to make the payment tomorrow,” begged Kevin reluctantly.

Jennifer’s eyes dazed at his plea. “Do you think I have any money left? Once the payment of the contraction is made to me, the Wilson family won’t have any problem transferring it away from my card.”

Consequently, Kevin lost all his strength and slumped onto the ground. “Then... how should I deal with Mr. Crow?”

With her head hung low, Skylar’s eyes flickered non-stop before she finally fished out her phone and texted the mysterious rich man that she hadn’t contacted in a while: Mr. Moneybags, can you help me once more? I urgently need two million. If you’re willing to help me, I’ll meet you now. You can do whatever you like to me.

Chapter 327 The Artificial Sun

Donald was seconds away from retching when he received the message from Skylar. Attempting to be cute, she had attached a photoshopped image of her pouting her lips.

However, he decided to reply to her just for the fun of it: What can you give me? Excited and encouraged by Donald’s response, Skylar replied quickly: Anything!

Mockery appeared on Donald’s face. When Wynter walked in and saw the message, she chuckled before texting Skylar a reply with Donald’s phone: Why don’t you send me nudes?

The woman instantly replied: Please give me a moment. Skylar was thrilled to have met a rich man like Donald, so she went to the toilet and quickly took off all her clothes before sending a naked photo of her to him.

After Wynter received the message, she refused to show it to Donald, stating, “There’s nothing to see. She doesn’t have a great figure.”

Then, Wynter deleted the photo. Donald merely smiled at her response.

With a smile on her face, Wynter said, “I only gave Skylar one million because I know you are still in love with Jennifer. After all, she’s Kevin’s girlfriend. I’m sure you don’t wish to make Kevin unhappy.”

Donald looked at Wynter, feeling somewhat speechless. "You are too generous." "I spent one million to buy a joke that would make you happier. Isn't it worth it?" Donald was stunned by her words. His expression softened immediately.

She was just doing all she could to make me feel better.

Meanwhile, Skylar was thrilled to receive the money from Donald's side.

I have to ensure Mr. Moneybags stays loyal to me. He gave me so much money when he hadn't even seen me in real life! I wonder if he will provide me with one hundred million if I meet him face-to-face?

A sudden thought flashed across her mind.

Skylar's face fell. She dropped another text to Donald: But I need another million.

Before turning off Donald's phone, Wynter sent the last message: Maybe next time.

Then, she lay down on Donald's lap, raised her head, and looked at him.

Donald felt a gust of hot air on his nose when she did so.

Wynter tilted her head and leaned on Donald's legs. She offered, "We can do some weird things now if you are not sick."

Donald shifted his gaze away. "Stop messing around."

Wynter grabbed his right hand and pulled it into her embrace.

Even though Donald was reluctant to move his hand away, he smiled wryly and demanded, "Stop fooling around."

Ultimately, albeit a little unwillingly, he decided to retract his hand.

Wynter knew what he was thinking. She sighed. "I'll give myself to you once you are well enough."

Doubt began to fill her mind, though. It made Wynter feel like crying.

Can he get better? Will he? Even Hannah has lost her confidence.

Meanwhile, on the border, a big truck was speeding along the road on a piece of wasteland. The truck was transporting the top-notch controlled fusion technology device accessories designed by the S9-Grade laboratory.

The same scene was happening all across the country. These trucks were on their way to the same destination, Pollerton.

Once Lord Campbell Avenue and Lord Campbell Mountain Villa were finished, the construction workers could set up the necessary equipment within a day. With that, a bright artificial sun would be available for use.

As each device that could create the artificial sun cost around one billion, one could be wondering about the actual status of Donald's wealth.

The estimation for Donald's riches was more than one hundred billion. If he successfully used the controlled fusion technology to his advantage, he could achieve the status of the world's wealthiest man in the shortest possible time. But then again, trouble was brewing for Donald as well.

Atlantis, the world's largest listed company by market capitalization, was an organization that specialized in the production of petroleum. Eighty percent of the world's oil came from their company. If Donald successfully ventured into using the artificial sun's energy, it would deal a devastating blow to Atlantis.

Chapter 328 Signing The Contract

Hence, Atlantis would try its best to stop Donald's plan from working out.

"Lord Campbell, does Chiliad Avion know you've mastered controlled fusion technology?" Lilith questioned.

"I had already provided the information about these technologies to Chiliad Avion ten years ago. That means they were already ahead of the rest of the world. Plus, they agreed to my suggestion of providing them to the citizens. However, they did ask me to keep it a secret while doing so."

Lilith was amazed by the capabilities of the S9-Grade laboratory in Quadfield.

Donald's phone rang when the clock hit eleven at night. In his blurry state, he gazed at his phone.

He was surprised to see that it was Jennifer who had texted him.

She wrote: Are you asleep?

No. That was Donald's answer.

She replied: I'm sorry.

Donald was puzzled as he texted: For?

Jennifer explained: The Wilson family will be taking back everything that I own. I won't even be able to attend the contract signing for the construction of Lord Campbell Avenue tomorrow. Other than that, I don't have any more money with me now. I won't be able to afford the Miracle Doctor of Pollerton for you. I'm so sorry, Donald.

Donald pondered about it before texting Jennifer: Don't be dejected. Whatever that belongs to you will belong to you. Maybe you can ask Kingsley for a favor? What if he only wants to sign the contract with you?

She responded: All right. How are you feeling?

Donald texted: Not bad.

Following that, she texted: Can I visit you tomorrow?

The man simply replied: There's no need for that. It's late. Get some sleep.

The next day, Sylvia, Shannon, Nigel, and Jonathan took the necessary documents from the Supreme Nona Hotel before heading to Rivebale Hotel. They arrived before Kingsley did.

Much to Sylvia's surprise, Jennifer's family was present too. Huddling in a group in the hall, the family was in the midst of a discussion.

Linda complained, "I'm going to complain to General Felton later."

Sylvia remained silent as she merely gave Linda a gloomy look.

With something on her mind, Jennifer didn't utter a sound.

Her eyes brightened when she saw Donald strolling into the hall leisurely.

Jennifer quickly got up. She walked over to Donald. "Why do you show up for work here when you feel unwell?"

She didn't think much about Donald's appearance at Rivebale Hotel because she thought he was still working as Lana's security guard.

Donald was baffled. I'm here to solve your problems for you. What do you mean I still work here?

He remarked, "I won't have an income if I don't work."

Leonard's and Linda's blood boiled when they noticed Jennifer showing her concern for Donald.

Linda hurried forward with her hands on her waist. She pulled Jennifer behind her and glared at Donald. "You are a man who is going to die soon. Please stop hassling Jennifer!"

Leonard added as he strode forward, "Yes. You are going to die soon. You won't even be able to survive until New Year. Why don't you find a place to breathe your last instead of coming here to bother Jennifer? She has a bright future ahead of her. If you love her, you have to let her go."

Kevin wheeled himself over. He raged, "Donald, I didn't expect you to end up in the situation that you're in today.

Look at me. It's all your fault that I ended up in a wheelchair. But I'm still happy, though. Because you are going to die sooner than I do."

Suddenly, Jennifer shouted, "That's enough! Stop talking!"

Donald scanned the people around him coldly. He shook his head. "I don't have the interest to speak with you all."

With her hands still on her waist, Linda side-eyed Donald. "Urgh. You loser. I've warned you. Don't let me see you with Jennifer again, or I'll beat you to death!"

She snagged Jennifer's arm forcefully. It made Jennifer stumbled in her steps while Linda thundered, "Let's go!"
Donald's gaze turned frosty.

Kevin wheeled himself over. With an urge to slap Donald, the former struggled to get himself up from the wheelchair. He pointed his fingers at Donald's face as he fumed, "Why are you glaring at my mom? Do you want to hit her?"

Chapter 329 I Refuse To Work With You

Donald kicked the wheelchair, and Kevin instantly fell off.

"D*mn it! I'll end your life! Dad, kill him!" Kevin bellowed, attracting many people's attention.

Jennifer looked at Donald unhappily. "Donald, how could you beat someone as you like? Moreover, he's my younger brother."

Donald had lost interest in talking with Jennifer.

She stomped her feet and ran to help Kevin up.

Sylvia and the others stood aside as they observed the chaotic scene with smiles.

Nigel glanced at Donald. The former then stepped forward and said, "Donald, aren't you very impressive? Why do you have cancer at such a young age? Is it karma?"

Nigel did not like Donald at all. Perhaps because the latter was Jennifer's ex-husband, or maybe because his character of always being unperturbed by things and not having too many emotions irritated Nigel.

As the abandoned child of the Campbell clan, what right does he have to have this temperament?

So far, Nigel had only seen one person with such character.

It was none other than the heir of the strongest prominent family, Vincent.

Donald turned his gaze to Nigel and said nothing.

What the hell, young man? Why can't you just sign the contract peacefully? Why must you provoke me?

Nigel continued to ask, "What does on the verge of death feel like? Are you filled with reluctance or persistent unwillingness? Look at how beautiful your ex-wife is. Someone will sleep with her once your life ends."

"You look like you're very excited." Donald glanced at him indifferently.

Nigel chortled and was feeling extremely happy. "I'm ecstatic."

"What are you excited about?" Donald asked flatly.

"Because you're about to meet your end," Nigel answered truthfully while laughing. Donald replied, "I don't think there are any grudges between us."

"You're overthinking. You're not worthy of being my opponent. I merely think you're an eyesore." Nigel shook his head, and mockery was seen on his face.

Donald nodded in response. "Okay. I got it. I think you're not the right fit for the Lord Campbell Avenue project."

Before Nigel could answer, Sylvia glared at Donald and interrupted, "Who do you think you are? He can't sign it just because you said so? Do you think you're Lord Campbell or Kingsley? How dare you blabber around here when you look like a gigolo? Just go home and await your death."

After Sylvia spoke, Jonathan added, "She's right, Donald. I've read about you in the Abandoned Children Of The Campbell Clan.

Do you think you're the son of a wealthy family? Even the Campbell clan doesn't accept you. Stop spouting nonsense here. Who are you to say that we can't sign the contract?"

On the contrary, Shannon was expressionless as she stood aside quietly.

She was the precious daughter of the Yeager family, possessing absolute rationality and forever devoid of emotion.

All Shannon did was tilt her head and stare at Donald as her curiosity was piqued.

Her instincts told her that Donald was extraordinary with some kind of dangerous energy. It felt mysterious and was difficult to explain.

Donald glanced at the Wilson family of Tayhaven and sighed. "Wasn't it better if all of you walked away just now?"

Yet you insisted on provoking me. Even if God himself comes, you guys can't sign today's contract because I said so."

"What a silly person," Sylvia sneered and turned her head. Her eyes lit up when she saw what was before her as Kingsley was approaching them.

He was clad in a navy suit, and his expression was cold.

After appearing before them, Kingsley simply gave the Wilson family of Tayhaven an icy look.

"General Felton, this is our credentials. Please take a look," Sylvia said and frantically passed the contract and project implementation proposal to Kingsley.

Nigel, on the other hand, looked at Jennifer and her family with a threatening look. He was signaling them to leave immediately and not cause any trouble.

Kingsley took the proposal. He did not even bother to take a look and instantly threw it onto the ground. "I've decided to stop working with the Wilson family of Tayhaven."

Chapter 330 Leave Jennifer Alone

Sylvia froze as soon as the words came out of Kingsley's mouth, and her face turned pale instantly. "Didn't we agree on the phone yesterday? Today—"

“Didn’t all of you hear what Mr. Campbell said? Even if God himself comes, you still won’t be able to sign the contract,” Kingsley answered coldly.

What the h*ll?

With that, everyone turned their gazes to Donald, unable to comprehend what was happening.

Kevin and his family widened their eyes in disbelief. They did not understand why there was a twist of events and could not apprehend why Kingsley would listen to Donald.

Meanwhile, the Wilson family of Tayhaven turned pale immediately.

What’s happening?

Frantically, Sylvia said, “General Felton, is there no way at all to turn things around?” “There is,” Kingsley replied calmly.

Hearing that, Sylvia was overjoyed. “Please tell us, and we’ll try our best to do it.” “Get on your knees and apologize to him.” Kingsley pointed at Donald.

Sylvia looked at Donald and her face distorted with rage in an instant. “What? Who do you think I am? Why should I apologize to an outcast and someone on the verge of dying?”

Slap!

As soon as the words came out of her mouth, Kingsley gave Sylvia a tight slap that caused her to stagger in pain.

Right away, Nigel’s gaze turned cold.

Kingsley took a step forward and grabbed Nigel by the neck. “What’s wrong? Are you thinking of fighting me?”

“General Felton, please calm down!” Jonathan said hurriedly.

Only then did Kingsley let Nigel go. “Who does the Wilson family of Tayhaven think they are? You provoke me over and over again. Get lost now!” Kingsley yelled.

He then continued, “Mr. Campbell’s grandpa, Raymond Campbell, was my fortune teller, and I respect him greatly. How dare all of you to insult Mr. Campbell? Get lost!”

Everyone instantly understood after hearing what Kingsley said. So the reason why he listens to Donald is because of Raymond.

“Let’s go,” Sylvia said while struggling to stand. Nigel lowered his head. His eyes were filled with hatred.

Shannon took a few more glances at Donald before turning her head and left.

Before they left, Sylvia said, "Donald, the most important thing is that one should be strong enough. Don't ever think that General Felton will protect you forever. Fortune-telling is unreliable."

Nonchalantly, Donald walked toward the couch and sat down. Jennifer was standing there and staring at Kingsley hopefully.

"Why are you still standing here? Go and sign the contract now. You must start working tomorrow and finish the project within a month," he commented coldly.

Jennifer was utterly grateful. "Okay. Sure."

"Yay!" Kevin was so excited that he almost jumped up from the wheelchair.

Meanwhile, Leonard and Linda hugged each other and exclaimed, "That's wonderful!"

Soon, only Donald, Kevin, and his family were left in the living room as Jennifer had gone out to sign the contract.

Linda coughed awkwardly and said, "Donald, stop seeing Jennifer, okay? She's becoming more successful now."

"I'm sorry to hear that you can't live till New Year. But what I want to say is that your grandpa is getting older.

Fortune-telling is a peculiar thing nowadays. So stop basking in reflected glory in your remaining days and live your life well," Leonard added.

Kevin, too, said, "Exactly. Don't expect me to be grateful to you. It's not because of you that my sister could sign the contract successfully. Do you really think that General Felton will look after you because of a fortune-teller?

He was feeling bad for you because your life is ending soon. If one day, the fortune that your grandpa said did not come true, then you'll be the first unlucky person. Moreover, Mr. Tyrone might be coming after you soon.

Please don't implicate us."

Donald was shocked after hearing everything they said.

Aren't you guys being overdramatic?

Then, Donald chuckled. "You guys are overthinking."

Linda snorted and was somewhat disdainful. "You and Jennifer are from two different worlds. So please stop pestering her."