

Chapter 501 Legendary Warrior

The moment Melanie waved her hand, a car pulled up right away. A few men got out and ushered her into the car.

Meanwhile, Donald continued standing still under the streetlight and staring into the distance, looking like a statue.

After some time, he said calmly, "Since you're already here, then don't leave." Amidst the darkness, a few men in golden armor walked out with long spears in their hands.

They were covered from head to toe; only their eyes were revealed. All of them were blue-eyed. One could tell they were foreigners at a glance. "Wow. The Irving family is incredible for them to be rearing a pack of loyal dogs from another country," Donald said sarcastically.

As he looked around, he realized there were eight Septet Stella Warriors, all of which were mercenaries and had about a power level of seven hundred thousand.

My mother's family is finally making a move on me. "It's my honor to meet all of you. May I know who sent you?" asked Donald.

No one spoke. Instead, the eight men opened up a path, and a lady stepped out. The corners of her eyes were unusually sharp, and her eyes were blue, just like the others.

Her face was covered with a veil, and one of her arms was covered in tattoos. "Careful. She's the foreign Novem Stella Warrior, Poison Spider." A deep voice came from behind Donald. Novem Stella Warriors were literally like treasures of the world.

No one could employ them unless it was the government. However, Poison Spider was an exception because she liked Braxton. Braxton was known as the most handsome man in the capital.

The fact that he could make a Novem Stella Warrior fall for him proved how attractive he was.

Donald knew who the newcomer was without having to turn around. It was the warrior of the Collins family, Nathan. "Be grateful. Braxton told me to castrate you instead of killing you," said the lady with the veil calmly. Her voice did not sound young at all.

She sounded like she was at least forty years old. "Well, what better time for you guys to show up? I was just in the mood to kill some people." Donald lowered his eyes and smirked. Anyone who knew Donald well would know that Donald's murderous intent was the strongest at that time.

"Tell me. Wouldn't it be cool if I cut off your heads and delivered them to the Irving residence?" Donald raised his head to let his opponents get a clear view of his face.

Right then, the Novem Stella Warrior felt as if the haziness in Donald's eyes was clearing up.

A flash of light flickered across his eyes, and it was as if his piercing gaze could split the vast land open.

"No. You can't do this. She's a Novem Stella Warrior from Anglandur. If she dies in Yorksland, her government will definitely take action," Nathan urged, sounding anxious.

"I'll kill anyone who dares to stop me. And that includes you." Donald suddenly turned around and stared daggers at Nathan.

Nathan's heart skipped a beat. "A-A legendary warrior of the Mythical Realm!" Donald's imposing presence was the mythical presence of someone who would only appear once every five hundred years.

"This is bad. Retreat! He's a legendary warrior of the Mythical Realm!" The veiled lady widened her eyes as a wave of emotions stirred in her heart. There was no mistaking that aura, for she had seen someone like that in Atlantis before.

However, that mythical being was already two hundred years old, so he could not attack easily anymore. Looking like a real dragon that had been reborn, Donald pounced toward a golden-armored warrior and threw a fist at the latter's chest.

The warrior screamed in agony and flew about a hundred meters into the air upon impact. Immediately after that, he exploded into white dust.

The veiled lady immediately stepped backward. Nonetheless, Donald's murderous intent grew, and he swung his fist again. His fist lit up the sky, making the veiled lady feel as if she was looking at the sun.

A series of horrifying screams rang in the air as a beam of light that was as thick as a person's arm pierced through the chests of the seven remaining golden-armored warriors. All of them disintegrated on the spot.

"A devil! You're a devil!" yelled the veiled lady, yet she did not run. That was because she knew she had no way out.

Once a legendary warrior targeted a person, there was nowhere they could run to. The legendary warrior would find a way to kill his targets, no matter where they were.

Chapter 502 Death Of Poison Spider

"I'll find Braxton." At that moment, Donald's eyes were glinting with murderous intent as if he had become the god of death himself.

Upon hearing that, Poison Spider gave up completely on escaping. With tears in her eyes, she begged, "Don't kill him. This was all my idea!" Donald slowly made his way toward Poison Spider. "He doesn't have a choice." "He's a part of the Irving family.

They won't let you off easily if you kill him!" Poison Spider screamed. "Do you think the Irving family will go against me because of him?" Donald asked, already standing before her.

"Who are you?" Poison Spider sensed something was off. "The king of Quadfield, Donald Campbell," Donald uttered slowly. The king of Quadfield? That means he's Lord Campbell! "I have another name, that is Dynasto." Poison Spider took a deep breath.

There had been rumors of the chief of the Azuro force being Lord Campbell. And now, that was being confirmed. At that thought, she pulled out a sword with her right hand and aimed it between Donald's forehead.

Attacking at such a close distance was definitely possible for a Novem Stella Warrior to kill a Decem Stella Warrior. Unfortunately, Donald was her opponent. He held the tip of the sword with two fingers and flicked it.

With a clang, the tip of the sword instantly bent backward and wrapped itself around Poison Spider's neck. Suddenly, a red opening appeared at her throat. Thud! She fell to her knees heavily, with her head separated from her body. "Nathan, I need you to do me a favor and take her head to the Irving family."

Donald turned around and looked at Nathan. Nathan's eyes darted between the body on the ground and Donald. At that moment, Donald looked as if he was glowing with murderous intent. There was no ounce of reservedness in him.

Given no choice, Nathan sighed and answered, "Okay." Nathan's heart felt extremely heavy. The Irving family had managed to win over a Novem Stella Warrior thanks to Braxton.

In fact, many prestigious families were jealous of them because of that. After all, a Novem Stella Warrior was like a treasure. Now that Donald had killed Poison Spider, he would have to deal with the Irving family's rage and being Anglandur's target. Even the leader of the country would get involved in the matter.

Even so, Donald did not care about all that. "Don't kill Braxton," said Nathan. Alas, Donald merely gave Nathan a cold stare, questioning, "Do you think anyone can stop me if I wanted to kill someone?"

That's right. Who can stop a legendary warrior of the Mythical Realm? There are more than ten billion people on the planet, and not many legendary warriors have appeared in the past five hundred years.

It's already difficult enough to produce a Novem Stella Warrior in a hundred years. With a heavy heart, Nathan cleaned up the scene and hurried toward the Irving residence.

Meanwhile, Donald stood in his spot under the streetlight with a meaningful gaze in his eyes. Pollerton was a bustling city. Many houses were still lit since many had not gone to bed.

Melanie was going to hold an Economic Work Conference the next day to rearrange Pollerton's development structure. Many people from the Ten Prestigious Families were sure to attend.

After all, no one would miss the chance to collaborate with Donald. Though Dartan's expo had not started yet, there was no stopping Donald from stepping into the precinct.

Everyone wanted to be a distributor. Especially the Ten Prestigious Families who owned more monopolistic businesses, such as car manufacturing and electronic equipment.

The existence of the new energy and the extreme insulation material was a major change for society and a great opportunity. Without making any sound, Bradley appeared behind Donald and said respectfully, "Donald, it's getting dark..."

Donald grunted in acknowledgement. "Got it." With that, Bradley left as silently as he came. He noticed Donald was not in a good mood. Hence, he did not dare to disturb the latter. At three o'clock in the morning, Braxton suddenly jolted awake from his sleep. When he turned on his phone, he knitted his brows.

Chapter 503 Freedman Group Arrives In Pollerton

The female warrior had not returned. Poison Spider was not only Braxton's protector, but she was also his partner in bed.

I've only told her to get rid of my cousin. Why isn't she back yet?

Ding! Ding! His phone vibrated. His sister had sent him a picture of a bloody human head.

It belonged to Poison Spider. Braxton was stunned, as if he was struck with lightning. His eyes reddened, and tears streamed down his cheeks.

He did not have feelings for Poison Spider, but she was the reason he could keep a foothold in the Irving family and look down on the other heirs.

"Braxton, Nathan was the one who sent her head over. He says she's offended a terribly important person. She died with just three moves from the person." His sister, Sierra Irving, had sent him a voice note, which left Braxton stunned.

After all, he was the one who sent Poison Spider to kill Donald. Logically, Poison Spider would not have encountered anyone important.

Did Donald get someone to kill her? Impossible. That's impossible. I've looked into every piece of information related to Donald's background. There's nothing that stands out.

"Dad is telling you to lie low during these couple of days. A storm has been brewing in Pollerton recently, and there's no telling how many big shots will go to the city.

Poison Spider might've accidentally bumped into one and gotten herself killed. Anyway, I'm going over tomorrow," said Sierra. Braxton clenched his fists. "Okay. Got it."

"Where did Rosie go? She can still protect you if she's around," said Sierra. "I don't know." With that, Braxton lay back down on the bed. A mix of emotions stirred within his heart, making him feel strangely uncomfortable.

He had just arrived at Pollerton and had already lost a Novem Stella Warrior. He had a feeling that the next couple of days were going to be rough.

Meanwhile, Freedman Group's private plane had landed at Pollerton International Airport, and a group of people could be seen exiting it.

The first person was a short and chubby young man. He gave off a noble and captivating air with his sunglasses—despite it being nighttime—and a wireless headset.

He was Oscar, the eldest heir in line of the Freedman clan. Walking behind Oscar was Sebastian, the person who wanted to take Wynter away forcefully but caused Donald to tear down the Freedman clan's mausoleum.

Sebastian was also the only person among the Ten Prestigious Families who knew Donald's identity. Beside Oscar was another middle-aged man.

That man was also someone Donald knew. He was Ernest, the father of James, the Miracle Doctor of Pollerton. He was the top doctor of Freedman Group.

Ernest stared at the brightly lit Pollerton with hatred in his eyes. His son had been taken away and was still nowhere to be found.

Hence, Ernest hated "Lord Campbell" and Donald. "Mr. Freedman, now that you've come to Pollerton, you must help me kill Donald.

It'll be better if you can kill that b*tch, Jennifer, as well," said Ernest. Oscar merely hummed in response without turning around.

In the meantime, Sebastian's eyes glinted with a look of mockery as he followed behind them. Yet, he remained silent.

The truth was, Sebastian wanted to rely on Donald's power to get rid of Oscar. Sebastian was incapable of defeating Oscar, but Donald was definitely capable of doing so.

In fact, Donald could easily get rid of any prestigious family he wanted. However, Sebastian would never tell them those things.

Suddenly, Oscar said, "Donald's ex-wife is very interesting. She's Tyrone's suitable donor. Now, I have entrusted Braxton to take down this woman. It'll make things more interesting if we cause some trouble, such as taking Jennifer away and making Tyrone pay the ransom.

It might be a good idea." Sebastian could not stop sneering in his heart. You must be tired of living.

Others might not know how important Jennifer was to Donald, but Sebastian surely did.

Over the past few years, there had been many people on earth who thought of plotting against Jennifer. However, many of them either vanished or died during the process.

Chapter 504 Economic Work Conference

"It's late. We should get some rest. Melanie is going to have a meeting tomorrow at eight in the morning," Oscar uttered.

He was an extremely powerful person. Therefore, he had to get something beneficial out of the Economic Work Conference the next day.

"This woman is really terrifying. She became a high-ranking official when she was only twenty-eight years old. She's even giving a speech at the Nations' Union conference in three months," Oscar muttered to himself.

A look of amazement appeared on his chubby face when he talked about Melanie.

The Sanchez family was not a part of the Ten Prestigious Families, but Melanie's powers had surpassed everyone from the prestigious families.

"Sebastian, I know you're a lecherous person, but you must never mess with Melanie. Do you understand?" Oscar turned around and cast Sebastian a frown.

Sebastian lowered his head. "I understand." "There's something really suspicious about who tore down the Freedman clan's mausoleum. Besides, you didn't even tell your dad the truth. But that's okay.

"I'll get to the bottom of it during this trip to Pollerton," Oscar said indifferently. Sebastian's father, Frederick, had been working madly ever since the Freedman clan's mausoleum was torn down. He even had to get help from the Martial God of the Freedman clan to suppress the news.

Even the inside news of the matter was sealed off. The Martial God of the Freedman clan had only said one sentence concerning the matter, and that was, "Don't look into this matter anymore."

Since then, no one in the Freedman clan dared to investigate the matter. Oscar, however, ignored the instruction. He was determined to get to the bottom of it.

Pollerton was rather peaceful in the middle of the night. Nonetheless, private planes continued landing at the airport to make preparations for the Economic Work Conference the next day.

The purpose of the Economic Work Conference was to re-strategize the development of Pollerton, such as the collaborations and how to carry them out.

That was going to be re-planned during the conference. When it was eight o'clock the next day, Pollerton was already bustling with noise.

Meanwhile, Jennifer received a text from Braxton as soon as she woke up. It read: Jennifer, are you awake? This is Braxton.

Jennifer took a sip of soy milk and replied: I'm awake. She also included a smiley emoji.

Right then, Kevin walked over with an icy expression. His eyes almost popped out of his head when he saw the words on Jennifer's phone screen. "Jennifer, is that Braxton?"

Jennifer nodded. Kevin became excited right away. "Is he interested in you? Jennifer, I'm telling you. You must seize this opportunity and not make stupid decisions. After all, he's handsome and also the heir to a prestigious family, the Irving family."

Hearing the commotion, Leonard and Linda rushed over immediately. "Are you guys talking about Braxton Irving? Oh my goodness!"

"Jennifer, this is our chance to turn things around. You've got to seize this opportunity!" Leonard said earnestly. Linda chimed in as well, "Exactly. Haven't you noticed it? Ever since you married Donald, all the youngsters you've encountered are better than him.

So, stop thinking about that jerk already. He's a piece of trash." Jennifer said exasperatedly, "You're thinking too much. We've only met once. We're barely even friends."

"Look. He sent you another message." Kevin spotted the incoming message and pointed at the phone. Sure enough, Braxton had sent another text, which read: Are you going to the Economic Work Conference? I can pick you up.

"Say yes! Oh, say yes!" Linda leaped excitedly. Alas, Jennifer shook her head. "Forget it."

To her dismay, Kevin snatched the phone and quickly typed into the chat interface: Oh, yes. Please come and pick me up. I'll be waiting for you.

Jennifer's face fell. "Kevin, what are you doing?" Holding up the phone, Kevin said proudly, "This is Braxton we're talking about.

He's tall, rich, and handsome. What are you hesitating for? I would've said yes if I were a woman." Jennifer was exasperated. She felt as if everything was a total mess. "I don't need you to interfere with my affairs." Kevin replied, "I won't if you date Braxton."

Chapter 505 Braxton Pursues Jennifer

Jennifer was too mad to speak. A few minutes had just passed when someone knocked on the door.

Hearing that, Kevin hurried over to open the door. Immediately, he saw the legendary good-looking man.

No wonder Braxton's known as the most handsome man in the capital. It's really rare to see someone with such a charming appearance. I feel like he's exuding warmth by just standing there.

"Hello, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson. I'm Braxton Irving. I'm here to pick Jennifer up." His behavior was decent; there was no fault with his actions and words.

Leonard and Linda were shocked by his attitude. "Oh. Jennifer is in her room. I'll get her for you."

The couple was elated. After all, Braxton was a son of a prestigious family and one of the heirs of the Irving family.

He was both rich and good-looking. If Jennifer were to marry Braxton, it would bring glory to the Wilson family.

"Jennifer, listen to me. You've got to seize this opportunity. Do you understand?" Linda breathed.

Jennifer said defiantly, "I'm not going!" Linda was about to persuade her when Braxton leaned against the door and put on a warm and mesmerizing grin. "Jenny, this Economic Work Conference is a major arrangement made by the Sanchez family.

It'll be beneficial for you. Why don't we go together?"

Jennifer turned around to look at Braxton and shook her head. "I'm not going."

Linda pulled Jennifer up and insisted, "You're going! You must!"

Braxton smiled and said, "It's not a bad idea to sit there and listen. Besides, the youngest female high-ranking official is going to be there. Don't you want to have a look?"

Jennifer hesitated for some time. Of course, Jennifer had heard of Melanie before. She was the youngest high-ranking official in history who had attended many important meetings held by the Nations' Union.

She was known to be ruthless and had scolded many international reporters, which made them fear speaking up.

On top of that, she was fluent in eight languages. Thus, she could use different languages to communicate with dignitaries of different countries at the meeting of the Nations' Union.

She was someone even Braxton did not dare to mess with. After all, the eldest heir of the Irving family, Atticus, wanted to have a marriage of convenience with Melanie.

But, sadly, Melanie had been refusing him. According to her, she did not mind if her husband was not handsome. In fact, he could be poor, but he must be righteous and upright.

Everyone knew there were only three people who fit Melanie's requirements. They were Lord Campbell of Yorksland, the heir of Atlantis, and the eldest heir of the Rothschild family.

"Let's go," Braxton said with a smile that made Jennifer's heart pound. Only then did Jennifer stand up reluctantly.

Braxton approached her with a smile so wide that it reached his eyes. The truth was he was attracted to Jennifer at first sight. However, he managed to control himself.

He was not like Sebastian, who displayed his interest publicly. Braxton could control himself well.

It had been a long time since he met a gentle woman like Jennifer. She was drastically different from the young ladies he had met before. Jennifer was gentle and graceful, like a white lily.

"I'll leave her for Tyrone once I'm done playing with her. That way, I won't be on the losing end," Braxton murmured to himself.

"You're Kevin, right? Do you want to come along?" Braxton turned around and spotted Kevin, who was rubbing his hands excitedly. Kevin was delighted to hear the invitation. "Sure!"

He was instantly shocked to see Braxton's luxury car. It was a beautiful Pagani Zonda which cost about twenty million per car.

Moreover, there were only six of them in the world. Sitting in such sports cars was uncomfortable, but they were definitely eye-catching.

"This kind of car costs hundreds of thousands just to mend a scratch!" said Kevin.

Braxton smiled and corrected Kevin, "No. It's made entirely out of carbon fiber, so it'll cost millions to mend a scratch."

Jennifer was surprised as well. The event was held at Rivebale Hotel, and Lana was already doing her job by welcoming all the big shots.

Seeing Jennifer and Braxton getting out of the car together, Lana snorted and commented snarkily, "Gotten yourself another man, eh?"

Chapter 506 A Grand Opportunity

Jennifer's face suddenly turned pale. Such rumors were what she feared the most. "No, that's not it," Jennifer hurriedly explained.

Braxton dared not do anything reckless to Lana, so he simply questioned, "Ms. Collins, she and I are both single, so why are you stepping in between us?"

Lana would rather not waste her time on the two, so she turned and left.

The place was already packed when Jennifer walked in with a heavy heart.

There, she saw Tyrone of the Campbell clan, Eleanor of Yund Group, and Oscar and Sebastian of Freedman Group.

The local bigshots, Charles, Zayne, and Tyson, were also present. After sweeping her gaze around, Jennifer stared into a corner for a while.

Meanwhile, Donald was seated while he calmly watched the woman. Instead of chatting with others, he simply sat there on his own like a lone wolf.

Jennifer then abruptly looked away. "Sit here." Braxton kindly pulled up a chair for Jennifer, who still seemed preoccupied as she sat down.

In the corner, Lana approached Donald and handed the man a cup of coffee. "I'm a little busy; I'll find you later."

The woman with the face of a supermodel had a skin-tight dress wrapped around her curvy body. Not only that, but she also had a pair of fair, slender legs that looked like they belonged to a supermodel.

"You do what you have to do. Don't worry about me," responded Donald, who only had one reason for being at the place, and that was to restart the Dragon Fide Villa project.

Of course, many will try to stop me today. At least half of the Ten Prestigious Families will disagree with me, but that's fine. I'll beat up whoever dares to oppose me.

At eight-thirty, the scene began to quiet down until it eventually became dead silent.

Everyone quickly turned around to look at the rostrum when they heard footsteps. What they saw was a woman in white carrying a stack of documents as she walked to the rostrum with a cold look.

She then sat down before tying her hair up, revealing the light but tasteful makeup on her stern face.

Her eyes seemed as though they housed a galaxy of stars.

"Everyone, I'll be hosting the Economic Work Conference that's held every five years today," announced Melanie slowly before the reporters started taking photos.

Melanie was not nervous at all when she addressed the large crowd. In fact, there was an air of solid confidence about her.

At that moment, many stared at Melanie in awe, impressed to see how assertive the young woman was.

Like the others, Braxton was dazzled by Melanie's confidence. If everything goes as planned, she'll become not only my sister-in-law but also the future hope of our family! The Ten Prestigious Families will face a revolution that's sure to bring about significant changes. Some will join the families, while some will fall away.

If Melanie and Atticus get married successfully, Irving Group will remain on the top even if we do nothing. As long as Melanie remains in power, we might even become the top prestigious family!

Because of that thought, Braxton had already regarded Melanie as his sister-in-law, and nobody could change his mind about it.

Donald, too, was looking at Melanie. After looking around, Melanie eventually focused her attention on Donald for a long while.

However, nobody noticed it. "The purpose of our conference this time around is to strategically adjust the economic structure of Pollerton," voiced Melanie, moving her red lips slightly.

The crowd was silent as they waited for Melanie to continue her speech. Everyone knew the conference was a grand opportunity for them because it would produce many billionaires and even make one of them the richest person in the country.

Melanie then continued, "We conducted an internal meeting a few days ago to take an in-depth look into the city's situation. As we all know, the situation is very complicated.

However, that also means there's a great business opportunity waiting for us. Do you know why?"

Chapter 507 An Administrative Region

"That's because of Lord Campbell's land reclamation project. The controlled fusion technology and the extreme insulation material technology shall be developed and produced in Pollerton.

Lord Campbell truly is a great man." Melanie paused for a while after saying that, and everyone could hear the admiration she had for the man in her tone.

Lord Campbell was the man of most women's dreams, and Melanie was no different. "I'll once again make the first order regarding Pollerton!" uttered Melanie before an announcement appeared on the screen behind her.

"After thorough research, we've decided to divide Pollerton into four administrative regions.

The first region will be the area where Lord Campbell Mountain Villa is. Named Lord Campbell's Administrative Region, it shall focus on developing controlled fusion technology, super renewable energy, quantum information, and financial technology."

That was order number one, and everyone's breathing intensified after hearing it. This is the first time the country has named an administrative region after a person.

The great honor shows just how much the country values Lord Campbell! That means whoever gets the right to operate in Lord Campbell's Administrative Region will get a chance to ally with Lord Campbell!

Since the place is practically still empty, it'll be a piece of cake to do so! "How do we get involved, Ms. Sanchez? Will there be an auction or something?" Tyrone of the Campbell clan stood up and questioned.

Everyone knew the relationship between the Campbell clan and Lord Campbell had already turned sour, so they would have a chance to get involved if the right to operate in Lord Campbell's Administrative Region was up for auction.

If it were up to Lord Campbell, they would not stand a chance at all. "I don't have an answer for you right now because that's up to Lord Campbell," replied Melanie.

Braxton, too, stood up to ask his question. "Ms. Sanchez, may I know if Pollerton's administrative center will be moved to Lord Campbell's Administrative Region?"

Melanie shook her head in response. "Not at the moment." After that, Braxton sat back down. "Let's move on to the second order!" continued Melanie. "Pollerton Administrative Center will be the second administrative region, which also happens to be a military region that focuses on developing intelligent connected vehicles and aviation technology to create a comprehensive industrial entrepreneurship center with global influence!" After listening to that, the crowd began thinking. Compared to Lord Campbell's Administrative Region, the second one did not seem that attractive.

"You may discuss your development and cooperation plans!" voiced Melanie. In response to that, Braxton was the first to rise.

"We have established Irving Capital with a cash flow of one billion, and we hope to focus on developing transportation hubs and pharmaceuticals in Lord Campbell's Administrative Region!" Tyrone was the second one to speak up.

"Campbell Capital hopes to focus on developing smartphones in Lord Campbell's Administrative Region with a cash flow of one billion!" "Yund Group hopes to focus on developing new energy vehicles in Lord Campbell's Administrative Region!"

"Noah International Group hopes to focus on developing biotechnology and new bio-inspired silicon-based materials!" announced an executive member of Noah's group, a middle-aged man in a fiery red suit.

That person was Gibbons, one of the Twelve Divine Deities. When the crowd saw the man, many were somewhat frightened because he used to be on the list of top-ranking assassins. His skills were on par with the Novem Stella Warriors.

Having worked for an assassin group for more than twenty years, he retired and began serving Noah instead.

Specialized in close-quarters combat and incredibly strong, Gibbons was rumored to have lifted an eighty-foot-long fully loaded semi-trailer weighing more than forty tons. One by one, the Ten Prestigious Families stated their positions.

The local corporate giants, too, followed suit and expressed their desires to continue developing in their own industries like logistics, e-commerce, and others.

Chapter 508 Building Sand Castles

Jennifer also put forward her plan, hoping to get involved with the project in Lord Campbell's Administrative Region.

Eventually, Donald became the only one present who had not spoken yet. Hence, Melanie shifted her attention back to Donald in the end. "Have you prepared a plan, sir?"

At that point, all eyes were on Donald. Standing alone, the man seemed almost helpless. Melanie did not think that was the case, though. On the contrary, Donald seemed as invincible and proud as a deity to her. "I'm planning to restart... the Dragon Fide Villa project!" answered Donald calmly.

Tyrone's face instantly hardened when he heard those words. How dare he openly requests to restart that project and puts that matter on the agenda on such an important occasion!

He's obviously trying to humiliate the Campbell clan in public! Melanie simply gazed at Donald and said nothing. Tyrone's bodyguard, Xylus, violently slammed his hand down on the table before jumping to his feet.

"Nonsense! Who said you could restart the Dragon Fide Villa project?" Dragon Fide Villa was located in the west of Pollerton. If the two-thousand-foot-tall building had been completed back then, it would have become a landmark as the tallest building in Aploth.

However, the project was forced to come to a halt because of the Campbell clan, making it the largest unfinished building in the country. That, in turn, caused the entire area to become desolate and the property prices in Pollerton to plummet.

The situation got so bad that nobody dared continue the construction. Despite how difficult the task seemed, Donald was determined to restart the Dragon Fide Villa project. Xylus turned to look at Melanie after he was done speaking and was encouraged since the woman did not seem upset.

"The Campbell clan disagrees!" "I'm restarting the project anyway," uttered Donald indifferently. Braxton rose and smiled at Donald. "I disagree too, and I believe that many of the Ten Prestigious Families will do the same."

With that, the man swept his gaze around before the members of the Ten Prestigious Families stood up to share their thoughts. "I represent the Winston family, and we disagree!" "I represent the Humboldt family, and we disagree!" "On behalf of Youngblood Group, I disagree with restarting the Dragon Fide Villa project!"

"We, the Yeager family, disagree!" The crowd looked at Donald with pity because six of the ten families disagreed with the man.

Back then, the Campbell clan alone was enough to stop the project. With six of the Ten Prestigious Families against it, the project seemed as if it was doomed to fail.

Even Jennifer gazed at Donald with concern in her eyes. Kevin could not be happier to see so many opposing Donald.

"Take a good look at yourself. What makes you think you can restart the Dragon Fide Villa project? Do you even have the money?" questioned Kevin rhetorically, pointing his finger at Donald.

Suddenly, everyone was reminded that it would cost at least one hundred billion to restart the project. "Donald, we're not building sand castles here.

Do you have the funds required for the project?" inquired Braxton calmly. Tyrone, too, was glad to see people raining on Donald's parade.

"Open your eyes, Donald. How many do you think would risk offending the Ten Prestigious Families to support you?" Suddenly, the tables near Donald become empty.

Many seated near the man hurriedly moved away in fear of being mistaken by the Ten Prestigious Families for siding with the man. Somehow, Donald managed to seem even more helpless than before.

Jennifer had a deadpan expression on her face as she looked at Donald, wondering what was going through the man's mind.

This can't be easy for him. Donald slowly lifted his head before sweeping his gaze around. "So nobody dares support me?" "That's right! Nobody's going to support you today." Tyrone stood up and looked around with his chest puffed out.

Chapter 509 Wynter And Donald

With Tyrone taking the lead, five prestigious family heirs immediately rose in unison. On the other hand, many local giants and wealthy businessmen from other provinces all fell silent. Nobody could see any potential in the Dragon Fide Villa project. The fact that five prestigious families were against the project only made it seem more difficult for Donald to get what he wanted.

"Don't any of you dare!" The person representing Youngblood Group was a nobody, yet everyone knew better than to underestimate him. "We, Noah International Group, also disagree with this matter!" voiced Gibbons, stretching lazily.

"Whoever dares support the man will be our enemies!" After that, more and more gazes of pity landed on Donald. Even though Noah International Group was a squeaky-clean company running a legitimate business, Noah the Parasite was its biggest shareholder.

The drug lord of Golden Triangle had a large group of foreign expert killers on his payroll. On top of that, Noah had many private armed forces abroad.

There was mockery in Donald's eyes as he looked at the crowd, who responded in kind. Suddenly, the atmosphere at the scene intensified.

Melanie said nothing and simply observed everything in silence. Her thick, glossy lips broke into a sneer as she gleefully watched things play out.

At that moment, a graceful and glamorous woman waltzed in from the door. She wore a blue dress that revealed her tender snow-white legs.

Not only did she have the body of a supermodel, but she also had a hairstyle perfect for highlighting her exquisite facial features. The woman with the face of an angel was Wynter Lowe.

The dress she had on was none other than A Midsummer Night's Dream. "I, Wynter Lowe, will support Donald with everything I have with a total of six billion and eight hundred million!" announced Wynter as she made her way over to Donald.

The woman had a voice so smooth it was comparable to butter. With her lustrous eyes, Wynter gazed intently at Donald. She seemed to blame the man for the situation, but her sweet smile showed that she still cared very much for him.

It had been a year since Wynter last saw Donald. The woman approached Donald and sat down. "Donald," called out Wynter as she continued to look at the man.

Everyone widened their eyes in shock, stunned by what they were witnessing. Why would Wynter support Donald? She's a member of the Lowe family, who still needs Freedman Group to survive! An ordinary prestigious family like the Lowes is no match for any of the Ten Prestigious Families! "Long time no see," uttered Donald with a smile while meeting Wynter's gaze.

"Indeed." Wynter then leaned in to wrap her arms tightly around Donald's, unwilling to let him go. Jennifer's eyes turned dull when she saw that.

Meanwhile, Kevin found Wynter's actions hard to believe. This is Wynter Lowe we're talking about here! How is it that she and Donald know each other? And why would she be willing to bet everything on him? "Ms. Lowe, does Old Mr. Lowe know what you're doing?" questioned Braxton, narrowing his eyes at Wynter.

If Melanie were the woman of every man's dream, Wynter would be the goddess of every man's fantasy.

"Where's your family's mausoleum?" responded Wynter with her head tilted. Caught off guard, Braxton was stunned before his face hardened. She's mocking me!

Everyone knew that the Freedman clan's centuries-old mausoleum got torn down by a mysterious bigshot because Sebastian offended Wynter.

The woman wanted to remind everyone of their powerlessness against the one who tore down the Freedman clan's mausoleum.

Sebastian stayed silent, but his face was as grim as death. "Six billion and eight hundred million is still not enough to restart the Dragon Fide Villa project," stated Tyrone calmly.

Chapter 510 Support Poured In

They were still short of two hundred billion to complete the Dragon Fide Villa project. That was a vast sum of money.

Back then, Raymond kickstarted the Dragon Fide Villa project with his own might after securing investments from more than seven hundred giant corporations.

Unfortunately, all these corporations had to withdraw from the project after receiving threats from the Campbell clan. Raymond had no choice but to abandon the project halfway through since he no longer had financial support.

This incident almost caused a furor at that time. "I, Reina Wilson, am willing to fork out eight hundred million to help Donald restart the construction of Dragon Fide Villa!" Another person entered through the door.

The petite Reina walked in and sat next to Donald on his left. The people from the prestigious families froze for a bit. Their expression turned grim as Reina's words were a slap across their faces!

"Reina, you have a lot of nerve! You want us to shut down your Scarlet Swan Villa?" Xylus exclaimed. Reina responded with a casual glance, "Go ahead!"

Melanie displayed a look of contemplation while looking at Reina and Wynter, but she still chose to keep mum. "What an eye-opener!" the middle-aged man from the Youngblood family expressed his dismay.

Back then, the Campbell clan had given him some benefits as he assisted them by going to the Sanchez residence and forcing Solomon not to take action. He had helped the Campbell clan in the past because of the benefits, but he voiced his dissatisfaction now because he felt those people had humiliated the prestigious families!

"It's like you don't take us seriously, huh?" Kyler said. "You're right."

A seductive voice came from outside. Her voice immediately caught the men's attention. "I, Lana Collins, am willing to contribute twenty billion to resume the Dragon Fide Villa project!" Lana walked in with a fiery-red dress and a seductive smirk.

The crowd was astonished. The Collins family was no longer as influential as it was. At first, it tried to arrange a marriage of convenience with the Winston family, but Lana refused to cooperate.

By right, Lana should lie low amidst the drama, so why would she go against the prestigious families to support Donald?

Lana walked over, sat by Donald's table, and winked at him. "Hey, Donald." The crowd was dumbfounded. Is Lana expressing her feelings for him? Tyrone's face darkened.

Even Braxton's expression had turned grim. Donald is just an outcast of the Campbell clan. Even the Irvings refused to take him in. But why do all these women support him? Jennifer sighed gently as the glint of hope in her eyes dimmed.

I guess Donald and I will never be together. Despite knowing Donald was Golden Lord, she felt she could not see through Donald beyond that.

Jennifer began to think Donald had not been totally honest with her. "Thirty billion is not enough!" Tyrone said.

"I, Charles Langford, will chip in thirty billion!" An elderly man in a suit walked in.

"I, Zayne Yates, will contribute one billion to the Dragon Fide project!"

"I, Tyson Quirk, will fork out one billion to kickstart the Dragon Fide project!" A few heavyweight figures from Pollerton stepped forth and stood behind Donald.

Donald came in without any support but now had at least seven people behind him. The atmosphere was tense.

Tyrone, Braxton, Gibbons, and the others narrowed their eyes while shooting daggers at Donald and his allies. A hard glint flashed across their eyes. "I'd like to see how many of you dare to challenge me!" Tyrone threatened in an indifferent voice. Right after he made that threat, the sound of footsteps emerged from the door.