

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 171

Chapter 171

As if she could feel Donald's current state of mind, Reina took the liberty to hold his right hand before telling him her thoughts in a soft voice. "I'm always by your side, waiting for you no matter what happens."

When Jennifer saw that, her heart sank. Slowly, a bitter smile started to form on her face.

"Don't bother following Donald anymore. Once Mr. Tyrone has freed up some time, Donald will be his first target. When he starts his attack on Donald, do you think that anyone in Pollerton could protect Donald? Even in the entire country, no one could defend him, not even Charles! Ladies, you should follow me instead!" Jack sneered.

"Come now, Jack! Don't be too ambitious and leave one for me," Winston reminded with a smile. "You can take Wynter, but Jennifer is mine!"

Derrick guffawed loudly. "In that case, I'll take Reina. That girl is decent!"

"That's enough! Go back and pass the message to Tyrone that I'll take this grandfather clock." Donald walked to the grandfather clock and looked at Sixten straight in the eye.

"Don't worry. It will definitely appear at your place as your coffin."

Sixten did not lose his composure at all, and instead, he had a sudden urge to laugh.

"No problem. My apartment is located on the thirty-third floor. I'll be waiting for you."

Are you kidding me? The grandfather clock will appear at my house and become my coffin? It can't even fit into the elevator! Unless he is planning to lift it using a helicopter?

After hearing their exchange, Raymond said hoarsely, "All of you can leave now."

Since Sixten had already completed his task, there was no point in staying behind, so he chose to leave.

At the same time, he was also worried about Donald going berserk and smashing his head into a cake just like what Donald had done to him previously.

Before leaving, Sixten announced, "Everyone, come with me to Noah International Hotel. I have something to tell you."

Upon hearing that, the rest of the Campbell family left one after another.

Raymond asked, "Donald, it must be difficult to tolerate that."

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Raymond sighed before continuing, "It's been hard on you."

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"It was actually Gideon who told Tyrone about the fortune-telling session between you and Tyrone," Donald uttered.

"I know." Raymond smiled bitterly.

"And it was Michael who told Gideon about that," Donald added. "Yes, that's right. You don't have to look at me that way. It was your good son, Michael who did that." There was a cold, terrifying glint in his eyes.

Raymond looked as though he had lost all the energy within him and fell to the chair.

After a while, only did he ask, "Why did Michael do that?"

“He was unhappy that you raised my dad as your successor, so he recorded the entire fortune-telling session where you predicted Tyrone’s future. Then, he passed the recording to Gideon, who in turn passed it to Tyrone.” Donald smiled coldly.

“Please leave me now. I need some alone time.” Raymond closed his eyes to take a rest, but Donald knew very well that he was in great pain at the moment.

Hence, Donald did not force him any further and left him alone.

“Make some arrangements to pull the grandfather clock away,” Donald instructed.

Reina immediately called a tractor and a truck. After covering the clock with a black cloth, it was shipped to the suburbs.

At Noah International Hotel, Rupert and Sixten met each other affably. They had booked the entire hall and started the meeting there.

In the hall, Sixten regained his arrogance and indifference as he swept his gaze across Gideon and the rest. “Just because Tyrone accepted you guys doesn’t mean that you are a part of the Campbell clan.”

Everyone froze, not understanding what he was implying.

“Mr. Tyrone has made it clear that you have to accomplish certain achievements to be a part of the clan. Even though the Campbell clan has a great business empire, we will not tolerate a bunch of good-for-nothings,” Sixten continued with a sneer.

Needless to say, the expression on the face of Gideon and the rest did not look good.

But we have already struck a deal Why is there a sudden change?

“We all know that there is going to be a land reclamation project in Pollerton soon. In a few days, the official approval will be issued. According to Mr. Tyrone, he wants you to get one or two of the subprojects. It could be related to earthworks, steel frames, transportation, concrete, and even the management of the land after the land reclamation. The profit this year must reach one billion!” Sixten added.

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Everyone was dumbfounded upon hearing that.

Gideon felt a tingling sensation on his scalp as he repeated, “Land reclamation project?” He subconsciously drew in a sharp breath. One could visibly see his pupils constricting at this moment.

To proceed with land reclamation, we have to downgrade Class One Conservation Area to Class Four Conservation Area. How much power do we even need to accomplish this?

“That’s right. The approval for the land reclamation project will be announced shortly.

This is the information I have gotten directly from Mr. Tyrone himself!” There was a sense of fervor on Sixten’s face at the mention of Tyrone.

Gideon suddenly snapped back to his senses. “Mr. Tyrone has gotten the approval?”

“I bet he has. Only the Campbell clan has such capability,” Jack replied haughtily.

His arrogance grew after Tyrone praised him for his writings regarding the piece he wrote for Donald’s part in The Abandoned Children Of The Campbell Clan. To be exact, Tyrone said that his sharp tone in the writing had an air of an accomplished writer.

However, Sixten shook his head. “It’s not Mr. Tyrone. Instead, it’s Horizon Group!”

Everyone was even more surprised after hearing that.

Why do the people of Horizon Group not stay at Quadfield, the border of Walund? So why are they carrying out their business in Pollerton?

Sixten continued, "After some rough estimation, the entire land reclamation project can be split into different segments of the project. There are dozens of subprojects worth a billion, over a hundred subprojects worth one hundred million, and over a thousand subprojects worth ten million. Once the approval for the land reclamation project is announced to the public, the real estate proprietors and developers will all enter Pollerton, allowing the most basic construction and the more sophisticated market exchange to occur. From this project, a century-old prominent family will emerge! We could be as powerful as the Wilson family from Tayhaven!"

Gideon and the rest of the people had already lost their ability to comprehend the significance of Sixten's announcement.

"Is this Lord Campbell's work?" Gideon felt goosebumps all over his skin.

Sixten merely gave a snort. "Now, here's what you have to do. By hook or by crook, you have to get a few multi-million subprojects. It'd be better to get some subprojects worth a billion as well. Do you understand?"

Gideon laughed heartily. "Don't worry. If this is another type of project, I might not be skillful enough to manage it. But since it's related to infrastructure, I have the upper hand here. After all, I have dozens of engineering teams and hundreds of connections in this industry. I just have a few questions. Who is the leader of this project and who are we reporting to? Besides, who is the person in charge of infrastructure?"

"The appointment of the relevant people in charge is still in progress, so you have to monitor the news closely!" Sixten replied seriously.

Gideon nodded as he rubbed his hands together. "It's finally time for us to shine!"

In no time, night had fallen.

A box truck drove into Pollerton slowly. Because of the enclosed cuboid-shaped cargo area, one could not see what was stored in the truck.

The driver looked rather indifferent, wearing a pair of sunglasses and a face mask with only his eyes revealed.

It was none other than Kingsley.

While driving, he deliberately avoided the streets with surveillance cameras.

Meanwhile, Donald was standing in the dark compartment with the two-meter-tall grandfather clock in front of him.

The clock was made of pure bronze, and it weighed around six hundred to seven hundred pounds.

Though he did not show any expression on his face, his gaze was as sharp as a sword.

At one o'clock in the morning, the truck slowly drove to the city of Pollerton, entering Golden Residence.

It was a lavish residential area with good security and management. Every square meter cost around sixty to seventy thousand.

The truck came to a stop, as there were several cars entering and exiting the residence.

As some people were night owls, it was just the beginning of their nightlife.

Nevertheless, this did not affect Donald at all.

After they found a secluded spot, Kingsley got out of the truck.

Donald instructed, "Wait for me here."

Kingsley lowered his head.

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He then saw Donald raising the heavy grandfather clock single-handedly.

Usually, the grandfather clock could only be lifted by seven to eight strong men, but it seemed to be as light as a feather in Donald's hand.

After that, he jumped down from the truck and walked into Golden Residence to the block where Sixten was living.

Donald lifted the grandfather clock above him and looked at the thirty-third floor where the lights were still on.

As Donald gently leaped from the ground, he seemed to be flying upward as though he was a bird.

If an average person saw this, they would be shocked out of their wits.

After all, it was already rather unbelievable to see a human leap over a hundred meters into the air.

On top of that, Donald was holding a heavy grandfather clock.

On the seventeenth floor, a young man was having an intimate moment with his girlfriend in front of the window...

Suddenly, both of them rubbed their eyes.

"Darling, did you see something flying upward just now?" his girlfriend asked breathlessly.

The man was continuing doing the deed as he answered, "I'm not sure. Are you enjoying it so much that you start to hallucinate?"

On the thirty-third floor, Sixten was drinking his red wine. While he whirled the wine in the glass, his eyebrows were tightly knitted together into a frown.

As the person appointed by Tyrone to be in charge of the business in Pollerton, he was quite stressed indeed,

Tyrone was a rather odd man of turbulent emotions who had a weird fetish of only liking other people's wives. Ever since he was seventeen, he had no interest in single women and only sought after married women,

Throughout the years, he had caused quite a great deal of trouble himself.

This time, he gave his last instructions to Sixten, saying that if the latter could not do a good job in Pollerton, he would replace Sixten with another person. Besides, Tyrone also told Sixten that either Jack or Gideon was a good candidate.

Hence, it was rather stressful for Sixten.

After heaving a sigh, he prepared to switch off the lights to go to bed.

However, at this very moment, his bulletproof windows that had security bars installed suddenly crashed into pieces.

Then, he saw a huge item flying into his apartment before it landed in front of him.

A great trepidation filled him when he took a closer look at the item, which was none other than the bronze grandfather clock.

This was the grandfather clock that Tyrone had specially made for Raymond. When he took a closer look, he saw someone standing underneath the grandfather clock, and that man was looking at Sixten impassively as he held up the clock with one of his hands.

What the f*ck?

Feeling as though lightning had struck him, Sixten was thunderstruck as his knees trembled.

Is he still a human? How is it possible for him to lift the heavy clock single-handedly? Such a big item can't even be moved into the elevator!

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Donald surveyed the room before letting out a disdainful snort. "Just as I told you before, I've brought it up to the thirty-third floor."

A bad feeling instantly rose within Sixten, who staggered backward as he yelled, "Are... you a human or a ghost?"

His apartment had a generous space of five hundred square meters, and each floor only consisted of one unit. Hence, no one could hear his yell right now.

"It really is quite convenient to perform a murder on the thirty-third floor," Donald exclaimed.

Sixten was scared to the core. "What are you doing, Donald? What are you attempting to do to me? I'm appointed by Mr. Tyrone to be in charge of Pollerton. If you murder me, you'll be seen as the enemy of the Campbell clan!"

Donald let out a snort of laughter. His tone was heavily laced with disdain as he asked, "The Campbell clan?"

Thousands of thoughts raced through Sixten's mind. Just then, a sudden stroke of realization dawned on him. "Who are you?" he asked in a fearful voice, "I'm from... Quadfield," Donald replied softly.

A simple sentence from Donald was enough to make Sixten lose all of his energy. It was as if there were waves of terror rolling turbulently in his eyes.

There was a buffer zone which had borders with many different countries.

After the buffer zone was crossed, one could directly enter Quadfield, which was a no man's land.

As no country would like to conquer that area, Quadfield was a perpetual warzone.

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With rough estimation, there were at least more than a hundred private armed forces and organizations which originally belonged to different governments.

That situation persisted until Donald conquered Quadfield.

With the mention of Quadfield, a name would pop up in everyone's mind-Lord Campbell.

*Your surname is Campbell. You are... Lord Campbell!" The color completely drained from Sixten's face. He shook like a leaf, causing him to almost lose his footing as he felt a chill rising from his foot to his head.

This is why he dares to attack me! No wonder he has the guts to claim that killing Tyrone is not a big deal!

In Pollerton, Donald might not be able to fight against the Campbell clan, but outside the city, the Campbell clan was definitely no match for Donald.

Besides, Donald was a person with tremendous potential to the country.

Six years ago, it was rumored that he almost joined The Eleventh Array.

"That's right." Donald held the grandfather clock in his hand and looked at Sixten coldly.

"I've warned you that this clock will be your coffin."

Sixten's knees buckled. "Please forgive me, Lord Campbell!"

Donald walked to him without any expression on his face. "I can't do that."

Just as Sixten was about to say something else, he was enveloped in a dark shadow.

The shadow of the enormous clock had completely fallen on him, enshrouding him in pitch-black darkness.

"I admit that I'm wrong, Lord Campbell. Please spare my life!" Trapped inside the clock, Sixten begged for his life continuously.

Donald's voice permeated through the grandfather clock and reached Sixten's ears. "If you can stay alive after taking nine blows, I'll let you off the hook."

Sixten froze after hearing Donald's words, but he soon understood what the latter meant.

A deep chime of the clock rang loudly, deafening Sixten's ears.

"Argh!" He let out a bloodcurdling scream as he covered his ears. His eardrums had perforated.

Blood oozed out through his fingers and stained his shirt.

As he was in the middle of the grandfather clock, the sound waves swept past his body and formed ripples on his flesh.

"Lord Campbell!" he roared before letting out a sob.

Standing in front of the clock, Donald ignored him and sent another blow on the grandfather clock to create another loud chime of the clock.

The clock chimed away in the middle of the night, awaking many people who were sound asleep.

"Who is the madman ringing a bell at this hour?"

"Who the hell is it?"

"What are they doing?"

People from the floors below raised their heads to look at the thirty-third floor, wondering what was going on there.

Amidst the darkness, Sixten's fear had reached its peak. With his voice already hoarse from screaming, he cowered on the ground with his palms on his ears. His ears continued to ring as he lost consciousness gradually.

Donald made the clock chime nine times and turned around to give a final glance to the grandfather clock before he gently leaped out of the window from the thirty third floor.

With that, he landed on the box truck and left.

At two o'clock in the morning, a number of people barged into Sixten's apartment unit after someone called the police and filed a complaint about the noise from Sixten's house.

When about seven to eight people opened the grandfather clock together, they were shocked to find Sixten cowering in it with bulging eyes. He was already dead with blood

flowing out from his eyes and nose.

“Goodness! He was killed by the sound vibrations alone!”

“With my many years of experience, this is the first time seeing a murder of this nature!”

“Something’s off here. This huge clock weighs at least six hundred to seven hundred pounds. How did it get up here?”

Many people were discussing the murder fervently.

“Check the surveillance cameras, including those in the elevator and at the staircases,” a policeman instructed.

The news of Sixten’s death spread around the next day. Gideon was having his breakfast when he heard the news, and he was so shocked that he almost dropped the bowl in his hands.

“He was killed by a clock’s chimes? Wasn’t Donald the one who took the clock away?”

Thinking that something was wrong here, he frowned. “Did Donald hide his identity from us?”

“But how did the clock get onto the thirty-third floor?” Jack also made a face, but he was not too troubled by the news of Sixten’s death.

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All Jack had to do was to latch onto Tyrone.

“They have already paid a visit to Donald, but he has proof that he was not at the scene. Numerous people have testified that Donald sold the grandfather clock to a scrap factory for ten thousand. The owner of the scrap factory said that the grandfather clock was later bought by a mysterious buyer,” Winston said.

“Are you saying that someone is trying to frame Donald?” Gideon asked.

A few of them shook their heads.

After hearing the news about Sixten, Raymond sighed and said, “Donald, they are going to investigate you sooner or later.”

“Not for the time being. Charles and Kingsley are great at tying loose ends, so they definitely wouldn’t leave any trace behind, Donald said nonchalantly.

He paused for a moment and continued, “Besides, even if they find out, what can they do about it?”

Is the Campbell clan going to fight me over Sixten? No, I doubt so. I guess they will only make their move if I lay my finger on Tyrone.

“Grandpa, I’m not afraid of the Campbell clan. Besides, they won’t get out of this fight unscathed if we really come to blows, Donald said.

Seemingly remembering something, Raymond asked, “Is the Campbell clan pushing for The Eleventh Array?”

The Eleventh Array consisted of eleven members. All of them were influential in their own territory, and each of them commanded tens of thousands of people.

“It would not be the Campbell clan. Don’t worry about it,” Donald said as he stubbed out the cigarette.

“Jennifer is doing well. I could see strong and good energies forming on her glabella.

You should spend more time with her, so you can succeed!” Raymond said seriously.

Donald became frustrated and said, “Here you go again. do you expect me to believe

this fortune-telling nonsense?”

Raymond smiled and said nothing.

Shortly, Donald left and met with Lilith.

“The experiment’s data is solid. The error rate has dropped to zero point one percent. This means that after fifteen days, I will be able to get into the laboratory and launch the thing,” Lilith said.

Being the chief engineer of the Rising Dragon Project, Lilith had always remained elegant and composed in the face of immense pressure.

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*Then I should stir up some trouble in Pollerton as soon as possible to draw attention to myself. Only then will we manage to lure out the big fish,” Donald said.

Lilith smiled and said, “All right, I’ll be counting on you. By the way, Chiliad Avion said they will give you a huge surprise after this is done.”

“I certainly do not hope to receive any nasty shock,” Donald said.

Pollerton became peaceful once again in the following days as people seemed to have forgotten about Sixten’s passing.

Tyrone called Gideon for the first time and said, “We can do nothing about Sixten’s passing. The plan remains unchanged, so you will take over the land reclamation project as Pollerton’s ambassador.”

Gideon and the rest of his men were ecstatic.

On the first of November, the news at eight in the morning sent the whole Pollerton city into a frenzy.

The land reclamation project was officially announced.

The news spread across Pollerton and caused a great commotion throughout the whole country.

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Even the normal civilians knew about the project.

The project was worth hundreds of billions, and they were all funded by original funding 4.

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If the project managed to set up several industrial chains, such as financing, financial loans, real estate, and industrial parts, the profit they could earn would be significant.

In the Pollerton Estates, Jennifer was having her breakfast on the couch. Seeing the news, she closed her eyes and said, “Finally! The day has come!”

Kevin was also stunned as he stared at the TV. “Wow! A land reclamation project!”

“I wonder who was the one that managed to get the approval for the project?” Leonard asked.

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“I heard Jenny mentioned this before. If I’m not mistaken, he’s called Lord Campbell or something.”

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Jennifer nodded her head and said, “That’s right. It’s Lord Campbell, and he is only

twenty-seven years old.”

Linda got excited and said, “Lord Campbell and Donald both have the same family name, and they are of the same age. Why are they so different from one another?”

Jenny, wouldn't it be nice if you get married to Lord Campbell?”

“Mom, can you stop daydreaming? There is no way Lord Campbell would fall for .me. Do you think he lacks women?” Jennifer said exasperatedly.

Linda calmed down and said, “You are right, but you really should be thinking about getting married. Are you still in contact with Nigel lately?”

“Nigel wouldn't dare to come to Pollerton right now,” Jennifer said.

Leonard suddenly asked, “So, how is your preparation for the land reclamation project going?”

Jennifer sighed, gave Kevin a dirty look, and said, “Everything is ready. It's already on the news, so they will start the planning process soon. After that, they will decide on the general manager and the project manager. I will attend their bidding conference to participate in the bidding, and if I manage to secure the project, I will go and look for investors.”

Kevin shrugged and asked, “Why are you looking at me like that?”

“Don't contact Skylar again. You hear me?” Jennifer said.

She still remembered seeing Skylar sitting on Akio's lap in Fortune Bar.

“Why?” Kevin asked.

Jennifer shook her head as she tried to stop herself from thinking about the scene.

Meanwhile, the president of Pollerton Translations, Akio had also seen the news. He immediately met with Rupert and asked, “Can we secure one or two projects?”

Rupert shook his head and said, “We are not sure yet. I still can't figure out who got the approval for the land reclamation project.”

Nigel was wearing a coat and a pair of sunglasses as he walked in and said, “It's Lord Campbell.”

Akio and Rupert gasped and exclaimed, “So that's what happened. Has Lord Campbell come to Pollerton?”

“He's probably still in Quadfield, but Kingsley is here,” Nigel said.

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As soon as he finished talking, the news came on the TV. According to the proposal, the land reclamation project is worth hundreds of billions, and the amount of the investment would change based on the work progress. The project's general managers are Charles Langford and Kingsley Felton, and they are still in the process of selecting a project manager. Individuals and companies who are interested to participate in the bidding can head to Seasons Hotel.

Nigel pointed at the TV and said, “Look! That's one of Lord Campbell's subordinates, Kingsley Felton, the Wyvern King.”

“Get someone to contact him immediately.” Akio ordered.

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However, Rupert fell into deep thought, and a hint of uneasiness flashed across his sob eyes.

Noah International Group has just been established, and Lord Campbell turns his attention to Pollerton. Will any of these interrupt my plans

Thirty minutes after the news ended, various companies began to make their move. Businessmen from all over the country started to swarm into Pollerton to look for various business opportunities.

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A project with an original capital of hundreds of billions would allow industries around it to benefit drastically, so no one was willing to let go of the golden opportunity.

The bidding officially started one day later

A press conference was also held in conjunction with the bidding conference.

Both conferences were held in a large hall that could cater to two thousand and five hundred people in the Seasons Hotel,

On the big screen, Kingsley remained motionless as he sat in his seat. Charles' hair was immaculate, and he was wearing a silver-white suit. He took the microphone and said, "I'm honored to be selected as one of the general managers of the land

reclamation project. The entire project covers a total of thirty square kilometers of the sea area, which is equivalent to the size of a town. Considering factors such as qualifications and work progress, we will be dividing the thirty square kilometers into five sections for the bidding."

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Charles' statement immediately sent an uproar across the room.

That meant a total of five companies would be able to secure the bidding.

However, there were at least four to five hundred companies in the hall, and only five companies among them would be able to secure the project.

"Rest assured. We will not be favoring any connections. The proposal is all we would consider," Kingsley assured everyone.

Everyone breathed a sigh of relief when they heard his words.

There's no way anyone can use their connections in Lord Campbell's project. Besides, there is no need to organize a bidding conference if someone is able to utilize their connections and secure the project. Lord Campbell will just give it to them in private.

"The bidding process shall now begin. Please submit your bidding proposals and information," Kingsley said.

Due to Kingsley's reputation, everyone was acting in an orderly manner when each representative submitted their proposals.

There was no trace of emotion on Kingsley's face as he read through the proposals.

Everyone in the hall was waiting anxiously for the verdict.

Kingsley finally finished reading through all the proposals after a few hours and said, "I have skimmed through all the proposals briefly. There are over a hundred proposals, and thirty-six among them have a market value above tens of billions. These thirty-six companies are considered to be the more competent ones."

Jennifer's heart sank as she was at a severe disadvantage compared to the other companies.

Her company was like an empty shell, and its liquidity was less than five million.

Kingsley picked up a proposal and continued, "Among the thirty-six companies, there are only ten companies who have related work experience. This is the proposal from the Wilson Group. The representative of the company, please step onto the stage."

Nigel walked up the stage.

"Hello, Mr. Kingsley," Nigel greeted him.

"I don't like your proposal," Kingsley said.

Nigel's expression changed when he heard that.

He was feeling very confident about his proposal before the bidding conference even began, so he couldn't believe that Kingsley didn't like his proposal.

"Mr. Kingsley, may I know the reason?" Nigel asked Kingsley as he looked at him.

"These apply better in theory than in practice. You wish to develop the real estate and industrial parks, but have you considered anything about the infrastructure development? The land needs to be excavated in rock and soil, so how do you plan to find the materials? Even if you found them, how are you going to transport them to the site?" Kingsley questioned him.

"I can just subcontract it to another company. These are the problems that they have to worry about," Nigel said.

Isn't this how the construction industry works? Just subcontract it to a third party after securing the bid.

"Thus, I will not be choosing the Wilson Group. Please leave the stage," Kingsley said coldly as he threw the proposal to the ground.

Nigel's face darkened, but he didn't dare to lose his temper, so he turned to leave.

Kingsley didn't care about Nigel's feelings at all. He picked up another proposal and said, "This company is a new company, and it doesn't have a lot of assets. However, I like their bidding document and proposal a lot."

The proposal was projected on the large screen, and everyone could see the graceful handwriting on the proposal.

"This company was initially a pharmaceutical company and a shell company, However, I would like everyone to take a look at what this company has done. The company has managed to set up a steel structure department and a transportation company.

Moreover, hundreds of large excavators have been ordered, and even a barren mountain has been reserved to be used as a quarry. She has done everything to prepare for the land reclamation project. I would like to know if any companies in attendance also came up with such detailed preparations," Kingsley said.

Jennifer's whole body trembled in excitement because she was the one who made the proposal. The whole proposal was at least twenty thousand words, and it was all handwritten.

The proposal described in detail the complete sequence of the process from the initial stage of excavation to the later stage of reclamation.

Everyone's faces became grim as Kingsley flipped through the proposals on the screen because the proposal was finer than the one that was drafted by a professional architect.

“So, this will be the first company that secures the bid. It’s Jennard Construction. The representative of this company, please come onto the stage,” Kingsley said.

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Jennifer immediately fixed her makeup and walked onto the stage. As she looked at Kingsley, she remained expressionless.

She had seen him before.

It was the man who had given her A Midsummer Night’s Dream and Eternal Love at the Wilson manor before.

Kingsley was also staring at her at the same time.

With an indifferent expression, he asked, “Did you come up with this proposal on your own?”

Jennifer nodded and said, “Yes, I did everything myself. I also set up the related departments myself.”

Despite Nigel’s objection, she used the Wilson family’s funds to do so.

“Congratulations, you’ve won the bid. You will be handling the six square kilometer area at the edge of the reclamation area. The bidding amount will be two billion, Kingsley said.

“Thank you, Mr. Kingsley. Thank you so much!” Excitement filled Jennifer.

If the total bidding amount is two billion, based on the thirty percent profit in the infrastructure industry, she would get at least six hundred million.

Of course, the amount was before tax.

What she had secured was not only a land reclamation project. After reclaiming the land, she would also have priority in bidding for the land-use planning project in the future.

Nigel’s face darkened as he crossed his arms and glared at Jennifer.

She uses the Wilson family’s money to set up Jennard Construction!

The bidding process lasted for eight hours and both Reina and Lana also managed to secure the project.

There were also other two companies that succeeded. One of them was a local company, Torson Construction, which was the leader in the industry. Another company was Stardew International which had a close relationship with Pollerton Translations.

The whole bidding process was conducted strictly according to the procedures, and there was no sign of fraudulent practices involved.

Charles stood up and concluded the event. “All right, the bidding conference for the first phase of the land reclamation project is officially over. Based on the agreement, both the construction and inspection work have to be done within three months, so I hope all five companies would begin their work as soon as possible,”

After the conference was over, Jennifer immediately told her parents the good news the moment she reached home. “Mom! Dad! I got the bid! It’s worth two billion, and I can make at least five hundred million!”

Kevin was delighted when he heard that. “Jennifer, you are so awesome! I’m going to be rich!”

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Jennifer calmed down and said, "However, we need a lot of start-up capital. I need at least one hundred million, and I have no idea how to get it."

"Isn't the Wilson family rich?" Linda asked

Jennifer shook her head and said, "This is an independent company I set up myself. If I hand it over to the Wilson family, they won't give me a single penny. I will try my best to come up with a plan. Only if I'm not able to do it will I hand the project over to the Wilson family. However, I will insist to be the one handling the construction work, because I want to earn the commission from the construction process."

Jennifer was about to get excited when the doorbell rang.

She opened the door and saw that it was Nigel and Alicia.

Nigel walked into the room, looked around, and asked softly, "Are you satisfied with the house?"

Jennifer nodded and said, "It's all right,"

"Good work. I was wrong about you before. I didn't expect you to make such a detailed proposal and secured the bid despite having only very limited resources," Nigel praised her.

Jennifer felt embarrassed and said, "I just go with my instincts."

Nodding, Nigel smiled and said, "Oh yeah. The Wilson family will be handling the bid."

Jennifer's face froze. Before she could say anything, Alicia said, "What? Are you not willing to give it to us? Have you forgotten that you used the Wilson family's money to set up Jennard Construction and bought all those excavators and construction vehicles? You won't be able to handle the project. Besides, the area you will be handling is Blade Alliance's territory. This organization belongs to Mark."

Mark worked for Noah before he went to Lana's company. However, he immediately turned to Rupert as soon as the latter returned.

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 179

Chapter 179

"Nigel, what do you have in mind?" Jennifer asked.

Nigel thought about it and said, "I'll give you a million, and I'll handle the rest of the thing."

Jennifer's eyes widened in surprise. Is he actually offering me a mere one million to take the bid off my hands? He's indeed greedy!

Jennifer shook her head and refused. "No way. I can hand over the project to you, but I have to be the one handling the raw materials and construction."

The raw materials included reinforced concrete, rock, and granular sands. On the other hand, the transportation sector would involve dump trucks while the construction section would handle excavation work using the excavators.

The project had to be completed in three months, and there was not a single company in Pollerton that was as fully prepared as Jennifer.

Nigel's eyes grew cold. "What if I disagree?"

Jennifer bit her lip and said, "Then, I'll handle all of it myself."

Nigel laughed and said, "Oh really? So you think you are independent enough now, don't you? Do you think you can handle this project on your own? The excavators you

ordered are still in the production process, and you haven't even started digging the barren mountain yet! What makes you think you are able to handle this project? Besides, I noticed that you only have a few million in your account. You will need at least one hundred million as start-up capital, and another two billion to pay for whatever comes at the later stage of the project. Don't forget you won't get any money before you complete the project. Where are you going to get the money if not from the Wilson family?"

Jennifer's face darkened.

Nigel is right. But I still haven't started looking for investors yet, so I want to give this a try.

"I suddenly realize that one million is too much for you. five hundred thousand is my final offer. You will hand over the entire project to me, or the deal is off," Nigel said as irritation filled his eyes.

He desperately needed the project.

Father is going to retire soon, and the Wilson family is, in need of a leader. That person will be me! I must achieve something great so I can take over the position easily. The land reclamation project will be the project that would solidify my position! Even a fifth of the project is enough for me to take over Father's position!

Jennifer said nothing and continued to shake her head.

Nigel laughed and said, "Fine. I'm done playing with you."

Jennifer's heart sank as she knew what Nigel meant.

The project she had secured was located in Mark's territory, and Nigel had various ways to get Mark to give her trouble.

The Horizon Group would not be able to handle Mark by then.

After saying that, Nigel gave Jennifer a long, hard stare and left, leaving her in a daze.

"Jenny, what do we do?" Linda asked worriedly.

Jennifer thought for a moment and said, "Conner asked me to make up my mind before, so he wants me to ignore Nigel and the rest's feelings." However, I'm afraid it's not going to be easy. Nigel wants me to hand over the entire project, but I don't want to. How can he try to take a project worth two billion away from me with just a mere five hundred thousand?

Jennifer took out her phone and said, "I'm going to give Conner a call."

The call quickly went through. Conner was ecstatic when he learned that Jennifer secured the project. "Jennifer, you did a good job and didn't let me down. Don't worry about Nigel and the rest. Continue to do things your way."

Jennifer was stuck on the next problem. "But the start-up capital..."

Conner became silent as well.

He wouldn't be able to allocate more funds to Jennifer as the Wilson family members wouldn't agree to it unless they got their hands on the project,

Everyone knew that the person handling the project had to come up with a way to raise their capital funds.

"I'm not the sole decision-maker in the Wilson family right now. I have only one question for you. Can you afford to pay an annualized rate of thirty-six percent?"

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 180

Chapter 180

Jennifer could only come up with two ways to handle the problem of insufficient funds,

She could either give away the bid or took a loan to raise some capital.

However, everyone in the country knew that she had secured the project. They would obviously ask for a ridiculous interest rate that was much higher than the industry standard if she were to go for a loan.

These people might even try to take the project away from her:

Jennifer sighed and said, "I understand, Granduncle Conner. I will try and come up with a plan."

Donald didn't appear to be very busy despite being the head of the operation.

The land reclamation project was a piece of cake for him. It was incomparable to what he had done before.

Donald was meeting Bradley at the moment.

Bradley might look gentle like a shy high school student, but he actually had amazing tracking skills. He was able to get a lot of crucial information even though there were only very few clues.

— "Lord Campbell, I've got something. Mistress is in danger," Bradley said.

"Explain in detail," Donald said.

"The Parasite, Noah, used to have a right-hand man named Bernie Walker. He is a hacker that is famous on the dark web, and he did a lot of dirty work for Noah. However, Noah took his wife away from him, so Bernie hated him since. Bernie kept a lot of evidence when he was doing dirty work for Noah, and he kept it in flash drives. One of it was brought into Pollerton and fell into mistress' hands," Bradley explained.

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Donald's heart sank as he immediately understood the importance of the flash drive.

"How did the drive fall into Jennifer's hands?" Donald asked in a low voice.

"Mistress was attending a charity gala a few days ago, and she saved a little girl on the way. That girl is Bernie's daughter. Rupert abducted the girl and brought her to Pollerton to lure Bernie out. However, Bernie is a smart guy. He hid the flash drive inside his daughter's hoverboard. The little girl, Sara, seems to like mistress a lot, so she gave the flash drive to her," Bradley reported his findings in detail.

"Does Rupert know that the flash drive has fallen into Jennifer's hands?" Donald asked.

"Not for the time being, but it's only a matter of time before he finds out about it. They are now investigating everyone whom the little girl had come in contact with, so anyone can be their suspect. In any case, Rupert didn't expect Bernie to leave something so important in the hands of the little girl," Bradley said as he felt impressed

"How is the little girl right now?"

"She is all right for the time being. However, I don't think she would live once they found the flash drive," Bradley said.

Donald thought for a moment and said, "All right. I got it."

The land reclamation project approval had gotten everyone excited.

Gideon cracked his knuckles as he was ready to get to work.

As a third-party construction team, no one in Pollerton was more qualified or had a better team than him.

Be it Reina, Lana, or Jennifer, it was impossible for them to have their own construction teams even though they had secured the bid, so they would definitely go to a third party. Gideon Construction which belonged to Gideon was the best third-party construction team in Pollerton.

“Go and make some preparations. We will meet Lana first and discuss this with her, This time, we are going to try our best, and put Mr. Tyrone’s mind at ease!” Gideon ordered.

Gideon came and met with Lana at three in the afternoon,

“You want to become our outsourcing supplier?” Lana asked.

Gideon nodded and said, “That’s right, Ms. Collins. We have around thirty construction teams and more than a hundred certifications, so you don’t have to worry about the quality of our work.”

Lana smiled and said, “Go and ask Donald. I will agree if he agrees.”

She paused for a moment and added, “You can also ask Old Mr. Campbell.”

Gideon was stunned. He almost cursed out in anger, but he managed to control his temper. “Ms. Collins, I don’t think personal feelings should come in between something so important. The construction period is three months, and we are the only company in Pollerton that can finish the work in three months!”