

Unlimited Son-In-Law Chapter 307 -

Chapter 307 I Dislike You

About a few hundred people stood up simultaneously in an instant.

Yet, Tyrone let out a cough, surprising many and causing them to sit down unwillingly.

After all, who dared oppose him other than those who wished for death?

Sebastian looked at Tyrone with narrowed eyes and instantly knocked on the table with his right hand, creating a crisp sound.

Kingsley looked at Sebastian coldly. "Silence!"

The latter froze and stood up immediately, ready to unleash his wrath.

However, Timothy promptly grabbed him and advised, "Don't be reckless. We have an urgent matter on hand."

Only then did Sebastian sit down while Timothy wiped away his cold sweat. He's such a hard master to serve.

Kingsley shot a glare at Sebastian and turned his attention away.

Thus, Gideon began walking forward with the bidding document in hand as Michael, Jack, Derrick, and the others followed him.

Gideon bent his body and bowed low as he handed the bidding document to Kingsley respectfully. "Please have a look, General Felton."

"Please report to Lord Campbell, saying the Campbell clan shows their utmost sincerity and looks forward to collaborating with Lord Campbell," Tyrone said immediately.

Kingsley knocked on the door without speaking a word and entered the room.

Many people's eyes widened in surprise, and they stretched their necks to take a glance at Donald's actual appearance. Nevertheless, a screen was blocking their view, and they could only notice someone sitting behind it. The crowd could not even see a clear silhouette.

Everyone saw Kingsley passing the bidding document to the man behind the glass screen, and all they could hear were the flipping of pages.

Silence hung in the air at that moment, apart from the sounds of papers being turned.

Only a minute had passed, and a stack of documents was flung out of the screen as the crowd watched.

"This won't do. Next!" Kingsley announced.

Gideon and Tyrone were stunned as everyone shifted their gazes at the former.

He felt ashamed, and his back was drenched in a cold sweat.

He was the one who wrote the bidding document all by himself earnestly. For example, he promised good project quality and offered to build facilities such as sewers and barriers for free.

Those facilities would cost at least one hundred million.

Regardless, his sincerity was rejected by Donald.

"I don't like this person." A metallic voice echoed from the room. Then, a ray of light was cast onto Gideon.

This meant Donald disliked Gideon.

At that moment, Gideon felt it was the end. I didn't cross Lord Campbell, so why did he expressly point out that he doesn't like me?

Xylus instantly stood up and suggested, "I can let someone else discuss this with you."

Then, Michael, Jack, Derrick, and the others raised their heads in excitement, thinking

their chances had arrived.

Yet, five to six rays of light were shone on them.

Donald's modified voice boomed once more, "I don't like any of these people. There's no need to talk. Next."

Tyrone sat on the chair silently as his expression darkened.

Gideon walked down the stairs dejectedly. He returned to his seat and glanced at Tyrone with a pale face.

The latter gave them an icy stare as he kept silent.

A long moment passed before he said, "Give me an explanation."

"I truly don't know what happened, Mr. Tyrone." Gideon instantly got to his knees.

Upon hearing that, Tyrone shut his eyes and pondered.

"Next," Kingsley voiced.

Sebastian shot a look at Timothy, and the latter brought their bidding document forward with his hair standing on the back of his neck.

"Please inform Lord Campbell that we will build Lord Campbell Avenue and all facilities for free. Please take a look at our bidding document, Lord Campbell," Sebastian said.

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Chapter 308 Azure Wyvern Guards

Everyone was dumbfounded upon hearing that. Is Freedman Group that rich? They said they would build Lord Campbell Avenue for free, including all the facilities. Are they just going to present the project worth a few billion as a gift to Lord Campbell?

Kingsley received the bidding document and sent it into the room.

The crowd watched as Donald read the document for three minutes this time.

Arrogance surfaced on Sebastian's face as he scanned the room smugly as if he was saying, "Look. This is the power of the Freedman clan."

He was not wrong. Hundreds of entrepreneurs were present, but even the Campbell clan did not dare propose such a generous offer.

Yet, the Freedman clan was unfazed as they proposed that.

In everyone's eyes, Donald would never reject this offer.

After all, no conglomerate would refuse it.

However, Kingsley brought the bidding document out in the next moment.

"This doesn't match what I have in mind. It won't do," Donald's metallic voice sounded.

Sebastian froze, his expression became twisted, and his breathing turned rapid.

He would easily act rashly, as he was not as tolerant as Tyrone.

Sebastian never held grudges because he would get his revenge on the spot.

Hence, he slammed the table and pointed at Donald behind the screen. "Who do you think you are? You're just the captain of the mercenary from the outer regions. Who are you to act so arrogant before me?"

Kingsley's gaze turned cold in a split second.

"Slap him," Donald ordered calmly.

Thud!

Suddenly, five to six people appeared, exuding a dominant aura within the crowd. All their power levels were at ten thousand, and each glared at Kingsley icily.

Those were Sebastian's bodyguards, but their opponent was Kingsley.

His power level drastically rose to eighteen thousand. Next, he jumped up high and lunged at Sebastian.

The men with muscular statures also dashed forward.

Bloodlust colored Kingsley's face, and Azure Wyvern Blade appeared with a wave of his right hand. He sent the bodyguard's heads flying into the air with a light sweep.

"Ah!" Countless people screamed in disbelief as they retreated.

Those were subordinates of the Freedman clan, and everyone could not believe Kingsley was bold enough to take their lives.

Afterward, Kingsley approached Sebastian and grabbed his collar. The former pulled Sebastian closer and threw a slap across the latter's face.

Sebastian was dumbfounded as his eyes widened in shock.

I can't believe it. I got hit! This was the only lingering thought in his mind, and his eyes soon turned red.

"Eight Tribes, gather!" He roared.

Eight people barged in from outside, and each had a power level of twenty thousand. All of them wore masks and were armed with crescent blades.

"Azure Wyvern guards, fall in!" Kingsley ordered.

Boom!

A troop comprising about thirty people appeared. Each of them was wearing ancient armor and equipped with green blades. They had the same height, and their eyes were abnormally cold. Furthermore, they all had a power level of over twenty thousand.

They held destructive power.

"Come on. You want to fight?" Kingsley grabbed Sebastian's collar and shook his body. Xylus' evaluation glasses clearly showed Kingsley's power level going off the roof. His power was three times stronger, reaching a shocking number of fifty-four thousand.

The members of Eight Tribes exchanged looks, noticing nothing but fear in each other's eyes.

They were up against Azure Wyvern guards, whose primary job was slaughtering.

Sebastian remained silent and merely glared at Kingsley.

"What insolence in my presence!" Donald's voice boomed, "Even if Nicholas is here, he does not dare speak to me like that, let alone someone like you."

"Hmph!" Sebastian scoffed.

"Slap him again!" Donald ordered icily.

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Slap!

Slap!

Slap!

Kingsley slapped Sebastian three times in a row. Meanwhile, the Eight Tribes did not dare to move. Not to mention Timothy, who hid at the side.

"I will end your life if you dare to cross the line again!" Kingsley threw Sebastian to the ground and stared at him with a sharp gaze.

In the end, Sebastian was frightened and did not dare to say anything.

He had seen a murderous intent in Kingsley's eyes.

"Continue." Donald's voice was heard.

The Azure Wyvern guards started to clean up the mess. However, many people did not dare to bid anymore because they thought they would be humiliated since the powerful Freedman clan had failed.

When Kingsley saw no one was taking the initiative, he said, "Next."

After that, several corporations submitted their bidding documents, but they were all rejected. Besides, Kingsley even slapped Akio's face when the latter submitted the bidding document. "How dare the people of Yartran to bid from me?"

In just a second, the atmosphere turned awkward.

Nigel shot a glance at Sylvia and shook his head. "It's impossible. We'll fail too."

Jonathan nodded and said, "The Freedman clan is rejected even though their bidding document offers good terms. We have no chance."

Jennifer flipped open her bidding document. Not only were there no discounts, but there was also a provision for additional capital according to the final outcome. It meant that more capital was required if the money to build the road was insufficient.

Sylvia rolled her eyes and locked her gaze on Jennifer. "Jennifer, submit the bidding document."

Jennifer was taken aback, and she was in a dilemma. "Grandma..."

"Don't call me Grandma. I'm not your grandmother. Are you going or not?" Sylvia waved her hand impatiently.

Sylvia and Jennifer did not have any biological relations, and they had a five-generations age gap between them. Sylvia would not have the interest in looking at Jennifer if it was not because Conner wanted to defeat the top-tier conglomerates.

Jennifer nodded and said, "You're giving me trouble. Even the Freedman clan has failed to bid with good terms. I will only become a laughingstock after submitting the bidding document."

Sylvia deliberately heaved a sigh and said sincerely, "Jennifer, at first, I like your personality. I thought your strength was you never let go and give up, but you're unwilling to do such a small thing now, making me look down on you. Listen to me. Submit the bidding document in the name of Jennard Construction."

At that, Sylvia paused before continuing, "I will take back Jennard Construction and the Wilson Group from you if you disagree."

Upon hearing her words, Jennifer was disappointed.

She thought Sylvia was very cruel. The latter had come up with a drastic measure to ruin Jennifer's way out. Besides, Sylvia even got ready to take Jennard Construction back from her.

Jennard Construction was Jennifer's life's work, and it was an independent department of the Wilson Group.

"You're putting her in an extremely tough post!" Kevin said angrily. "Let me tell you. Jennifer is..."

He wanted to say Tyrone was interested in Jennifer, but he thought it was not good to gloat since Tyrone was there. Hence, Kevin changed his sentence, "Someone influential is interested in Jennifer!"

Sylvia looked at Kevin dumbly like an idiot. "You loser, why are you gloating?"

Kevin's face immediately reddened, and he was tongue-tied.

"What are you waiting for? I will take back everything from you if Lord Campbell disagrees with the bidding document. This will prove that you don't have the capability

to be the representative of the Wilson family of Tayhaven in Pollerton.” Sylvia waved her hand, then she closed her eyes and pretended to sleep. There were a lot of people around who had heard Sylvia and Jennifer’s conversation. They looked at Jennifer with a gloating look. Linda was instantly anxious. “That won’t do.” Leonard was panicked when he thought of Sylvia taking back everything. He was worried about Kevin’s betrothal gift. Kevin’s father-in-law still wants a mansion and a luxury car. What should we do? Jonathan sneered, “You have no choice but to submit the bidding document today. Grandma is right. You have to listen to her if you want to continue to rely on the Wilson family of Tayhaven!”

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Chapter 310 Framed

Nigel did not say anything but glanced at Tyrone, trying to see his reaction. However, Tyrone played with his phone calmly and showed Jennifer no interest. Kevin was anxious, and he walked in front of Tyrone. “Mr. Campbell, are you still keeping to your promise?” he asked respectfully. Tyrone had promised to marry Jennifer and punished Nigel back then, but he had not fulfilled either one of the things he promised. For this reason, Kevin was restless, and he wanted to use Tyrone to teach the Wilson family of Tayhaven a lesson. Tyrone raised his head and looked at Kevin expressionlessly. “Who do you think you are?” Kevin’s face stiffened, and he was embarrassed. He stood dumbly on the spot, momentarily unsure what to do. “Get lost,” uttered Xylus flatly. Upon hearing his words, Kevin fled the scene. Meanwhile, Nigel was confused. He wondered who had punished Timothy and Ethan since Tyrone was not interested in Jennifer. He could not fathom the situation. Seeing Jennifer did not make any move, Sylvia, who had her eyes closed and pretended to sleep, suddenly opened her eyes. “Why aren’t you going yet? I will take back everything from you now. Nigel, Jonathan, prepare the legal procedures!” “Fine. I’ll go!” Jennifer was agitated. She knew she had no choice but to put her pride aside. “We will not change the original bidding proposal, and we must ask Lord Campbell to increase the capital if the money is insufficient in the future. The Wilson family can never suffer losses!” said Sylvia. Jennifer did not say a word. She walked in front of Kingsley with the bidding proposal and handed it to him. Kingsley looked at Jennifer with a sharp gaze, and his face was extremely cold. He did not take the bidding document from her. He hated Jennifer because it was that woman who had made Donald sick previously. Jennifer lowered her head, not daring to meet Kingsley’s stare. She was afraid of

Kingsley, who exuded a cold aura.

Noticing the scene, Sylvia was delighted. "Look. Kingsley doesn't even want to take the bidding document."

Jonathan laughed, not giving any comments.

"It's over. No one can be relied on!" Linda stomped her feet in anger.

Leonard sneered, "All of you are just jealous of my daughter's strong capability!"

Meanwhile, Kevin only had one thought in his mind. I want to buy a Maybach and a house in Pollerton Estates...

Seeing Kingsley did not take the bidding document, Jennifer sighed. She turned around sadly and was going to leave.

"Wait," Kingsley said coldly.

Jennifer was stunned, and she turned around to look at the man.

Kingsley took the bidding document from her. His expression remained cold as if someone had owed him millions. He ignored Jennifer and entered the office with the bidding document in his hand.

The only sound in the office was the flipping sound of the pages. Jennifer remained calm.

She had already expected the result, so she did not have any expectations.

"There's a provision for additional capital according to the project construction and final outcome. Did you prepare the proposal, or did the Wilson family of Tayhaven prepare it?" said Donald.

His voice was filtered through a voice-changing machine, and the tone was not noticeable.

Sylvia immediately stood up and said, "The Wilson family of Tayhaven didn't prepare it, but Jennifer did! Please don't misunderstand us, Lord Campbell. We don't dare to ask you for money. We are willing to build Lord Campbell Avenue even if we were to suffer a loss of more than a billion."

At that moment, Jennifer thought Sylvia was shameless.

The Wilson family of Tayhaven had prepared both the bidding proposals. The proposal held by Nigel had great offers, and it did not request additional capital. On the contrary, Jennifer had a proposal that requested additional capital.

Sylvia had already decided to take everything back from Jennifer that day.

Jennifer was like a seed planted by the Wilson family of Tayhaven. Now that the seed had grown, it was useless and ready to be harvested.

Meanwhile, the crowd was abuzz with heated discussions.

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Chapter 311 Telling Donald What To Do

"The nerves that Jennifer has! Out of more than a hundred businesses, she's the first to ask for more funding."

"It's understandable. She hasn't been the CEO long enough, after all. Obviously, she's not a visionary."

"Mm. She probably wouldn't understand anything even if her bid for the construction project of Lord Campbell Avenue is successful."

The crowd discussed among themselves.

Jennifer instantly felt alone and helpless since Sylvia had made a fool out of her. "You're bidding for the project through Jennard Construction. Does the company have any relations with the Wilson family of Tayhaven?" Donald spoke once again. There was not a shred of emotion in Donald's voice, so no one could figure out what the man was thinking.

Sylvia was the first to answer once again. She hurriedly clarified the relationship. "It has no ties with the Wilson family of Tayhaven. Lord Campbell, I swear that Jennard Construction has nothing to do with the Wilson family of Tayhaven. It is an independent company!"

Donald did not respond. He simply examined the materials calmly.

After quite some time, he stated casually, "All right. Jennard Construction's bid is successful. Make the necessary preparations. We'll sign the contract tomorrow and commence the construction within three days."

As soon as the words came out of Donald's mouth, the entire hall went silent all of a sudden.

Jennifer's eyes widened. She found it hard to believe what she had heard while looking at the blurry silhouette behind the screen in the office.

Everyone was stunned and thought that they had heard wrong. Then, the entire place became uproarious.

They were confused as to what was happening.

Timothy and the Campbell clan, who gave such huge price reductions, had been rejected. They wondered how a small company that had asked for more funding could win the bid.

Everyone knew what more funding meant.

It meant that a great number of profits and riches could be made. The project, which had a cost of one billion, could go up to one and a half billion. This meant that the bidding amount was one billion. As long as Jennifer knew how to do the accounts, she could take one and a half billion from Donald's hands in the future.

"What's going on?" Akio was still confused.

Sylvia suddenly stood up. She could not believe what she heard. A look of shock and regret instantly appeared on her wrinkled face. I should have gotten Nigel and Jonathan to submit the bid proposal!

Nigel was also stunned. He then lowered his head as a look of astonishment flashed across his eyes. A big shot definitely has his eyes on Jennifer. However, it's definitely not Tyrone. That person is even more esteemed and frightening than Tyrone. There's only one person that comes to mind, and that's Lord Campbell! Lord Campbell has set his sight on Jennifer!

Jennifer was deemed worthy by Donald.

Linda was also stunned by that. She then exclaimed excitedly, "Ahh! She won the bid! My daughter is so incredible!"

Leonard also felt a sense of respect toward Jennifer. "My daughter was chosen!"

Kevin was so happy that he started jumping up and down. "She's incredible!"

"Lord Campbell, I was wrong just now. Jennifer took the wrong bid proposal. The bid proposal just now belongs to the Wilson family of Tayhaven," Sylvia stated.

Everyone thought that Sylvia was a shameless old woman at that moment.

"So?" Donald's voice was devoid of emotion.

Sylvia replied solemnly, "First of all, the Wilson family of Tayhaven has the ability to construct Lord Campbell Avenue. Secondly, we have a lot of qualified individuals. We can promise that we'll finish the construction within a month. That's why I want the construction project to be led by the Wilson family of Tayhaven instead of Jennard Construction."

Everyone instantly went quiet.

Donald said slowly, "Are you... telling me what to do?"

Those words alone made Nigel and the others retract their gazes.

They all knew that Donald was getting angry.

As Kingsley was the representative for Donald, his gaze turned frosty as he heard Donald say that. He walked over to Sylvia slowly. "You dare doubt the words of Lord Campbell?"

Sylvia instantly felt herself struggling to breathe. Kingsley's torrent-like aura was overwhelming.

"Lord Campbell, please don't be angry!" Nigel bit the bullet and stated.

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Chapter 312 None Of Your Business

"That's enough! This meeting is dismissed!" Donald stated.

Everyone instantly heaved a sigh of relief. Nigel was especially relieved. He felt that he had just avoided a catastrophe.

As everyone started to leave, a lot of them looked at Jennifer. They were full of envy, jealousy, and doubt.

It seemed that they were determined to seize the opportunities found in the construction of Lord Campbell Avenue.

The research involving controlled fusion technology, which was conducted throughout the world, was still in its infancy. However, Donald had already managed to control it to a certain level.

Once it could be promoted for commercial and non-commercial usage, it was a wonder how many economic benefits and historic changes it could bring about.

Energy would cost next to nothing, and the price of crude oil would plummet. There would be all sorts of chain reactions across every sector.

In other words, Donald would become a renowned figure in the world if he could successfully make controlled fusion technology readily available to ordinary consumers. His family could also become the Eleventh Prestigious Family in the country.

When the door to Donald's office was closed, everyone started to disperse.

Sylvia stared at Jennifer and scoffed at her before leaving.

Jennifer looked very excited. She took out her phone and sent a text message to Donald: Donald, I managed to bid for the construction of Lord Campbell Avenue! I'm so happy!

Inside the office, Donald read the text message. He thought to himself for a bit before replying: Congratulations.

Jennifer shared her happiness in her next message: The land reclamation project has recently been approved. I plan on taking out one hundred million and getting the Miracle Doctor of Pollerton to treat you. I'll always be there for you no matter what the future

holds.

Donald replied before turning his phone off: There's no need for that.

Sebastian returned to the Freedman Clan's mausoleum. His expression darkened, and he slammed his fist on the table. "That guy, Lord Campbell! So secretive and sneaky! Who does he think he is!"

Timothy had a lot weighing on his mind. He said nonchalantly, "It can't be helped. He's very influential outside of the country. There's also the fact that he guarded Quadfield. He's made a lot of contributions."

Sebastian scoffed. "I can't believe the wealthy Freedman clan is afraid of a foreign tycoon!"

Timothy wanted to mock Sebastian. However, the expression on his face remained unchanged. He nodded lightly.

Sebastian fiercely tugged on his tie. "I'm in a very bad mood now! Find me a woman who I can release my pent-up stress on!"

Timothy replied in a serious tone, "I think you should calm down a little."

Sebastian did not care. He waved his hand, beckoning a man from behind to come to him while walking on tiptoes. The man nodded lightly.

Timothy felt a bit terrified. The man who was Sebastian's personal bodyguard was none other than Peter Chance. Peter was fifty years old this year. He was the top fighter in Valorous Group, and he was very skilled in performing Valorous Kicks with both his legs. Peter was also good at tracking people down and gathering intelligence.

"This woman doesn't look half bad. Have a look at her, Mr. Freedman." Peter handed a photograph over to Sebastian. The person in the photograph was none other than Wynter.

"That's the precious daughter of the Lowe family. You can't touch her," Timothy warned sternly.

"The Lowe family?" Sebastian had a mocking expression on his face. He did not care.

"The Lowe family relies on the Freedman clan to get ahead. They'd be absolutely delighted to learn that I fancy Wynter. Peter, go and bring her here at once!"

Timothy sighed lightly. I'm not sure if it's a blessing or a curse that the Freedman clan has an heir like this.

Meanwhile, Wynter was examining a music video script at Donter Pictures. The music video would have to be filmed very soon, but she still had not found the male lead for it yet. This made her feel a little discouraged.

Vanessa stood behind Wynter and was being very obedient.

After all, Vanessa was currently rising to fame. She played the role of the female lead in two films, which turned her into a new famous actress.

"Would you consider it, Julian?" Vanessa asked gingerly.

Julian Harper was an actor in a film production company owned by the Freedman clan. He was very famous throughout the country. Since Julian had millions of fans and was very handsome, he was the dream man of countless women.

However, Wynter did not like Julian. She felt that he was an immoral man.

Therefore, she gave Vanessa an indifferent glance. "Don't meddle in things that are none of your business, okay?"

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Chapter 313 Contact Donald

Wynter knew what Vanessa was trying to do. Julian has been getting close with Vanessa recently. Maybe she's developed a secret crush on him.

Wynter did not care either way. As long as Vanessa did not test her limits, she would not meddle in their affairs.

Vanessa immediately nodded in terror. "I understand, Ms. Lowe."

As she said that, someone suddenly knocked on the door.

Wynter furrowed her brows. "Come in."

The door was pushed open, and an extremely good-looking man entered from outside. He was wearing a maroon suit that fit his body very well, wore a slicked-back hairstyle, and had slightly blue irises. It was obvious that he had a mixed heritage.

Julian's father was a car designer for a luxury automobile company in Irushea. He had designed many world-renowned luxury cars. Vehicles such as Cadillac DeVille and Ferrari were the top-tier sports cars that he had designed.

When Julian came inside, he first gave Vanessa a look before greeting Wynter, "Ms. Lowe."

Wynter furrowed her brows even deeper. "Why did you come here without making an appointment?"

Julian smiled lightly. "I have orders from Mr. Freedman and Mr. Chance."

Wynter hardened her expression. "What did they say?"

Sebastian was not someone to be messed with. He was the heir of the Freedman clan, after all. The Lowe family had slowly declined over the years after her grandfather relinquished his position. They had to rely on the Freedman clan to continue to develop. For example, Wynter's oldest and second oldest brothers were currently in a critical moment. They needed the Freedman clan's help to enter the inner circle.

Therefore, the Lowe family never dared to provoke the Freedman clan.

"Mr. Freedman told you to go to the Freedman clan's mausoleum. He said that you don't need to come back here tonight. Other than that, Mr. Freedman also said that you could consider having me as the male lead in your new music video," Julian stated, sighing. I didn't think that this beautiful girl would get snatched away by Sebastian in the end.

"I won't go," Wynter replied casually. "As for the male lead of my music video, I'll figure it out on my own. You should leave now."

Julian was stunned. Then, a strange expression appeared on his face. "But Mr. Freedman—"

Wynter lowered her head and looked at the script once again. "Please leave."

Julian gazed deeply at Wynter. He did not say anything and nodded while standing at the doorsteps.

A man who had a hunched back, stood on tiptoes and walked without making any noise, entered through the door. He looked very strange. It was like he was a demon. The man was Peter from Valorous Group.

"Please come with me, or I'll destroy Donter Pictures," Peter threatened as soon as he walked inside.

"P-Peter!" Wynter was shocked.

She knew who this person was. Peter was a very powerful person in Provincial Center of Tudela. Valorous Group also belonged to a listed company. There was an incident

that left a deep impression on Wynter. It was when Patrick, who was a highly capable fighter from the Lowe family, was severely injured by Peter three years ago. Patrick still suffered from ailments because of that.

Wynter was not too afraid of Peter. However, she feared his godfather. Peter's godfather was none other than the number one fighter in the Freedman clan, Robert Freedman.

The Martial God of the Freedman clan had retired for over thirty years now. The current strongest fighter in the Freedman clan was Robert, who was also the personal bodyguard of the heir of the Freedman clan.

How scary is Lord Freedman? Wynter could not bear to think about that.

"Mr. Sebastian wants to see you. Behave yourself and follow me," Peter stated.

Although he was over fifty years old, he stood on his tiptoes like a demon. He looked menacing.

"Let's go, Ms. Lowe," Julian said as well.

Wynter nodded. She then said, "All right. Let me tidy things up a bit."

She got up after that and used her lipstick to write a message on the table quickly. The words she wrote were: Contact Donald.

Nobody except Vanessa saw what Wynter was doing.

The latter immediately grabbed her bag and went outside. Peter and Julian followed her from behind while Vanessa was left standing in her original spot.

Vanessa lowered her head as a conflicted expression developed on her face. She was just a naive girl who did not know what kind of status Donald held. However, she knew that he was not an easy person to talk with. Vanessa took her phone out and hurriedly dialed Donald's phone number. "Hello? Is this Mr. Campbell? Queen Lowe is in danger!"

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Chapter 314 The Ancient Mausoleum

Vanessa briefly explained to Donald everything that had happened.

In fact, she had Donald's phone number all this time. She simply never had the courage to call him.

"Understood." Meanwhile, inside Supreme Nona Hotel, Donald put his phone down. A mocking smile crept up on his face. Bradley stood behind Donald. He kept his head low as he looked at the tablet in his hands.

"Peter Chance is from Valorous Group. It's said that he's the illegitimate child of the leader of the group. His combat ability is at Profound Realm, which is equal to a power level of four hundred thousand." Bradley was searching for some useful information.

"Also, Sebastian is one of the princes from the Freedman clan. He has a slightly higher status than Tyrone."

Donald nodded while maintaining a blank expression on his face. "Get the car ready. We're going to the Freedman clan's mausoleum."

The Freedman Clan's mausoleum was in the heart of Pollerton. It sat on a large area of over three thousand square meters. The mausoleum was very old. It was full of ancient vibes.

The fact that there was a centuries-old mausoleum in the heart of Pollerton, where land was at a premium, was strange. However, every Pollertonian knew that it was a

restricted area. The reason was that a new developer was surveying the area. He casually mentioned that it would be nice if the mausoleum could be demolished. That developer disappeared within half an hour. His company, which was worth tens of billions, was gone overnight.

This incident shocked Pollerton as well as all of Terrandya. From that moment onward, no one dared to disturb the mausoleum. Nobody dared to even talk about it. Usually, people wouldn't dare to drive past or park in front of the mausoleum.

The fact that a five-hundred-year-old noble family was living there was frightening.

Meanwhile, three cars stopped in front of the Freedman Clan's mausoleum. There was an Alfa, a Cadillac DeVille, and a Maybach 62S.

Wynter got out of the car. She stood in front of the Freedman Clan's mausoleum, admiring the centuries-old building.

She had a conflicted expression on her face, feeling terrified.

Julian stood in front of the entrance. He looked very welcoming as he nodded lightly.

Timothy was the first one to emerge from the mausoleum. He was a little taken by surprise when he saw Wynter.

The woman was wearing a white trench coat that day. She paired it with a black and tight-fitting shirt, a pair of skinny jeans, and a pair of black boots. This outfit made Wynter look very stylish. Her facial features look delicate, and there were no flaws on her face. She had bright eyes and teeth. Her lips were bright red and had distinct textures on them.

Although Timothy had seen Wynter on a screen many times before, he could not help but admire her beauty upon seeing her in person. Wynter's beauty is out of this world! No wonder Sebastian is head over heels for her and wants to sleep with her no matter what. Even I want to sleep with her. Maybe all men want to sleep with her!

However, Timothy felt a little uneasy for some reason. He thought that something big was about to happen as his right eyelid kept twitching.

Wynter did not say anything, but she looked rather relaxed.

She was missing Donald very much at that moment and hoped that he would come and save her.

Wynter was not afraid that Donald would not be able to save her. As long as he was around, she was brave enough to face anything.

The sounds of footsteps came from within the mausoleum. At the same time, Sebastian emerged. He exclaimed dramatically, "Wow! If it isn't Wynter, the diva! Your reputation precedes you."

Sebastian was the kind of person who looked like a playboy at first glance. He had an arrogant expression and a smug look on his face.

As Sebastian said that, he approached Wynter from the side and was about to wrap his arm around her shoulders.

Wynter tilted her body sideways and dodged Sebastian. She looked unbothered while facing him. "I'm not sure why you wanted me to come over, Mr. Freedman."

Sebastian was stunned. Wynter dares to reject my advances?

Then, he laughed. "Nothing in particular! I just wanted to... sleep with you!"

Wynter's face suddenly contorted. Why is he this arrogant? Although he's the heir of the Freedman clan, he should still be cautious about what he does and the potential repercussions of his actions!

“Mr. Freedman, did you not consider the consequences of your actions?” Wynter asked coldly.

Sebastian seemed to realize something at that moment. He slapped his thigh and responded, “Oh, right! You’re the diva, so you have to consider the feelings of your fans and your agency! All right! I’ll think of a way to tell all your fans that I slept with you...”

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Chapter 315 Showing Off

Wynter widened his eyes, staring at Sebastian in disbelief.

The man continued, “Sleeping with the diva. It is such a great topic for conversation!

The news would mention a certain female star becoming a sugar baby. The identity of the man remains a mystery... That’s the feeling we’re aiming for. I’d love that too.”

Sebastian became more excited. “Come, make an announcement this instant. Let’s announce that Wynter is now my sugar baby.”

Julian merely snickered. “Mr. Freedman, we won’t be able to brag about your power and status like this. All it does is make others think that you are rich. Why don’t we contact a few media outlets and tell them that Wynter offended a big shot? Hence, they forced her to sleep with them, and she had no choice. Doesn’t that have a better ring to it?”

Once Sebastian heard the idea, he looked at Julian with immense admiration. “There’s no point in playing safe and wasting our youth. Let’s go with your idea. I am hoping to be as arrogant as possible. Otherwise, I will be wasting my ancestors’ efforts if I don’t show off!”

“How about you leave the matter to me, Mr. Freedman?” Julian asked while smiling.

Sebastian was pleased with Julian’s suggestion. “Well, of course. You have the channels to get it done. I believe that you can achieve the best results!”

“Please stop acting ridiculous, Mr. Freedman!” Wynter yelled. “If you’re going to continue, I’ll consider phoning my Grandpa!”

“Sure, sure, sure. I’ll let you call your grandpa. You can get whoever you want to help you, and I’ll admit defeat if they can hold me back.” Sebastian laughed. “I’m not in a rush to sleep with you anyway. Come on, feel free to make your calls. Let’s see how things pan out.”

As Sebastian witnessed how furious Wynter was, his frustration caused by Donald vanished without leaving a trace.

Then, he sighed. “Look, this is the benefit of holding power.”

Julian made quick work of the matter. An hour later, a news article spread like wildfire on the internet.

The title was very eye-catching. It wrote: The diva, Wynter Lowe, is suspected of offending the Freedman clan’s Prince and is being forced to sleep with him!

Below the title was a picture of Wynter at the Freedman clan’s mausoleum’s entrance standing opposite Sebastian.

Being dubbed the diva, millions of boys and girls idolized Wynter, and she was the dream girl of many men.

However, someone had now forced her to sleep with them. Many people couldn’t accept it.

Followed by that news article was a second article. It wrote: It’s real! The diva is held

hostage by unspoken rules from the Freedman clan's Prince!
It was the news' job to unveil the truth without exaggerating them, nor did they wish to hide them.
Sebastian's pride in earning victory was painted all over the titles.
"He's so full of himself!"
"Let's head over to seek justice for Ms. Lowe!"
"Is he harassing the diva with unspoken rules just because he is upset with her?"
Many people had their blood boiling in rage, so they gathered outside the Freedman clan's mausoleum.
However, no one dared to go closer to it because everyone knew what the Freedman clan was capable of. They also knew what the mausoleum represented.
The mausoleum was a forbidden land. Whoever got too close to it would have to face the wrath of a prestigious family with five hundred years of history.
The Freedman clan's mausoleum interior was luxuriously furnished. It even had artificial streams and mountains.
Sebastian sat in the mausoleum, looking at Wynter while listening to the roars of the crowd outside. "No matter how much they like you, they wouldn't have the courage to barge in because this is the Freedman clan's mausoleum."
Wynter remained silent and fished her phone out to make a call.
Sebastian did not care at all since the other nine prominent clans wouldn't make a move on him just because of a woman.
Not to mention that Sebastian was from the Freedman clan.
It was more unlikely for them to take action against Sebastian, one of the heirs.
The Freedman clan needed people like Sebastian to be the face of the family.
Within any clan, it was undeniable that there would be some modest people and others that were boastful. It was due to the egotism of some of the family's members that they wouldn't raise any suspicions from the public.
To the Freedman clan, the more arrogant Sebastian was, the better.
From the view of a big shot, they truly hoped for the Freedman clan to have more people with similar personalities to Sebastian.
Wynter called her parents first.

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Chapter 316 Save Me
"Hello, Dad..." Wynter uttered.
A voice came from the other end of the line. "I saw the news. Don't resist. Your brothers are at a crucial stage now, so we can't afford to offend the Freedman clan!"
Wynter felt her heart sink after hearing that, and tears formed in her eyes.
Her father added, "Wynter, you're not young anymore. Don't fight back today. Once things are over, I'll head over to the Freedman Clan's headquarters to settle the matter. The Lowe family still needs the Freedman clan's assistance!"
The call ended abruptly.
A chill filled Wynter's heart, and she could no longer hold back her tears.
Do they not care about my happiness in the slightest? Will Sebastian even take me as his wife? His fiancée is at Jadeborough, so what am I to him?

“Go on, continue calling whoever you need.” Sebastian wasn’t anxious as he pinned his eyes on Wynter from top to bottom. He enjoyed the sight of Wynter being desperate as it brought him the joy of having power.

Surprisingly, Wynter did not give up and proceeded to phone her elder brother, who was the one who adored her the most. “Brother, I...”

A long sigh came from the other end of the line. “Wynter, I’m sure you understand the current situation. We’re entering the core market of Tudela state soon. Besides, can the Lowe family stand a chance against the Freedman clan?”

Wynter choked with sobs. “Don’t we have the slightest chance to fight back? Are you all going to let him defile me?”

“No, not at all,” a deep voice answered. “That’s just how it is.”

The call was abruptly cut off.

Wynter refused to give in. After pondering for some time, she ended up calling her grandfather. The pillar of the Lowe family!

Old Mr. Lowe was in Jadeborough. Before retiring, he was an influential person, with disciples all over the world.

“Grandpa, save me,” Wynter pleaded.

The elder kept quiet for a long time before opening his mouth to speak. “From when I saw the news, I made one hundred and thirty calls. No one dared to stand up against this. Even your fiancé, Claude Wheeler, doesn’t dare to show up!”

Claude belonged to the Wheeler family of Jadeborough. His family was almost on par with the Freedman clan, which had maintained their wealth for five hundred years.

Claude was Wynter’s childhood sweetheart. They grew up together and were even in an arranged marriage, yet he wasn’t even picking up his phone.

It was a joke since the Wheeler family was no match for the Freedman clan.

The other prestigious families, such as the Campbell clan, wouldn’t bother to say anything. On the contrary, they were happily watching the drama.

“Wynter, I’m old and useless now, so I can’t do anything to help you,” her grandfather said in a shaky voice. It was apparent that he was sad too. “Pass the phone to Sebastian.”

Sebastian took the phone and said in annoyance, “Hello, Old Mr. Lowe...”

The elder’s voice rang out. “Sebastian, what are your conditions for letting Wynter go?”

Sebastian replied, “There are none. I’m going to sleep with her today. Come and beat me to death if you have the guts to do so.”

“Don’t be in a rush to harm her. Let me phone your parents before you do anything,” the elder responded.

“Even if you called the king, it would be futile.” Sebastian scoffed. “Even if the gods came, I wouldn’t throw my pride aside for you. The Lowe family is nothing! If you keep blabbering on, I’ll tear the Lowe family to bits. You shall witness my powers with your own eyes!” Sebastian’s patience was wearing thin.

Then, he threw the phone back to Wynter.

“Wynter, I’m so sorry that I can’t help you, nor can the Lowe family. It’s all for the greater good...” The elder started shedding tears at the end of his words.

How cruel could people be? It has been just three years since I stepped down. Is there no one willing to defend me?

Wynter was devastated as she ended the call. Finally, she phoned Claude. “Claude...”

The latter swiftly said, "I'm sorry, but there's nothing I can do. Take care."
He hung up the call, and Sebastian guffawed.
On the other hand, Tyrone, from the Campbell clan, grinned from ear to ear when he received the news firsthand. "Sebastian is rather interesting."