

# The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 10

## Chapter 10

Kevin laughed out loud upon hearing Donald's words. "Donald, are you out of your mind? Have the millions of debt made you crazy? What do you mean there's a million in here? I'll believe you if you say it's a hundred pieces of old newspaper." At that point, Jennifer felt a surge of helplessness rising within her. *Why is he still acting like a fool? What's the point of protecting his ego now? Is this even the Donald Campbell that I know?* Then she glanced at Donald and said to Harrison and the others, "It's time. Let's go in." Harrison kicked the bag on the floor and instructed, "Kev, take the bag. I don't care what's in the bag anymore. We'll just pretend that Donald has cleared his debt." Subconsciously, Jennifer lifted her head to glance at Harrison, which made the latter excited. "You can go ahead. I'll catch up with you after I have a little chat with Donald," said Skylar. After watching Jennifer leave, Donald's expression remained unshaken as he spoke to Skylar. "Spit it out." The disdainful look on Skylar's face intensified. "Donald, just give up on Jennifer. How about you file a divorce with her tomorrow?" Upon hearing that, Donald remained unfazed and replied nonchalantly, "Why?" "You don't deserve Jennifer." Skylar scorned and continued, "Look, you can't even enter the opera house where Wynter is performing tonight. On the contrary, look at Harrison, who not only has the right to enter the venue but has four available tickets. Jennifer will get the life she deserves if she marries Harrison. But what can she get when she's with you? Millions of debt?" Donald smirked coldly. "Most importantly, it's because you can get what you want as well. Am I right?" "Why does it matter? Harrison treats Jennifer, Kevin, and me well. Besides, I already have my own house and car. You're too useless as a brother-in-law. That's all I have to say. You better look out for yourself," lectured Skylar, flipping her hair before jogging toward Jennifer and the others. Just when Skylar reached the entrance of the opera house, she halted her steps and widened her eyes in disbelief. A custom-made Rolls-Royce was parked in front of the entrance, and an elderly gentleman in a suit exited the vehicle while holding a cane. He was a majestic and dignified man in his seventies with a formidable aura. The elderly man was none other than the richest man in Pollerton – Charles Langford. Following closely behind the Rolls-Royce was a red Aston Martin with a forty-eight million market value. Not long after, Lana, who was in a scarlet red gown, got out of the luxurious ride. Skylar had only seen those two people through various media, but never did she expect to encounter them in person. She was elated as she stared at Lana with admiration. *She's the most powerful businesswoman in Pollerton, and she's my idol!* "Mr. Langford, please wait." Suddenly, Lana stopped Charles. Charles turned around and answered, "Oh, it's you, Ms. Collins. What's going on?" "It's about the Southwood E-commerce District project that you've mentioned to me before. What's your decision?" Lana asked. "Southwood E-commerce District is five hundred and thirty-thousand square meters large and has a thirty billion market value. I'll have my master discuss it with you personally," Charles replied. Lana was stunned momentarily and

responded, "All right. Please give me his contact, then." Skylar's jaw dropped after she overheard the entire conversation. *Goodness gracious! I can't believe the wealthiest man in Pollerton has a master above him! I wonder how much richer is his master?* Not only that, but Skylar also recalled that Pollerton Opera House belonged to Charles, which also meant that it was his master's asset as well. "My master is only twenty-seven years old this year. I hope you'll communicate with him frequently, Ms. Collins." Charles tossed an odd glance at Lana before taking out a business card from his pocket and handing it to the latter. Lana accepted the business card and put it in her purse carefully. *He's so young and rich. If only I can marry him...* Although the distance between Skylar and Lana was quite far away, Skylar had incredible eyesight, which allowed her to read the contact number on the name card clearly. After memorizing the string of numbers, she entered the opera house. Meanwhile, Lana and Charles did not notice Donald, who was standing far away from the entrance and contemplating whether to enter the building. After a brief consideration, Donald decided to get into the building. However, just when he reached the entrance, he was stopped by two usherettes. One of them was Yvette Zeller, Donald's high school classmate. "Donald Campbell?" Yvette furrowed her brows and stared at Donald, recalling the days when rumors about them being a couple circulated. "Please show your ticket." Quickly, Yvette regained her composure and said calmly as she took a closer look at Donald. Yvette was a tall and slender lady. She was dressed in a body-hugging side slit black dress that accentuated her curvy figure. Ever since Yvette graduated from Pollerton Film Academy, she had been preparing to start her career in the acting industry. When she learned about Wynter's visit to the opera house, she begged her wealthy boyfriend to let her work as an usherette there, hoping someone would notice her and bring her fame. Yvette knew that everyone who visited the opera house tonight was rich or famous, and that included tycoons in the entertainment industry. She had a good eye, so she could easily tell the worth of Donald's outfit as she sized him down. *There's no brand, and the design is plain. This won't cost most than two hundred. Looks like you're not doing so well these days, huh?* "I don't have a ticket," Donald muttered. At that instant, the disdain on Yvette's face deepened. "I'm sorry, then. You're not allowed to enter." "Get lost." Donald was in a terrible mood. Yvette's face fell immediately as she warned Donald, "Mind your attitude, Donald. Everyone who visits this place today is esteemed. What makes you think you have the right to enter? Where did you even get your confidence from?" Upon hearing her remarks, Donald merely glared at her icily with an increasingly sarcastic look on his face. *I've only been away from the industry for a few years, but everyone has been trying to ridicule me lately.* "Sir, please refrain from causing any trouble. Yvette's boyfriend is powerful, and this might be the last time you can get this close to Yvette. Soon, the only way you can see her is through the big screens," said the other usherette smilingly. Before Donald could respond to that, a short-haired young lady hurried out of the opera house. After seeing the young lady, the usherettes lowered their heads instantaneously and did not dare to speak anymore. The short-haired lady was Wynter's manager, who was also a top manager that was highly capable. At first, the manager simply glanced at Yvette and the other usherette menacingly, causing them to shudder. *What's going on? Is Donald actually a big shot? He*

*doesn't look like one, no matter how I look at him!* "You're here?" greeted the manager with a cheerful grin. "The show is starting soon. Please enter and maintain the order of the venue." Yvette let out a sigh of relief and watched Donald's back as he left, then mumbled in a strange tone, "Looks like he's just a security guard who's here to control the crowd." As soon as Donald entered the venue, the manager wanted to salute him. He stopped her from doing so and said, "It's fine. Where's my private room?" "It's Heavenly Private Room." Swiftly, the manager led Donald to Heavenly Private Room through the priority lane. There were over thirty private rooms in Pollerton Opera House, and only the most distinguished people in Pollerton could be seated in those private rooms. However, the Heavenly Private Room had never been used even once after it was renovated.