

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 121

Chapter 121

With that, he swung the sword at Yusof's lower half.

Yusof's agonizing scream could be heard a split second later.

Lucas had reddened eyes and a sardonic expression on his face as he looked at Charlotte. "Look, your man is no longer useful."

Charlotte's entire body was trembling uncontrollably. "Stop it! Otherwise, I will never forgive you!"

"Forgive me?" Lucas froze for a brief moment before bursting out laughing hysterically.

"I'm not looking for forgiveness from a b*tch like you!"

He swung a second time after finishing his words, severing Yusof's right arm.

It had all turned into a bloodbath.

Titus sat motionless on the ground, afraid to move. Jasper, on the other hand, had peed his pants and was horrified.

"Those who aren't of my race are sure to have a different mind. People like you deserve to die," Lucas screamed hysterically.

"Charlotte, please help me." The fear of death had engulfed Yusof.

Lucas savagely chopped off his head the next second and grabbed the lifeless head as it flew through the air.

He walked toward Charlotte, Yusof's head resting on his hand. "It's now your turn."

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Despite Charlotte's attempt to flee, Lucas leaped to Charlotte's back and stabbed her in the blink of an eye. She then collapsed to the ground.

"Lucas, please let me go! We are basically still husband and wife! I beg you, please don't kill me!" Charlotte wailed.

Upon hearing that, Lucas squatted next to her and stroked her mouth with his right hand, "What a whore, you even pleased him."

"Lucas, I'll go to any length to please your body. I'm sure that you'll be satisfied," she cried hysterically,

After saying that, she was about to undo his belt.

Upon witnessing that, Lucas' eyes were cold as he stabbed the sword directly into her mouth, stirring it ruthlessly. "Die!"

Charlotte covered her mouth and trembled for a moment before she died.

"Jasper, my good boy. Come here and let me have a look at you." Lucas waved at Jasper with a smile on his face, which was covered in blood and revealed only his teeth, making him look incomparably hideous.

Jasper was taken aback upon seeing that. "Dad."

Instantly, Lucas' face darkened. He dashed over to Jasper and grabbed his neck.

"You're just a bastard child. You have no right to call me dad!"

Jasper's breath quickened as he recalled the memories of how he ended up in that situation.

I shouldn't have offended Donald. If I hadn't offended him, I would still be filthy rich right now. He lost consciousness and died the next moment.

Titus could only tremble as he watched his daughter and grandson lying in a pool of blood, unable to save them.

“Titus.” Lucas sighed. “I told you before that I was going to kill Jasper for everyone’s sake, but you didn’t believe me. I’m sure you’re kicking yourself right now.”

Titus nodded continuously.

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Then, Lucas continued, “Unfortunately, there’s no point in regretting it now. I’m about to send you to your death. Oh, and in your next life, please make sure to have a better daughter, okay?”

Lucas swung his sword once more without mercy, killing Titus. Before Lucas passed out, he lowered his head in front of Donald to show respect.

“You know what to do next,” Donald said to Kingsley after seeing that.

The next morning, everyone was shocked to learn that Octagon Sect had been razed to the ground in just one day.

Without causing a ruckus, the powerful force was able to completely destroy a publicly-traded company.

Only a few people knew it was the wrath of Donald.

Donald, the instigator, got up early the next morning as if nothing had happened. He met with Lilith shortly afterward and inquired about the Rising Dragon Project’s progress.

She informed him that the data model had been obtained. The only thing left to do was wait for the final assessment. The terminal would be opened for final calibration once the final assessment had been completed.

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Reina’s Scarlet Swan Villa became famous, while Wynter’s endorsement went viral overnight. Many hotshots had contacted Reina in hopes she could get Scarlet Swan Villa on the market.

However, Reina was very grateful to Donald and rejected it.

In her office, she was sipping on coffee after finishing her work. While propping her chin up with her right hand, she started to scroll through her phone to see if there were any new messages from Donald.

However, she was disappointed.

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Donald would never be the first to send her messages. Even if she texted him, he might not answer.

Have you eaten yet? What are you doing?

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Looking at the two text messages she sent him, Reina was distraught at how distant he was. When she was deep in thought, a knock on the door caused her to sit straight.

“Come in.”

Donald entered the room.

Reina was bewildered as she quickly stood up. "You're here."

The man calmly nodded as he took out a box. "Didn't I break your necklace last time? I bought a new one for you."

Thrilled, Reina opened the box to find a thick, heavy gold necklace resembling a dog's collar.

"It's pure gold. I figured you would like it," Donald explained earnestly.

Reina felt horrified by his taste.

"Do you like it?" he asked.

Reina was a little hesitant as she nodded. "It's... nice."

"I'm relieved, then." After saying that, he turned to leave.

Reina became a little deflated. "Where are you going?"

Donald turned around in confusion. "What's the matter?"

"There's a charity auction tomorrow at nine o'clock at night. Pollerton Commerce is the organizer of it. Can you accompany me there?" she invited.

After saying that, she handed Donald an invitation card that contained a few details about the auction items. Donald wanted to reject it at first, but his eyes narrowed when he saw the card.

He was more than familiar with two of the auction items—Eternal Love and A Midsummer Night's Dream!

The two items were being sold at a starting price of ten million.

Upon seeing that, Donald remained motionless for a few moments. Doesn't Jennifer own the two items? Why are they being auctioned? Are the two items fake, or did Jennifer sell them for money? Perhaps there's a hidden reason to it?

Donald decided to get to the bottom of it and nodded. "All right."

After leaving the room, his expression darkened as he texted Bradley: Go and investigate why Eternal Love and A Midsummer Night's Dream are being auctioned and the person behind it.

Bradley soon texted him the answer: It's Kevin. I just knew it would be that trash.

Donald turned off his phone with a cold expression.

What a good-for-nothing! If I weren't scared of Jennifer getting sad and falling out with me, I would have gotten rid of him.

At that moment, Jennifer had also received the invitation letter. When she saw the two auction items, she was confused before realization hit her. "Kevin, did you auction off my necklace and dress?" She immediately called her brother.

"Don't you think it's too wasteful to keep the two items? You might as well sell it off to purchase a new car and house for me," Kevin replied.

"Those items are not mine!" Jennifer's body was shaking with anger.

Kevin answered, "It's gifted to you, so it might as well be yours. Besides, you won't wear it often, and there are cheaper options for clothes. It's settled, then. I'm still in a game, so I'll hang up now."

Jennifer stared at her phone in disbelief. "You're gambling again!"

Nonetheless, her brother hung up the call directly.

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In the Blade Alliance, Kevin turned off his phone in disdain, dressed in a suit. Mark came up behind him, his attitude way different than before.

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Chapter 123

“F*ck! I lost another eight hundred thousand. I’m so unlucky today.” Kevin stood up with his right hand hidden in his sleeve, hiding his three missing fingers that were cut off by Donald

Mark laughed. “What’s eight hundred thousand to you? Your sister is affluent, anyway. Why not go for another round? I can introduce you to another friend to join you.”

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Kevin answered in a bored tone, “All right, then. What’s his name?”

“Everyone calls him Rupert,” Mark said with a smile. “He has a gorgeous sister, too.”

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After saying that, he winked at Kevin.

That perked up Kevin’s interest. “Let’s go.” |

As Mark watched his leaving figure, the former had a mocking look. Let’s see how well you’ll survive in Blade Alliance.

In the room, Kevin finally saw the Rupert that Mark was talking about. He was about twenty-five to twenty-six years old and looked like a pretty boy. When compared to Nigel’s domineering aura, Rupert might as well be considered a woman by how fair his skin was. Beside him sat a long-legged woman wearing mini shorts and a T-shirt.

Kevin could not move his gaze away from the woman’s legs, his breath quickening.

It had been a long time since he saw legs as beautiful as hers—long, slender, smooth, and without any excess fat.

“Rupert, let me introduce you to the younger brother of Pollerton Pharma’s CEO, Kevin Wilson,” Mark said.

Rupert stood up politely. “Nice to meet you. My name is Rupert Rodriguez, and this is my sister Anastasia Rodriguez.”

“Nice to meet you, Rupert.” Kevin shook hands with him.

“Should we play a couple of rounds?” Rupert asked with a smile. “What game should we play?”

“Let’s play three-card poker,” Kevin replied.

“How about a ten thousand minimum and a no capped limit to how much we lose?”

Rupert asked. “Money is not a problem for you, right?”

Kevin’s neck stiffened. “My elder sister is the CEO of Pollerton Pharma. There’s no need to worry about money.” Then, he handed a card to Mark. “Please withdraw five million for me.”

There was ten million in the card, which was the deposit Pollerton Commerce gave for Eternal Love and A Midsummer Night’s Dream.

Mark took over the card and walked away with a smile. Meanwhile, a curious look shot across Rupert’s face. It seems that he’s way richer than I thought he would be.

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“I was planning to buy a Lamborghini, but since you invited me, there’s no way I would

say no.” Kevin took out a gum from his pocket. At that moment, he felt like a master in gambling.

Rupert smiled shyly. “I don’t really know how to play, so you’ll have to teach me.”

“No problem.” Kevin laughed before turning to look at Anastasia. “Can I have your WhatsApp contact?”

Anastasia’s eyes flickered as she answered, “Of course. However, I have something to ask you. I’ll be on the job market soon, so I hope you can introduce me to a few jobs.”

“You can work at my sister’s company,” Kevin offered without a second thought.

Outside the door, Anastasia and Mark stood side by side, watching Kevin play.

“According to Nigel, Jennifer is currently the ambassador of the Wilson family. Despite her being disobedient at times, the head of the family is still willing to support her. Thus, they want you to seize power from her and control the business yourself. Alicia from the Wilson family will assist you on this.” After a moment, Mark added, “Nigel says it’s fine to teach Jennifer a lesson. If she still refuses to listen to us, we can kill her.”

Anastasia bounced on the balls of her feet. “Have you investigated Jennifer’s background”

Mark uttered disdainfully, “Don’t worry. I dug quite a lot about her. She came from a normal civilian family. Oh, right. She’s also divorced, and her ex-husband was previously a small renovation company owner. Now, he’s working as Lana’s bodyguard. So don’t worry about it. No one important would care if she disappeared.

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Anastasia nodded. “Got it. I’ll go and talk with Jennifer tomorrow. If she insists on not cooperating with me, I’ll find a chance to kill her.”

Mark lowered his head, not daring to look at Anastasia.

After all, she was the daughter of Noah, and not many could be a match for her. Her viciousness allowed her to help Noah in various dirty trades within the borders.

“Are there any signs of Golden Lord?” Anastasia suddenly asked.

Fear flashed through Mark’s eyes, for he was still haunted by what had happened that night. “No. I didn’t dare to investigate.”

Anastasia sighed. “People like Golden Lord shouldn’t even exist in this world. He’s not someone that should be in this generation.”

Mark felt his mouth going dry. “How powerful is he exactly?”

“He’s skilled in all sorts of combat. Kickboxing, Seventy-Two Stances Boxing; you name it. One of the Twelve Divine Deities, Crocodile Lord, almost got killed by him with just one punch.” Anastasia lit a cigarette. “Therefore, you should quickly track him down for us to deal with him.”

Mark did not dare to ask further and went silent.

That night, Jennifer panicked and searched for Kevin everywhere, but she did not find him.

She was not the only one looking for him, but his girlfriend as well. Nevertheless, his phone remained turned off.

Kevin finally walked out of Blade Alliance with dazed eyes at one in the morning, looking

like a zombie. He had lost a total of forty million.

After deducting the funds he got from the auction items' deposit, he was still thirty million in debt.

"Jennifer, I'm sorry, I lost forty million!" Kevin said after dialing his sister's number. Those words were enough for her to blackout.

Although she was currently the head of Pollerton Pharma, she had spent a lot on purchasing machinery and forming the steel structure department. Besides, Alicia entering Pollerton caused her to have no more than five million working capital.

"Kevin, do you remember what you promised me?" Jennifer screamed as tears, streamed down her cheeks...

"Now's not the time for you to blame me. You should find a way to repay the money.

The loan sharks will come knocking on my door tomorrow!" Kevin was frantic.

Mark had told him that Rupert was someone even Mateo would stay away from, for he was the son of the uncrowned king of Pollerton, Noah, fifteen years ago.

"Where the heck am I going to get so much money?" Jennifer yelled.

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"Eternal Love and A Midsummer Night's Dream can definitely sell for 30 million and beyond. I've already got the deposit, so we should just sell it," Kevin said. "If I can't pay off my debt by the day after tomorrow, they threatened to throw me into the sea!"

"Come home now!" Jennifer fumed.

When Kevin got home, the first thing he saw was his sister staring at him indifferently.

Kevin shuddered, for it was the first time he saw his sister looking at him so coldly.

"Jennifer..." Kevin muttered weakly.

"I don't even know who's the owner of Eternal Love and A Midsummer Night's Dream.

What if they come looking for it?" Jennifer started with a distant tone.

Kevin responded, "Someone who can afford to buy them will definitely not be stingy enough to ask for them back."

"How could you lose so much money?" Jennifer was weeping again. "Forty million! Do you know the reason why I divorced your brother-in-law? It's because of you!"

Her brother had become impatient. "He is not my brother-in-law. Someone as pathetic as him does not deserve to become my family member! Who does he think he is?"

Jennifer glared at her brother. "Our house was mortgaged because of you, and I even gave you the money meant to cure Grandpa. He had never done anything unfair to you!"

Kevin replied in disdain, "Being poor is a crime itself! He's in the wrong if he can't provide me the help I want."

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Jennifer was livid. "I don't care. Go find a way yourself."

Immediately, Kevin shrunk away. "Are you just going to watch as I die? Rupert will be coming soon!"

Just then, Leonard walked out of his room. "Jennifer, he's your younger brother. The incident already happened, so now's not the time to blame him but start thinking how we

should solve it.”

Linda added, “That’s right. You have money, don’t you? You’re the CEO of Pollerton Pharma!”

Jennifer answered, “What if the two auction items can’t sell for such a good price? I only have four million working capital in my hands, and Alicia keeps a close eye on it. The Wilson family might remove me from power if I use it!”

“If that’s the case, let’s sell this house,” Linda answered.

Jennifer widened her eyes. It was her first time realizing how shameless her parents were. “This is the Wilson family in Tayhaven’s property! I don’t have the right to sell it!”

“I don’t care. If you don’t want to witness me die, find a way to solve this.” Kevin went all out.

After saying that, they filed back into their rooms, leaving Jennifer in the living room staring into space.

It was the first time she felt so helplessly alone.

“Jennifer, you need to remember that we’re family, and Kevin is your only younger brother. Don’t forget where your roots are!” Linda’s voice sounded behind the door.

Curling herself into a ball, Jennifer wept on the couch,

After a moment’s thought, she texted Donald to tell him what was happening.

Donald wanted to talk with her but gave up after seeing how annoying Kevin was.

Then, Bradley texted him: Lord Campbell, the person who betted with Kevin is Noah’s son, Rupert. Kevin lost 40 million in a couple of hours. What a loser! How can he lose forty million

in three-card poker? Does he think he’s using mock money to play?

Bradley added: Should we get rid of Rupert?

Donald texted him back: It’s okay for now. Just keep a close eye on his whereabouts and who he interacts with

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The following day, Jennifer woke up red-eyed and started to think of ways to get money. Even if the two items were successfully auctioned off, she knew it was far from enough to pay off his debts.

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After taking out all her cards, she was stunned to find a black card Donald had left behind. It was a standard debit card that they owned. The duo’used to deposit a small sum into it every month to put aside funds for their future child.

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She had never checked how much money was in it.

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After pondering for a moment, she decided to go to the bank with the card.

Jennifer walked to a counter and passed the staff her card. “Hello. Can you help me check how much money is on this card?”

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"All right. Please wait for a moment." The bank teller was a sweet-looking young woman wearing glasses. "Ms. Wilson, there is still about ten thousand left on this card," she replied after checking the balance.

Jennifer answered, "Please take it all out, and help me check this card too."

"There's still thirty thousand left in this card. Do you want to take it all out?" the teller asked.

Soon, Jennifer withdrew more than two hundred thousand from eight cards. However, it was still far from enough.

After thinking for a while, she handed the teller the black card. "Please help me check this card."

Although the black card looked like any other debit card, Donald had upgraded it to a premium black card in the bank's system. It should be known that there were only fifty of the same cards in the country. Everyone who owned one was influential and wealthy. The teller gasped when she keyed the card's information into the system.

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Jennifer was puzzled as she could not see her screen. "What happened? Is something the matter?"

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The teller's heart was pounding. What's that?

That was a premium black card. It was rumored that there were only fifty cards available nationwide. Black cards had a minimum of a hundred million and a limit of a hundred billion!

How on earth did a premium card end up in Pollerton?

"Excuse me, Ms. Wilson. Are you the holder of this card?" the teller inquired.

As the card had been encrypted, she could not find any information about the card owner in the system.

Jennifer replied, "No, I am not. However, I am entrusted with this card at the moment."

The teller then said, "Please wait a moment. Let me get my branch manager."

"Manager, please look at this," the teller called out.

The branch manager was a middle-aged man over fifty years of age with a potbelly. He rushed over impatiently. "What's the hassle?"

"Please take a look at this, sir. I am not sure if there's a mistake in the system," the teller replied anxiously.

The manager snorted and went to the back of the counter. As he sat down and checked the information on the system, his eyes widened in disbelief.

"Miss, this card isn't yours, is it?" the manager asked suspiciously.

She could only cash out a little over two hundred thousand after going through eight cards. She's definitely not rich. She can't possibly possess such a premium card.

Jennifer repeated what she had told the bank teller.

After the manager heard her explanation, he was still suspicious. "I apologize, but the origin of this card is still unknown. We have the right to suspect that you either found the card elsewhere or obtained it illegally. We will have to detain you."

Jennifer began to panic. "How can this be? I told you, this is my card!"

"Please follow me," the manager said. He led Jennifer into a meeting room.

When they were alone in the meeting room, the manager asked Jennifer calmly, "Ms. Wilson, do you have any idea what kind of card this is?"

Jennifer looked at the seemingly ordinary debit card and said, "It's just a normal bank card. In it is the money we have put aside for childcare."

The manager replied coldly, "Well, that proves that this isn't your card. Please tell me where you got this card, or we will have to call security. According to the law, what you're doing now is illegal."

That's funny. Who on earth would have a starting amount of a hundred million for childcare?

"You're being unreasonable!" Jennifer was losing her patience.

The manager sneered, "You are the one who is being unreasonable here! Do you have any idea what kind of card this is? Do you know how much money is in this card?"

"You don't know?" the manager mocked. "This card has a minimum of a hundred million, and you can withdraw up to a hundred billion from any bank!"

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Jennifer's eyes widened. She had a look of disbelief on her face. "That's impossible!" she denied.

The branch manager then took out his phone and said to Jennifer as he dialed, "That's the truth. You leave me no choice. Whoever owns this card is very wealthy. I suspect that you obtained this card through illegal means. I am calling the police."

Jennifer panicked. "Give me back my card! I don't want to withdraw anymore!"

Seeing her reaction, the manager was convinced of his assumption. He had a feeling that he was about to gain merit in the bank.

Jennifer struggled to take back her card. He lifted his hand and gave her arm a hard slap.

"Ouch!" Jennifer cried out in pain and quickly retracted her arm.

Her fair and slender right arm was now red and swollen.

"This card belonged my ex-husband. He gave it to me! Give it back!" Jennifer begged with tears in her eyes.

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After a while, the door swung open. A few staff members in uniform came in and took the card. After a few minutes of discussion, they moved aside and continued their investigation.

“They are from the Central Bank of Pollerton. The general manager will be coming. They will begin a second verification process. Once confirmed, we will report to the police to file the case,” said the branch manager.

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Not long after, the general manager arrived..

In his fifties, he was an intimidating man. He glared at Jennifer and questioned, “Miss, can you please tell me how you got this card?”

“It was my ex-husband’s,” Jennifer answered.

The general manager observed Jennifer. She was indeed exquisite. However, based on how she dressed and acted, she didn’t seem like a wealthy person. She had to go through eight cards to cash out a little over two hundred thousand. He had seen many people like her, all of whom were average citizens..

Therefore, he had reason to believe that Jennifer stole the card.

“Who is your ex-husband?”

“Donald Campbell,” Jennifer replied.

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The general manager gave it some thought. Since there were only fifty black cards available, he could remember every owner’s name. However, he couldn’t recall a Campbell.

“I have reason to believe you stole this card,” the general manager concluded. “This card has a limit of one hundred billion. Do you understand?”

Jennifer was utterly shocked.

Isn’t this Donald’s card? Why is there so much money? Besides Charles and Lana, who else would have a hundred billion?

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“No! You guys must be mistaken!” Jennifer tried to explain herself.

However, the general manager was not listening anymore. As he was about to leave, he said, “Report to the police. Keep an eye on her. Contact the central bank and look for the owner.”

Jennifer was losing it. “I have to go!”

She tried to leave in a hurry, but the branch manager forcefully held her back and pushed her to the ground. “You are quite beautiful. Why must you become a thief?”

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He looked at her condescendingly with a mocking expression on his face.

“But I have to thank you for getting me a merit.” The branch manager laughed. Once the owner of the black card finds out how I’ve helped to locate his card, I’ll surely be rewarded. I’ll get a promotion and a pay raise!

Jennifer stood up and said nothing. She got out her phone and quickly made a call.

“Donald, I’m facing some issues at the bank on Pollerton Road.”

She also explained briefly what had happened.

After hearing from Jennifer, Donald hung up and head toward Pollerton Road in silence. Nobody knew what was on his mind.

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The only reason he left her the card was so that she could use it in times of need. He never expected Jennifer to be humiliated. Furthermore, at this rate, his identity could be exposed!

The Parasite had not shown himself yet, so Donald still had to lie low and keep his identity a secret!

If his identity was revealed too early, it would not help Jennifer at all.

Back in the meeting room, Jennifer's wrist was swollen. The branch manager chuckled some more as he teased her, "Miss, you really are quite beautiful. How about getting into a relationship with me? I will give you eight thousand as your monthly allowance." He wanted her to be his mistress.

Jennifer stared at him furiously. "Disgusting!"

The branch manager got more excited. "You only have a little over two hundred thousand after cashing out eight cards. It goes to show that you're not very well off.

Getting eight thousand to spend monthly is not a small amount. I can even recommend you to work here at our branch."

Jennifer did not want to waste her breath on this man. She waited for Donald patiently, hoping to get answers when she saw him later.

The manager refused to give up. He walked up to Jennifer and proceeded to sniff her. "You smell very nice. Which shampoo brand do you use? Tell me."

His right hand sneakily moved to her behind and copped a feel.

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Jennifer immediately smacked his right hand away.

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The manager's face turned cold. He raised his hands and slapped Jennifer's face, causing her to stagger. He mocked her, "You b*tch! Let me tell you, you're in deep trouble. The owner of this card is of a high position, and you've stolen his card. You're doomed! Your whole family is doomed! Submit to me, and I will find a way to plead on your behalf. Otherwise, you're done for".

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Chapter 128

Phillip Parker, who is a branch manager of a bank, leveled a derisive stare at Jennifer, for he knew that Jennifer's fate was entirely up to him to decide.

He could tell others that Jennifer was an honest woman who did not pocket the card that she found, or he could tell the card owner that Jennifer had, in fact, stolen the card.

Seeing as the woman's fate was entirely dependent on what he said, Phillip grew

audacious.

However, the door was kicked down right then.

“How dare you!” Donald walked into the room with a frigid look on his face. He caught sight of the red handprint forming a stark contrast against Jennifer’s pale face, as well as her swollen wrist.

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He was heartbroken at the sight of her.

After all, she was someone whom he treasured. Why does she seem to be suffering after we’re separated?

Then, he leveled a stare at Keith and chided, “Nobody will be able to save you from me today. Not even god himself.”

Keith was stumped. “Who are you?”

Donald remained impassive. “I am the card owner.”

Keith’s pupils shrunk as he regarded Donald from head to toe. Judging from the way he’s dressed, it sure doesn’t seem like his apparel would cost more than five hundred in total. He doesn’t seem like a rich man either. Hence, Keith let out a sneer and said, “Right. Did you say this card was yours?”

Jennifer hurriedly stood beside Donald, and it managed to calm her nerves. She lifted her head and was greeted by the man’s side profile.

Donald ignored Phillip and turned to look at Jennifer instead, “Which hand did he use to strike you?”

Jennifer shook her head and said, “Forget it. Let’s just leave.”

“Which hand?” Donald furrowed his brows and repeated himself.

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Jennifer hesitated for a moment and said, “The right hand.”

Phillip let out another sneer. “Why? Are you going to beat me up?”

Donald nodded his head and charged right at Phillip. His movement was so swift that it only took him a fraction of a second to reach Phillip’s side.

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ught hold of Keith’s right arm and twisted

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Though it seemed like Donald had only exerted little force, Keith let out a sharp wail as he felt like his arms were being twisted like a pretzel as his bones were crushed.

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He held his right arm and fell knee-first onto the ground. All colors drained from his face as he cried, “Someone, come and kill this b*st*rd!”

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His voice did not reach the lobby. However, it did penetrate through the walls to the neighboring rooms.

The general manager of the second-class

I the commotion and rushed into the room. He let out a holler at the unbecoming sight. "What the hell happened here?" Alex Morris paid no heed to Phillip's injuries and instead said, "Marcus Cooper, do you think it's appropriate to let me tend to my matters at such a place? You did not even pour a glass of water for me. Is this how you treat a guest?"

The man was so arrogant that his sense of entitlement was written all over his face as he looked down on Marcus Cooper, the general manager who had just rushed into the room.

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Alex ignored Donald and Jennifer altogether.

He was a translator, but as a translator of Pollerton Translations, he had the chance to become acquainted with people from Yartran who came to visit Pollerton.

Hence, he had managed to get acquainted with people from all walks of life, such as students and even high-ranking officials from Yartran.

Even though Marcus was vexed by the man's arrogance, he dared not offend him. After all, Alex was a well-connected man after working with people from Yartran for many years.

The number two at Pollerton, Joshua Green, was Alex's close friend. He even had the chance to dine together with Neil Yund, the most influential man in Pollerton.

Throughout the ten years, Alex had managed to form many connections that would work well to his advantage.

Marcus dared not offend Alex, much less the more influential Donald.

Hence, he said, "Mr. Morris, I think I owe you an explanation..".

Alex picked up a stool and hurled it at Marcus' shoulders. "Would you shut up? Do I need a reason for getting rid of people who piss me off?"

What an insolent fellow!

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Donald was stumped by Alex's condescending manner.

Marcus gritted his teeth and said begrudgingly, "Now is not the time to get mad at me. We have to settle the matter with your brother-in-law first."

Alex pointed at Donald in a disdainful manner and said, "Are we to deal with these two? It's really easy if you ask me. The woman should follow me if she doesn't wish to die. As for the brazen young fellow, just break all four of his limbs. Do as I say, and I will guarantee your increment and promotion. I will even see to your transfer to a first-class branch at Provincial Center. However, if you refuse, then you might as well pack your bags and go back to your hometown to farm!"

After a pause, he let out another holler, "God damn it, where is my water? I'm dying of thirst right now!"

"Go fetch some water." Someone spoke up all right, but Marcus was surprised that it

was Donald.

Alex was taken aback but said nothing. He continued to eye Jennifer with a lustful gaze. Keith smiled wickedly. "Ah, why put up a strong face when you could have been this meek all the while?"

A teller hurriedly fetched a thermos flask filled with warm water and a glass. She left in a haste after leaving the items on the desk.

Donald got up and took the thermos flask. Then, he turned to Alex and asked, "Aren't you thirsty?"

Alex pulled out a chair, sat down crossed-legged, and ordered, "Kneel and crawl over here."

Marcus furrowed his brows. This may turn out to be more complicated than I think it is. Donald's demeanor was rather calm and reserved. However, the man exuded a vibe that made Marcus feel as if he was going to lash out like a beast at any moment.

Donald held the thermos flask and said impassively, "Who gave you the audacity to act so arrogantly?"

Alex's face turned grim as his eyes shot a daggered look at Donald and started his name-dropping. "Let me enlighten you, then. Joshua Green, Neil Yung, and all Yartran people who came to Pollerton."

Donald shook his head and let out a snicker. "I'm afraid that's not going to be enough." Then, he turned to Alex and asked in a serious tone, "Are you really thirsty?"

Alex did not know what the man was getting at and merely looked at him with a frigid stare.

"Let me pour you a glass, then," Donald uttered.

The air in the meeting room grew still as everyone shuddered in response.

There was a complete shift in Donald's demeanor. The man exuded a devilish aura, as his eyes flashed with a murderous glint. |

Everyone at the scene experienced a hallucination right then. They felt as if they were surrounded by magma in hell while Donald was looking down on all of them like a mighty dragon.

OII.

He stood atop everyone else with cold and stony eyes. It was as if everyone else were mere expendable cogs to him.

However, the hallucination disappeared as briefly as it appeared.

Donald dashed in Alex's direction and pushed down on his head, subduing the latter to his chair.

Feeling the heavy weight bearing down on his head, Alex widened his eyes in shock as he bellowed, "What the hell do you think you're doing?"

"Drink your water!" Donald's voice thundered in the meeting room, sounding like the devil himself.

Everyone felt chills down their spine at the sight of the next scene. Donald opened the thermos flask and aimed right at Alex's mouth as he force-fed the man.

Alex flailed his arms and legs, struggling to break himself free but to no avail. His tears mingled with the water Donald forced down his throat as he let out sharp wails that echoed in the meeting room,

Jennifer covered her eyes in dismay as she cried, "Donald, no!"

Marcus' eyes almost popped out of his socket as his heart raced at the chilling sight.

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How ruthless...

From the moment that Alex insulted Jennifer, he had, in fact, chosen for his fate to be dictated by Donald. As a matter of fact, Donald would have taken Alex's life if not for Jennifer. Donald did not wish for her to be traumatized.

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In the end, Donald forced the whole flask down the man's throat.

AR

V

Alex slumped to the floor with his hands clamped to his throat and mouth. He curled up like a shrimp as he reached for his phone.

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 130

Chapter 130

"You're dead meat! Dead meat!" Phillip's face turned pale in fear.

"Jennifer, go take a rest outside. I'll take care of this." Donald gave Jennifer an indifferent look.

Jennifer shook her head. The door was suddenly opened from outside, and it was Lana. She took Jennifer's arm and said, "Let's head upstairs and get some rest. He will take care of this."

Jennifer was about to refuse when Lana shook her head at her. "Have faith in him."

After a while of hesitation, Jennifer uttered, "You have to help Donald."

Help Donald?

Lana smiled wryly inside, knowing that Donald did not need anyone's help. It would already be fortunate if he did not cause the troubles. However, she still said, "Sure. Let's leave first."

After Jennifer and Lana walked away, Donald pulled a chair toward him and sat on it..

He stared coldly at Alex and Phillip.

Marcus carefully closed the door.

"You... You are doomed," Alex's words were slurred after his tongue was burnt. Lying on the ground with his body bent over, Alex glared at Donald with malice. His throat and stomach were severely burnt, and the pain he suffered was indescribable.

How could he do such a brutal thing to me?

Donald looked at them with a neutral expression and said, "Look at you still acting tough now

Phillip shouted, "Joshua Green is Alex's best friend, and he's coming over right now to deal with you!"

Donald glanced at them. "I don't care who's coming. Even if God himself comes, I will still not hesitate to end your lives."

Lord Campbell lived by the maxim to act against the enemy.

He would not bother about how many people the enemy had on their side or what connections the enemy had.

Everyone knew Lord Campbell was the most powerful being out there.

"I've put in so much effort to hide my identity from Jennifer so that she would not be dragged into my world," said Donald: ::

Marcus' heart skipped a beat. He immediately bowed and said, "I'll leave first." He knew he should not listen to whatever Donald had to say next, even if he was extremely curious about it. That was because he knew Donald would do away with him if he were to find out more about the story.

Donald did not even bother to look at him as he continued saying, "Yet look at what you've done. It's just a trivial matter, but you already need me to get involved. Don't you know many people will die if I were to do this myself?"

Phillip could not understand what he meant.

The door was pushed open again, and Joshua came in with a gloomy expression. At first glance, Joshua already saw Alex curled up on the ground. After he shifted his gaze to Donald, his heart trembled.

"I heard that you're backing him up. Is that true?" Donald pointed at Alex.

Alex grabbed Joshua's leg and cried in pain, "Mr. Green, kill him!"

Joshua kicked Alex away and bowed to Donald. "Mr. Campbell, you must be kidding. I'm not that close with Alex."

Alex and Phillip were both dumbfounded to hear that. Instantly, their pupils constricted. Phillip especially was so terrified that he was trembling in fear. He had never felt his heart filled with this much terror and regret.

He must be the card owner! Only the owner of the premium black card could pull off something like this!

Phillip began to regret looking down on Donald.

Alex's face turned pale as well. He moved his head with great difficulty and glared at Phillip. It was as if he was blaming Phillip for dragging him into great trouble this time. Phillip suddenly got on his knees. "Mr. Campbell, I'm sorry for not recognizing you. I was wrong for looking down on you, and I wish to ask for your forgiveness!"

Donald chuckled at that. "Who is Titus Morris of Octagon Sect to you?"

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II

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VA

Phillip's eyes lit up with hope. He thought he was given a chance to get away with this, so he quickly said, "He's Alex's father, which makes Alex the heir of Octagon Sect. Alex has nineteen companies under his name, and his sister also leads Karate Association."