

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 161

Chapter 161

“Of course!” the middle-aged woman said cheerfully as she clapped her hands. “My son is young, but he’s wealthy. He’s also going to become an official employee of Pollerton Translations soon!”

The crowd all laughed, making the atmosphere seem almost celebratory and joyful. Michael and his family all looked mockingly at Donald. They watched him carefully, expecting him to throw a fit or storm out.

However, they were disappointed. Donald was expressionless and looked as if the situation had nothing to do with him at all.

Gideon spoke. “You can’t take a child’s words seriously. By the way, Raymond, our revenue this year has increased by more than 80 percent compared to previous years!” That was an impressive feat.

“Oh, is it because of the construction and engineering projects?” Raymond asked, surprised.

Back then when they had offended Tyrone Campbell, they had faced his wrath and suffered all sorts of difficulties. They never expected Gideon to be so capable that he would achieve this feat in such a difficult situation.

Gideon said proudly, “Of course. Right now, I have over 30 construction teams, 1000 employees, and hundreds of people dependent on me. If there’s any major construction project in Pollerton, our company will be the first to take it! And we can deliver!”

Raymond was a little flustered. He sighed. That’s not bad! It must not have been easy!”

Winston said cynically, “Of course, that’s not bad. But if certain people hadn’t made certain mistakes previously and offended significant people in the family, we would be doing even better now!”

Ripping open old scars on such an occasion had murderous intent rising in Donald.

“Donald, how are you? What job are you working now?” Gideon asked with a condescending tone.

“Security,” Raymond answered simply.

After he spoke, the crowd instantly exploded into an uproar.

“Oh my goodness! No way. The Campbell family has produced a security guard!”

“The Campbell clan did a lot of damage to this branch of the Campbell family, but being a security guard?”

“Donald, you’re quite something!”

The crowd broke out in discussion and mockery.

Michelle scoffed. “You’re so young, but out of all the occupations you could have chosen, you chose to be a security guard? Look at Paul! He’s now a tuner at Donter Pictures!”

“Yeah. Our Yerick managed to acquire Scarlet Swan Villa and start an e-commerce business with an annual income of a million!”

“Our Kristina is also doing well! Now she’s a manager at Primordial Tower. She’s even had a few meals with Zayne Yates!”

Donald didn’t feel ashamed at all. In fact, he even listened to them talk with interest. You all are amazing, but I don’t envy you one bit.

Raymond was exasperated at how things were going. He had known that his birthday

party would end up like that.

It was the same every year.

“All right. We’re here to celebrate Raymond’s birthday, aren’t we? Then we should give him some gifts.” Gideon said, waving his hands.

At that, he took out 300 and stuffed them into Raymond’s hand. “There’s nothing I have to say. I know you’re short on money now. Take this as a token of my sincerity.”

300 as a token of sincerity?

Not to say that three hundred was too little, but on such an occasion, it was an insult!

Back when Donald was calling everyone to borrow money, no one was willing to give him any. Now, Gideon had dished out 300 and was claiming it as a token of sincerity?

“Granduncle, this is also a token of my sincerity. Please accept it.” Winston walked

forward and took out 250 from his pocket, placing it in Raymond’s hands.

250? Now that’s just insulting!

The rest of the crowd came up one by one, each giving 250.

“Granduncle, don’t be angry! Altogether, it’s quite a lot of money!” one of the young women said, smiling. Dressed in fashionable clothing, she was a manager at Primordial Tower.

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Raymond smiled and accepted it all.

However, Donald’s expression grew cold.

In previous years, they would come over mostly to show off, but there weren’t any humiliating or insulting actions.

Today, however, they were outright humiliating Raymond and his family!

Donald’s eyes scanned the room. Everyone had an air of arrogance to them.

They’ve had this attitude for decades, but only today are they revealing how callous they can be.

Everyone was taking digs at Raymond and Donald.

They didn’t like Raymond’s spiritedness and had always wondered how someone like him could be the head of the Campbell family.

Raymond had fallen from grace and dragged everyone down with him.

However, what they suffered as a result was not serious.

Raymond had distributed his own family fortune to protect them.

Without Raymond’s blessing, they struggled!

Gideon laughed until his eyes welled up with tears. “Okay, okay, Raymond. There’s something else I forgot to tell you.”

“What is it?”

“That powerful man in the capital, the one whose fortune you told, is dying!” Gideon waited for Raymond’s reaction.

As expected, Raymond looked as if all the life had been drained out of him. “He’s dying?”

“Yes, And that means Dragon Fide Villa is unable to be completed, and the project you wanted to use to rise again is gone!” Gideon said triumphantly.

That powerful man was the person Gideon and the rest were most afraid of.

As long as that man was still alive, it was possible for Raymond to make a comeback. They were afraid of that, because back then it was Gideon who sabotaged Raymond by leaking all the information about Dragon Fide Villa's plans! When Raymond filed for bankruptcy, Gideon was the one who took action the fastest. The employees that Gideon had were all left behind by Raymond. Raymond shut his eyes. "It's not possible." Gideon mocked, "Raymond, you've miscalculated. You said he'd live to be a 100, but now he's just 80 years old and diagnosed with a critical condition!" "What condition?" Raymond asked. Sighing, he opened his eyes. "Severe cerebral hemorrhage. No one in the country can do the operation to save him. Only one person can, and that's the world's best doctor, Croft. But who can afford to hire him?" Gideon looked ecstatic. "It's wonderful that he's dying!" Raymond lost his interest in talking after hearing that. He looked like he had suddenly aged by a few years. "Are you done?" Donald said coldly. "If you are, let's eat." After a pause, he continued, "If you want to eat, then eat. If not, then scram!" When Donald said that, everyone looked toward him. "So uncouth!" "Where's his finesse?" "He's trash!" The crowd pointed at Donald and insulted him one by one. "We're not done," a clear voice from outside the door said. Immediately after, a young man wearing a silver Armani suit and a gold Rolex watch walked in. With his hair combed back, he looked incredibly handsome. He was the epitome of a handsome, wealthy man. It was Jack, the author of Donald's chapter in The Abandoned Children Of The Campbell Clan! He was Gideon's favorite grandson and Pollerton's favored, up-and-coming young writer. With calm and steady footsteps, he walked over to Raymond and handed him a book. "Granduncle, this is my gift to you. I hope you like it." It was a published copy of The Abandoned Children Of The Campbell Clan. Raymond raised his gaze sternly.

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These people really are becoming fearless and unscrupulous now that that man is about to die!

"You asked him to do this?" Raymond asked Gideon as the smile disappeared from his face for the first time.

Gideon's expression also turned cold. "Is there a problem with that?"

Raymond didn't reach out to accept the book. Instead, he swatted the book so that it fell to the ground. "I don't like it!"

Jack wasn't annoyed. Instead, he indifferently picked at his ear. "It's the truth even if you

don't like it. From the moment it was published, the humiliation of your family was revealed for all to see. Now, two-thirds of the people in Pollerton know that you're outcasts of the Campbell clan and what you've done. Well, you've also become celebrities, so if you think about it, you still benefitted."

He looked around. "Granduncle, I'm not saying anything about you, but this hotel does look a little shabby."

He then turned toward the tables. "Let's see what's the menu for today. Did each table cost over a thousand?"

Donald got up and walked over. "As I said earlier, if you want to eat, you can eat. If not, then scram!"

Jack acted exaggeratedly shocked and took a step back. "Hmm? Who is this? I can't see because he's too close. Oh, I see now. It's Donald."

He then clapped his hands together. "I almost forgot! Donald, I have a marriage candidate to introduce to you! I guarantee you'll be satisfied!"

Everyone, including Donald, was stunned.

"Didn't you get divorced? I thought that since you're single, have a low salary from your security guard job, no car, and no house, I'd at least find you a companion. Given your life conditions now, you'd be a bachelor for life! I need to look out for you, so I took the liberty to find someone. It took a lot of effort, but I finally found a girl who's the right match for you."

As Jack clapped his hands, several of his men came into the room, holding a woman dressed in rags. She looked crazy with her messy hair, which was as wild as a birdnest.

With one glance, it was clear she was a homeless person. Her eyes were dull, and her body was bloated.

The men who lugged her in were panting. Their sweat soaked their leather shoes.

"Granduncle, look! This is the wife I've found for Donald. They can get married immediately. You must be satisfied!" Jack said as he pulled over a chair. He instructed the men to help the poor woman onto the chair.

"Granduncle, it's your birthday today as well as the day Donald found his second wife! It's a doubly joyous occasion. Why don't we celebrate both at once? I can cover all the expenses of the wedding. What do you think?" Jack offered generously.

The crowd finally understood Jack's intentions and started laughing out loud.

"Donald, you have to agree! With your circumstance, she's your best option!" Michael said.

"Donald, you should agree to something as good as this!" Michelle added.

"Donald, hurry and say yes! Once you do, Jennifer will be mine!" Winston said cheerfully.

"Donald, you two are a match made in heaven. Say yes!" Yerick cheered.

"Haha! Donald, what reason do you have to reject her? You should be thanking Jack!" Kristina piped up.

The crowd awaited Donald's reaction once again.

"You all are truly inhumane for bringing in a poor homeless woman from the street to insult me," Donald said with hostility.

Jack clicked his tongue. "What do you mean? I paid her 100 for it!"

He continued, "Seeing that you're so poor, 100 is quite a hefty betrothal gift! Hurry and agree! If you let this opportunity slip, you won't have the chance to find a wife anymore!"

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Jack blurted out those words without pausing.

Meanwhile, Donald remained silent and walked toward him.

Jack pressed on, "You're not me. I'm so handsome and rich that only women like Wynter are worthy of me. But you're different. Do you understand?"

"Is that so?" Before Donald could break his neck, a crisp voice sounded outside the door.

It was euphonious and irresistible.

Instinctively, everyone turned to seek the source of the voice.

With that, a seductive-looking woman walked into the room.

She was dressed in a black dress with long hair draped over her shoulders. That woman looked elegant, gorgeous, and dignified.

She had a flawless face and a perfect body figure.

It was Wynter!

Jack widened his eyes in bewilderment, and his breathing quickened when he saw her. Wynter was the woman he had been thinking about every day. Jack had tried to make an appointment to meet her for a long time but to no avail.

Why is she here?

Her presence confused those present.

Wynter strode over to Raymond and bowed slightly. "Happy birthday, Old Mr. Campbell"

Then, she fished a scarf from her bag and continued, "Old Mr. Campbell, I knitted this myself. I hope you'll like it!"

Jack narrowed his eyes.

The diva knitted that scarf? It's priceless! I'm willing to offer ten million for that scarf!

Smiling, Raymond received the scarf. "Eh? Why are you giving me two scarfs?"

Wynter replied coquettishly, "I made another one for Donald."

Then, she walked to Donald before fixing the latter's collar. "You have to take care of your image when you are outside. Your collar is untidy."

She acted as if she was Donald's wife when she was focused on tidying his clothes.

Her sweet scent instantly filled the air.

Jack's eyes reddened in anger when he saw that.

That's impossible! Wynter is the diva, and Donald is just a security guard. Why would they be so close to each other?

The scene took the members of the Campbell family by surprise, too. They widened their eyes in astonishment while looking at Wynter and Donald's interaction.

What's happening? Why would the diva be here for Raymond's birthday? Why is she so close to Donald, and what's their relationship? Many questions started forming in their minds at that instant.

Raymond glanced at the people and noticed the perplexed look on their faces.

At that time, he was baffled, too.

Raymond knew Donald had a strong influence. However, the former did not know how

strong it was.

The youths in the Campbell family were jealous and envious of Donald while staring at him.

She is the diva, the woman every guy wishes to marry. Why is she so close to him?

Wynter then looked at Jack and inquired, "Are you Jack?"

"Yes, I am. I'm glad to meet you." Jack reached out his hand, wanting to shake hands with her.

Wynter did not budge. "I'm sorry, I am not used to shaking hands with men."

With that said, Wynter grabbed onto Donald's right hand firmly and said, "Why didn't you tell me it's Old Mr. Campbell's birthday?"

There was a drastic change of expression on Jack's face. God damn it! It's impossible that Wynter is in love with Donald!

He gritted his teeth in anger. You are the diva, and I'm your fan! You shall never go back on your words! You just told me that you are not used to shaking hands with men but instantly held Donald's hand. Why are you doing this to me?

"Ms. Lowe, I always have massive admiration for you.." Jack felt as if Wynter had neglected him.

Wynter uttered, "I have heard that you are good at writing, and I hoped to meet you once. But, I think it's unnecessary now."

She pointed at the homeless girl and continued in a faint voice, "I don't like how you treat a girl"

Jack got nervous instantly. "Ms. Lowe, please let me explain."

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"Who are you to me? Is there a need for you to explain?" Wynter explained with a frosty look. Then, she ignored Jack while staring at Donald with a glint of affection as if she would never get bored looking at him.

Donald was helpless.

On the other hand, Gideon and the members of the Campbell family had grim expressions on their faces.

They were indignant as it seemed like they were the ones being shamed, contrary to their purpose of visiting.

"They look unhappy." A cold voice reverberated outside the door.

Thereupon, an alluring lady walked into the room. A seducing aura emitted from the lady as she walked closer to them.

She donned a tight-fitting dress, revealing her shoulders. She was so attractive that the guys on the scene could not peel their eyes off her.

It was Lana!

The guys ogled her as if they would tear off her clothes anytime.

"Old Mr. Campbell, happy birthday to you." Lana walked over while fishing an emerald stone from her handbag.

Gideon quickly recognized that item.

It is an emerald stone from Agraria dynasty. It is truly invaluable!

Raymond received the stone and thanked Lana, "Thank you so much."

After wishing Raymond, Lana paced to Donald and held his arm. "Why didn't you inform me it's Old Mr. Campbell's birthday?" she whined coquettishly.

Wynter had goosebumps hearing that.

Helplessness washed over Donald as he said, "You all have a good ear."

Lana giggled. "I have no choice. It's because I'm in love with you!"

The shock of the crowd intensified when they heard that.

God d*mn it! Isn't Donald a security guard? How did he earn the admiration of Lana, the famous businesswoman in Pollerton?

Gideon and the other people were completely ignored by Lana.

Jack could not help but inquire again, "Ms. Collins, I have a question. Donald is just a security guard..."

Lana rolled her eyes and spoke in an alluring tone. "You're not wrong. He is a security guard, and he's working in my company. What's the problem with that? I fell in love with him when he spent most of his time protecting and accompanying me."

That dumbfounded the crowd at that instant.

D*mn it! Who was the one who humiliated Donald for being poor and mocked that he would never get a wife? It is such a massive embarrassment following the appearance of Wynter and Lana!

Lana asked, "Isn't it normal for an employer to fall in love with a security guard?"

The crowd did not retort.

How the guys hoped they could work as security guards in Lana's company.

Meanwhile, Gideon had an awful expression on his face.

"What's so good about Donald?" Jack forced out the question. At that time, his face contorted with rage.

"True. Donald is not that worthy!" Derrick glanced at his girlfriend before looking at Lana and Wynter. They are so much better than my girlfriend.

"He is far better than any of you in my heart." A voice echoed outside the door once more.

The people were astonished. Who else?

A petite girl in a pink dress walked toward them from the door.

She had long hair, cherry lips, and fair and smooth skin.

She was Reina, the owner of Scarlet Swan Villa, the most popular figure recently.

Reina marched to Raymond and handed him a paper. "Old Mr. Campbell, happy birthday to you. I am giving you a thousand scarlet swans as your birthday gift, Please accept them."

Those present were in awe. A thousand scarlet swans?

They took a deep breath and felt a humming sound echoing in their brains.

What's the price for a thousand scarlet swans? It's about ten million!

Scarlet Swan Villa had a total of ten thousand scarlet swans at most. They were shocked when Reina was willing to take one-tenth of them as a gift for Raymond's birthday

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How many people in Pollerton could do such a thing? Why is Reina being so generous?

Is that because of Raymond's influence or for the respect she has for Donald? Yerick was perplexed. He had just established an e-commerce brand, and he managed to secure a way to procure goods from Reina at a low price.

Reina glanced across the room before resting her gaze on Yerick. "I know you, Yerick. You just signed a contract with me."

"Hello, Ms. Wilson. Yes, you're right. I'm Yerick."

Yerick was flattered and thrilled as he didn't expect to meet the boss of Scarlet Swan Villa at that place.

Is this an indication that I'll be successful soon?

"I've made a decision to terminate our contract," Reina sneered.

Her words left Yerick standing stunned while colors started draining off his face.

He knew how profitable scarlet swans were. The market price had reached 15 thousand for each of them.

An ordinary retail salesperson would never have the chance to deal with Reina directly. They would have to place their order in advance.

It was an excellent opportunity for a retail e-commencer like him to get involved and his role was an important one. He could sell one scarlet swan at the price of 18 thousand.

However, right then, Reina had abruptly decided to terminate their agreement.

What am I supposed to do with the orders I received? How can I explain this to my customers? I'll suffer a heavy loss and might be back to square one.

Yerick became panic-stricken. "Ms. Wilson, we've signed the contract!"

"No worries. Hundreds of thousands of liquidated damage is not a big deal to me!"

Reina said indifferently.

Yerick's mother, who was a middle-aged woman, rushed forward. "No way! Why are you doing this to us? You owe us an explanation!"

"Why?" Reina mumbled to herself. Then, she turned around and looked at Donald.

"That's because you looked down on Donald!"

Another admirer of Donald?

Reina walked up to Donald, gazed at him with tender affection, and said softly, "Why didn't you tell me about your grandpa's birthday? It's such an important matter, yet you hide it from me."

Soon after she finished her words, tears started welling in her eyes. She tried hard not to let her tears trickle down her cheek as the bitterness in her grew.

You're always so unmindful about me. I adore you with all my heart. However, my feelings for you are unrequited.

Donald felt resigned. "I didn't inform anyone, including Jennifer."

Upon hearing that, Reina's face lightened up.

Gideon remained seated with a gloomy expression, tapping his finger on the table. He seemed occupied by his thoughts.

Jack, Winston, and Derrick kept their eyes on the women.

What a joke! Why did so many women fall in love with a security guard? Moreover, they are all rich and powerful women. Lana is the queen of the business world while Reina is a self made millionaire. Look at Wynter. She's an international superstar. Any one of them can capture the hearts of all the men out there, but they only adore Donald.

"It's not a big deal. I'm working at Primordial Tower and I have a good relationship with Mr. Yates. If we have the chance, I'll introduce you to him," Kristina said reassuringly

Yerick sneered after hearing her words. "Donald, don't be too pleased, Look, this is an advantage of having allies. This insignificant matter won't harm me. It's all right If you don't sell me Scarlet Swan Villa. There are a lot of other things I can work on, just like Primordial Tower. You managed to beat me once, but I'll beat you back countless times."

Wynter and the others looked at him with disbelief and disdain.

Suddenly, a faint voice came from outside. "Is that true?"

Soon, Zayne, who was heavily bandaged and needed the aid of a wheelchair, made his entrance

Despite being badly beaten by Yusof in Octagon Sect, Zayne still had an air of arrogance in him.

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Any ordinary person would be afraid to hear his name.

As expected, Kristina's face turned pale at the sight of Zayne. "Mr. Yates," she immediately bowed and greeted him.

"Who are you?" Zayne retorted without showing her the slightest respect.

Kristina's face flushed before turning pale.

Her mother immediately chimed in, "Mr. Yates, she's one of your administrative officers. Both of you had a meal together some time ago."

Zayne came to a sudden realization. "Oh! I remember that now!"

Kristina was delighted to hear that. However, the thing Zayne said next made her die of embarrassment.

"She tried to seduce me at that time, but I rejected her. Despite being single and available, I'm not that desperate."

Kristina's face burned with embarrassment. Every pair of eyes in the room fell upon her.

Is that true? It's so embarrassing.

Zayne waved his hand dismissively and said, "Fine. You no longer need to report to work from tomorrow onward. I'll inform the office about that." He then moved his wheelchair toward Raymond and struggled to get himself up.

"It's okay, you don't have to do that," Raymond said.

"Old Mr. Campbell, happy birthday. This 100-year-old ginseng is for you. Ginseng is an excellent energy-restorative supplement." Zayne handed over a red box with ginseng in it. It was impossible not to notice that it was of top-notch quality.

Another extravagant gift!

The Campbells were excited, except Raymond, who had put on a solemn face and was eager to leave.

However, he couldn't do so as Sixten hadn't arrived.

Raymond sighed. "I wanted to be low profile..."

Before he could finish his words, a young man rushed in and prostrated himself before Raymond. "Please forgive me for showing up without an invitation. Grandpa, I wish you many happy returns, great fortune, good health, and longevity.

No one could see his face as he remained prostrated.

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Raymond was stunned. Which grandson is this? How come I have no idea who he is? "Lift up your head," Raymond said.

"All right." The young man lifted his head and showed his handsome face. He flashed an obsequious smile with his perfect white teeth.

It was Frankie, the master of fawning in Pollerton.

The Campbells were utterly stupefied.

Everyone knew Frankie's character. He was a bully who preyed on the weak. However, he wouldn't hesitate to fawn over a more powerful person.

What does this mean? It means either Raymond or Donald has become powerful enough that Zayne and Frankie are willing to butter up the two of them.

"Get up," Raymond said resignedly. He sincerely wanted to remain low-key.

Donald had wished for the same too.

However, things went along against their wish.

All of a sudden, Gideon let out a laugh. "Raymond. Not bad. After not seeing each other for a year, you've managed to impress me. I didn't expect you to progress secretly to such a level."

"Not bad, right?" Raymond was not in the mood to explain.

"However, all these people seem to be businessmen. I don't see any influential politicians," Gideon scoffed.

The Campbell clan had yet to lift the seal imposed on Raymond. Therefore, no one from the realm of politics dared to show him support.

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Shortly after, a loud voice came from the outside. "Old Mr. Campbell, Joshua's here. Happy birthday!"

Then, two men in suits walked in.

They were Johnny from Johnny's Antiques and Joshua, who was the successor of Pollerton!

Joshua was a man of integrity. With a solemn expression, he handed a gift box to Raymond and said, "Old Mr. Campbell, happy birthday. I can't stay to have a meal as I have something important to settle."

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Joshua looked straight ahead while talking as he dared not make eye contact with Donald

At that moment, Gideon's expression darkened once again. How many times have I been humiliated today? Also, how can Joshua disregard the Campbell clan's deterrence and come over to wish an abandoned individual from the Campbell clan a happy birthday? Is he not afraid of losing his future?

In response, Raymond got up and shook Joshua's hand courteously. "Sure, Mr. Green. Go ahead."

Following Joshua's departure, everyone heaved a sigh of relief and looked at their watches. It's already almost eleven. Aside from Sixten and the people with him, no one will come here anymore. Right?

While they were pondering, a series of clacking sounds generated by high heels sounded.

Instantly, the over-sensitive people shifted their gazes toward the door in unison. It was a tall and slender woman in a gown. She had a cold expression presently. Thanks to her current attire, her beautiful legs were on full display. Moreover, she was wearing a pink bag over her shoulder. As she had a deadpan countenance, one might think she was born expressionless.

She seemed like a woman who had no interest in anything other than studying and learning.

That woman was none other than Hannah.

At the mere age of twenty-eight, Hannah was a medical professor, a visiting professor at Plíston University, and a double-degree doctorate holder.

On top of that, she had published ten theses in the world's top medical science journal-Aesculapius.

One must realize that such a journal was known as "The Nobel Prize" in the medical world. For ordinary medical professors, publishing a single thesis in that journal was impossible in their entire lifetime, let alone ten.

However, Hannah managed to complete ten theses on her own.

"Old Mr. Campbell." Hannah paid obeisance to Raymond.

In the meantime, the members of the Campbell family had varying expressions while watching everything that was occurring with narrowed eyes.

There were feelings of puzzlement, admiration, and last but not least, jealousy.

What in the world is going on today? Has Raymond been in a decadent state for the past ten plus years? Or has he still been operating everything in secret? If the first statement is true, how should one explain the numerous aristocrats from Pollerton that came to give him wishes for his birthday today? On the other hand, why are there no actions from the Campbell clan if he's still operating everything? Everyone knows that a century-old affluent family will always stand their ground!

As for Gideon, his current expression was temperamental. Shortly afterward, he looked toward Donald and wondered if everything was the latter's doing.

It did not take long before he shook his head as he perceived that it was impossible.

Donald could not even come up with the six-hundred-thousand medical fee back then!

Michael can attest to that since Donald called to borrow money!

Perhaps feeling it would be too cliché, Hannah did not bring along any gifts. She then walked over to Donald and stood beside him while remaining silent.

I knew it! She has something to do with Donald, too! Derrick's countenance turned ferocious when he saw Hannah standing beside Donald.

All the while, Derrick had been looking at Donald condescendingly. I have two sets of houses, and I'm also the tuner of Donter Pictures with a monthly salary of over ten thousand. How about Donald? He's only a security guard! Yet, why are there so many women who like him? As though that isn't enough, those are beautiful and outstanding women!

Not long after, Gideon's eyelids twitched as the sound of footsteps echoed again.

It was Jennifer

She was wearing a white dress and a pair of black stiletto heels on that day. Along with her fair skin, she had a gentle aura.

The second he saw her, Winston widened his eyes. He had that reaction because he had always liked Jennifer. "Today's your birthday, Grandpa. I apologize for not preparing much. This sweater is for you." Jennifer took out a sweater from her bag before continuing, "I knitted it myself." When Jennifer took out that gift, those present could not help but look toward Wynter. Jennifer had knitted a sweater, whereas Wynter had knitted two scarves. "You're here, Jenny." Raymond broke into a wide grin as soon as he saw Jennifer. Whether it was Wynter, Hannah, or the others showing up, Raymond did not express much delight. However, everyone could see the happiness on his face once Jennifer appeared.

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Everyone, including Donald, could not understand why Raymond valued Jennifer so much.

"Aren't you and Donald already divorced? Why did you still come here today?" Gideon asked.

Before responding, Jennifer darkened her expression a little when she noticed Donald and the exceptional women standing beside him. "We are divorced, but Old Mr. Campbell will always be my grandpa."

Winston chimed in, "Since you're divorced, can I pursue you then? Donald is only a security guard—"

Straight away, Jennifer interjected, "I'm sorry. I'm not interested in you."

Sure enough, Winston's countenance turned bitter as he felt exceedingly embarrassed.

"Can we have our meal now?" Donald questioned.

Gideon chuckled in response and replied, "We can, but some special guests haven't arrived yet. Can we wait for a while?"

He then glanced at his watch after finishing those words.

A few seconds later, a loud voice sounded from outside. "The president of Pollerton Commerce, Sixten, wishes Old Mr. Campbell a happy eightieth birthday! His gift to Old Mr. Campbell is a grandfather clock!"

Immediately afterward, a few burly men in suits entered the house while lifting a two-meter tall grandfather clock.

At that instant, Donald emanated a boundless and terrifying aura. A grandfather clock as Grandpa's eightieth birthday gift? Is that an implication that his time on Earth is running out?

"Leave it there. I'll teach you a severe lesson if you dare to step over." Donald got up and gave that warning. An unceasing murderous intent was brewing in his heart at the moment.

He thought Sixten must have a death wish.

"Put it down." Sixten stepped forward and stood beside the grandfather clock. He then laughed and patted the clock before proceeding, "The material of this grandfather clock is pure bronze. Its weight is three hundred kilograms. Eight people are required to lift the clock."

In their culture, carrying a coffin also usually needed eight people.

"It seems like my reminder to you is still not enough" Donald strode toward the grandfather clock emotionlessly.

In response, Sixten giggled. "Come on. Don't be like that. This clock is not from me." After those words, he pointed at an inscription on the grandfather clock. Tyrone of the Campbell clan. Those were the inscribed words.

"Mr. Tyrone heard that today is Old Mr. Campbell's eightieth birthday. Therefore, he customized this grandfather clock specifically and transported it to Pollerton. Fortunately, it arrived just in time." Sixten had a perpetual smile on his face when he spoke.

Meanwhile, Gideon and the others stood up and directed their faces outside with a respectful attitude.

One would think that they were in a sacred location, judging by their action. As for Raymond, he remained silent and was only staring at Sixten.

Despite suffering a devastating humiliation earlier, Kristina, Winston, and the others at their side had fully recovered. They were currently glancing at Donald and Raymond arrogantly. The meaning of such glances was pretty obvious. So what if Zayne and Reina suppress us? Once the Campbell clan has a grip on Pollerton, we will have a meteoric rise and reappear at the top!

"Donald, Mr. Tyrone called me yesterday and instructed me about something. Do you want to hear it?" Sixten was still grinning elatedly.

Upon hearing those words, Donald walked over to Sixten slowly.

Seeing that, Raymond shouted at Donald, "Get back here! What are you doing! Have you forgotten what I told you before?"

He had reminded Donald earlier not to kill anyone on that day, no matter what. As soon as he heard Raymond's utterance, Donald stopped in his tracks.

Even with the massive grudge, having a bloodbath on Raymond's eightieth birthday was forbidden as it would bring ominousness.

A while later, Sixten uttered, "Haha. Mr. Tyrone's words are good news for you guys. Now, I want those willing to follow the Campbell clan to stand before the grandfather clock. We'll then give this clock to Old Mr. Campbell together as a gift!"

That was an exceedingly cruel way to deal a blow to someone.

"I'll give everyone a minute." Sixten then took out a pocket watch and began the countdown.

Unsurprisingly, Gideon and the others were overjoyed.

They had longed to defect to Tyrone's side a long time ago but did not have the opportunity since the latter was in the prime of his youth.

He was only sixteen years old when he slapped Raymond in the face a few years back

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Chapter 170

At present, Tyrone was only twenty-eight, the same age as Donald. Moreover, his nickname was the Ninth Prince, as his rank among the eleven warriors from the Campbell clan was ninth.

He was hardly favored, but he had a dignified authority without question.

The first person who walked toward the grandfather clock was Gideon. He placed his

hand on the clock and pledged, "I, Gideon Campbell, am willing to follow in Mr. Tyrone's footsteps and serve the Campbell clan without complaints!"

At that moment, Gideon finally felt what it was like to hold his head up high and be in high spirits.

Apart from that, he believed no one in the world had the nerve to offend Tyrone from the Campbell clan except for the other noble disciples like Tyrone.

Initially, Gideon and the others had already planned on carrying on the current ordinary development as they thought it was no longer possible to return to the Campbell clan.

To their utter shock, there had a huge opportunity to do that on that day.

Thus, it was no surprise that Gideon was ecstatic and decided right away.

Following closely behind were second-generation members like Cameron Campbell and Alexis Campbell.

"We're finally about to join a powerhouse like the Campbell clan!"

"It has been a difficult journey indeed!"

Raymond had worked so hard for so many years, but he failed. Conversely, we've succeeded today!" Winston felt like he was about to burst out in tears out of excitement.

He then walked toward the grandfather clock and pressed his hand onto it. "Let's gift this clock to Raymond today!"

Jack also chimed in, "Honestly, I already knew Mr. Tyrone would accept us because of my excellent writing. In particular, Donald's chapter in The Abandoned Children of The Campbell Clan. Mr. Tyrone was very complimentary about that chapter!"

"Exactly! Jack has played a huge part this time!" Gideon responded.

Soon afterward, most of the members of the Campbell family began to walk toward the grandfather clock.

In the end, the only ones left were Michael's family.

Raymond looked toward Michael and Derrick indifferently, waiting for their decision.

Michael was his biological son, while Derrick was his biological grandson.

Currently, Michael was wearing a gloomy expression. One could tell that he was struggling

"Why are you still standing there? Come over here! Stop caring about that old geezer's feelings!" Following those words, Michelle headed to the front of the grandfather clock and stood in line.

Not long after, Derrick uttered, "That's the Campbell clan. How can I possibly give up on this opportunity? Ha! I'll also be one of the disciples of the Campbell clan from now!

Let's see who has the nerve to provoke me!"

He then stood in front of the grandfather clock as Michelle did.

"How about you?" Raymond questioned Michael.

Following a few seconds of contemplation, Michael finally stood up and spoke in a deep voice. "I choose to pledge my allegiance to the Campbell clan! You will never have any chances to rise anymore! I know why Tyrone smacked you on the face back then. You had his fortune read and claimed that he would not live past thirty. After hearing about it, Tyrone slapped you in front of everyone. Then, he unleashed his wrath and nearly exterminated us! I've told you many times that fortune-telling has no scientific basis, but you wouldn't listen. As a result, you brought catastrophe upon us. I've hated you from that day onward! We would've already returned to the Campbell clan by now if it weren't for your nosiness! I would've led us on the path of glory! You've caused us to waste

over ten years! Hence, I choose the Campbell clan over you!"

Upon hearing those grievous words, Raymond shut his eyes.

Aside from Donald and Raymond, every single one of the members of the Campbell family stood before the grandfather clock.

"Excellent." Sixten smiled with unusual jubilation and continued, "Take a good look Raymond. You've lost, and you will be on the losing side forever!"

Meanwhile, Donald had a chilling countenance at the moment. There was a glint of ferocity in his eyes as well. One could feel his hazardous aura exuding when he opened his eyes.

Regardless, he had no choice but to suppress his emotions for the time being. Others can make light of Raymond's feelings, but I can't!

"After the clock strikes twelve tonight, Sixten will face his doom!" Donald closed his eyes while murmuring that sentence. When he opened his eyes again, not a hint of fluctuating emotion remained in him.