

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 181

Chapter 181

“Oh, that won’t be a problem. My pockets are deep enough, so I wouldn’t mind noti having that extra two billion. Okay, it’s time for my skincare routine. See you next time!” Immediately afterward, Gideon was kicked out the door.

*B*tch!” Gideon cursed as soon as he was outside. “What did that Donald use to bewitch her?”

Winston scoffed, “Donald must have blind luck to catch Lana’s eye. What a good-for nothing pest who lives off women! I think we ought to go see Reina. If things still don’t work out, then we will head to Torson International and Stardew International. I really hope that these two companies are not related to Donald.”

After meeting up with Reina, she gave them the same answer as Lana did. “I’ll agree to this if Donald agrees.”

Gideon was fuming, but the consequence was not that bad.

After that, they made a beeline for Torson International.

To their surprise, Torson International’s manager instantly agreed to their proposal. That made Gideon regain his confidence.

At the same time, Donald received a call from Reina, but he did not take the news to heart.

From his perspective, Gideon and the gang were a bunch of clowns, so he would not waste his energy trampling on them.

After ending the conversation with Reina, his cellphone rang.

As soon as Donald answered it, a crisp voice was heard from the other end of the phone. “Donald, I’m back from studying abroad.”

Donald knitted his brows upon hearing the voice of Jennifer’s cousin.

Jennifer’s aunt was a lecturer at Pollerton University. She was an aggressive woman. Her husband died young. Instead of remarrying, she sold her car and house, and she single-handedly brought up her daughter, Ysabel Zimmerman.

Ysabel grew up well. She was twenty years old that year..

When Donald and Jennifer were still madly in love three years ago, Ysabel had been playing the third wheel, following Donald day in and day out like a shadow.

Then, she had gotten an opportunity to be an exchange student at a top university abroad, majoring in art and design.

Donald queried, “Are you back in Pollerton?”

Ysabel exclaimed, “Yes, yes! I call you the second I landed in Pollerton. So, would you like to pick me up?”

Donald replied, “Your mom told you to stay away from me.”

Her mother had always been very attentive.

A few years ago, she had cautioned her daughter to stay away from Donald because, in her eyes, he was not a simple man.

“I’m already twenty years old, so I’m free to be in any relationship!” Ysabel stated happily.

“But Jennifer and I have divorced, so we better not stay in touch.” Donald hung up the phone on that note.

Soon enough, the phone rang again. “That’s good news to me! We can finally get

married.”

Donald grimaced. “I’m older than you by eight years.”

“And I prefer mature men.”

Donald went on, “But I don’t like you.”

“Destiny is determined by the heavens. How would you know if you don’t give it a try?”

Donald had a headache as he listened to her nonsense.

“Donald, really, I need to see you.” Ysabel sounded serious all of a sudden,

Pondering for a bit, Donald figured he had nothing important on, anyway. Hence, he agreed, “Fine. Where do we meet?”

“Erm... I’ll be seeing my classmates at Nocturne Karaoke Bar. Why don’t we go together?” Ysabel suggested.:

Donald went silent at that.

Out of the blue, Ysabel went on in a sweet voice, “Come on, Donald. Pretty please?”

Donald could not stand her voice any longer. He answered, “Okay, okay. I’ll be there in half an hour.”

Nocturne Karaoke Bar was owned by Mark, and it was one of Blade Alliance’s equity assets.

Before Noah made a comeback in Pollerton, Mark had worked for the Collins family.

Back then, he had withdrawn himself completely from Blade Alliance. Yet, he managed to reign over Blade Alliance again.

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 182

Chapter 182

Meanwhile, there was a commotion in the luxurious private room 888.

A group of youngsters was boozing in the room. Among them, there was a young man, Hector Zahn, who was twenty-two years old. He was tall, rich, and handsome.

All in all, he was the perfect man.

Jiggling his Ferrari car key, he was clad in an Armani suit with an oversized gold watch. He seemed to be bored to the core as he stared blankly at the big screen.

There were six of them in the room, three boys and three girls. Instead of singing, they were gazing at Hector in awe.

“Congratulations to your company, Hector! You’re going to be filthy rich,” a girl giggled as she said that.

That girl was Cassie Zogby, also in her twenties. She was wearing a mini skirt and a sleeveless shirt. Showing off her smooth pale skin, she looked pretty alluring.

With an indifferent expression, Hector merely shook his head. “It’s a family business, and my father’s running it. I don’t really get involved.”

Cassie rolled her eyes at Hector, but she seemed to have a thing for him. “There’s no need to be humble. My dad already told me that your family had just won a two billion bid!”

“What? For real?” another guy blurted out exaggeratingly in an envied tone.

“What kind of bidding could be that big? Is it a subway repairing project?”

“Don’t you ever forget about your friends, Hector. Let’s all get rich together!”

Hector’s classmates all threw him admiring gapes.

With a two-billion large-scale project, one could simply cut corners and easily earn thirty

to forty percent of profit, raking a few hundred million in revenue.

A glint of smirk flashed across Hector's eyes, but he still stayed calm as ever. "It's not that big of a deal. My father claimed that after the reclamation, there would be a dozen more projects. And that is what they call a big deal."

After a brief pause, Hector changed the topic. "Why isn't Ysabel here yet?"

Upon hearing that, Cassie became upset. "Isn't my presence alone enough? You two haven't seen each other for three years, and yet you still have feelings for her?"

Hector laughed and replied, "You're not her, Cassie. She's irreplaceable."

Cassie sneered, "But does she even like you?"

Hector responded, "Before she went to West Epea, she had told me that she would give me an answer once she's back. So, today, she'll let me know the answer."

She better gives me a satisfactory answer. If not, then don't blame me for being cruel.

As they spoke, the room's door was pushed open.

A tall, bald man entered the room.

It was Mark. As soon as he set foot in the room, all of them were terrified as they leaped up right away. They were all staring at Mark with a trace of fear on their faces, except for Hector. He sat in his seat, looking unfazed by the ruckus.

It's Mark, the leader of Blade Alliance! Why is he here in our room?

"Thank you for your care, Mr. Zahn. Here, this is for you." Mark handed over a bottle of wine labeled with a bunch of foreign wordings to Hector.

With a stern countenance, Hector took it and uttered, "This bottle of Grand Ennead Manor's limited edition red wine costs two hundred thousand. How generous of you."

As he spoke, he looked Mark in the eye.

Mark, in return, smiled faintly and explained, "For Torson International to win a bid from the hands of Lord Campbell, I'm truly amazed. It's my honor to gift you a mere two hundred thousand worth of red wine in exchange for a good impression."

Hector burst into laughter at that. "All right. I'll accept it."

"Okay, then. You guys enjoy yourself. This place is mine, so you can do anything you wish. If anybody gives you a problem, tell them my name." Mark, too, roared with laughter and left the room.

Torson International had just won a bid, and their stock prices skyrocketed straightaway,

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Those who were absent at the bidding event were presuming that Torson International must have had a close connection with Lord Campbell to win the bid, thus having high expectations of the former.

As Mark shut the room's door on his way out, Hector's phone rang. "Yes, Dad?"

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 183

Chapter 183

"I've reached an agreement with a third-party construction company. You should approach them and socialize with them." A stern voice came from the other end of the line.

Hearing that, Hector knitted his brows. "But I'm going to meet Ysabel now. Ask them to come to Nocturne Karaoke Bar, Room 888."

"Okay." The call ended abruptly.

It did not take long for Winston and Derrick to walk into the room.

Derrick was Donald's close cousin, but he joined Gideon and betrayed his own grandfather, Raymond.

"I'm Winston Campbell from Gideon Construction." Winston and Hector exchanged handshakes.

"Derrick Campbell," said Derrick as he removed his earphones.

With a smile, Hector asked, "Why are there only the two of you?"

"Middle-aged men aren't used to these occasions. It's enough for us young people to get to know each other better. I'll pick up the bill tonight," responded Winston.

Hector did not refuse.

Moments later, Winston inquired, "Are you waiting for someone, Mr. Zahn?"

"Yes, I'm waiting for a woman who's forty minutes late," answered Hector.

"A woman who can make you wait for forty minutes must not be an ordinary woman."

Winston sat down with a grin on his face and scanned around the room. Finally, his gaze fell upon the woman who wore a camisole and hot pants.

Naturally, Cassie felt his gaze, but she was not annoyed by it. Instead, she puffed out her chest.

"You're Cassie Zogby, right?" Winston queried politely.

"Yes. You are?" The woman looked at him, feeling puzzled.

Crossing his fingers, Winston explained, "Strictly speaking, we're in the same trade. Your father, Mr. Justin Zogby, is mainly doing overpass construction, and we've cooperated before."

Immediately, Cassie stood up politely and uttered, "It's a pleasure to meet you."

Derrick, who was sitting beside Winston, could not help but feel envious.

As expected of people from prominent families, they can already take it upon themselves at the age of twenty to socialize and entertain guests flawlessly. A commoner like me can never compare with them.

"Let me call Ysabel," suggested another girl.

Instantaneously, Hector glanced at the girl with satisfaction. "Okay, Joyce. Call her now."

Joyce Kramer was excited and swiftly picked up her phone to dial Ysabel's number.

"Hello, Ysabel. Hector has been waiting for you for more than forty minutes. Why haven't you arrived yet?" she questioned reproachfully.

Soon, a response came from the other end. "I'm so sorry. I'm waiting for my cousin in-law to pick me up. I'll be there in twenty minutes."

Cousin-in-law?

In an instant, Hector's gaze darkened. He was well aware of Ysabel's family background.

Her father died when she was young, and she was raised by her mother. Hence, the family had simple social relationships.

"Since when does she have a brother-in-law?" asked Hector in a cold voice.

"Hurry up. I'll hang up first," Joyce urged.

After twenty minutes, Ysabel finally pushed open the door of the private room and stepped in with Donald.

She was tall and slender with a height of one point seven five meters, just five centimeters shorter than Donald.

She looked energetic and attractive, exuding a youthful aura.

Her hair was tied up in a ponytail, and she did not put on any makeup. Even so, she looked a lot prettier than Cassie.

As soon as she entered the room, she smiled widely and seemed very happy, revealing her neat rows of pearly teeth. "I'm sorry that I'm late. All of you must have waited for a long time."

Subsequently, she pulled Donald, who was behind her, closer and linked arms with him.

"Let me introduce you. This is my cousin-in-law, Donald Campbell."

Hector did not stand up but fixated his eyes on her arm that was holding Donald's.

Cousin-in-law? Why do they look so intimate?

When Winston saw Donald, he was stunned for a moment and asked disdainfully, "Why are you here, Donald?"

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 184

Chapter 184

Upon hearing that, Donald remained unfazed. "Why can't I be here?"

Crossing his legs, Hector inquired indifferently, "Do you know each other?"

A smile crept onto Winston's face as he shook his head. "Mr. Zahn, you've misunderstood. I guess it's necessary for me to introduce who he is. His ex-wife is Jennifer Wilson, the CEO of Jennard Construction. However, she divorced him a month ago because he was just a security guard. Jennifer is the spokesperson for the main branch of the Wilson family in Pollerton. She has just founded Jennard Decor, so it's reasonable that Donald was driven out of the family. Ms. Zimmerman should be Jennifer's cousin," he explained.

The next moment, a hint of contempt flashed across Hector's eyes. "A security guard?"

What is a security guard doing here?

In response, Derrick nodded. "That's right. He's just a security guard. Back then, when his grandfather was ill, he couldn't even afford to pay the surgical fees of six hundred thousand. Otherwise, Jennifer wouldn't have divorced him."

"If you're a security guard, then know your place. You shouldn't be here," chimed in one of the men in the private room while lighting up his cigarette.

He was also Ysabel's classmate and was close to Hector.

Meanwhile, Cassie remarked sarcastically, "Ysabel, what's wrong with you? He's just a security guard. Why did you bring him here?"

On the contrary, Donald was unconcerned with their mockery since he had long outgrown the stage of showing off.

He would now do whatever he wanted, as long as he was happy with it.

If someone angered him, he would just get rid of them.

He had never been afraid of anyone anyway.

However, Ysabel could not stand it and retorted unhappily, "There's no need to be so rude. I haven't seen my cousin-in-law for three years, What's with that attitude of yours?"

All of a sudden, Hector had a bad feeling about it.

Hasn't seen her cousin-in-law for three years? Why did she emphasize this sentence?

She didn't even notify her mother when she returned to Pollerton but asked Donald to pick her up and bring him to this kind of event. It shows that she has a very close relationship with him, not to mention that he's divorced.

A lot of thoughts crossed his mind in a flash. He decided to stop wasting time and went straight to the point. Pointing at the door, he said to Donald, "Get out of here."

Donald shot Hector a glance, and the latter immediately felt as if he had fallen into an icy cellar when he saw the former's apathetic and hollow gaze.

Why is there no emotion in his eyes?

At the same time, Ysabel's expression turned grim. She pulled Donald's arm and was about to go out. "Donald, let's go."

After regaining his composure, Hector laughed self-deprecatingly.

He's just a security guard. What am I afraid of?

Finally, he stood up. "Ysabel, you stay here."

Nevertheless, Ysabel shook her head and responded, "No, I'm going home."

In fact, she was a little disappointed. Initially, she expected her classmates, whom she had not seen in three years, to be friendly when they finally reunited.

However, she realized that she was wrong.

They had all changed in the last three years, becoming avaricious and acting high and mighty.

After letting out a sigh, Winston piped up, "Donald, you're not qualified to be here. I admit that you have better luck with women than I do. However, a person's status is determined by their own strength. Relying on women isn't sufficient. Look around you."

The next moment, he pointed to the surroundings and continued, "This set of couches costs hundreds of thousands, and that fish tank costs about fifty thousand. Even a coffee table is worth around seventy thousand. Meanwhile, you can't even collect six hundred thousand"

Later, Derrick got up and said, "Donald, you'd better leave. We're here to talk about the land reclamation project. Torson International has won the bid with two billion. and we're the third-party contractor. Haven't you realized the difference in status between us?"

As he spoke, a look of arrogance showed on his face.

With a huge bid of two billion, they could earn at least one hundred million even if they were only a third party.

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 185

Chapter 185

If they could insource the auxiliary facilities at the later stage of the project, they could easily rake in more than one billion in revenue.

Hector was highly pleased with Winston and Derrick's statements.

Seeing how everyone jeered at Donald, Cassie did not want to be outdone by them.

"Please leave."

Since she could not oppress Ysabel, she decided to trample on Donald.

As long as Ysabel was unhappy, she would feel delighted.

"As a security guard, you probably don't understand what this means. Let me explain to you." Cassie looked at Ysabel and Donald arrogantly.

In actuality, she despised Ysabel.

The latter came from a scholarly family. Both her parents were university professors.

After her father passed away, her mother raised her up alone.

Ysabel did not let her parents down either and was the campus belle of Pollerton University. Cassie had always been suppressed by Ysabel. Even Hector was smitten with Ysabel.

However, it did not stop Cassie from looking down on Ysabel because her family was wealthier than Ysabel's.

Her father was the director of Pollerton Bridge Engineering Corporation, and her family had been in the bridge construction industry for generations. Even though her father was not a tycoon, her family was rather well off.

"I'll let you know how far apart we are!" Cassie continued, smiling. The lights beamed down on her, enhancing her beauty.

Her face was full of condescension that did not fit her age.

She added, "Last year, Torson Construction, which was owned by Hector's family, made a net profit of three hundred and twenty million. He even won a bid a few days ago. Do you know whose bid he won? You will be shocked when I reveal it. It's Horizon Group's! I don't think I need to say much about this company because its overseer is Lord Campbell! Do you know what winning Lord Campbell's bid means?"

It indicates that Torson Construction will have substantial growth in the future, and it's very likely that they might become one of the most prestigious families in Pollerton.

Everyone who rides on Lord Campbell's coattails will flourish and rise to the very top!"

Cassie felt at ease after hurling her remarks.

Once she finished speaking, she looked at Ysabel and Donald's reactions, hoping to see a little trepidation and fear on their faces.

However, she was disappointed.

Ysabel pursed her lips in disdain, while Donald was expressionless.

There was a trace of irony in the depths of his eyes.

I'm sorry, but the Lord Campbell you mention is standing in front of you right now.

However, you aren't qualified to know that.

Moments later, Ysabel piped up, "So what? Does it have anything to do with me?"

Donald, let's go."

Hector's expression darkened as he lowered his head. Then, he picked up the bottle of expensive red wine that Mark gave him and uttered casually, "What's the hurry? Come and try this bottle of red wine before you leave."

Subsequently, he opened the wine and poured it into a glass before handing it to Ysabel. "Give me your answer after finishing it."

In an instant, complicated feelings swirled in her eyes. After hesitating for a while, she took the red wine, mustered up her courage, and gulped it down.

Consequently, she choked and coughed several times.

The next moment, she pressed her lips to Donald's shoulder and rubbed them on his shirt casually. "Hector, my answer is still the same. I think we're incompatible. We can be friends but not lovers."

Having said that, she pulled Donald toward the door.

In the meantime, Hector was shaking the wine bottle in his hand. No one could see his expression because he had bowed his head.

However, Donald noticed the madness in his eyes.

"Stop right there." Finally, Hector raised his head and shot Ysabel a cold glare.

"It's been three years. I've waited for three years. I even waited for more than an hour just now, and you gave me such an answer: Ysabel, I'm not satisfied with your response, so I'll give you another chance to say it again!"

He finally showed his fangs.

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 186

Chapter 186

Hector was no longer polite and gracious.

He was, after all, a twenty-two-year-old young man, rash and impetuous.

Ysabel was also hot-tempered. "I already said that I don't like you. I won't fall in love with you even after a hundred years, let alone three years."

Hector was on the verge of losing his mind when he smiled and turned to Winston. "Mr. Campbell, I have some personal matters to deal with today. Let's meet again tomorrow."

Hearing that, Winston and the rest nodded and stood up. "Sure. Then I shall not take up any more of your time."

With that, he approached Donald and stared at him. "If you can read the atmosphere, then you should leave with me now. Don't anger Mr. Zahn."

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However, Hector stretched out his hand to stop him. "No, he can't leave. Please call Mark for me."

Shortly afterward, Winston, Derrick, and a few other classmates left. Cassie snorted coldly and glanced at Donald gloatingly before being dragged away by her classmates.

On the surface, Hector's family was virtuous and glorious, but they had actually done a lot of unlawful deeds in the shadows.

It was the unspoken rule of the industry, and all of them knew it.

In a short while, only Donald, Ysabel, and Hector remained in the private room.

Pointing at Donald, Hector questioned Ysabel, "Answer me. Do you like him?"

Immediately, her cheeks turned rosy in shyness. Tugging at the corner of her shirt, she protested weakly, "No. He's my cousin-in-law."

Even Donald was taken aback and gazed at her with furrowed brows. Why is she acting this way?

Hector's expression turned gloomy in a flash, and he made no attempt to hide his fury. "So, you're aware that he's your cousin-in-law. You b*tch!"

Later, he went into a state of paranoia as he guffawed and continued, "But it doesn't matter. Do you know how much the red wine you just drank is worth? It's produced by Grand Ennead Manor and is worth two hundred thousand. If you wish to leave, you would need to pay the money for the wine first."

Ysabel instantly widened her eyes in disbelief. "What? You're the one who opened the wine!"

"But I opened it for you, and you're the only one who drank it," replied Hector flatly. The woman's body was trembling with rage as she pointed at Hector. "You're so shameless!"

"Either pay me two hundred thousand or sleep with me here." Hector loosened his tie to make himself feel better. "I'm sure your mother will beat you to death if she finds out that you spent two hundred thousand on a bottle of wine. It's a year's worth of her salary."

"You're just being unreasonable! Let's go!" At that, she held Donald's hand and opened the door.

The next moment, she felt as if she was engulfed in darkness.

A tall, bald man blocked the door and was looking at her and Donald with a gloomy expression.

There was a lotus tattoo on his bare head, which looked hideous.

It was Mark from Blade Alliance.

"What a coincidence, Donald." Once Mark saw Donald, the smile on his face grew wider.

In response, Donald chuckled softly. "It's really a coincidence. Is this your territory?"

The bald man in front of him nodded. "That's right. Both Paragon Building and Nocturne Karaoke Bar are my territories. Aren't you surprised?"

At that moment, Hector queried, "Mr. White, do you know each other?"

"Of course." Mark beamed happily. "However, you don't have to worry because I have always wanted to kill him, but unfortunately, I never had the chance. Today, he's in my territory. Do you think he can get away alive?"

The moment Hector heard that, he burst out laughing. "Now, that's interesting."

Ysabel was so terrified that the color drained from her face. Hugging Donald's arms, she asked worriedly, "What should we do?")

Although Mark was nothing to the upper class, in the eyes of the youngsters, he was a notorious person well-known among the troublemakers in the school. Even Ysabel had heard of his name.

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 187

Chapter 187

Therefore, Ysabel was scared to the core as she regretted her actions.

If she knew that things would turn out that way, she would have avoided coming to this class reunion with Donald.

"You want to leave? Do you really think that you can leave this place unscathed today? I'll eat my hat if you can!" The smile on Mark's face slowly turned sinister, "Donald, where is your air of confidence?"

Before Donald came into Lana's life, the latter trusted Mark fully.

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However, things changed after that, and Lana started to distance herself from Mark, infuriating him.

The next moment, Mark reached out with his right hand, wanting to grab Donald's shoulder. He was planning to crush the latter's shoulder girdle.

Donald raised his gaze and glowered at Mark.

The former's gaze was frosty and as sharp as a sword. It was as though he was staring at a person whose death was imminent.

When Mark finally placed his hand on Donald's shoulder, he sensed that something was amiss because he noticed that the latter's shoulder was as hard as steel.

"You're a dead man to me," Donald announced expressionlessly.

Following that, he threw a punch on Mark's arm.

With a loud crack, Mark's right arm broke instantly.

Mark grimaced in pain, and a miserable wail came out of his mouth. He grabbed his injured arm, staring at Donald with undisguised horror.

It didn't take Mark long to understand what had happened,

It seemed that Donald had used all of the strength he could muster in that particular punch

*Send twenty people up here now! I want this idiot dead!" Mark screamed at the walkie-talkie,

Hector, on the hand, remained unfazed when he saw the scene before him and merely sat on the couch. Though Donald's punch did frighten him, he wasn't worried about it.

In his mind, this place was, after all, Mark's turf. Therefore, no matter how strong Donald was, it wouldn't help him much in escaping.

As expected, a little more than ten seconds later, a dozen men in suits barged into the private room and began to shoo away the customers menacingly with one-meter long machetes in their hands.

"Leave now, people!"

Finally, they all gathered at Room 888.

Mark, who was still experiencing excruciating pain, held his right arm with a pale face and said, "Donald, even if Lana is here today, she won't be able to save you."

Hector chuckled. "Ysabel, you see. Your cousin-in-law will be killed by these men soon. Do you want him to live?"

Horrified by the scene in front of her, Ysabel paled. When she heard Hector's question, she subconsciously nodded in response.

Hector patted the seat next to him nonchalantly and said, "If so, take off your clothes and come to me. I will ask Mr. White to let him live."

Mark chimed in, "If you're sincere, I'll let him go."

Ysabel's body jolted when she heard the men's request. Tears started to well in her eyes, and her mind went blank. A moment later, she walked toward Hector slowly.

However, Donald quickly grabbed her when he noticed what she was doing. "What are you thinking?"

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With tears still hanging on her eyelashes, she turned to look at Donald with confusion in her eyes.

It was then she noticed Donald had a faint smile on his face and was not terrified by what was happening at the moment.

“These men mean nothing to me.” Donald spoke indifferently. His tone showed the confidence he had in fighting against these men.

Both Mark and Hector’s expression changed drastically when they heard the statement. Mark had had enough of Donald. “I want everyone to attack him together! Kill the man, but spare the lady! Once Mr. Zahn has done having fun with her, I give her to you all as a reward,” he roared.

After hearing Mark’s order, those men made some weird noises and charged at Donald with machetes in their hands.

“Close your eyes. Do not open them until I tell you so.” Donald instructed and pulled Ysabel into his arms.

Her cheeks became rosy as she leaned against Donald’s chest. She felt peaceful all of a sudden.

Donald glared at the men in suits before him with cold and distant eyes. For him, those men before him were already dead.

After that, he picked up the toothpicks on the table and aimed them at the men in suits.

At this moment, those toothpicks became deadly weapons. As they flew toward the men, they even shone under the light, making them look like a dozen needles flying in the air.

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 188

Chapter 188

Soon, a loud noise that sounded like something tearing the air apart resonated in the room. Besides, cries of pain could also be heard.

The toothpicks went right through the men’s heads and stuck onto the marble wall, sending a cloud of dust everywhere.

In an instant, the men dropped to the ground lifelessly one after another. They had stopped breathing, and blood was oozing out of their foreheads.

Despite the small hole, their brains were entirely wrecked.

Both Mark and Hector were startled by the scene before them, and so was Ysabel when she took a peek.

What is this? How did he manage to kill a dozen of men with toothpicks? Only God would have such capability!

“You... You..” Mark, who was still holding his right arm, was spooked. He then pressed a button on the walkie-talkie and demanded, “Send everyone here now!”

Hector, on the other hand, surveyed Donald carefully for the first time.

“I’m eager to meet the person who can make me stay here today.” Donald spoke in a calm voice and patted Ysabel’s shoulder.

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She widened her eyes and stared at Donald attentively. A moment later, she exclaimed excitedly, "You're amazing, Donald! I'm impressed! I love you so much, Donald!"

Why does that sound so weird?

Donald looked at Ysabel speechlessly.

After hearing her declaration, Hector's expression turned surly as if Ysabel had cuckolded him.

When another thirty men appeared, the worries in Mark's heart dissipated. He announced, "You're on my turf today, and I'm Blade Alliance's leader. I have hundreds of men here with me. I dare you to leave this place."

With that, some of the men took out the rifles they had made themselves and pointed the guns at Donald.

Mark also retrieved a double-barrel shotgun and aimed it at Donald.

"I would like to find out if your toothpicks can fly faster than my bullets!" Mark's expression turned thunderous. Meanwhile, his right arm was shaking vigorously.

"I've decided to kill you too!" Hector roared.

"Wow. Blade Alliance is becoming more and more arrogant lately." Just then, a deep voice sounded. Tyson, who was in an electric wheelchair and covered in bandages, appeared in front of the crowd.

Single Blade War God, Tyson!

Mark froze for a second and pointed his gun at Tyson. "Why is Mount Sea Sect here? You're on Blade Alliance's turf right now!"

"I'm here to escort him out of this place." Tyson shifted his eyes toward Donald. His gaze was full of respect.

Though Mark had no clue about Donald and Tyson's relationship, he wasn't afraid of Mount Sea Sect and Tyson. Thus, he bellowed, "Mount Sea Sect doesn't have the ability to take away anyone on my turf!"

"Well, would you change your mind if I join them?" Behind Tyson, a middle-aged man in a suit walked forward. He was in his forties, and he had a great physique, indicating that he was a man who practice martial arts.

Zayne Yates!

Though the youngsters considered Mark a powerful leader, Zayne was the true boss of the underground world.

He was also Charles' loyal lackey and always dealt with Charles' illegal businesses. Mark was shocked to see Zayne here. His gaze then shifted toward Donald. Soon, he realized that the latter was wearing the same expressionless face, even though both Tyson and Zayne were standing in the same room. There was no hint of respect on Donald's blank face at all,

Mark instantly realized that Donald might have a higher status than the two.

Who are you exactly?" Hector sensed something was wrong too. He glared at Donald and demanded, "Which gang are you from? Tell us now!"

Torson Construction was a powerful company, but it was not the leader in the industry. It once followed the lead of Jim.

If Zayne decided to attack Torson Construction, Hector's father, Jason Zahn, would have no chance to defend the company at all. Besides, Tyson might involve himself in the attack as well.

"Mr. White, if you still insist on holding Mr. Campbell, would my appearance change

your mind?" Lucas appeared by the door. After entering the room, he got on his knees and bowed to Donald. "Mr. Campbell." Mark, Hector, and Ysabel froze on the spot. Lucas Albee! He is one of the most powerful men in the underground world! He's also the leader of Cosmopolitan Commerce Chambers. He used to be involved in the demolition business.

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 189

Chapter 189

Years. Tyson had retired and become a chef due to changes in circumstances. As for Lucas, he had completely shifted his attention to legal business related to renewable energy.

Regardless of how hard he tried to clear his name, he was still an infamous figure in Pollerton. Back then, he was the one who put in the most effort in chasing away the Parasite.

Although he was cuckolded by Yusof, an expert in Jeradus Karate, his power was undeniably strong.

When Hector saw Lucas, he immediately felt something was off.

What surprised him was that Lucas was kneeling in front of Donald to show all of his respect.

What is happening? Who am I? Where am I?

The scene he had just witnessed made him question his existence.

Meanwhile, Mark's face was as pale as a sheet.

He wouldn't be terrified if it was just Tyson or Lucas, but he couldn't take both of them at the same time.

The two of them could easily destroy Paragon Building and Nocturne Karaoke Bar.

"Is this enough?" asked Lucas lightly as he stood up and faced Mark.

Before Mark could speak, Hector took out his phone secretly and sent a text to Jason to ask for help.

At such a critical moment, only his father could save him.

It was because Jason was closing a deal with Kingsley from Horizon Group.

If Jason ever managed to ride on Kingsley's coattails, not even Charles himself would dare to offend him, let alone Zayne. As a result, Hector's confidence was boosted.

Glancing around, Mark became aware that they were completely surrounded.

Ysabel was still staring at Donald in admiration while holding onto his sleeve.

Ever since she was seventeen years old and he was twenty-four, she had fallen in love with him.

Since then, she would always trail behind him and become a third wheel.

One could say that Donald had not slept with Jennifer partly because of Ysabel's interruption.

"It's a law-governed society now, so you won't dare to hurt me, would you?" Mark asked, beads of sweat flowing down his forehead.

As soon as the words fell, everyone looked at Mark as if he was a fool.

Won't dare to hurt you? The one who's standing in front of you is Lord Campbell! Don't you know how he resolves matters? No matter who you are, what mistakes you made,

or what energy you have, he will come for you regardless!
“You won’t dare to do so. Am I right?” Mark emphasized again.
Suddenly, the roar of the engine and the sound of crutches hitting on the ground sounded. Charles, who had a suit and neatly combed hair, walked in.
“We won’t dare to do so?” Charles sneered.
Behind him was a group of bodyguards wearing shaded sunglasses.
They were people who swore their allegiance to him. Not only were they skilled in fighting, but they were also extremely loyal.
When Charles made his appearance, Mark began to shiver uncontrollably. No! I hope he’s not here to back Donald up!
However, what he saw next filled his gaze with fear, and a sense of terror surged through his body like waves.
That was because Charles walked up to Donald and knelt immediately. “Greetings, Mr. Campbell.”
“Please rise,” replied Donald.
Meanwhile, Hector quickly jumped to his feet, feeling as if his world had crumbled. He’s Charles Langford from Pollerton, and he’s kneeling to Donald? What is the identity of Donald?
Mark’s tall and burly body trembled like a baker’s sieve as he shuddered in fear, Except for Jim, who was deceased, four of the greatest fighters of Pollerton treated Donald with respect.
Which family is Donald from? Is he from a prominent family?
“Donald... No. I mean, Mr. Campbell... There’s no feud between us. Am I right? Mark felt his mouth turn dry all of a sudden.

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 190

Chapter 190

Donald raised his gaze and inquired, “Is there no feud? Would you stab me to death now if I didn’t have power?”
Gulping in fear, Mark could feel that his heart was racing. “I-I am close friends with Joshua..” he uttered, trying to pressure Donald into letting him go.
“I defeated Four-Faced Angel” sneered Donald.
Once again, Mark’s body jolted as if he had been struck by lightning. Shock was written all over his face as he widened his eyes in terror.
That night, Rupert ordered Four-Faced Angel to finish off Tyson. It was in a small restaurant, and Mark would never forget that incident for the rest of his life.
The undefeated fighter of Divine Rune Society, Lotus King, was Mark’s elder brother. He was killed after his skull was smashed by Golden Lord.
Besides, Four-Faced Angel from Golden Triangle was slain instantly by a single hit from Golden Lord.
In the end, only Mark and Kevin made it to Pollerton, where they were rescued by a passing fishing boat.
“You’re Golden Lord! You really are Golden Lord!” Mark exclaimed.
The world didn’t know that Golden Lord was Donald, but the name was even more

frightening in the underground world.

He's invincible! He had fought almost the whole world, and even Tyson, the North Prince, was heavily injured after receiving a blow from Golden Lord.

At that moment, Mark realized he had survived that night because of Kevin.

Kevin was Jennifer's brother, so Donald didn't want to kill him. Thus, Mark was also spared.

"I killed Jim, Jay, and Shima. I also destroyed Fortune Bar." Donald began to list out who he had defeated.

He then looked down, caressing his wrist that had a bite mark on it. Jennifer was the one who bit him.

You.. Mark was so terrified that he found it hard to breathe.

He was certain that Donald would not spare his life again now that he had learned about his secret identity.

Thud!

Mark kneeled immediately. "Mr. Campbell, please spare my life. It's all my fault! I'm genuinely sorry. I hope you can forgive me."

At that moment, stark despair, regret, and utter helplessness inundated him.

When Donald stated he was no match for him in Supreme Nona Hotel, Mark finally realized that Donald's statement was true.

"Tyson, get him later," ordered Donald.

"Yes, Mr. Campbell," answered Tyson as he bowed.

After that, Donald glanced at Hector.

His gaze sent shivers down Hector's spine, and he didn't dare to look Donald in the eyes.

"When I was your age, I was still contemplating how to survive. However, you're here bullying people," said Donald flatly.

Hector looked up, his face turning pale. "No, I'm not."

"No? You impregnated a girl in university three years ago, and your father forced her to jump from a building. Don't you remember that?" Donald scorned.

"Four years ago, you brought your friends to barge into a lady's dorm and sexually assaulted four of the students there. Later, you bribed them to suppress the matter. Do you remember that? Five years ago, you drove recklessly without a license and caused the death of the twin sisters. You even threatened their family to settle the dispute. Have you forgotten all of that?" he continued.

As he went over Hector's misdeeds one by one, each of the stories caused Hector to shiver even more.

Eventually, Hector shouted, "You don't have the right to do anything to me anyway. My father knows Azure Wyvern, Kingsley Felton! My uncle is also friends with Johnny and Joshua, the Green siblings!"

As soon as he said that, a dead silence fell on the room, seemingly as if Hector had gained control over the situation.

*As expected, they are scared of Lord Campbell!" Hector muttered to himself. After composing himself, he continued arrogantly, "My father has recently won the bid for the approval of the land reclamation project, and he is currently discussing relevant issues with Wyvern King, who represents Lord Campbell. One could say that Lord Campbell is on my side!"

