

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 251

Chapter 251 How Much Time Do I Have

With an indifferent expression, Donald asked, "Have you asked Kingsley for his agreement as you're saying this?"

Gideon was momentarily stunned. "Mr. Tyrone's words are like a royal decree. Why would I need to get Kingsley's agreement? Even Horizon Group would not dare to offend the Campbell clan, right?"

"What do you think?" Donald lowered his gaze, looking calm as usual.

Gideon pondered for a while and laughed out loud. "Are you joking? This is the Campbell clan we're talking about."

Lana scoffed, "As long as Kingsley agrees, we have no objections."

Gideon cast the group a cold glance. "Just you wait. No one can stop Mr. Tyrone from getting what he wants. I promise you."

However, Donald had lost all interest in arguing with him. Thus, he walked into the venue and looked for a seat.

As Gideon watched him leave, his eyes glinted coldly.

After that, Kingsley, who was dressed in a suit, entered the place. His expressionless face was matched with a pair of narrow eyes and thin lips, making him look extra ruthless.

He walked straight to a table and sat down.

One of the Campbell family members wanted to go over to greet him, but Kingsley merely eyed him coldly and said, "Get lost."

Immediately, everyone at that table fled, leaving Kingsley alone.

Many people were starting to look forward to how things were going to unfold. One party consisted of Tyrone, the Ninth Prince of the Campbell clan, while the other consisted of the Four Greatest Divine Generals that were under Lord Campbell's command. The crowd wondered if an interesting fight would break out that day.

At nine o'clock sharp, footsteps could be heard approaching the door.

Immediately after that, twenty bodyguards dressed in suits, wearing gold-rimmed glasses and wireless earpieces, flooded into the place.

Each one of them had an aura akin to a beast, and their eyes glinted with hostility. Clearly, they were not ordinary people.

They were the shadow guards who protected Tyrone.

Those glasses were the infrared evaluation glasses produced by the S9-Grade laboratory.

Wearing the glasses, the twenty shadow guards scanned the surroundings and finally fixed their eyes on Kingsley in unison.

His power level was one hundred and eighty thousand.

At that moment, the shadow guards were utterly stunned.

The world's best combat champion from last year only had a power level of ten thousand, which was already an existence ordinary people admired as that person could beat up dozens of people.

However, Kingsley's power level was at one hundred and eighty thousand.

Then again, no one could confirm if that was the maximum value of Kingsley's powers.

After all, no one knew if he had a trump card or not.

“Watch out, Mr. Tyrone. There’s a young man with a power level of one hundred and eighty thousand sitting in the hall,” someone reported immediately, wanting to eliminate the danger.

After that, someone handed Tyrone a picture of Kingsley.

Xylus, who was sitting in a Maybach 62S, handed the phone to Tyrone after receiving the image.

“He’s Wyvern King, Kingsley Felton,” said Tyrone. “There’s no danger. Don’t worry.”

With that, he coughed several times and wiped the corner of his mouth with a scarf.

Closing his eyes, he asked, “How much time do I have left?”

Xylus hesitated for a moment and remained silent.

“Answer me,” Tyrone said softly in an emotionless tone.

“Two years,” Xylus answered.

Tyrone opened his eyes weakly and nodded. “Okay.”

“There will be a way,” Xylus promised. “We’re working hard to look for a solution. Once we find matching blood and organs, we’ll get the operation done right away. Besides, we’ve got news from the genes laboratory. They said they might have matching goods. I’ll get in touch with them tonight.”

Tyrone opened the door. “Let’s go.”

As they went upstairs, the entire hall was blanketed in silence. The crowd was patiently waiting for Tyrone’s arrival and had even adjusted the sounds of their breathing to the lowest volume possible.

In the next second, everyone felt as though their vision darkened, for Tyrone had appeared at the entrance.

Everyone except Donald and Kingsley fixated their gaze on Tyrone. They wanted to see how great a character from a wealthy family with a five-hundred-year history would be.

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 252

Chapter 252 The Five Enterprises

Though he had ordinary looks, he had an incredible aura that exuded elegance.

At that moment, everyone at the scene got to their feet instinctively and bowed toward Tyrone. “Mr. Tyrone!”

Everyone had risen to their feet, all except four people – Donald, Kingsley, Reina, and Charles. Even Lana was beginning to stand.

Tyrone waved his hand and stepped into the hall. “Please. Sit down.”

His words were really like a royal decree, which made everyone sit down in unison.

The main seat was placed in the middle of the hall. It was covered with a layer of silk, which was very soft and ergonomically designed.

After Tyrone had taken his seat, Xylus stood behind him, his gaze subconsciously landing on Kingsley. For some reason, his palms felt clammy.

What does it mean to have a power level of one hundred and eighty thousand?

The shadow guards’ power level was around ten thousand, while the men Tyrone had personally trained for over ten years had power levels of only seventy to eighty thousand.

With a power level of one hundred and eighty thousand, a punch possibly carried the impact of several tons. A normal person’s punch was about 50 kilograms. Hence,

Kingsley's strength was two hundred times more powerful than an ordinary person's. Not just his strength, even his speed, body durability, and reaction speed were not the same as ordinary people.

If Xylus knew about Donald's power level, which exceeded a million, his mind would be blown.

Following that, Tyrone looked at Kingsley and nodded in acknowledgment. "Wyvern King, I've heard a lot about you. Now that I see you in person, you're truly incredible."

Kingsley's eyes had a frosty gaze. "Thank you for the compliment."

Tyrone nodded and shifted his gaze to the crowd. "Everyone here is an influential person in Pollerton. I'm really glad all of you could make it today."

Right then, many people started bootlicking Tyrone.

The first person who spoke was the author of the chapter related to Donald in *The Abandoned Children Of The Campbell Clan*, Jack. "Ninth Prince, you're too kind. I have great admiration for you. Hence, I've specially written a book to praise your guidance in my life."

With that, he presented a published book that had an exquisite cover.

Tyrone accepted it and casually flipped through a few pages, chuckling. "You're an interesting person. *The Abandoned Children Of The Campbell Clan* is really a well-written book."

Upon hearing that, Jack was overjoyed. "That's all thanks to your guidance that was like a bright beacon, giving me overflowing inspiration. Besides, I have something to tell you. Donald of *The Abandoned Children Of The Campbell Clan* is here today, too!"

Immediately, he pointed at Donald.

Tyrone followed the direction of Jack's finger and met Donald's gaze.

Xylus narrowed his eyes and examined Donald while adjusting his evaluation glasses.

When he saw Donald had a power level of one thousand, which was the same as an ordinary person, he relaxed, thinking Donald was no threat.

Tyrone merely glanced at Donald and ignored the latter after that. "He's just an outcast. Since he's already here, then let it be."

His tone did not waver the slightest bit. Instead, it was filled with arrogance and a holier-than-thou attitude.

Despite that, Donald was not bothered by it. He remained in his seat, turned on his tablet, and started checking the news.

The next day was the day when Lilith would enter the laboratory. However, everything seemed too peculiar at that moment.

It did not make sense that Noah still had not appeared at such a critical moment.

Suddenly, Xylus stepped out from behind Tyrone and said slowly, "We only have one motive for gathering everyone here today. I heard five enterprises had secured the bid for the land reclamation project. May I ask all the people in charge of these enterprises to stand?"

Reina, Lana, and Charles stood up.

Charles' bid originally belonged to Stardew International. When it was retrieved from Kingsley, he gave it to the former.

That night, Jason and Jennifer were absent.

"Only three enterprises attended today?" Xylus frowned.

"Yes. Only three came today," Gideon piped up.

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 253

Chapter 253 A Bad Dog

Xylus then said, "We've discussed it and have come up with a suggestion, that is the Campbell clan will purchase all your bids at a price ten percent higher than the market price. That means all five enterprises can earn hundreds of millions without even doing anything."

The crowd was shocked by what they heard.

Could the Campbell clan be so generous? They're purchasing the bidding documents at a price ten percent higher than the market price? That can't be it. Based on the Campbell clan's capabilities, if they used their power to suppress the five enterprises, the latter wouldn't dare to disagree, right? They don't even need to use a single cent. Tyrone chimed in, "After getting the project, I'll be fully responsible for it. I promise to ensure steady construction progress and good project quality."

Though he looked as though he was speaking to the crowd, he was actually speaking to Kingsley.

Tyrone made himself very clear. He was trying to buy the project from the successful bidders; it was not by force. In other words, he implied it had nothing to do with Kingsley. After all, all construction projects were allowed to be outsourced.

Surprisingly, Kingsley remained silent and watched the entire exchange with a cold gaze.

"I don't agree. I'm not selling." Reina turned down the offer instantly and sat back down. Tyrone was stunned. Before he could speak, Gideon bellowed, "Nonsense! Who do you think you are? How dare you argue with Mr. Tyrone? Believe it or not, I'll get someone to deal with you tonight!"

Gideon was livid because it was their best opportunity for their family branch to rise up. Besides, if Gideon were to offend Tyrone and made him unhappy, he would be in trouble as well.

Donald's gaze turned cold in an instant. "How insolent! Do that again and I'll give you a slap."

Gideon was taken aback. He then returned to his senses and berated, "Who do you think you are, Donald? You're just an outcast from the Campbell clan."

"Who do I think I am? Well, come here and I'll tell you." Donald gestured for Gideon to approach with his finger. At the same time, he had a cruel smile on his face.

Gideon scoffed. Though he did not know what Donald was up to, he was confident with Tyrone around. Thus, he walked over to Donald boldly. "Okay. Tell me."

As soon as he finished his words, Donald suddenly raised his right arm and pressed it on Gideon's shoulder. In the next moment, Gideon's entire right arm, including his shoulder, was crushed.

Gideon let out a deafening scream. "Ah!"

"If this happens again, I'll kill you right away." Donald remained seated in his chair like an unmovable mountain.

Tyrone narrowed his eyes and reexamined Donald.

In the meantime, the crowd was shocked to the core.

"What the heck? Donald destroyed Gideon's arm right in front of Ninth Prince!"

"How bold of him!"

“Mr. Tyrone is still here. Where on earth did Donald get his courage from?”
Meanwhile, Xylus used the evaluation glasses to look at Donald again. The numbers had a steady fluctuation from the original number of one thousand. Even so, it never exceeded one thousand and five hundred. That information made Xylus relieved. Donald was unfazed even though he was under the crowd’s stare. Tyrone coughed and said suddenly, “How merciless.”
The moment he spoke, everyone shut their mouths and fell silent.
“But did you ask me for my permission before attacking one of my men in front of me?” Tyrone lowered his head and used the silk handkerchief to wipe the corner of his mouth carefully, no longer looking at Donald.
Immediately, all twenty of the shadow guards surrounded Donald. Gideon did not dare to wail anymore, and his face paled. He knew Tyrone was mad. “A dog that simply bites someone isn’t a good dog,” Donald said mercilessly, not bothering to glance at the twenty shadow guards.
The shadow guards were not as powerful as Azure Wyvern’s army, not to mention Griffin’s army, which was under Donald’s jurisdiction.
Tyrone folded his silk handkerchief gently, not letting other people see the bloodstain on it. Then, he handed it to the person behind him and stood up. “Interesting. Back then, you slapped your grandfather. And now, it looks like I’ve got to return that favor to you. Then again, your status is too low. It’ll look like I think highly of you if I were to do it myself. You! Do it!”

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 254

Chapter 254 Donald Slaps His Uncle
Tyrone pointed at Michael, for he knew the latter was Donald’s biological uncle. It was an incredibly ruthless move.
If Donald dared to counterattack, he would be labeled as an ingrate.
If he did not dare to attack, Tyrone would gain the upper hand that day.
Michael nodded right away and agreed, “Got it, Ninth Prince!”
A shadow guard smirked while pulling out something that looked like a flute, pointing it at Donald’s temple. “You’d better stay still. Otherwise, your head is going to explode like a watermelon that had fallen from the tenth floor.”
Michael walked slowly and arrived in front of Donald. With an indifferent expression, he stared at the latter and raised his right hand.
Everyone stared in the duo’s direction, wanting to see Donald’s reaction.
Will he counterattack?
If Donald did not counterattack, his spine would be broken, and he would not be able to stand in the future.
If he did, then his reputation would be ruined terribly.
After all, that man was his uncle. No matter what he did, Michael was still Donald’s biological uncle, his father’s biological brother, that was born to the same mother.
Tyrone was expressionless as he fiddled with a clean and white silk handkerchief.
Michael took a deep breath and sent a slap toward Donald’s face.
A terrifying aura instantly surrounded Kingsley, and a red notification appeared on everyone’s evaluation glasses. That was because his aura had exceeded one hundred

eighty thousand and was still rising.

To their surprise, he calmed down immediately.

When Donald saw the hand approaching his face, he raised his right hand and grabbed Michael's, holding it in the air.

Rupert and the others narrowed their eyes while Michael's expression changed.

He felt as if Donald's arm was as strong as a steel hook, and he could not break free.

He shouted, "Donald, what are you trying to do? Mr. Tyrone told me to slap you to solve the conflict. You'd better not be an ingrate. Besides, I'm your uncle. It's only reasonable that I hit you for your own good. Let go!"

Michael shouted all that at the top of his lungs, frowning deeply. He could not bring himself to admit defeat.

Donald raised his eyes and looked at Michael with an icy, apathetic gaze.

"Uncle?" Donald's voice was frosty.

"For my own good? Who do you think you are?" he yelled, throwing a slap onto Michael's face, causing the latter to twirl around three times.

Everyone was stunned.

Jack was the first to holler, "Donald, you are indeed an outcast. You're such a horrible person. How dare you hit your biological uncle?"

"You're really outrageous, Donald. He's your biological uncle, you know?" Gideon scolded.

He then exclaimed, "Look, everyone. Donald is so inhumane. He actually dared to hit his own uncle!"

Tyrone's face lit up with interest, and he watched the scene with amusement while keeping silent.

Akio chuckled. "If everyone from Yorksland is just like Donald, then this country is done for. There's absolutely no integrity left."

Michael was dumbfounded by the attack. His cheeks swelled, and he glared at Donald with widened eyes. "You're mad. Have you forgotten that I'm your uncle?"

Smack!

Just as Michael ended his words, Donald slapped the former again without hesitation.

Then, Donald got to his feet and walked over to Michael, suddenly grabbing hold of the latter's neck and lifting him into the air. "I would've killed you if I didn't have to worry about Grandpa having to send his own child off."

His tone was icy cold, making it sound as though killing Michael was as easy as squashing an ant.

Michael started to have difficulty breathing, and he hit the back of Donald's hand repeatedly.

"Let him go," ordered a shadow guard coldly. His tube-like weapon was aimed at Donald's temple again.

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 255

Chapter 255 Chop His Head Off

Donald loosened his grip, letting Michael slump to the ground.

Following that, Donald turned around and glared at the shadow guard with a fierce gaze. "You can go to hell now."

The shadow guard was stunned; he did not understand what Donald meant. However, realization dawned on him a second later when his pupils constricted. He was the first in line to experience how scary Donald was. His military instructor was an expert fighter who had a power level of two hundred thousand and was also known as one of the top ten experts in the Campbell clan. Even so, his instructor did not have such a horrifying aura as Donald's. Casting his opponent a glance, Donald stretched out his right arm and pressed it on the opponent's chest in what seemed to be a gentle move.

Boom!

The shadow guard crashed to the ground, and a large hole had formed at his back from the explosion.

The onlookers were at a loss.

Is Donald that scary? Since when did he have such terrifying powers?

Tyrone lowered his head and looked at the shadow guard blankly. Suddenly, he laughed like a maniac. "You made his pulse beads explode?"

Everyone understood the situation all of a sudden. It was not that Donald was powerful. Rather, Donald had caused the pulse bead on the shadow guard to explode.

Michael's son, who was also Donald's cousin, Derrick, ran over to help Michael out.

Pointing directly at Donald's nose, he fumed, "You've caused some huge trouble!"

"That's right. I've got to write a separate book about today's events. It'll be issued all over the country to show everyone Donald's violent acts." Jack, too, pointed at Donald, trying his best to perform well in hopes of Tyrone would look at him again.

The remaining nineteen shadow guards surrounded Donald again. Their gazes were filled with hostility.

Once they received Tyrone's orders, they would blow Donald to bits.

"Donald, my father is your biological uncle. How could you attack him so ruthlessly? Are you still human?" Derrick raged. "You're making an enemy out of the entire Campbell family. Even worse, the entire Campbell clan."

Smack!

Donald caught Derrick and pressed him on the table, giving him a series of ten slaps in one go. The latter's face swelled terribly by the time the attack ended. "Cut out the nonsense."

Derrick was so stunned that he lost the ability to move. His face was swollen, looking completely distorted.

Meanwhile, Jack pulled out his phone and started taking pictures while saying, "Look. Such great material. Your acts today will be recorded in detail. So, go ahead and continue being arrogant. Feel free to make an enemy out of the Campbell clan."

Suddenly, Donald turned around, pulled out a hairpin that was shaped like a needle from Reina's hair, and threw it out.

Swoosh!

Donald created a hole in Jack's forehead.

The latter collapsed to the ground on his back, with blood oozing out of his wound.

"Making an enemy out of the entire Campbell family? Out of the Campbell clan?"

Donald sounded as though he was muttering to himself. "Well, I'm not afraid."

It was his first time revealing his incredible powers and confidence in the public's eyes. Many among the crowd were thunderstruck by his words, especially Rupert, Akio, and

the others who were observing Donald.

Similarly, it was their first time sensing something unusual about Donald.

Finally, an icy gaze filled Tyrone's eyes, and he slowly stretched out his right arm.

"Donald, you're really bold, eh? Not only did you beat up one of my men, but you also killed him in front of me. It's my first time seeing such an arrogant person with no influential background."

Donald glanced at Tyrone in an unbothered manner. "Well, you've seen one today. And I'm sorry to tell you that your objective of coming to Pollerton will go down the drain. You're not getting the land reclamation project."

Tyrone scoffed, "How naive! I'm definitely getting the land reclamation project. No one can stop me, not even the gods."

After that, he put down his right arm and ordered, "Kill him. Chop off his head and hang it on Pollerton Estates. Show it to the people for three days."

Right then, nineteen shadow guards charged toward Donald. At the same time, a dagger appeared in their hands, and they all aimed at Donald's throat.

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 256

Chapter 256 Murderous Intent

Surrounded by nineteen shadow guards attempting to take him down, Donald merely sat at his spot without moving an inch.

All of a sudden, someone moved.

Everyone present heard a howl. Following that, they witnessed Kingsley, who had been sitting in a corner all the while, looking like a dragon that had been released from its cage.

In the next second, he morphed into a spark of green lightning. He rushed forward, moving so quickly that one would only see a blurry figure as he moved from his original spot. He arrived in front of Donald, and an Azure Wyvern sword appeared in Kingsley's hands. He then swiped the sword horizontally in a complete circular motion.

"Whoa! That's a power level of two hundred and forty thousand!" The value displayed on the evaluation glasses which Xylus was wearing climbed ceaselessly. In a heartbeat, the value increased from one hundred and eighty thousand to two hundred and forty thousand.

Following Kingsley's horizontal slash using the Azure Wyvern sword, nineteen decapitated heads flew straight into the air, then plunged to the ground.

Everyone, including Tyrone, was stunned.

Kingsley was the leader of the Horizon Group and one of the Four Greatest Divine Generals serving under Lord Campbell. Everyone wondered the reason why Kingsley would want to rescue Donald.

Furthermore, the ones who were decapitated were shadow guards of the Campbell clan. They were one of the most formidable forces under the Campbell clan. Yet, twenty of them had been slain in a single day.

The remaining people questioned whether Kingsley had always been so draconian with his methods.

"General Felton, what are you doing? These are the shadow guards of the Campbell clan!" Xylus bellowed.

Kingsley had instantly wiped out nineteen shadow guards. His murderous intent lingered in the air, and no one dared approach him.

With a cold glint in his narrow eyes, he licked the fresh blood off his sword and drawled, "Are you taking over the land reclamation project? And no one is going to be able to stop you, not even god? Who gave you the right to say that? And how dare you interfere in Lord Campbell's project? Who do you think you are, Tyrone? Some bigshots?"

Kingsley spewed question after question, following which Tyrone marched toward him. Realization dawned upon the onlookers. The reason why Kingsley made his move had nothing to do with Donald, but rather it was because Tyrone's words were mocking Lord Campbell.

As for Kingsley, all that he did was to protect Lord Campbell's honor.

Truth be told, Xylus felt a sense of foreboding the moment Tyrone said that there was no way to stop him from acquiring the project.

Xylus had heard rumors that Kingsley had the propensity to be unforgiving when it came to matters surrounding Lord Campbell. Kingsley would not allow Lord Campbell to be smeared, regardless of who it was that did so.

Back when the Prince of Ibica joked that he wanted to challenge Donald to a duel, he was instantly banished to his palace by Kingsley.

Everyone had heard of that story.

Tyrone himself knew that his words were disrespectful to Lord Campbell. However, he was not about to back down.

Who am I? I am the Ninth Prince of the eleven princes of the Campbell clan!

Tyrone was fully aware that the Horizon Group was mighty, yet he still viewed them with contempt.

On top of it all, the people present were influential figures of Pollerton. Tyrone was convinced that his reputation would be affected if he were to admit defeat. Admitting defeat now would not benefit me at all!

"Kingsley! Who do you think you are?" Tyrone turned cold as well. "You've killed twenty guards of the Campbell clan. You must pay for that with your life!"

"Is that so?" Kingsley sniggered coldly while he stepped toward Tyrone.

Xylus yelled, "Halt!"

He struck a pose on his spot, and his aura surged continuously. Anyone with a pair of evaluation glasses then would be able to tell that Xylus' power level had escalated to one hundred thousand within a split second.

Not only was Xylus a master in geomancy, but he was also an expert in martial arts.

Nonetheless, Kingsley was not perturbed and launched his fist at Xylus at once.

Xylus put up both his arms to block the attack.

However, he flew backward from the force, landing on a chair. He coughed out a mouthful of blood, and a grim expression appeared on his face.

As expected of one of the leaders of Horizon Group. There's tons of force behind his punch!

Tyrone remained calm without looking back.

That was the amount of confidence he possessed as a member of a prominent family.

Tyrone coughed a couple of times, then used a handkerchief to wipe the corner of his mouth. "Is Lord Campbell aware of everything you're doing right now? Lord Campbell

may be strong, but his base is in foreign lands. You're creating a fearsome enemy for Lord Campbell. I'll stand right here. Let's see if you dare take me out or not."

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 257

Chapter 257 A Good Hard Slap

Kingsley marched forward and stood before Tyrone, meeting the latter's gaze. "Without definite instructions from Lord Campbell, I won't take your life. But..."

Smack!

Before he finished his sentence, Kingsley clasped his hands around Tyrone's neck and then pulled him in closer and slapped him across the face.

Holy moly!

Goodness gracious!

Oh my god!

In the big hall, hundreds of individuals froze on their spot, stunned as if they had been struck by lightning. They were shocked beyond belief.

Is Kingsley crazy? That's Tyrone! Yet, Kingsley just gave him a good hard slap right in front of everyone when he's but a leader of the Horizon Group!

Tyrone was astonished himself. His face turned pale as he stared at Kingsley blankly, and his face eventually became contorted in anger.

With that one slap, the mysterious facade of his that came from being a member of a prestigious family with centuries of history was shattered instantly, and his superior image was ruined.

He feared that no one would ever treat him with respect ever again.

"Kingsley! You must be crazy!" Tyrone roared.

"Let go of Mr. Tyrone!" a youth belonging to Gideon's faction called out.

However, the moment the words left his mouth, he screamed as Kingsley's Azure Wyvern sword flew toward him and pierced through his chest. He was pushed back by the enormous force and pinned to the wall by the blade. Blood dribbled down slowly on the wall.

"Anybody else has anything to say?" Kingsley murmured.

Everyone else stayed silent out of fear that Kingsley would take their lives next.

At this moment, everyone knew that Kingsley was a mad dog.

"Not even Luke would dare steal Lord Campbell's land reclamation project. So who are you to do so?" Kingsley spat, his voice cold. He then gave Tyrone another slap. "I heard that you like hitting people in the face. I'll let you have a taste of your own medicine today!"

Tyrone was infuriated. His eyes dimmed gradually, and the murderous intent within his heart expanded to the extremes.

Then, Kingsley let Tyrone go. "I won't take your life. The question is, do you dare take mine?"

Kingsley then pointed at his temples. "Come, shoot me right here. Do away with my life."

Tyrone stared at Kingsley fixedly. A gun soon appeared in Tyrone's hand, and he aimed it at Kingsley's skull.

Some of the onlookers were clamoring for Tyrone to open fire in their hearts.

Kill him! Pull the trigger!

Many of them were looking forward to Tyrone putting a bullet in Kingsley, and they knew that Tyrone had the guts and capability to do so. After all, Tyrone was the Ninth Prince of the Campbell clan, and he was one of the third-generation generals as well.

However, Tyrone knew what would happen if he opened fire.

He would incur the wrath of Horizon Group and Lord Campbell.

Everybody knew the consequences would be dire if one offended Lord Campbell.

Amongst the Campbell clan, there was an individual with god-like strength who was so old that he was akin to a living fossil. He once analyzed Lord Campbell's power and

eventually declared, "I've never met the young man called Lord Campbell before.

However, if we do engage in a fight, I'm not sure that I would be able to win. His strength is terrifying, and I'd advise everyone to avoid getting on his bad side at all costs."

"Go on, shoot." Kingsley smiled.

Tyrone set his gun down gradually and threw it on the ground. "Horizon Group wins."

Whether it was Rupert, Akio, or others from the Gideon faction, everyone present was dumbstruck, gaping at Tyrone and Kingsley.

Tyrone actually admitted defeat! What does this mean? This must mean that Tyrone dreads Horizon Group, or to be more accurate, he's afraid of Lord Campbell! Exactly how formidable Lord Campbell is for the Ninth Prince of a five-hundred-year-old family to fear him!

Tyrone fished out his handkerchief once again. He covered his nose, then coughed a couple of times. His face was unusually pale as he said, "General Felton, I will be officially informing Lord Campbell of your every action today in a black-and-white."

Kingsley merely leered at Tyrone coldly. What an idiot!

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 258

Chapter 258 Hidden Laboratory

Donald was standing right in front of him.

Tyrone queried, "Will you get in my way if I obtain the permit for the land reclamation project from other firms?"

His eyes had narrowed into slits dangerously.

As long as Kingsley did not object, Tyrone would keep Kingsley, even if it meant making an enemy of the Horizon Group!

"I don't mind, but first, you'd have to find someone who's willing to give up such a major project to you," Kingsley replied indifferently.

Tyrone nodded. "All right, then. Will you be joining us for a meal?"

He acted as though nothing had happened earlier. It was almost like Kingsley had not just slapped him.

Kingsley merely cast him a quick glance before getting up to leave.

The crowd parted for him.

Tyrone then turned to Donald. "You gave me a surprise, and it wasn't a pleasant one."

"I know, but I don't mind," Donald replied expressionlessly.

"You seem to have an ace up your sleeve. Well, it matters not. I'll be sure to find out everything by today." Tyrone placed his silk handkerchief in his pocket before

continuing, "After that, I'll have some free time to deal with you."

"I'm looking forward to it." Donald nodded in acknowledgment.

Tyrone stared at Donald for some time before eventually leaving.

The ceremony had been a catastrophic failure, so he had no intention of staying any longer.

No matter what, he would not leave Pollerton empty-handed, and he vowed to get the project, marry Jennifer, or find a compatible heart and bone marrow transplant.

The crowd slowly dispersed after the commotion died down.

Reina walked over to Donald's side and massaged his temples. She asked gently, "You must be tired, right?"

Donald replied, "I'm fine. Also, please keep your distance from me. It's dangerous."

Reina walked before Donald and squatted down, surreptitiously revealing her cleavage.

"I'm not scared. As long as you're here, I have nothing to be afraid of."

Donald patted her on the head. "Silly girl."

Reina placed her head on Donald's lap and mumbled, "I had nothing from the start. If it weren't for you, who knows what state I'd be in now?"

Donald sighed. "Don't think about it too much."

Reina nodded.

"Now you're making me jealous," Lana whined.

Donald turned to face her, and she quickly slid toward him and leaned against him. "I'm not afraid, either."

Reina was petite and adorable, while Lana was full of mature charm. The latter was literally exuding pheromones from her body, and Donald caught a faint scent coming from her.

"I'm much better than Jennifer. I don't have to take care of my brother, and my parents aren't greedy and materialistic people. In terms of looks, I'm not inferior to her in any way. She's no match for me in terms of skills either! Would you like to try me out?" Lana bit her lip.

Charles, who had been watching uncomfortably from the side, quickly left the room and even closed the door behind him.

Donald remained silent.

"Come on, say something. You may tease me if you want," Lana whispered by Donald's ear, gently blowing air into it.

"There are several corpses here. Do you really think this is the time and place?" Donald inquired.

"That doesn't matter." Lana did not seem to mind.

Suddenly, Donald's phone rang. It was Lilith. "Lord Campbell, there's an update on the situation."

"Wait for me outside the substation," Donald instructed.

After that, he sped toward the substation in his car. The substation was just a cover, as there was a S7-Grade laboratory underneath it!

It was a specialized military research laboratory where the Rising Dragon Project was to be executed.

The Rising Dragon Project required twenty-eight satellites to be launched from four different locations. If equipped with tactical weapons such as intercontinental missiles, it

could become the world's most advanced precision-strike system. It had no blind spots around the globe and a precision of thirty centimeters.

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 259

Chapter 259 Cosmic Bank

Once the project was complete, it would become a fearsome military weapon. Even though measures had been taken to keep this a secret, some intelligence was still leaked. There were now several people eyeing the project in Pollerton.

In a heavy-duty truck outside the substation, Lilith was calibrating all sorts of data using a plethora of advanced equipment.

Donald scanned the surroundings and noticed many people spying on them.

He put on his mask, got off the vehicle, and stood outside the substation.

Since the location had already been exposed, the next best thing he could do was deter them through intimidation.

A foreigner saw Donald standing at the substation through his binoculars and exclaimed, "Oh my god! Look who's there! It's the Golden Lord!"

"D*mn it! The Chiliad Avion hired the Golden Lord to protect the S7-Grade laboratory!"

"This is bad!"

Many of the spies left silently, and some spies from a few small countries gave up on this operation as well. It's not worth offending Golden Lord for this!

Golden Lord's reputation was well-known even overseas. He was known as a maniac who would hunt you down if you offended him, even if you returned to your home country.

Not even the government could protect you then.

"We managed to get something out of that young man. He's affiliated with Papillon.

According to his statement, Papillon will send a team of ten men to Pollerton. The one in charge is likely the man ranked nineteenth in the International Ranking of Assassins, Shaun Freedman!"

Shaun Freedman?

Donald's eyes narrowed. Shaun was from Yorksland and was a part of the Freedman clan. He joined Papillon twenty years prior, and his power level was over three hundred thousand back then. It was even higher than the Wyvern King, Kingsley!

Twenty years had passed since then. Surely he would be even more powerful now.

"In addition, there has been movement on Noah's side. It's likely that he's used the ultimate weapon that was leaked from the S8-Grade laboratory," Lilith concluded grimly.

It was almost certain that Noah was colluding with one of the S9-Grade laboratories.

The S9-Grade laboratory in question should be focusing on genetic engineering and top-end weaponry.

Every S9-Grade laboratory was in charge of more than ten S8-Grade laboratories, dozens of S7-Grade laboratories, and even more S6-Grade laboratories. Lilith was understandably stressed about this situation.

"It's all right; I'm here. Just enter the laboratory as per normal tomorrow," Donald assured her.

Lilith sighed. "I know. I need to use the laboratory for three days. I'll be counting on you!"

Donald nodded. Ryan approached him after this and discussed the details of the plans for the following day with him.

Shortly after, there was news from Kingsley and Bradley that Cosmic Bank was extremely suspicious. It was likely that the S6-Grade laboratory was hidden right underneath the main building of the bank, Cosmic Plaza.

Donald garnered relevant information regarding Cosmic Bank. The bank used to be a financial organization specializing in illegal money lending. It was infamous in Pollerton for the way it forcibly collected debts. After that, there was a period where they stepped up legal measures. Cosmic Bank then set up legal banking services and became a proper bank. It mainly dealt in loans and operated in the form of hundreds of online platforms.

“It won’t be easy getting into Cosmic Plaza. The first through third stories are for the general public and are mainly occupied by debt collectors. The man in charge of them is Lloyd Leo. He has an inflated ego, and he even denied Zayne entry,” Kingsley explained.

Donald instructed, “Let’s not alert the enemy. I’ll make a trip there personally.”

At the same time, Jennifer arrived at Cosmic Plaza.

She was there for only one reason—she needed a loan.

A woman dressed to the nines was talking to Jennifer.

“It’s been a while, Jennifer! I can’t believe that you’re a CEO now. What a surprise!” The woman chuckled.

If Donald was present, he would recognize her immediately.

She was Felicia Hunt, and she used to be Jennifer’s close friend.

Jennifer smiled. “I was just lucky.”

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 260

Chapter 260 Meeting Felicia

“Is it true that you had a divorce with Donald?” Felicia enquired.

Jennifer sighed. “Yes, that was a month ago.”

Felicia nodded. “That’s great. You’re such a prize catch. Donald isn’t worthy of you anyway. If my brother wasn’t already engaged, I’d like to introduce you to him!”

“Your brother?” Jennifer was puzzled.

Felicia smiled. “That’s right. He went to study in Yartran with me. My mother arranged a marriage for him. Come to think of it, you know his fiancée too. Her name is Reina.”

“Huh?” Jennifer was taken aback.

I didn’t know Reina had a boyfriend. She acts so intimately with Donald all the time.

“Reina was seeking capital to start a business back then. My mom gave her ten million as start-up capital,” Felicia explained.

Felicia’s mother is Ms. Dolezal!

Jennifer could only laugh bitterly. “That sounds complicated.”

Felicia changed the topic. “Let’s get back to talking business. Our family is acquainted with Mr. Leo, so you’ll get a reasonable interest rate. The only problem is that Mr. Leo has some weird hobbies. Just bear with it and you’ll be fine.”

Jennifer frowned and felt that something was amiss.

Just as she was about to ask about it, Felicia’s phone rang. She picked it up. “Hello?”

Mr. Leo? Yes, we're downstairs. All right; we're on our way."

She then hung up and turned to Jennifer. "Mr. Leo is waiting for us at the seventh story. Let's head upstairs."

Jennifer followed Felicia to the elevator.

Through the transparent walls of the elevator, Jennifer saw that the first through sixth stories were full of tattooed men wearing sunglasses. They were sitting in small groups, and some of them were on the phone.

Jennifer shuddered. "These people are..."

These people were clearly not employees of a normal bank.

Felicia chuckled. "That's where Mr. Leo is resourceful. These men are all debt collectors. Mr. Leo has monopolized debt collecting in the entire Pollerton! Some of these men were ex-convicts, and some are local gangsters."

Jennifer simply stared at them while they stared back at her.

There was a strange look in their eyes.

Soon, Jennifer and Felicia arrived at the seventh story. They entered a lavishly decorated office of over two hundred square feet. There were all sorts of decorative stones and famous paintings in the office.

"Mr. Leo loves collecting ores. He'd buy them as unrefined ores and see if there are valuable gems inside," Felicia explained.

A secretary came over, poured the two of them a cup of coffee each, and stood at the side.

After that, there was a sound of footsteps approaching them.

Lloyd entered the room.

He was a man in his forties. Although it was still early autumn, he was dressed in a mink coat and had a cigar in his hand. There was a gold ring on every single one of his ten fingers. He looked like a tycoon.

This man was the biggest debt collector and the most troublesome gangster in Pollerton.

People like him were the most troublesome to deal with. Even Zayne was unwilling to build ties with him.

Lloyd's eyes lit up when he saw Jennifer. "Good day to you, Ms. Wilson. I've heard the rumors about you, and you're as beautiful as they say."

Jennifer smiled awkwardly. "You flatter me, Mr. Leo."

Felicia stepped forward and greeted him, "It's been a while, Mr. Leo."

Lloyd cast Felicia a peculiar look and placed an arm around her waist. "Let me give you a hug, Felicia. Time really flies; you're all grown up now."

Lloyd's hands were all over Felicia's chest.

To Jennifer's surprise, Felicia did not show any sign of resistance and even started giggling.

Jennifer frowned. Something's wrong here.

"Let's cut to the chase then. Jennifer here needs a loan of a hundred million," Felicia explained.

Lloyd replied, "A hundred million is no small sum! I need at least half a year to earn this much."