

# The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 3

## Chapter 3

Half an hour later, Donald's doorbell rang. Soon, an immaculately dressed elderly man walked into the house with a cane in his hand. He wore a tuxedo, and his hair was neatly combed. Upon seeing Donald, the man got down on one knee and declared, "Lord Campbell, I'm your loyal butler, Charlie Langford. From now on, I will be taking care of your daily needs while you are in Pollerton." He was very agitated, as it was the first time he met Donald in person. "You are the richest man in Pollerton, Charles Langford?" inquired Donald as he lowered his head to look at the elderly man. Charles' nickname was Charlie, but not many people knew about it. "Yes, Lord Campbell. From now on, you will be in charge of all my wealth and power," Charles replied respectfully. If Pollerton's upper class saw this scene, they would be utterly dumbstruck. After all, being the richest man in Pollerton, Charles owned half of Pollerton's wealth. Yet, he treated a young man with such respectfulness. "Who's your superior?" Donald asked. "It's Mr. Tristan Lane. He has been in West Epea for over a year now." *Tristan Lane. I see, so it's that brat.* As that thought crossed his mind, Donald replied, "Got it. Give me six hundred thousand now." Charles was startled. *Does Lord Campbell only need six hundred thousand?* However, he only paused for a moment before handing Donald a black card. "Lord Campbell, there is fifty billion in this card." He then handed Donald a gold card. "There is a hundred billion in this one." Donald casually took one of the cards and asked, "Which doctor in Pollerton is more skilled in craniotomy?" Without any hesitation, Charles replied, "Of course, it will have to be Dr. Hannah Nixon from Nouveau Hospital. She's a genius doctor. Though she's only twenty-eight years old, she's highly skilled in craniotomy, coronary artery bypass, and organ transplant surgeries!" *I heard that Nouveau hospital is not open to the public, and they only treat the rich and powerful. The hospital fees are also exorbitant. The consultation fee will be at least five million. Additionally, Hannah Nixon is a proud woman. She has never appeared in another hospital in Pollerton.* "Tell her to come to Pollerton General Hospital tomorrow at nine o'clock in the morning and prepare for my grandpa's surgery. This is his whole body check-up report. Give this to her and tell her to prepare everything well tonight," Donald ordered. *If Grandpa is not in the ICU and thus cannot be moved, I will have already transferred him to Nouveau Hospital.* Charles bowed and replied, "Yes, Mr. Campbell." After Charles left, Donald sighed. *I guess my mission will be coming soon now that I have activated the first level of Polaris System.* At eight o'clock in the morning on the following day, Donald arrived at Pollerton General Hospital and went to the ICU on the ninth floor. He immediately noticed Jennifer standing beside the window with a bulging men's backpack beside her feet. She wore a fitted, long black dress that showed off her elegant neck and slim waist. It could be seen that she had put on a layer of light, delicate makeup. Coupled with her fair skin, she looked gentle and sweet. When she saw Donald, her eyes lit up, and she strode toward him. "Darling, here's six hundred thousand." Donald glanced at the black bag and the light

makeup on her face. *She rarely puts on makeup, and we don't own this bag. It's clear that she went to meet someone this morning and borrowed six hundred thousand.* "You met Harrison?" Donald asked. Jennifer's heart skipped a beat when she saw his emotionless face, but she still nodded and replied, "Yes, I borrowed six hundred thousand. I know Grandpa's surgery is an emergency, so I..." "So you put on makeup before going to see him?" Donald interrupted with a sarcastic smile on his face. She froze for a moment before explaining, "I was afraid he won't lend me the money, so—" "So you showed off your charm? You spent a long time putting on this makeup. Am I right? Previously, you rarely put on makeup, and even if you do, you never spend more than ten minutes." Donald walked toward her and stared at her flawless face. She looked as if she had walked out of a painting. "Darling, Grandpa's surgery is crucial," Jennifer had an unnatural look on her face. "Did he promise you that you don't need to return the money? Instead, did he invite you to go to the movies, eat dinner, and shop tonight? And you accepted his offer?" Donald questioned calmly. She fell silent because he hit the bullseye. In a flash, he grabbed the bag and threw it out of the window. "I don't need this!" The bills flew out from the bag and was scattered everywhere. Jennifer was stunned, but she soon shrieked, "Donald, are you crazy? That's 600 thousand! We need it to save Grandpa!" Staring into her eyes, he declared, "Remember, I don't need a smart or capable wife. I only have one condition. She can't be a loose woman!" *Can't be a loose woman? He's calling me that!* Immediately, tears rolled down her cheeks, and she crouched down helplessly. "How am I a loose woman? We have known each other for so many years. How am I a loose woman?" He then turned to leave, and he did not even spare a glance at the bills fluttering in the wind. However, some people were overjoyed to pick up the money. "Get ready to start surgery at nine o'clock in the morning for the patient on Bed 18," Donald ordered a nurse, who was at the nurses' station. Although the surgeon had changed, Donald still wanted Hagron Lyon, the original surgeon, to assist so that the chances of success could be higher. The head nurse, Selena Tiffson, walked over. "Please pay all the fees." "I've paid it already," Donald said, handing her a receipt. She paused for a moment before informing Donald apologetically, "I'm sorry, but the attending physician, Dr. Lyon, is sick. He suddenly fainted just now. I'm afraid today's surgery..." Donald narrowed his eyes. *Did he faint out of the blue? I don't believe this. Someone must have purposely done something to stop Dr. Lyon from coming. If Grandpa dies, I will vent my anger on Jennifer first. Thus, it's obvious who's behind this scheme.* "Continue with the preparations. The surgery will start on time," Donald commanded with a knowing glint in his eye. *First, this head nurse told me to pay all the medical fees, and when she realized I had paid everything, she told me the attending physician was sick. How interesting.* "But we don't have a surgeon who could be the lead surgeon now." Instantly, Donald's gaze turned cold as his face became emotionless. If Selena spoke another word, he would not hesitate to lash out and throttle her. "Okay. I'll inform my superior about this and arrange for another surgeon to come," Selena replied in a trembling voice before dashing off. When it was twenty minutes to nine o'clock in the morning, a pot-bellied doctor finally came. "Hi, I am Dr. Kendall. Because Dr. Lyon is sick, I will be taking over the surgery. However, I need to inform you that I specialize in cardiothoracic surgeries. I don't specialize in neurology and

oncology. Thus, if something goes wrong during the surgery, you can't ask us to bear the responsibility. If you agree, please sign here." Donald took the form and shredded it to pieces. "You can go now. Someone else will be doing the surgery." "No other doctor in Pollerton except for Dr. Lyon is confident in doing the surgery," Liam Kendall sneered. Before Donald could reply, someone suddenly yelled, "Oh, my gosh! Is that Dr. Nixon? Doesn't she work at Nouveau Hospital?" Immediately, there was a commotion. Jennifer's attention was also drawn away. A young woman with a height of one point seven five meters strode over. She was dressed in a figure-hugging dress that showed off her long, fair legs and curvaceous figure. Her hair was casually draped on her shoulders, and she had a pair of bright eyes. However, she had a cold expression on her face, displaying an unapproachable demeanor. Looks of excitement appeared on many of the nurses' faces, as Hannah was famous in the medical field. She had published fifty papers in international journals and was a professor at Pliston University. She had even performed major surgery on a member of Spauria's royal family. Everyone wondered why she would be at the general hospital that day. "I will be doing the surgery! Bring me to the changing room," she declared coolly, ignoring everyone's gazes.