

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 31

Chapter 31

“Very well. You can have the house and everything else. I’ll send a representative to go with you and file the necessary papers,” Donald said coldly.

Jennifer bit her lip. “Okay.”

“I used to think that you loved me, but now, it seems I read too much into your feelings for me. How could someone who truly loved me bring up the subject of divorce so lightly?” As Donald spoke, he turned to gaze at Jennifer.

She felt a chill run down her spine when she saw his eyes.

Why does he look like that? There’s no trace of emotion in his eyes. His gaze is stone-cold and indifferent

“I wish you all the best for the future,” Donald uttered before slowly walking away.

Now that I’ve received a mission from Chiliad Avion, my life will no longer be peaceful. It’ll be a life full of dangers and murderous intent. I don’t want to drag Jennifer into such a situation and get her involved in that complicated world. I want her to lead a quiet and peaceful life. Since she asked for a divorce, it’s probably best for me to agree to it.

Jennifer stood rooted to the spot as she stared at Donald, looking as though she had been struck by lightning. Her heart ached, and she wanted to say something. Yet, she did not know what to say.

Donald cast one last long look at Jennifer, then turned and strode toward the door.

Jennifer watched him walk away resolutely without even the slightest hint of reluctance.

Then, she slumped to the floor, feeling as though every ounce of her energy had drained from her body. She gazed in the direction Donald had left and wailed, “Why didn’t you try to talk me out of it? You said that I don’t love you, but I think you don’t love me either!”

“Ah, he’s gone at last,” Linda declared with a gleeful smile. However, a troubled expression quickly replaced her smile.

Now that Harrison is dead, how should I find another spendthrift person?

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door.

Jennifer’s heart skipped a beat as she wondered whether Donald had returned.

She hurried to the door and flung it wide open, only to see a lady dressed in a white, vintage-inspired dress.

The only thought that popped into her mind was that the lady looked like a fairy.

She looked like she had just stepped out of her painting with her white dress, fair skin, long hair cascading down her shoulders, and exquisite features.

Despite the blood trickling down his face, Kevin could not help staring at the lady in stunned silence for a long time, seemingly forgetting all about his excruciating pain.

The lady was breathtakingly beautiful and possessed an otherworldly air.

For someone to wear a dress like hers, that person either had to be very brave or very beautiful.

And the lady fell in the latter category. Judging from her appearance, she seemed to be around twenty-two or twenty-three years old.

After composing herself, Jennifer asked, “May I know who you’re looking for?”

The lady spoke calmly and coolly, “Ms. Wilson, my name is Yuna Bynes. I’ll be

representing Mr. Campbell in the subsequent process of applying for a divorce.”

When Jennifer heard that, her tears began to flow again.

Linda squeezed into the doorway next to Jennifer and said excitedly, “That’s great! Excellent! Let’s get it over with immediately.”

“City Hall is still open at this time. I’ll wait for you there, Ms. Wilson.” With that, Yuna turned and left without

Jennifer heaved a long sigh and lowered her head. “Are you satisfied now, Mom?”

“Of course! It’s a pity we didn’t manage to get our hands on Harrison, but no matter.

With your looks, you should have tons of suitors. And I’m sure they’ll be way better than Donald,” Linda responded.

Jennifer merely looked up at Linda without saying a word, then walked out despondently.

As she left, Kevin stumbled over to the door and realized that Yuna was gone.

“Where’s the beautiful lady?”

Meanwhile, Donald was in low spirits after leaving the house. He went to the rooftop of a building and stood there, gazing down at the cityscape.

He did not notice that Yuna had come to stand behind him until she called out, “Donald.”

“Go ahead. Get it done,” Donald replied without turning around.

Yuna never seemed to smile in front of others. Yet, when she was with Donald, she would beam happily. “All right. Before I headed down the mountain, our mentor told me something.”

“What was it?” Donald turned toward her, puzzled.

“She said she didn’t get to make you hers, so she told me to do so instead.” Yuna batted her eyelashes at him playfully.

“Well, you can tell her to stop bothering me,” said Donald.

Yuna smiled. “I’ll be going then. Are we going to continue protecting Ms. Wilson?”

“Yes.”

“Got it.” As Yuna walked away, the expression on her face became cold and distant again.

Donald let out a sigh.

While he was still feeling downcast, his phone rang. It was Hannah. “Meet me at the lakeside restaurant at five o’clock.”

“Okay,” Donald responded.

Hannah hung up without saying anything else.

Donald pushed off on the balls of his feet, jumping down from the thirty-third floor onto the balcony of an uninhabited residence. Then, he walked away calmly.

If anyone had happened to catch that scene, their eyes would have popped out of their heads.

After all, it was more than a hundred-meter drop from the thirty-third floor.

When he arrived at the lakeside restaurant ten minutes before five o’clock, Yuna sent him a message informing him that she had done as he instructed.

Donald stood in front of the entrance to the restaurant as a sense of emptiness descended upon him.

A mix of emotions bubbled inside him. It felt like reluctance and also relief at the same time.

Suddenly, he heard a cold voice behind him. "My, my. You're quite punctual."
Turning around, he saw that it was Hannah

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Hannah was in her usual blue and white gown that showcased her exquisite figure and highlighted her assets. A pair of black high heels accentuating her long and slender legs that were white as snow rounded off the entire outfit.

She seemed to have a penchant for wearing gowns, for she was still wearing one even when it was early autumn.

"Aren't you cold?" Donald inquired.

Without even sparing him a single look, Hannah strode right into the lakeside restaurant. "Not really."

Such was her character, and she wasn't all that vivacious compared to Donald.

"You seem to be in a bad mood." Only after they had entered the restaurant did she finally turn her gaze on Donald.

Donald's expression was calm and unruffled, his emotions indiscernible from his countenance. "Not really."

He used the exact same line in response.

Subsequently, neither of them said anything.

They randomly found a booth and ordered a few dishes. Donald opened a bottle of red wine and filled Hannah's glass. "Anyway, thank you very much."

If it weren't for her superb medical skills, Grandpa would've probably departed this life by

now.

However, Hannah shook her head. "It was my responsibility as a doctor."

Pausing for a brief moment, she looked at him and asked, "It was you who obliterated Pollerton General Hospital and Pollerton Pharma?"

Considering her line of work, she had more channels of acquiring information than the average person. Besides, Ryan was her brother. Therefore, she had long since caught wind of that.

“Yes.” Donald nodded in affirmation.

Despite having known ages ago that it was his doing, Hannah was still a touch surprised.

She was one of the few who were aware of his identity.

Donald had the ability to have direct contact with Chiliad Avion, and that could only be done by less than ten people within the country.

“What are you planning to do next?” Hannah queried.

Donald was startled by her question. “Huh?”

What does she mean by that?

Hannah took a sip of red wine. Her cheeks turned slightly flushed, yet her speech remained clear and eloquent. “You annihilated Pollerton Pharma and cleaned out Pollerton General Hospital in five minutes, so those market shares are vacant right now. This is an enormous piece of the pie, and many conglomerates are eyeing it.”

I was still rather lost. “Has that got anything to do with me?”

In response, Hannah nodded and explained, “There are already conglomerates that entered Pollerton in hopes of snagging that piece of Pollerton Pharma’s pie.”

Nonetheless, Donald merely shook his head. “I won’t interfere as long as they don’t provoke me. After all, it has nothing to do with me.”

“It does have something to do with you,” Hannah asserted.

At that, Donald stared right at her. “How is that so?”

Hannah took a piece of steak, looking very much alluring with her rosy lips parted a fraction. “Your wife, Jennifer Wilson. There aren’t many with the family name of Wilson in Pollerton. Your wife’s family is a branch of the Wilson family in Tayhaven.

The Wilson family in Tayhaven split into eight branches a century ago. They’re dubbed the Eight Branches of the Wilson family. Your wife’s family is the eighth branch.”

Then, she continued, “A steady stream of outstanding figures from the Wilson family in Tayhaven is presently entering Pollerton to bag that piece of the pie. It’s initially no big

deal and has nothing to do with you, but the current head of the Wilson family in Tayhaven has always wanted to reunite and expand the family. He tried everything he could to gather the Eight Branches of the Wilson family together. He did a genealogy record of the family and discovered the Wilson family in Pollerton,

taking a direct interest in your wife, Jennifer. The Wilson family in Tayhaven wants her to return with the eighth branch and promises to give her sufficient funds and connections. However, they have a stipulation-she has to dominate the pharmaceutical industry.”

Donald fell into deep contemplation.,

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Chapter 33

Indeed, Donald knew of the Wilson family in Tayhaven. It was a powerful organization mainly engaged in real estate development and sales, with many industries under it, including film and television, cosmetics research and development, and pharmaceutical research and development.

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“In other words, your wife will be a CEO from now on, and her net worth will skyrocket by five to six hundred million overnight. If she dominates the pharmaceutical industry in Pollerton, her net worth will reach two billion within three years,” Hannah explained.

“Go on.” Donald crossed his arms.

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“The patriarch of the Wilson family, Old Mr. Wilson, is currently on his deathbed and may pass away anytime. His only wish before dying is to reunite the family and accept the eighth branch of the Wilson family back into the fold. However, there is much resistance. His wife is an influential figure in the Wilson family, and she’s exceedingly snobbish. Therefore, it’s not easy to return to the Wilson family in Tayhaven. Hence, your wife currently has a golden opportunity while under tremendous pressure as well,” Hannah continued.

Then, she cast a curious glance at him. “Of course, all that isn’t a problem with a single word from you. Once you speak, the Wilson family in Tayhaven will undoubtedly come running over to pledge their allegiance.”

Donald lowered his head and chuckled bitterly. “Jennifer and I... are divorced.”

Upon hearing that, Hannah was stunned. She dipped her head as a flash of something flittered across her eyes.

“Oh yes, how do you know all that?” Donald questioned.

His intelligence network was vast, but he hadn’t received that piece of news yet.

“I went to treat Old Mr. Wilson. He has a congenital heart defect and a space occupying lung lesion, so his days are numbered. I can’t do anything about it either,” Hannah replied placidly.

Donald went silent

“Well? Would you consider lending your ex-wife a hand?” Hannah had already changed

the way she addressed Jennifer.

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Donald kept mum for a long while before he finally murmured, "We shall see."

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Out of the blue, Hannah's interest was seemingly piqued. "Do you still love her?"

Ignoring the question, Donald raised his wine glass. "Cheers."

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They both clinked glasses lightly. Perhaps it was the alcohol, but the shade of red on Hannah's face deepened. She also became more talkative, and the look in her eyes as she gazed at Donald was tender.

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Someone like him was a hero in her heart.

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If it weren't for his contribution during the Holy War a few years back, we wouldn't be enjoying such a peaceful life now.

"Hey, Hanny, didn't you say you had several surgeries tonight? Why are you here?" No sooner had affection started sprouting deep within her than a voice drifted over and interrupted her thoughts.

Instantly disgruntled, Hannah snagged a piece of tissue once more and wiped her mouth solemnly. "A fly is here, so let's go."

Donald couldn't resist glancing at the approaching man.

It was a tall and slender young man in a white shirt and long pants, with a perfect figure and handsome countenance. Right then, he was regarding Hannah in astonishment.

A woman was also standing beside Hannah.

Donald was all too familiar with that woman.

It was none other than Jennifer.

The two of them locked gazes before they both averted their eyes.

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Chapter 34

Hannah glimpsed a glimmer of sorrow flashing across Jennifer's eyes. The latter was also red-rimmed as though having wept earlier.

Conversely, Donald's face was devoid of expression.

"Let's go." Hannah took Donald's right arm.

When Jennifer saw that, her expression stiffened, and she shivered slightly. In the next moment, however, she reverted to normal.

"Don't go, Hanny. I've just arrived, yet you're leaving. T-That's.." The man was so frantic that he stammered.

"Is there any relationship between us, Quintus?" Hannah snapped.

The moment Quintus Wilson saw that she was holding Donald's arm, his eyes blazed with fury. "So, he's your man?"

"Yes, he's my man!" Hannah lifted her head.

Jennifer's expression darkened at the sight of Hannah holding onto Donald's arm. She bit her lip but said nothing in the end.

We've just gotten divorced, but you're already so eager to date her?
At that thought, her eyes turned red, and grief swamped her.
Quintus' eyes narrowed as he stared at Donald's arm, where Hannah was hugging.
"Where did this scum come from?"
"Repeat that if you dare." Donald remained expressionless.
At once, a shiver ran down Hannah's spine as she sensed the man's wrath.
Oh, shoot! Who else can stop Lord Campbell when he goes off the deep end other than a few people from Chiliad Avion?
"Ah, what an arrogant man!" Quintus didn't panic in the least. Instead, he stared intently at Donald before flashing Jennifer a smile. "Jennifer, watch how I'm going to crush him."

Jennifer's heart went cold when she heard that.
The members of the Wilson family in Tayhaven had just sought her out and chatted with her in detail. As such, she vaguely understood their terrifying might. They were a behemoth rooted in Tayhaven. If Donald gets into a conflict with him, Donald will undoubtedly end up on the losing end!
"He... is my ex-husband," Jennifer admitted softly.
As soon as she said that, a strange smile promptly manifested on Quintus' face. "You're dead, punk. Nigel will definitely kill you!"
Donald inexorably glanced at Jennifer.
Meanwhile, Quintus smirked and continued, "You probably have no idea who Nigel Wilson is, huh? He's the son of the Tayhaven King and the future head of the Wilson family in Tayhaven. People dub him Prince Nigel! He has just arrived in Pollerton today. Astounded by Jennifer's beauty at first sight, he decided to take her as his wife. Do you think you have the right to remain alive?"
Nigel Wilson? I don't know of any such person. Even if his father sees me, he has to address me as Lord Campbell, much less the man himself!
Donald sneered, not at all worried.
"Nigel Wilson is no easy prey." As Hannah spoke beside Donald, her brows furrowed.
"Got it. Let's go!" Donald got to his feet and headed out of the restaurant.
Alas, Quintus stepped right into his path and eyed him expressionlessly. "Who allowed you to leave?"
Not only was he pursuing Hannah ardently, but Jennifer was also Donald's ex-wife, so he detested the man with a passion.
It was a piece of cake for the Wilson family to cripple someone.
All of a sudden, a burst of light sparked in Donald's eyes. He abruptly snapped his head up and stared straight at Quintus. The look in his eyes resembled that of a prehistoric beast rousing and choosing a target to devour.
Quintus was a person who had seen much of the world, but a shudder still went through him at the man's gaze. The intense aura radiating off Donald, especially, struck terror in him.
"Is the Wilson family in Tayhaven declaring war on me?" Donald slowly walked toward him. With every step he took, his aura intensified. In the end, Quintus seemingly had an illusion that the man seemed to be a God of War who descended from heaven, looking down at him as though he were an ant.
Who exactly is he?

Great alarm filled him, and he gave a roar as he suddenly bent his elbow and aimed it at Donald's temple.

It was pure kickboxing, and it was even Eight Limbs Kickboxing at that. Few people knew it, and it couldn't possibly have leaked to the Wilson family.

Quintus was exceedingly ruthless in his strikes. If an ordinary person were struck, that person might very well lose his life in the worst scenario. Its devastation was immeasurable, for every single joint in the body became a lethal weapon.

As Donald fixated his eyes on the man's elbow, the rage within him imploded. He punched him squarely in the chest. No one could ever hope to describe the force of that blow.

Crack!

The sound of something shattering rang out. On the heels of that, Quintus flew backward from the punch.

Snorting, Donald eyed the man sprawled on the ground with blood trickling out the corner of his mouth.

Fragments of shattered metal fell from his chest.

A breastplate! That aside, it was manufactured via nanotechnology. It's as thin as a cicada's wings and can stop bullets. Such technology is still rare in the country, so it's really a mystery that he has it!

A thoughtful light entered Donald's eyes.

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Chapter 35

With the Parasite's impending return to Pollerton, the Wilson family in Tayhaven entering the city to devour the huge slice of the pharmaceutical industry pie, and Lilith completing some military research projects, the whole of Pollerton grew increasingly unsettled.

Quintus gaped at the shattered breastplate, his emotions a chaotic mess as utter shock inundated him.

That breastplate wasn't to be underestimated, for it could withstand strikes from heavy machinery and sniper rifles amounting to a ton of forces

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Right then, however, Donald shattered it in a single blow.

If he weren't wearing the breastplate earlier, he had no doubt that his entire chest would have been sunken in by Donald's punch.

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Who exactly is he?

"Do you still want to continue?" Stalking over, Donald picked up a fragment of metal. He pinched it lightly with two fingers, upon which the fragment cracked once more.

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At that sight, Quintus was scared out of his wits.

What kind of strength does he have?

“The Wilson family is indeed something else for you to know about Eight Limbs Kickboxing.” Donald dipped his head and looked at the man.

Quintus was again shocked.

That was indeed Eight Limbs Kickboxing, but kickboxing was all-encompassing and had many different genres. Therefore, someone who could discern that it was Eight Limbs Kickboxing at a single glance was all the more impressive.

What kind of background does he have precisely?

“Who exactly are you?” Quintus asked with a cough.

Donald merely threw him a look without bothering to answer him.

Hah! He wants to know my identity when he’s just an insignificant figure?

Subsequently, he turned his gaze to Jennifer.

Jennifer wore a complicated expression on her face. After contemplating for a moment, she went over to Donald. “Donald, I’ve got money and can reduce your burden now.

Can we return to how we were in the past? We no longer need to fight because of a few million and have pointless arguments.”

She grew increasingly emotional as she spoke. Finally, she took his hand and gazed at him tearfully.

Donald’s heart softened, but he then heaved a sigh. “No, that’s no longer possible.”

Yeah, things can never return to the past. Does she think it’s so easy to take the Wilson family’s money? The Parasite is going to return to Pollerton, and it’s a force that even Chiliad Avion is afraid of. They can’t even interfere directly and are forced to send me out to eliminate him instead. Once she has ties with me, she’ll definitely hold me back.

His only thought then was to decimate the Parasite first before he would reconsider that matter.

Jennifer’s face immediately drained of all color. She backed away several steps and gaped at him.

“Do your best and dominate the market here in Pollerton, Donald urged gently.

Jennifer said nothing at all, merely staring fixedly at him.

“Don’t have anything to do with him anymore, Jennifer. Nigel will be displeased. If that happens, you’ll lose everything,” Quintus reminded.

Then, he shifted his gaze to Donald. “Although I don’t know who you are, and you’re exceedingly skilled at fighting, it’s best that you keep your distance from Jennifer. Once Nigel flies off his handle, even Charles Langford can’t protect you.”

Recalling Nigel’s ruthless methods, sheer terror flooded him as well.

“Go back and tell him to bring it on if he wants to declare war on me,” Donald sneered. After saying that, he spun on his heels and left.

Jennifer was downright disappointed as she watched him leave.

“Do sever all ties with him. Uncle Theo from the Wilson family is coming soon. This time, it’s all thanks to him that the Wilson family in Pollerton is in the running,” Quintus warned.

In response, Jennifer nodded.

This is a golden opportunity, so I’ve got to seize it!

“Wait for me, Donald. I’ll prove to you that I’m not any inferior compared to Hannah. I want to be an influential person in Pollerton! At that time, I’ll be back to seek you out!”

Determination imbued her.

After exiting the restaurant, Hannah looked at Donald apologetically. “I’m sorry to have

ruined your mood today.”

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Donald shook his head, indicating that everything was fine.

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Seeing that, Hannah felt her heart clenching slightly.

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He’s someone with a story. His eyes overflow with melancholy and untold stories, so he must have a past unknown to others.

In a soft voice, she inquired, “Why did you choose Jennifer back then? Even princesses would take a fancy to someone like you.”

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“She... is the kind of person who provides comfort soundlessly. In the past few years we’ve been acquainted, she could always touch me inadvertently. Besides, she really resembles someone,” Donald answered.

“Who?” A frown marred Hannah’s countenance.

Donald’s voice turned exceedingly tender. “My mother. I don’t mean her looks but her temperament. She’s just as gentle and kind and gives people a sense of quiet comfort.”

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Hannah could vaguely draw her guess and didn’t pursue it further.

“Your grandfather is stable now and should be waking up these few days. However, he’s advanced in years and had undergone surgery, so his health certainly isn’t as great anymore,” Hannah remarked.

“I know. Still, thank you very much.” Donald looked at her gratefully.

Swiping at the hair sticking to her ivory cheeks, Hannah flashed him a smile and shook her head in response.

“I’ve already, transferred the ten million to your account.” Donald subconsciously toyed with the beaded bracelet on his wrist before he froze for a moment. Then, he hid them under his sleeve:

“By the way, are you acquainted with Lilith Snowden?” Donald queried.

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Hannah nodded in affirmation. “Yes. She’s a genius in military science. We grew up in the same compound, but her fake identity is somewhat similar to that of Lana’s, both using business as a cover. That said, she’s coming to Pollerton this time to complete a military research project.”

As she spoke of Lilith, admiration shone in her eyes.

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Chapter 36

“She’s really amazing. She created the Four Symbols System all by herself and is currently the chief engineer of the Four Symbols Project,” Hannah gushed.

Upon hearing that, Donald was stunned, and his expression turned solemn. "A precision-strike system for land warfare?"

He heard that the project had been in progress for several years. It was a satellite positioning system that would be installed on missiles, upon which the precision rate would be narrowed to fifty centimeters.

That was truly terrifying. Once successfully produced, it would definitely be a nightmare for all countries around the globe.

At present, the accuracy of the precision-strike system of the highest international standard was only three square meters.

"The Azure Wyvern, White Manticore, Phoenix Bird, and Black Chelonian are spread in four different directions in space with twenty-eight satellites in each position, making up a total of a hundred and twelve satellites. Basically, they encompass the entire world," Donald elucidated.

"Whoa! You actually know everything to the tiniest detail. It looks like your identity is even more frightening than I imagined." Hannah's eyes sparkled as she stared at him.

Then, she echoed, "Exactly. That's precisely why the Parasite entered Pollerton. My brother is now on pins and needles. For every single day the Parasite remains alive, he can't sleep peacefully. If something goes wrong during the final stages of the satellite launching, many people will lose their lives," Hannah lamented with a sigh.

"Don't worry, for I'll end the Parasite." Donald exuded great confidence.

Hannah shook her head, worry lining her face. "I've never seen him, but even my grandfather fears him. There must be too many things involved as Chiliad Avion can't interfere directly."

At that, Donald merely smiled.

"So, you got a divorce with Jennifer to protect her, didn't you?" Hannah continued asking

"She's not like you and the others. You've got your grandfather backing you up, and Lana has got the Collins family behind her. Even Wynter has her grandfather to fall on. But she has no one else besides me. The Parasite is still alive and kicking. I can't bear the slightest accident befalling her. Let me put it this way-the tenser things are between us, the safer she is," Donald admitted.

"But what if she's heartbroken for real and goes to someone else for consolation? What would you do, then?" Hannah looked right into his eyes,

In truth, that was Donald's greatest worry.

He was silent for a moment before he finally murmured, "Then, I can only give her my blessings."

"For the sake of six hundred thousand, you revived the System and shattered your peaceful life, even going as far as pushing Jennifer into the abyss. Is it worth it?"

Donald chuckled bitterly. "That's something I can never escape. My hands are stained with blood. Even if I hadn't revived the System, Chiliad Avion would still have come up with a way to get me back into the fold. Furthermore, I slaughtered many of the Parasite's men."

Hannah said nothing further.

"I'll send you home," Donald offered.

He then stretched his hand to his back and made a gesture.

Following that, several figures in white soundlessly entered the restaurant to protect Jennifer.

After sending Hannah back, Donald went home after a brief deliberation.

It was his house with Jennifer, and nothing had changed.

He swiftly packed his clothes and belongings. Standing there, he gazed at everything for a while before he sighed at long last. He took out his key and placed it on the coffee table in the living room. Then, he thought for a while before taking out a bank card from his pocket and placing it on the coffee table as well.

That bank card was once used by them both to put aside funds for their child. Every month, they would deposit a small sum into it.

By then, he had upgraded that card to a premium black card. It appeared very ordinary on the surface, but the bank's system indicated it as a VVIP with a hundred million in liquidity.

He wasn't bothered about money, for he had no interest in it.

Subsequently, he took their wedding photo down and boxed it, taking it away with him.

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After doing all that, he gently closed the door. Turning, he left and disappeared into the elevator.

At a little over ten o'clock at night, Jennifer arrived home. The instant she opened the door and saw the keys and bank card on the coffee table, she froze as tears streamed down her face.

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Chapter 37

Jennifer threw open the wardrobe as though she had lost her mind, but all the clothes belonging to Donald were gone.

She then opened the shoe cabinet, but all that remained were her shoes.

The wall was bare, with even their wedding photo missing.

She slumped onto the ground and covered her face with both hands, weeping in agony.

"Why are you so cruel? Why?"

Phoning Linda, she sobbed, "Mom, have Kev come to pick me up. I want to go back and stay overnight at your place."

"What's the matter? What happened? Why are you crying? I'll have Kev come and pick you up right away!" Linda fretted.

Half an hour later, Kevin arrived with Skylar trailing behind him.

Right then, he was as smug as ever. Skylar was also looking all high and mighty.

In just a few hours, the Wilson family had actually made a comeback. None of them ever expected the Wilson family in Tayhaven, with whom they had no contact for several decades, would start reuniting the family. Therefore, Kevin likewise rose with the tide. That outstanding man even gave him two million at a single go.

When he laid eyes on the man, he understood that people varied.

Harrison was an insidious sissy, but that man was a formidable warrior-matured, calm, and ambitious.

That man's name was Nigel Wilson, and he was Tayhaven King's most outstanding son

He had taken an interest in Jennifer.

Everyone familiar with him knew that he suffered no lack of women, nor would he love someone wholeheartedly. So far, not a single woman whom he fancied ever managed to escape him.

Of course, he wouldn't marry Jennifer. All he wanted was to have her body.

After all, his fiancée was in Jadeborough, and she was truly from the aristocratic class. Contempt showed on Kevin's face. "Why are you crying when you've already divorced Donald, Jennifer? Isn't that something joyous? Nigel is sincere toward you."

Jennifer lifted her head. For the first time, repulsion manifested on her face.

Is this really my brother? For the sake of his own interests, he pushes me into the line of fire time and again! It was Harrison before this, and now, it's Nigel. If someone more outstanding than Nigel appears, I have no doubt that he'll still push me into the line of fire!

"Donald is nothing when you're now the leader of the Wilson family in Pollerton!" Skylar crowed excitedly.

Her initial plan of dumping Kevin after bagging herself a rich man was all but gone since the man was also considered wealthy then.

"Let's go," Jennifer muttered.

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After getting into the car, Kevin declared, "Uncle Theo is waiting for you at home."

Jennifer was taken aback. "Who do you mean?"

Speaking of that, Kevin wore a deferential expression. "Uncle Theo from the Wilson family in Tayhaven, Nigel's most loyal subordinate. I noticed that even Mark from Blade Alliance was very respectful toward him when he saw him. Also, there's someone else with Mark whom I find exceedingly terrifying."

When he had said that, he shuddered.

Sitting in the backseat alone, Jennifer closed her eyes and mulled about her next step. The Wilson family in Tayhaven didn't only enter Pollerton because they wanted to dominate the pharmaceutical industry here. Nigel Wilson appears very attentive to me, but I'm not sure whether he's sincere. Nonetheless, the elderly man who's lying on his deathbed is indeed sincere in his wish to reunite the family. In all this, there's certainly some secret unbeknownst to me. She recalled everything she had experienced in the past few hours.

Indeed, she had met with Nigel.

He was a man who was arrogant to the core yet mature and steady. One could tell that he had a strong foundation with a single look.

Such a foundation could never be established without a century-old affluent family backing him up.

In no time, they arrived at Jennifer's parents' house.

Leonard and Linda were both sitting there respectfully with ingratiating expressions on their faces.

Across from them sat three people.

One was an imperious-looking middle-aged man in his fifties with an angular face. He was the "Uncle Theo" from the Wilson family in Tayhaven whom Kevin mentioned, Theo Wilson. Sitting next to him was Mark from Blade Alliance, bald with black lotus tattoos all over his head.

There was another burly man sitting beside him who appeared to be about forty years old with a height of two meters.

He was only wearing a singlet, and his arms were as thick as tree trunks. Likewise, he was bald, but he had a golden lotus tattoo on his head.

Just sitting there, he gave off a sense of infinite pressure.

If Tyson were there, he would definitely recognize the man.

After all, Mark's brother once worked for Divine Rune Society in the outer region. The skills he possessed were exceedingly terrifying, especially his head, which was said to be able to withstand a force of two tons and was impenetrable.

At the sight of Jennifer pushing open the door and entering, Theo flashed her a faint smile. "You're back?"

Nodding, Jennifer respectfully greeted, "Uncle Theo."

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 38

Chapter 38

"How's the progress with your homework?" Theo inquired gently.

Jennifer thought for a moment before saying, "At present, there are over three hundred people belonging to the eighth branch of the Wilson family, and they're from all walks of life. The most successful among them all is Reina Wilson, who owns Caladius Real Estate. She has a great business vision. Actually, I don't quite understand this—why did you choose me when she's far more capable?"

She stared into the man's eyes.

Reina was young and had incredible talent in business, developing many projects single-handedly.

Hearing that, Leonard, Linda, and Kevin threw frantic looks at her.

It was clear as day that they were berating her for being an idiot.

A faint smile bloomed on Theo's face. "Honestly speaking, we sought her out before we approached you. However, she's very aloof and arrogant. She said that it didn't matter whether they rejoined the family since the blood relationship was already eighteen generations apart. Besides, she's not easy to control. You are different. You have no foundation, but we investigated you and found that you're actually very talented in handling business. You graduated from Pollerton University and proposed several ideas while in university, but they were all pushed back due to a lack of start-up capital. I'm sure you know the progress of those ideas later on."

When Jennifer was in university, she proposed the rapid development of smartphones, developing a reading software that would certainly take the city by the storm. That aside, she also suggested creating a food delivery application. Her business vision was, in fact, very advanced.

Jennifer went silent.

"Therefore, you're the most suitable candidate. Old Mr. Wilson is currently on his sickbed. His wish now is to reunite the Eight Branches of the Wilson family and bind them all into a rope to propel the Wilson family into becoming a top-tier affluent family!"

Theo's eyes shone brightly,

The Wilson family was now split into eight branches, and each branch had experienced figures. Once they were all merged together, the Wilson family would unquestionably be

able to become a top-tier conglomerate in the country. That was the true ambition of the Wilson family in Tayhaven. Although the patriarch of the Wilson family was lying on his deathbed, he had a far vision.

“However, it’s not without a stipulation. You must dominate Pollerton’s pharmaceutical industry within two years and develop all industries to the best of your ability to generate a revenue of five billion.” While saying that, Theo’s eyes glittered. He then continued, “If you accomplish that, you’ll forever be a part of the Wilson family in Tayhaven. Otherwise, we’ll take back everything. Is there a problem?”

Hmm... Generating a revenue of five billion within two years with a start-up capital of five hundred million at most is extremely difficult.

Jennifer closed her eyes and pondered long and hard. In the end, she opened her eyes and replied, “Okay.”

A grin split Theo’s face. “Actually, you don’t need to worry. Nigel will take care of you. While Pollerton isn’t our territory, we still have much say here.”

However, Jennifer shook her head. “I don’t want to think about relationship matters right now.”

At once, Kevin was gripped by the urge to smack Jennifer across the face. What? Nigel is such an incredible person, yet you’re not at all interested in him? What do you want? Don’t tell me you’re still yearning for Donald?

Theo’s eyes narrowed into slits, and a layer of frost blanketed his face. There’s still a woman who dares to reject Nigel Is she sick of living?

“My sister is blinded by love. She’s still yearning for her ex-husband,” Kevin revealed without warning,

Everyone was stunned, not quite understanding his meaning. Malevolence contorted Kevin’s face. “If Donald Campbell disappears.”

His words were savage and ruthless beyond belief,

A thoughtful expression appeared on the faces of Theo, Mark, and the bald and burly man with a height of two meters.

Mark suddenly commented, “I know him. He’s currently Lana Collins’ security guard. How about I act in this matter?”

Jennifer instantly went as pale as a sheet. “No!”

Alas, no one paid her any mind.

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Mark merely swept a placid glance over her before fixating his gaze on Kevin. “You’re vicious enough, kid. I like it!”

Unexpectedly, admiration showed on his face.

Immediately, Kevin greeted in a panic, “I’ve heard of you long ago, Mr. White. I’ve even met Jerald Hill from Blade Alliance before.”

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 39

Chapter 39

Mark froze. “You’re the one that Jerald had mentioned, who Tiger had protected?”

It was Kevin’s turn to freeze in shock. “That’s me. However, it wasn’t Tiger who saved me. It was Harrison.”

Mark frowned. "Harrison is worthless sh*t. Louis? Garrett? They're nothing. We are only wary of Mr. Green, who's backing them up. Yet, even if he wishes to meet Jerald, he's unable to do so," he said.

He pondered for a moment before calling Jerald. "Hello, Jerald: Who was the person who had rescued Kevin previously?"

"Tyson, also known as Tiger."

Mark asked, "Are you sure?"

"I'm sure. Mr. White, I wouldn't dare to joke about such matters. I dealt with Tyson personally." Jerald's voice could be heard from the other end of the line.

Mark immediately looked at Kevin. "That's suspicious. The one who saved you was Tyson!"

What kind of person was Tyson?

He was so powerful that he was nicknamed the North Prince!

His other nicknames, Single Blade War God and Tiger, came from his awesome battle prowess.

Even if Mark personally went to meet Tyson, Tyson would not necessarily entertain him. However, he would head over to the Blade Alliance to save a useless person like Kevin. So what did this mean?

This meant that there was an extremely powerful person commanding him, and that person was ruling over Pollerton,

Jennifer and Kevin froze.

If it was not Harrison, who could it be?

Jennifer subconsciously thought of Donald. Shortly after, she shook her head. That's impossible.

"Go and find out who that is," Theo ordered.

Mark immediately replied with much respect, "All right, Mr. Wilson."

Thereafter, he called Tyson. "Mr. Quirk, may I ask you a question? Previously, who was the one who had asked you to help Kevin out?"

"I'm sorry. I can't tell you!" Tyson then hung up immediately

Mark's face swiftly darkened. His expression did not look too good.

Theo stood up and said, "It's getting late. Rest well, Jennifer. We'll officially manage the pharmaceutical matters tomorrow. Also, kid. Follow me. We'll go and have a drink."

Jennifer's face was as pale as a sheet of paper. "I beg you. Please don't do anything to Donald."

"Rest assured, we won't," Theo reassured her.

Kevin trailed behind them clumsily.

Once they exited the house, Theo said, "We'll get rid of Tyson first and ask him who he's working for. Then, we'll go and meet Mr. Waterson. Any questions?"

Mark chuckled bitterly. "We'll have to depend on you for this, Lotus King."

The bald man, who was two meters tall, smiled viciously. "Tiger means nothing to me. I'll get rid of him now."

Kevin was very excited. He liked to engage in such activities.

Meanwhile, Donald met Ryan.

"Lord Campbell. The Parasite's subordinate, Bennett Waterson, has reached Pollerton. Chiliad Avion intends to get rid of him tonight," Ryan reported. "It's a little dangerous because Lotus King will also be there."

Lotus King...

Donald narrowed his eyes, and a frosty smile appeared on his face. "That's great. We'll get rid of both of them tonight."

"Chiliad Avion has instructed that you can't reveal your identity for the time being. You'll have to bear with it, Lord Campbell, Ryan apologized and handed him a golden mask and a golden cloak.

Donald received it, and a nostalgic look appeared on his face.

He had worn the mask for the first time a decade ago. Everyone used to call him Golden Lord back then.

"Chiliad Avion is pretty interesting," Donald said as his smile disappeared from his face. Ryan smiled silently. Renewed respect could be seen in his expression.

"All right. You can go now." Donald took the mask and received news from Bradley almost at the same time.

Mark, Lotus King, Kevin, and Theo were heading to Tyson's location. From the looks of it, they were prepared to kill him.

Donald put on his golden cloak and mask in the dark before rushing to Tyson's location. Tyson had already withdrawn into seclusion. His nickname was the North Prince. The Mount Sea Sect that he had founded was on par with Blade Alliance. He had retired and opened a small restaurant in a remote area. It was eleven at night. The bulky North Prince, Tyson, was wiping tables with his back to the door.

He wore a chef's attire, and his movements were slow and leisurely. At first glance, one could tell that he was a straightforward person.

No one would associate him with the North Prince warrior who was as powerful as the South, East, and West Princes.

Suddenly, the door was pushed open.

Without turning back, Tyson lazily said, "We're closed."

"I'm sorry. I'm a little hungry. I need to meet someone later on. Is it possible for you to just cook two simple dishes for me?"

A man who was wearing a pair of gold-rimmed glasses walked in. He looked very polite and cultured, and he wore a patterned suit. The man looked around thirty years old. He even carried a suitcase, appearing to be someone from the working class. His attitude was extremely amicable.

Tyson said a little apologetically, "I'm sorry. We're really closed." ;

The man walked over directly and sat on a chair. "I'm really sorry, boss. I'm fine with two simple dishes and some beer. Please help me. Is that okay?"

His attitude was very humble, and a lethargic look appeared on his face.

Tyson pondered for a while before nodding. "Okay. Wait for me for a few minutes."

The man bowed and expressed his gratitude.

Ten minutes or so later, Tyson cooked two simple dishes and brought them to him.

The man drank some beer and said, "Can you sit down and have a chat with me?"

Tyson froze for a moment before sitting down. "It's pretty late. Are you working overtime?"

The man wolfed down the food and said blearily, "Yes. My boss has yet to finish dealing with some matters and told me to settle it."

Before Tyson could speak, the glass door was pushed open again. His pupils contracted sharply.

Four people swaggered in.
They were Mark, Theo, Lotus King and Kevin!

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 40

Chapter 40

Mark entered and shut the roller shutter from the inside. Thereafter, he stood behind the man in the suit.

He bowed slightly and said, "Mr. Waterson I'm sorry. I shouldn't have invited you to such a place."

Bennett gulped a mouthful of beer and burped. "It's okay."

Tyson immediately stood up and staggered back. With a wave of his right hand, his butcher knife appeared in his grip.

"Mark, you've found a powerful backer?" Tyson was an important figure in his youth who had seen many things. He calmly reacted to the situation and did not panic.

Mark said, "There are two reasons why I came here today."

"Do you wish to ask me who instructed me to rescue this piece of trash?" Tyson pointed at Kevin.

Kevin's face turned bright red. Then, he scolded, "Tyson, be careful with your words. Who's trash? Believe it or not, I can end you."

Tyson looked at him in disdain. "You have a good sister. If not, you would have become mincemeat."

"Tell us. If you do, I can let you die a painless death." Bennett ate two mouthfuls of food with much gusto.

"This is Theo Wilson, and this is Lotus King. Do you think that you stand a chance today?" Kevin threatened, relying on the might of those standing behind him.

Tyson's knife spun in his grip, and he leaped swiftly toward Mark.

The knife was so fast that an arc of light formed, and an ear-splitting sound resounded. Lotus King stepped forward and let the knife land on the top of his skull.

Unexpectedly, a metallic sound rang out. Tyson felt his arm grow numb and his pupils contracted once more.

"Useless!" Lotus King said as he punched Tyson's ribs.

A cracking sound could be heard. Tyson soon felt an unbearable pain as he flew away and landed on a glass table. The table shattered into smithereens. He spat out a mouthful of fresh blood as he looked at Lotus King with shock.

"Are you Lotus King from a decade ago?" Tyson remembered a person. Ten years ago, there was an elite force, and a legendary Lotus King was rumored to be in it. Knives and bullets did not have any effects on his body.

"Yes," Lotus King said.

"Since you know Lotus King, you should know me." Bennett finally finished eating, and he took out a tissue to dab at his lips.

Tyson looked at him.

"Four-Faced Angel" Bennett added.

At his words, Tyson's heart skipped a beat in terror.

Tyson's power was in Pollerton, but Four-Faced Angel's power extended all the way to the Golden Triangle!

It was rumored that his speed was top-notch. He could even catch a bullet with his bare hands.

Such a person unexpectedly came to Pollerton!

Although Kevin could not understand what they were saying, he felt that they were awesome. He pointed at Tyson and demanded, "Trash, you're going to die, so tell us who ordered you to save me that day."

He was not grateful at all.

Tyson chuckled coldly and remained silent.

"A butcher knife crafted from extremely rare metal. Not bad." Bennett picked up the knife. His right hand suddenly shook and crushed the knife into ten pieces. The shards flew out and pierced Tyson's wrist, belly, and thighs. A small portion was even embedded into the walls.

Cold sweat ran down Tyson's face. His face was contorted with pain as fresh blood gushed out instantaneously.

Wow! How powerful! There are real martial artists on this earth!

Lotus King's eyes widened. This is Mr. Waterson's capability?

Mark's quiet heart immediately jolted.

Mr. Waterson is already so powerful. How powerful is his boss?

"The North, South, East, and West Princes are nothing. How disappointing." Bennett sighed.

"I'll give you one last chance. Are you going to tell us?" Theo walked over and stared down at Tyson coldly.

Tyson closed his eyes and breathed heavily.

"What the... Are you going to tell us or not!" Kevin rushed forward and stomped on Tyson's face.

"You're not telling us?" Kevin wished to depend on his powerful backers and did not hesitate to show his viciousness.

"Still not saying anything? Then, I'll kill you today!" Kevin grew angry. He raised his foot that was in his leather shoe and fiercely stomped Tyson's chest.

"Get rid of him," Bennett commanded.

Mark took out a small and sharp knife from his pocket. He handed it to Kevin. "Cut his jugular vein."

Kevin froze as bloodthirst appeared on his face. He was even faintly excited. "Okay. I'll try!"

Kevin took the short knife and walked toward Tyson. His hands trembled with excitement.

It was the first time that he was going to kill someone.