

## The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 311

Chapter 311 Telling Donald What To Do

“The nerves that Jennifer has! Out of more than a hundred businesses, she’s the first to ask for more funding.”

“It’s understandable. She hasn’t been the CEO long enough, after all. Obviously, she’s not a visionary.”

“Mm. She probably wouldn’t understand anything even if her bid for the construction project of Lord Campbell Avenue is successful.”

The crowd discussed among themselves.

Jennifer instantly felt alone and helpless since Sylvia had made a fool out of her.

“You’re bidding for the project through Jennard Construction. Does the company have any relations with the Wilson family of Tayhaven?” Donald spoke once again.

There was not a shred of emotion in Donald’s voice, so no one could figure out what the man was thinking.

Sylvia was the first to answer once again. She hurriedly clarified the relationship. “It has no ties with the Wilson family of Tayhaven. Lord Campbell, I swear that Jennard Construction has nothing to do with the Wilson family of Tayhaven. It is an independent company!”

Donald did not respond. He simply examined the materials calmly.

After quite some time, he stated casually, “All right. Jennard Construction’s bid is successful. Make the necessary preparations. We’ll sign the contract tomorrow and commence the construction within three days.”

As soon as the words came out of Donald’s mouth, the entire hall went silent all of a sudden.

Jennifer’s eyes widened. She found it hard to believe what she had heard while looking at the blurry silhouette behind the screen in the office.

Everyone was stunned and thought that they had heard wrong. Then, the entire place became uproarious.

They were confused as to what was happening.

Timothy and the Campbell clan, who gave such huge price reductions, had been rejected. They wondered how a small company that had asked for more funding could win the bid.

Everyone knew what more funding meant.

It meant that a great number of profits and riches could be made. The project, which had a cost of one billion, could go up to one and a half billion. This meant that the bidding amount was one billion. As long as Jennifer knew how to do the accounts, she could take one and a half billion from Donald’s hands in the future.

“What’s going on?” Akio was still confused.

Sylvia suddenly stood up. She could not believe what she heard. A look of shock and regret instantly appeared on her wrinkled face. I should have gotten Nigel and Jonathan to submit the bid proposal!

Nigel was also stunned. He then lowered his head as a look of astonishment flashed across his eyes. A big shot definitely has his eyes on Jennifer. However, it’s definitely not Tyrone. That person is even more esteemed and frightening than Tyrone. There’s only one person that comes to mind, and that’s Lord Campbell! Lord Campbell has set

his sight on Jennifer!  
Jennifer was deemed worthy by Donald.  
Linda was also stunned by that. She then exclaimed excitedly, "Ahh! She won the bid! My daughter is so incredible!"  
Leonard also felt a sense of respect toward Jennifer. "My daughter was chosen!"  
Kevin was so happy that he started jumping up and down. "She's incredible!"  
"Lord Campbell, I was wrong just now. Jennifer took the wrong bid proposal. The bid proposal just now belongs to the Wilson family of Tayhaven," Sylvia stated.  
Everyone thought that Sylvia was a shameless old woman at that moment.  
"So?" Donald's voice was devoid of emotion.  
Sylvia replied solemnly, "First of all, the Wilson family of Tayhaven has the ability to construct Lord Campbell Avenue. Secondly, we have a lot of qualified individuals. We can promise that we'll finish the construction within a month. That's why I want the construction project to be led by the Wilson family of Tayhaven instead of Jennard Construction."  
Everyone instantly went quiet.  
Donald said slowly, "Are you... telling me what to do?"  
Those words alone made Nigel and the others retract their gazes.  
They all knew that Donald was getting angry.  
As Kingsley was the representative for Donald, his gaze turned frosty as he heard Donald say that. He walked over to Sylvia slowly. "You dare doubt the words of Lord Campbell?"  
Sylvia instantly felt herself struggling to breathe. Kingsley's torrent-like aura was overwhelming.  
"Lord Campbell, please don't be angry!" Nigel bit the bullet and stated.

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Chapter 312 None Of Your Business  
"That's enough! This meeting is dismissed!" Donald stated.  
Everyone instantly heaved a sigh of relief. Nigel was especially relieved. He felt that he had just avoided a catastrophe.  
As everyone started to leave, a lot of them looked at Jennifer. They were full of envy, jealousy, and doubt.  
It seemed that they were determined to seize the opportunities found in the construction of Lord Campbell Avenue.  
The research involving controlled fusion technology, which was conducted throughout the world, was still in its infancy. However, Donald had already managed to control it to a certain level.  
Once it could be promoted for commercial and non-commercial usage, it was a wonder how many economic benefits and historic changes it could bring about.  
Energy would cost next to nothing, and the price of crude oil would plummet. There would be all sorts of chain reactions across every sector.  
In other words, Donald would become a renowned figure in the world if he could successfully make controlled fusion technology readily available to ordinary consumers. His family could also become the Eleventh Prestigious Family in the country.

When the door to Donald's office was closed, everyone started to disperse. Sylvia stared at Jennifer and scoffed at her before leaving. Jennifer looked very excited. She took out her phone and sent a text message to Donald: Donald, I managed to bid for the construction of Lord Campbell Avenue! I'm so happy!

Inside the office, Donald read the text message. He thought to himself for a bit before replying: Congratulations.

Jennifer shared her happiness in her next message: The land reclamation project has recently been approved. I plan on taking out one hundred million and getting the Miracle Doctor of Pollerton to treat you. I'll always be there for you no matter what the future holds.

Donald replied before turning his phone off: There's no need for that.

Sebastian returned to the Freedman Clan's mausoleum. His expression darkened, and he slammed his fist on the table. "That guy, Lord Campbell! So secretive and sneaky! Who does he think he is!"

Timothy had a lot weighing on his mind. He said nonchalantly, "It can't be helped. He's very influential outside of the country. There's also the fact that he guarded Quadfield. He's made a lot of contributions."

Sebastian scoffed. "I can't believe the wealthy Freedman clan is afraid of a foreign tycoon!"

Timothy wanted to mock Sebastian. However, the expression on his face remained unchanged. He nodded lightly.

Sebastian fiercely tugged on his tie. "I'm in a very bad mood now! Find me a woman who I can release my pent-up stress on!"

Timothy replied in a serious tone, "I think you should calm down a little."

Sebastian did not care. He waved his hand, beckoning a man from behind to come to him while walking on tiptoes. The man nodded lightly.

Timothy felt a bit terrified. The man who was Sebastian's personal bodyguard was none other than Peter Chance. Peter was fifty years old this year. He was the top fighter in Valorous Group, and he was very skilled in performing Valorous Kicks with both his legs. Peter was also good at tracking people down and gathering intelligence.

"This woman doesn't look half bad. Have a look at her, Mr. Freedman." Peter handed a photograph over to Sebastian. The person in the photograph was none other than Wynter.

"That's the precious daughter of the Lowe family. You can't touch her," Timothy warned sternly.

"The Lowe family?" Sebastian had a mocking expression on his face. He did not care.

"The Lowe family relies on the Freedman clan to get ahead. They'd be absolutely delighted to learn that I fancy Wynter. Peter, go and bring her here at once!"

Timothy sighed lightly. I'm not sure if it's a blessing or a curse that the Freedman clan has an heir like this.

Meanwhile, Wynter was examining a music video script at Donter Pictures. The music video would have to be filmed very soon, but she still had not found the male lead for it yet. This made her feel a little discouraged.

Vanessa stood behind Wynter and was being very obedient.

After all, Vanessa was currently rising to fame. She played the role of the female lead in

two films, which turned her into a new famous actress.  
“Would you consider it, Julian?” Vanessa asked gingerly.  
Julian Harper was an actor in a film production company owned by the Freedman clan. He was very famous throughout the country. Since Julian had millions of fans and was very handsome, he was the dream man of countless women.  
However, Wynter did not like Julian. She felt that he was an immoral man. Therefore, she gave Vanessa an indifferent glance. “Don’t meddle in things that are none of your business, okay?”

## The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 313

Chapter 313 Contact Donald  
Wynter knew what Vanessa was trying to do. Julian has been getting close with Vanessa recently. Maybe she’s developed a secret crush on him.  
Wynter did not care either way. As long as Vanessa did not test her limits, she would not meddle in their affairs.  
Vanessa immediately nodded in terror. “I understand, Ms. Lowe.”  
As she said that, someone suddenly knocked on the door.  
Wynter furrowed her brows. “Come in.”  
The door was pushed open, and an extremely good-looking man entered from outside. He was wearing a maroon suit that fit his body very well, wore a slicked-back hairstyle, and had slightly blue irises. It was obvious that he had a mixed heritage.  
Julian’s father was a car designer for a luxury automobile company in Irushea. He had designed many world-renowned luxury cars. Vehicles such as Cadillac DeVille and Ferrari were the top-tier sports cars that he had designed.  
When Julian came inside, he first gave Vanessa a look before greeting Wynter, “Ms. Lowe.”  
Wynter furrowed her brows even deeper. “Why did you come here without making an appointment?”  
Julian smiled lightly. “I have orders from Mr. Freedman and Mr. Chance.”  
Wynter hardened her expression. “What did they say?”  
Sebastian was not someone to be messed with. He was the heir of the Freedman clan, after all. The Lowe family had slowly declined over the years after her grandfather relinquished his position. They had to rely on the Freedman clan to continue to develop. For example, Wynter’s oldest and second oldest brothers were currently in a critical moment. They needed the Freedman clan’s help to enter the inner circle.  
Therefore, the Lowe family never dared to provoke the Freedman clan.  
“Mr. Freedman told you to go to the Freedman clan’s mausoleum. He said that you don’t need to come back here tonight. Other than that, Mr. Freedman also said that you could consider having me as the male lead in your new music video,” Julian stated, sighing. I didn’t think that this beautiful girl would get snatched away by Sebastian in the end.  
“I won’t go,” Wynter replied casually. “As for the male lead of my music video, I’ll figure it out on my own. You should leave now.”  
Julian was stunned. Then, a strange expression appeared on his face. “But Mr. Freedman—”

Wynter lowered her head and looked at the script once again. "Please leave." Julian gazed deeply at Wynter. He did not say anything and nodded while standing at the doorsteps.

A man who had a hunched back, stood on tiptoes and walked without making any noise, entered through the door. He looked very strange. It was like he was a demon. The man was Peter from Valorous Group.

"Please come with me, or I'll destroy Donter Pictures," Peter threatened as soon as he walked inside.

"P-Peter!" Wynter was shocked.

She knew who this person was. Peter was a very powerful person in Provincial Center of Tudela. Valorous Group also belonged to a listed company. There was an incident that left a deep impression on Wynter. It was when Patrick, who was a highly capable fighter from the Lowe family, was severely injured by Peter three years ago. Patrick still suffered from ailments because of that.

Wynter was not too afraid of Peter. However, she feared his godfather. Peter's godfather was none other than the number one fighter in the Freedman clan, Robert Freedman.

The Martial God of the Freedman clan had retired for over thirty years now. The current strongest fighter in the Freedman clan was Robert, who was also the personal bodyguard of the heir of the Freedman clan.

How scary is Lord Freedman? Wynter could not bear to think about that.

"Mr. Sebastian wants to see you. Behave yourself and follow me," Peter stated.

Although he was over fifty years old, he stood on his tiptoes like a demon. He looked menacing.

"Let's go, Ms. Lowe," Julian said as well.

Wynter nodded. She then said, "All right. Let me tidy things up a bit."

She got up after that and used her lipstick to write a message on the table quickly. The words she wrote were: Contact Donald.

Nobody except Vanessa saw what Wynter was doing.

The latter immediately grabbed her bag and went outside. Peter and Julian followed her from behind while Vanessa was left standing in her original spot.

Vanessa lowered her head as a conflicted expression developed on her face. She was just a naive girl who did not know what kind of status Donald held. However, she knew that he was not an easy person to talk with. Vanessa took her phone out and hurriedly dialed Donald's phone number. "Hello? Is this Mr. Campbell? Queen Lowe is in danger!"

## **The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 314**

Chapter 314 The Ancient Mausoleum

Vanessa briefly explained to Donald everything that had happened.

In fact, she had Donald's phone number all this time. She simply never had the courage to call him.

"Understood." Meanwhile, inside Supreme Nona Hotel, Donald put his phone down. A mocking smile crept up on his face. Bradley stood behind Donald. He kept his head low as he looked at the tablet in his hands.

"Peter Chance is from Valorous Group. It's said that he's the illegitimate child of the

leader of the group. His combat ability is at Profound Realm, which is equal to a power level of four hundred thousand.” Bradley was searching for some useful information. “Also, Sebastian is one of the princes from the Freedman clan. He has a slightly higher status than Tyrone.”

Donald nodded while maintaining a blank expression on his face. “Get the car ready. We’re going to the Freedman clan’s mausoleum.”

The Freedman Clan’s mausoleum was in the heart of Pollerton. It sat on a large area of over three thousand square meters. The mausoleum was very old. It was full of ancient vibes.

The fact that there was a centuries-old mausoleum in the heart of Pollerton, where land was at a premium, was strange. However, every Pollertonian knew that it was a restricted area. The reason was that a new developer was surveying the area. He casually mentioned that it would be nice if the mausoleum could be demolished.

That developer disappeared within half an hour. His company, which was worth tens of billions, was gone overnight.

This incident shocked Pollerton as well as all of Terrandya. From that moment onward, no one dared to disturb the mausoleum. Nobody dared to even talk about it. Usually, people wouldn’t dare to drive past or park in front of the mausoleum.

The fact that a five-hundred-year-old noble family was living there was frightening. Meanwhile, three cars stopped in front of the Freedman Clan’s mausoleum. There was an Alfa, a Cadillac DeVille, and a Maybach 62S.

Wynter got out of the car. She stood in front of the Freedman Clan’s mausoleum, admiring the centuries-old building.

She had a conflicted expression on her face, feeling terrified.

Julian stood in front of the entrance. He looked very welcoming as he nodded lightly.

Timothy was the first one to emerge from the mausoleum. He was a little taken by surprise when he saw Wynter.

The woman was wearing a white trench coat that day. She paired it with a black and tight-fitting shirt, a pair of skinny jeans, and a pair of black boots. This outfit made Wynter look very stylish. Her facial features look delicate, and there were no flaws on her face. She had bright eyes and teeth. Her lips were bright red and had distinct textures on them.

Although Timothy had seen Wynter on a screen many times before, he could not help but admire her beauty upon seeing her in person. Wynter’s beauty is out of this world! No wonder Sebastian is head over heels for her and wants to sleep with her no matter what. Even I want to sleep with her. Maybe all men want to sleep with her!

However, Timothy felt a little uneasy for some reason. He thought that something big was about to happen as his right eyelid kept twitching.

Wynter did not say anything, but she looked rather relaxed.

She was missing Donald very much at that moment and hoped that he would come and save her.

Wynter was not afraid that Donald would not be able to save her. As long as he was around, she was brave enough to face anything.

The sounds of footsteps came from within the mausoleum. At the same time, Sebastian emerged. He exclaimed dramatically, “Wow! If it isn’t Wynter, the diva! Your reputation precedes you.”

Sebastian was the kind of person who looked like a playboy at first glance. He had an arrogant expression and a smug look on his face.

As Sebastian said that, he approached Wynter from the side and was about to wrap his arm around her shoulders.

Wynter tilted her body sideways and dodged Sebastian. She looked unbothered while facing him. "I'm not sure why you wanted me to come over, Mr. Freedman."

Sebastian was stunned. Wynter dares to reject my advances?

Then, he laughed. "Nothing in particular! I just wanted to... sleep with you!"

Wynter's face suddenly contorted. Why is he this arrogant? Although he's the heir of the Freedman clan, he should still be cautious about what he does and the potential repercussions of his actions!

"Mr. Freedman, did you not consider the consequences of your actions?" Wynter asked coldly.

Sebastian seemed to realize something at that moment. He slapped his thigh and responded, "Oh, right! You're the diva, so you have to consider the feelings of your fans and your agency! All right! I'll think of a way to tell all your fans that I slept with you..."

## The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 315

### Chapter 315 Showing Off

Wynter widened his eyes, staring at Sebastian in disbelief.

The man continued, "Sleeping with the diva. It is such a great topic for conversation!

The news would mention a certain female star becoming a sugar baby. The identity of the man remains a mystery... That's the feeling we're aiming for. I'd love that too."

Sebastian became more excited. "Come, make an announcement this instant. Let's announce that Wynter is now my sugar baby."

Julian merely snickered. "Mr. Freedman, we won't be able to brag about your power and status like this. All it does is make others think that you are rich. Why don't we contact a few media outlets and tell them that Wynter offended a big shot? Hence, they forced her to sleep with them, and she had no choice. Doesn't that have a better ring to it?"

Once Sebastian heard the idea, he looked at Julian with immense admiration. "There's no point in playing safe and wasting our youth. Let's go with your idea. I am hoping to be as arrogant as possible. Otherwise, I will be wasting my ancestors' efforts if I don't show off!"

"How about you leave the matter to me, Mr. Freedman?" Julian asked while smiling.

Sebastian was pleased with Julian's suggestion. "Well, of course. You have the channels to get it done. I believe that you can achieve the best results!"

"Please stop acting ridiculous, Mr. Freedman!" Wynter yelled. "If you're going to continue, I'll consider phoning my Grandpa!"

"Sure, sure, sure. I'll let you call your grandpa. You can get whoever you want to help you, and I'll admit defeat if they can hold me back." Sebastian laughed. "I'm not in a rush to sleep with you anyway. Come on, feel free to make your calls. Let's see how things pan out."

As Sebastian witnessed how furious Wynter was, his frustration caused by Donald vanished without leaving a trace.

Then, he sighed. "Look, this is the benefit of holding power."

Julian made quick work of the matter. An hour later, a news article spread like wildfire on the internet.

The title was very eye-catching. It wrote: The diva, Wynter Lowe, is suspected of offending the Freedman clan's Prince and is being forced to sleep with him!

Below the title was a picture of Wynter at the Freedman clan's mausoleum's entrance standing opposite Sebastian.

Being dubbed the diva, millions of boys and girls idolized Wynter, and she was the dream girl of many men.

However, someone had now forced her to sleep with them. Many people couldn't accept it.

Followed by that news article was a second article. It wrote: It's real! The diva is held hostage by unspoken rules from the Freedman clan's Prince!

It was the news' job to unveil the truth without exaggerating them, nor did they wish to hide them.

Sebastian's pride in earning victory was painted all over the titles.

"He's so full of himself!"

"Let's head over to seek justice for Ms. Lowe!"

"Is he harassing the diva with unspoken rules just because he is upset with her?"

Many people had their blood boiling in rage, so they gathered outside the Freedman clan's mausoleum.

However, no one dared to go closer to it because everyone knew what the Freedman clan was capable of. They also knew what the mausoleum represented.

The mausoleum was a forbidden land. Whoever got too close to it would have to face the wrath of a prestigious family with five hundred years of history.

The Freedman clan's mausoleum interior was luxuriously furnished. It even had artificial streams and mountains.

Sebastian sat in the mausoleum, looking at Wynter while listening to the roars of the crowd outside. "No matter how much they like you, they wouldn't have the courage to barge in because this is the Freedman clan's mausoleum."

Wynter remained silent and fished her phone out to make a call.

Sebastian did not care at all since the other nine prominent clans wouldn't make a move on him just because of a woman.

Not to mention that Sebastian was from the Freedman clan.

It was more unlikely for them to take action against Sebastian, one of the heirs.

The Freedman clan needed people like Sebastian to be the face of the family.

Within any clan, it was undeniable that there would be some modest people and others that were boastful. It was due to the egotism of some of the family's members that they wouldn't raise any suspicions from the public.

To the Freedman clan, the more arrogant Sebastian was, the better.

From the view of a big shot, they truly hoped for the Freedman clan to have more people with similar personalities to Sebastian.

Wynter called her parents first.

## **The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 316**



## Chapter 316 Save Me

"Hello, Dad..." Wynter uttered.

A voice came from the other end of the line. "I saw the news. Don't resist. Your brothers are at a crucial stage now, so we can't afford to offend the Freedman clan!"

Wynter felt her heart sink after hearing that, and tears formed in her eyes.

Her father added, "Wynter, you're not young anymore. Don't fight back today. Once things are over, I'll head over to the Freedman Clan's headquarters to settle the matter. The Lowe family still needs the Freedman clan's assistance!"

The call ended abruptly.

A chill filled Wynter's heart, and she could no longer hold back her tears.

Do they not care about my happiness in the slightest? Will Sebastian even take me as his wife? His fiancée is at Jadeborough, so what am I to him?

"Go on, continue calling whoever you need." Sebastian wasn't anxious as he pinned his eyes on Wynter from top to bottom. He enjoyed the sight of Wynter being desperate as it brought him the joy of having power.

Surprisingly, Wynter did not give up and proceeded to phone her elder brother, who was the one who adored her the most. "Brother, I..."

A long sigh came from the other end of the line. "Wynter, I'm sure you understand the current situation. We're entering the core market of Tudela state soon. Besides, can the Lowe family stand a chance against the Freedman clan?"

Wynter choked with sobs. "Don't we have the slightest chance to fight back? Are you all going to let him defile me?"

"No, not at all," a deep voice answered. "That's just how it is."

The call was abruptly cut off.

Wynter refused to give in. After pondering for some time, she ended up calling her grandfather. The pillar of the Lowe family!

Old Mr. Lowe was in Jadeborough. Before retiring, he was an influential person, with disciples all over the world.

"Grandpa, save me," Wynter pleaded.

The elder kept quiet for a long time before opening his mouth to speak. "From when I saw the news, I made one hundred and thirty calls. No one dared to stand up against this. Even your fiancé, Claude Wheeler, doesn't dare to show up!"

Claude belonged to the Wheeler family of Jadeborough. His family was almost on par with the Freedman clan, which had maintained their wealth for five hundred years.

Claude was Wynter's childhood sweetheart. They grew up together and were even in an arranged marriage, yet he wasn't even picking up his phone.

It was a joke since the Wheeler family was no match for the Freedman clan.

The other prestigious families, such as the Campbell clan, wouldn't bother to say anything. On the contrary, they were happily watching the drama.

"Wynter, I'm old and useless now, so I can't do anything to help you," her grandfather said in a shaky voice. It was apparent that he was sad too. "Pass the phone to Sebastian."

Sebastian took the phone and said in annoyance, "Hello, Old Mr. Lowe..."

The elder's voice rang out. "Sebastian, what are your conditions for letting Wynter go?"

Sebastian replied, "There are none. I'm going to sleep with her today. Come and beat me to death if you have the guts to do so."

“Don’t be in a rush to harm her. Let me phone your parents before you do anything,” the elder responded.

“Even if you called the king, it would be futile.” Sebastian scoffed. “Even if the gods came, I wouldn’t throw my pride aside for you. The Lowe family is nothing! If you keep blabbering on, I’ll tear the Lowe family to bits. You shall witness my powers with your own eyes!” Sebastian’s patience was wearing thin.

Then, he threw the phone back to Wynter.

“Wynter, I’m so sorry that I can’t help you, nor can the Lowe family. It’s all for the greater good...” The elder started shedding tears at the end of his words.

How cruel could people be? It has been just three years since I stepped down. Is there no one willing to defend me?

Wynter was devastated as she ended the call. Finally, she phoned Claude. “Claude...” The latter swiftly said, “I’m sorry, but there’s nothing I can do. Take care.”

He hung up the call, and Sebastian guffawed.

On the other hand, Tyrone, from the Campbell clan, grinned from ear to ear when he received the news firsthand. “Sebastian is rather interesting.”

## **The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 317**

Chapter 317 Demolish The Mausoleum

Xylus remarked, “It’s bad to act too haughtily.”

Tyrone shot him a glance and replied, “You’re wrong if you think that way. This is Sebastian’s disguise. That guy has to act haughtily to the extreme so that he has a chance to give a fatal blow to others in the future. The rest of the heirs have always looked down on Sebastian. In truth, he is the most ruthless one among all.”

Xylus was startled after listening to him.

Sure enough, every heir of a wealthy family wouldn’t be a simple person.

“Let me put it this way. No one can save Wynter this time,” Tyrone continued.

Everyone, including the Ten Prestigious Families and the big shots, was happy to see what had happened. The scarification of Wynter was nothing to them.

Jennifer sighed when she heard about it. “Wynter is pathetic indeed.”

Linda twitched her lips. “What is there to feel pathetic about her? Does she have any reason to resist it? After all, that’s the Freedman clan who has been affluent for five hundred years. Of course, she has to be more than willing to do it.”

Jennifer did not want to say more things about it instantly.

When Lana and Reina heard about the news, they reacted nervously at first, but they soon calmed down after knowing that Donald had taken care of it.

“All right. Let’s go shower.” Sebastian stood up and looked outside. Many people were surrounding them with more than a thousand reporters.

At the same time, the number of onlookers continued to increase.

Wynter responded, “No. I’m not giving up yet.”

With that said, she called Donald.

When the call got through, Donald’s low voice sounded. “Everything is fine now. I’ll be there in a minute.”

Sebastian was skeptical. “Be here in a minute? Who is so terrific to barge into my Freedman clan’s mausoleum?”

As soon as his words dropped, the sound of a car honking rang out from outside the door, followed by an uproar.

“Make way, please! Our lord is entering the Freedman clan’s mausoleum!” An ordinary-looking young man cleared the path. He was an Azure Wyvern guard who had taken off his armor.

Curiously, everyone moved aside to create a path for them.

The Azure Wyvern guard walked directly to the door of the Freedman clan’s mausoleum and said, “Sebastian, our lord demands you to let her go, or we’ll demolish your mausoleum in no time!”

His words stirred an uproar among the crowd instantly.

Everyone could still remember that a multi-billionaire had mentioned demolishing the Freedman clan’s mausoleum in jest and disappeared right after that while his multi-billion business empire collapsed overnight.

How dare someone speak of such this time? Don’t they know how horrifyingly powerful the Freedman clan is? Or are they so terrific themselves? Besides the other nine prestigious families, could they be more powerful than the Freedman clan?

Suddenly, they saw a custom-made Rolls-Royce drive in front of the Freedman clan’s mausoleum.

The car was well-tinted for privacy purposes. No one could see the inside at all.

Immediately, many reporters pressed the shutter of their cameras to record the moment, especially the custom-made Rolls-Royce.

The lighting of the camera flashed incessantly.

At the same time, an influencer with millions of fans began to conduct a live stream.

“Hi everyone, I’m Bunnybunny. We’re supposed to start at eight, but I decided to start it earlier because of Queen Lowe. Let me show you what’s going on at the scene now. A Rolls-Royce has arrived at the Freedman clan’s mausoleum, claiming that they want to demolish it. Let’s have a wild guess of what will happen next.” A beautiful female influencer turned on her live stream camera with beautifying filters. Then, she directed the lens toward the Freedman clan’s mausoleum.

Her viewers began flooding the comment sections. Someone wrote: Of course, this will bring them bad consequences. Back then, the multi-billionaire disappeared overnight after saying the same.

Another one commented: Who is that boastful guy there? Things are going to end badly for him.

At that instant, more than a dozen men in the Freedman clan’s mausoleum became agitated when they heard his words.

The mausoleum represented the dignity of a clan. It was also their symbol. That was why the Freedman clan got so angry back then.

On top of that, someone said it in front of the public. The Freedman clan was furious.

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Sure enough, every heir of a wealthy family wouldn't be a simple person.

“Let me put it this way. No one can save Wynter this time,” Tyrone continued.

Everyone, including the Ten Prestigious Families and the big shots, was happy to see what had happened. The scarification of Wynter was nothing to them.

Jennifer sighed when she heard about it. “Wynter is pathetic indeed.”

Linda twitched her lips. “What is there to feel pathetic about her? Does she have any reason to resist it? After all, that's the Freedman clan who has been affluent for five hundred years. Of course, she has to be more than willing to do it.”

Jennifer did not want to say more things about it instantly.

When Lana and Reina heard about the news, they reacted nervously at first, but they soon calmed down after knowing that Donald had taken care of it.

“All right. Let's go shower.” Sebastian stood up and looked outside. Many people were surrounding them with more than a thousand reporters.

At the same time, the number of onlookers continued to increase.

Wynter responded, “No. I'm not giving up yet.”

With that said, she called Donald.

When the call got through, Donald's low voice sounded. “Everything is fine now. I'll be there in a minute.”

Sebastian was skeptical. “Be here in a minute? Who is so terrific to barge into my Freedman clan's mausoleum?”

As soon as his words dropped, the sound of a car honking rang out from outside the door, followed by an uproar.

“Make way, please! Our lord is entering the Freedman clan's mausoleum!” An ordinary-looking young man cleared the path. He was an Azure Wyvern guard who had taken off his armor.

Curiously, everyone moved aside to create a path for them.

The Azure Wyvern guard walked directly to the door of the Freedman clan's mausoleum and said, “Sebastian, our lord demands you to let her go, or we'll demolish your mausoleum in no time!”

His words stirred an uproar among the crowd instantly.

Everyone could still remember that a multi-billionaire had mentioned demolishing the Freedman clan's mausoleum in jest and disappeared right after that while his multi-billion business empire collapsed overnight.

How dare someone speak of such this time? Don't they know how horrifyingly powerful the Freedman clan is? Or are they so terrific themselves? Besides the other nine prestigious families, could they be more powerful than the Freedman clan?

Suddenly, they saw a custom-made Rolls-Royce drive in front of the Freedman clan's mausoleum.

The car was well-tinted for privacy purposes. No one could see the inside at all.

Immediately, many reporters pressed the shutter of their cameras to record the moment, especially the custom-made Rolls-Royce.

The lighting of the camera flashed incessantly.

At the same time, an influencer with millions of fans began to conduct a live stream.

“Hi everyone, I’m Bunnybunny. We’re supposed to start at eight, but I decided to start it earlier because of Queen Lowe. Let me show you what’s going on at the scene now. A Rolls-Royce has arrived at the Freedman clan’s mausoleum, claiming that they want to demolish it. Let’s have a wild guess of what will happen next.” A beautiful female influencer turned on her live stream camera with beautifying filters. Then, she directed the lens toward the Freedman clan’s mausoleum.

Her viewers began flooding the comment sections. Someone wrote: Of course, this will bring them bad consequences. Back then, the multi-billionaire disappeared overnight after saying the same.

Another one commented: Who is that boastful guy there? Things are going to end badly for him.

At that instant, more than a dozen men in the Freedman clan’s mausoleum became agitated when they heard his words.

The mausoleum represented the dignity of a clan. It was also their symbol. That was why the Freedman clan got so angry back then.

On top of that, someone said it in front of the public. The Freedman clan was furious.

## **The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 318**

### **Chapter 318 Bust Into The Mausoleum**

Everyone was infuriated, especially Sebastian. His pupils became as sharp as the tip of the knife when he stared at Wynter. “Wynter Lowe, that is who you seek for protection? Even if he’s the mightiest king, I’ll end his life today!”

Peter tipped his toes while following behind Sebastian as the latter went outside.

Sebastian saw countless onlookers surrounding them. Many of them had turned on their phone cameras and started live streaming.

It was not exaggerating to say that they had caught the attention of half of the Yorksland, let alone Pollerton.

Everyone in Pollerton, whether they were the big shots or the commoners, paid great attention to this matter.

“Demolish the Freedman clan’s mausoleum?” Sebastian walked out the door, glaring coldly at the car in front of him.

He could not see clearly who the passenger was inside the vehicle.

“I’ll count to three. Let go of Wynter, or I’ll make you demolish the Freedman clan’s mausoleum on your own.” A monotonous voice rang out through the speaker from the Rolls-Royce. One couldn’t identify whose voice was that.

Everyone turned to look at the car as though they were looking at a fool when they heard those words.

Not only does the man want to demolish the Freedman clan’s mausoleum, but he also wants Sebastian to do it himself? Is he out of his mind?

Instead of getting into a rage, Sebastian laughed. “Haha. How funny is that! Are you ready to be the hero to save the beauty? I’ll show you the power of the Freedman clan’s mausoleum today! Peter, Ivan, Hugo, get ready!”

Having heard that, ten guardians of the Freedman clan’s mausoleum instantly raised their energy.

Inside the car, Donald’s face remained calm without any expressions. “Go ahead and

bust into the mausoleum.”

“All right. Sit still.” Bradley nodded in response and stepped on the gas pedal to the maximum.

The twelve-cylinder engine produced an intense power instantly, and the engine began roaring. Then, the car sped ahead and knocked off a huge door before it!

Oh my God!

All the onlookers gasped with astonishment and were utterly shocked at that sight.

How could the man bust into the Freedman clan’s mausoleum just like that? Whose family does he come from to behave so imperiously? Even Tyrone wouldn’t dare to do such a thing!

Meanwhile, Tyrone was also startled when he watched the scene from a live stream.

“Oh my goodness! He’s crazy!” he remarked.

Nobody, including the eldest son of the Campbell clan, would dare to bust into the Freedman clan’s mausoleum with a car.

It seemed like it was destined to be a fight to the last breath.

Discussions continued to flood the chatrooms. Someone wrote: He’s so manly to have the audacity to offend the Freedman clan for Ms. Lowe!

Another netizen commented: I’m so anxious! I wonder what the man looks like?

Sebastian was shocked. His face contorted with rage when he regained his senses.

“You’re dead!”

In the courtyard, the crowd could no longer see the trace of the car as it was driven to a blind spot.

The rest of the people dared not approach Sebastian, who was huffing in anger. They waited for his order outside.

The crowd outside grew larger.

The influencer that went by the name Bunnybunny stomped her feet anxiously.

“Host, sneak over and aim the camera toward the scene, or we’ll unfollow you!”

“Yes. Hurry up, or we’ll unfollow you!”

Bunnybunny was hesitant. Even though the number of viewers increased on her live stream, more and more people had unfollowed her, and she felt anxious and panicked instantly.

“Okay. Let me give it a try,” Bunnybunny responded. Then, she went nearer to the scene secretly.

“Get out of the car!” Sebastian came in front of the car. His gaze was terrifyingly cold.

Donald remained seated inside the car. He had noticed Wynter at one glance. The latter stood at the door of a private room with tears in her eyes as she looked at him.

Upon seeing her, he let out a sigh of relief. Thank goodness I’m here on time!

Thump!

Peter was infuriated. He leaped forward and landed on the roof of the car with one leg.

The car shook suddenly, but the roof of the vehicle did not deform in the slightest!

Peter was stunned. What kind of material is the roof of the car made of? The power that I used in stomping my feet on it is worth a few tons of energy, yet it didn’t even scratch off the paint of the car in any bit?

Timothy felt the ominous feeling bubbling from within intensify. He couldn’t help but take a step backward.

## The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 319

Chapter 319 Defeated

"I don't care who you are. I'll make sure you die in Pollerton today!" Sebastian said coldly.

Click!

The sound of the door unlocking was heard. Peter immediately backflipped off the car and landed in front of Sebastian to protect him.

The car door slowly opened with Bradley getting out of the car first, followed by a woman in a traditional dress who was so pretty as if she had come out of a drawing.

The woman was Yuna!

Immediately afterward, the sound of coughing was heard and Donald, who was slender and wearing a white suit, got out of the car.

Sebastian was stunned as he muttered, "Donald, the abandoned child of the Campbell clan?"

He then scolded, "What the hell? You are just an abandoned child. An abandoned child who was almost slapped by Tyrone. How dare you try to crash into the Freedman clan's mausoleum? Where did you get all the courage from? Or is your father some master?"

Timothy's body began to tremble. His face suddenly turned pale as he shuddered in fear.

He suddenly realized why he was feeling anxious.

"Donald." Wynter ran over and launched into Donald's arms, hugging his waist tightly.

Donald could feel a touch of softness from her hug.

"It's okay now," Donald replied gently and looked toward Sebastian coldly.

The latter's expression suddenly changed as he pointed at Donald and ordered, "Peter! Kill him!"

Swoosh!

Peter straightened his legs and sprung into the air. His legs turned into two indestructible spears flashing with golden lights as he aimed toward Donald's head.

Peter was using the Valorous Kick, the signature skill of Valorous Group, the kick that almost kicked through Patrick Lowe's chest.

At that moment, Peter was no longer gloomy but had become extremely terrifying, like a prehistoric beast reviving.

A mocking smile crept onto Sebastian's face.

So what if you are rich? Could you be any richer than the Freedman clan? The Freedman clan had been developing for five hundred years, and they have accumulated a terrifying amount of wealth!

They had also recruited many experts like Peter to work for them, with Robert overseeing the experts.

"Die!" Peter said coldly.

His speed was fast, but there was someone quicker than him.

That person was Yuna.

She was wearing a traditional shirt with a fairy-like figure. Her expression suddenly turned cold as her toes gently touched the ground, and she flew to the sky like a butterfly.

Immediately afterward, a chain whip appeared in her hand, and she whipped it abruptly.

A loud smack was heard in the sky like the sound of thunder. The chain whip hit directly on Peter.

“Ahh!” Peter screamed as his legs were cut off instantly and fell to the ground!

Yuna landed and stood in front of Donald.

Sebastian was dumbfounded by the scene. His face instantly turned pale.

Peter, an expert from the Profound Realm with four hundred thousand power level, was instantly defeated by a girl who looked like she was in her twenties.

“The Moon Goddess’ Whip. You are the Moon Goddess’ disciple!” Peter continued to wail with his eyes wide open while lying on the ground.

Who is the Moon Goddess?

Legend said she was the first female expert and the prettiest woman in the world. She was also a woman whose skill surpassed the Ten Prestigious Families.

Back then, Vincent, a descendant from the strongest prominent family, wanted to pursue the Moon Goddess but was heavily injured by her during the battle in Mount Konlange. It became the topic of discussion in the world.

Unexpectedly, after twenty years, the Moon Goddess’ disciple had also come down from the mountain.

Moreover, legend said that the Moon Goddess was from the Ministry of Dragon.

What was the Ministry of Dragon?

It was where the Dragon badges were forged.

Sebastian’s pupils instantly constricted, and his heart pounded rapidly. If there was anyone who could crush the Ten Prestigious Families, that would be the Ministry of Dragon.

This was because it was the national treasure!

What was more terrifying was that Yuna seemed to be Donald’s underling. That alone was scary enough.

“Donald!” Sebastian roared in a low voice, “What else do you have? Bring out your trump card!”

## **The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 320**

### **Chapter 320 Trump Card**

Donald glanced at Sebastian indifferently and then threw the Dragon badge in his hand to Sebastian’s.

As the latter caught the badge and lowered his head to have a look, all the colors drained from his face.

Instantly, he raised his head arduously and looked at Donald with trembling hands.

“Is this trump card good enough?” Donald asked indifferently.

“The Dragon badge. The third Dragon badge!” Sebastian’s face turned grim with infinite unwillingness. He did not expect to provoke the holder of the Dragon badge by just wanting to sleep with a female celebrity.

If the first heir of the Freedman clan were to find out, he would get rid of Sebastian.

Besides, if the elder members of the Freedman clan were to find out too, they would remove everything from him, including his identity as an heir.

The competition within the five-hundred-year-old prominent family was extremely cruel.

Many people had been staring at his identity as the eighth prince.



The remaining few people knelt on the spot, especially Timothy and Ivan.

“Claiming that I’d die in Pollerton? Did you call me the abandoned child of the Campbell clan? Did you say you want to sleep with Wynter even if the emperor is here?” Donald fired numerous questions at Sebastian. His tone was calm, but his words were full of mockery.

Sebastian’s expression continued to darken with his head lowered while he held on to the Dragon badge.

The next second, he raised his head abruptly and asked, “Do I still have a chance?”

Donald was impressed to hear what Sebastian said. No wonder he is the heir of a five-hundred-year-old prominent family. Arrogance was just his disguise. He is actually very smart.

“Firstly, make a public announcement to apologize to Wynter. Secondly, drive the demolition crane on your own and demolish the Freedman clan’s mausoleum,” Donald said as he stared at Sebastian, observing the latter’s reaction.

Sebastian had a storm of emotions brewing in his heart as he was unable to calm down. He gritted his teeth as endless humiliation flashed through his eyes. Suddenly, he knelt and said, “Ms. Lowe, I am sorry!”

That kneel almost seemed like it had broken his spine as he did not stand back up anymore.

However, he had no choice but to kneel or else he would die!

He never expected Donald to be so horrifying. Not only did Donald have something to do with the Moon Goddess, but he was also the holder of the Dragon badge.

Someone like Donald should not exist in Pollerton as it would disrupt the balance of the Ten Prestigious Families.

The system of Pollerton could not let him exist.

The reason why Donald was kept out of the border and unable to bring his forces into the country was because the system did not allow it.

“Ms. Lowe, please forgive me!” Sebastian said again while kneeling on the ground with his eyes full of hatred.

“Ah!” someone exclaimed.

Timothy quickly looked out and saw a beautiful female streamer holding her phone with the camera focusing in his direction.

The live room erupted in an uproar again.

One of the netizens commented: Oh my god! Am I seeing things, or is Wynter hugging a man while Sebastian is kneeling on the ground?

Another one posted: The video quality is so bad. I can’t even see what the man looks like.

Someone else wrote: Who is this man? How did he manage to make Sebastian kneel? Bunnybunny realized the crowd had seen her, so she instantly exclaimed, dropped her phone, and ran away.

Crack!

An Azure Wyvern guard moved forward and stepped on the phone.

Many people still captured the scene, but because the camera was too far away, they could not see Donald’s face. Only Donald’s gray hair was seen, but it was still very blurry and difficult to identify.

Wynter looked at Sebastian, kneeling on the ground, and said, “We’ll do everything

according to what Donald says.”

Sebastian lifted his head and asked, “Is there no chance for me to repent?”

If he demolished the Freedman clan’s mausoleum, he would bear unimaginable anger from the Freedman clan to the extent that he would be banished forever by the clan.

However, if he didn’t do according to Donald, the entire Freedman clan might be destroyed entirely that night.

All those years of training had made him understand how frightening the Dragon badge could be.