

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 4

Chapter 4

Everyone was stunned. *What's going on?* Never had they expected that Hannah would break her own rules and volunteer to perform surgery for that elderly person. *Is Donald some sort of big shot?* During the whole time, she had never once laid her eyes on Donald. With one command, the nurses made the necessary preparations for the surgery obediently according to her instructions. Clearly, she held a prestigious place in their hearts. Hannah was truly amazing. As the nurses bustled about, they began pushing Donald's grandfather into the operating room. The green light in the operating room lit up. In that instant, Donald lost his usual calmness and could not stop his heart from throbbing wildly. Jennifer pondered for a minute and decided to wait side-by-side with her husband. Before she could say a word, her phone rang. She snuck glances between her phone and her husband, feeling a tad guilty. Wearing a nonchalant countenance, Donald prompted, "Go ahead and answer it." Jennifer hesitated for a long while before finally picking up the call. Harrison's voice sounded from the phone. "I've just got the news, Jenny! The diva is holding her limited concert here in Pollerton tonight. There'll be a lot of famous people joining, and I got two VIP tickets. So, are you free tonight? I know you're her fan." Jennifer wanted to reject his offer, but then she remembered the six hundred thousand that had been dumped by Donald. She procrastinated for a bit and agreed, "Okay, I'll go." The diva was none other than Wynter Lowe. Having more than billions of fans, she was an international superstar, possessing an angelic singing voice. It had been more than ten years since her debut, and yet she had never been embroiled in any scandal or rumor. "Give me some time, Darling. I'll sever my ties with him," Jennifer gently explained to her husband. "I'll return him that six hundred thousand, so you don't have to go," Donald uttered as he knitted his brows. Hearing his words, she was taken aback before heaving a sigh. For the first time ever, she was somewhat disappointed in her husband. She had always known about her husband's financial situation. As a business owner, he had a start-up renovation company, which could only earn about three hundred to four hundred thousand every year. Since his grandfather was caught in a health problem, surely, his business had to come to a complete halt. Considering the customers he had lost, he would not be able to have a comeback anymore. Jennifer anticipated that her husband would be a vagrant in the coming days. Hence, it would be tough for him to cough up six hundred thousand. "You know Hannah?" Jennifer piped up. "No. Don't have the right to know her," Donald answered. She then realized that Hannah was indeed from the upper class, so her husband could not have known Hannah personally. Little did Jennifer know that her husband had meant that Hannah was the one unfit to know him instead. Time was ticking away. Just then, the operating room's door opened. Revealing only a pair of eyes, Hannah walked out of the room in her medical protective clothing coupled with a face mask. She exclaimed, "His condition's not looking good. Not only does he have a brain tumor, but he also has kidney failure. We need to get him a kidney donor

now! We have only two hours, at most!" She shut the door right after she said those words. Instantly, Donald felt a thunderous explosion in his head. Prior to that, he had already gotten his grandfather's health examination report, which showed that his kidneys were in tip-top condition, and he had only a brain tumor. With only two hours, he figured he could never find a suitable kidney for his grandfather. His expression darkened as he walked away and dialed Charles' number on the phone. "Charlie! Get me a suitable kidney donor within an hour!" Surprised, Charles responded, "What? Isn't that already done last night? When I sent your grandfather's medical history over, Hannah had deduced that both his kidneys are failing, so we made preparations to transfer the kidneys overnight. They should be there by half past nine later." It was Donald's turn to be astonished. He gritted teeth in anger as he shouted, "This Hannah!" Hanging up the phone, he glared at Liam, who was playing on his phone at the nurses' station, and sneered, "Good job, you guys!" The chubby doctor shuddered and blurted out, "M-Maybe the equipment went haywire..." Meanwhile, Harrison received the news while he was lying leisurely in his Ferrari just outside the hospital. He burst into laughter and scoffed, "Incredible! Nothing could go wrong now. Donald may have solved all my puzzles, but now, even the heavens are on my side. I can't believe the old man has got kidney failure." Sitting in the passenger seat, Kevin was enviously touching the interior of the car. He remarked, "Harrison, my brother-in-law. You've nothing to worry about because I'll definitely tear them apart. Once the old man is gone, Donald would vent his anger on my sister. By then, I'd just fan the flames, and they'd go separate ways in no time." "Once you succeed, I'll gift this car to you," Harrison responded. "Awesome!" Overwhelmed, Kevin was on the verge of tears after hearing that. *A Ferrari! I'll never afford it my whole life!* Out of the blue, a Mercedes-Benz G-Class with a military registration plate pulled over near the hospital. "Huh? Why's the car with a military license plate here?" Harrison questioned as he gawked at that car. Soon, that car's door opened, and a tall and muscular figure got off the car with an iron box in his grip. That person then quickly marched into the hospital. "My goodness! That's Major-General Ryan Nixon!" Excitement filled Harrison's eyes instantly. Ryan was the major-general stationed in Pollerton. He was Hannah's elder brother at the age of thirty. A stomp of his foot would send shivers down the spines of the people in Pollerton. "Let's go see what he's up to." In a flash, both Harrison and Kevin got out of the car and trailed Ryan's footsteps. Standing outside the operating room, as Jennifer saw a man in an army uniform approaching them, her face fell. She remembered seeing that man before in the news and on social media. He was the youngest major-general of Pollerton. As Ryan stood at the door of the operating room, he cast a quick glance at Donald from the corner of his eyes. The moment his gaze landed on Donald, Ryan immediately hung his head low, his hands trembling in awe. *It's been five years. I finally get to meet this legendary man. Never have I expected that he would be here in Pollerton.* However, after recalling Charles' advice, Ryan dared not to greet Donald. Before he came to the hospital, Charles had reminded Ryan not to strike up any conversation with Lord Campbell unless he himself requested. The operating room's door opened again. Hannah grabbed the iron box from Ryan's hand and turned her head toward Donald. "This is what we call suitable kidney." After some time, the operating room's sign lit up. The

nurses pushed Donald's grandfather out of the room and made a beeline for the ICU. Hannah soon exited the operating room and removed her face mask before informing, "The surgery was a success, but the patient still needs to stay in the hospital for observation." "Thank you," Donald uttered. Jennifer was stunned for a while. *What's happening before my eyes? Where did the kidneys come from? Why would Hannah help my husband?* Hannah stated, "Each kidney costs eight hundred thousand, so that's one million six hundred thousand for two. As for my consultation fee, it's five million. That means the total is six million six hundred thousand. Remember that you owe me six million six hundred thousand." With that, she left. Right then, Harrison went up to her with a smile and greeted her, "Hey, Ms. Nixon. It's nice to see you again." "Who are you?" Hannah side-eyed him. Harrison's breath caught in his throat the moment he heard her response. *How rude! I also come from a family with medical knowledge, and I've even interacted with her before.* "My name is Harrison Queen. My father is Garrett Queen, my grandfather is Louis Queen, and—" Before Harrison could continue blabbering, Hannah cut him off, "Stop! I don't know you, and I don't want to know you. Get lost." Hannah's demeanor was cold and indifferent. Harrison suddenly felt so embarrassed. Nevertheless, he pondered for a moment and said, "I heard that you only prefer to work in Nouveau Hospital and never wanted to step out. So, what brings you to help Donald with this surgery? Do you know each other?" "No. Who am I to know him?" Hannah replied. Hearing her reply, Harrison beamed happily as he thought what she had said made sense. Hannah went on, "And why wouldn't I carry out this surgery? The entire procedure costs six million six hundred thousand. Who would say no to that? If your family ever needs surgery like this, I'll be the first to help you out." *This woman is obviously cursing me!* Harrison could only smile wryly. "Donald is very poor. He can't even fork out six hundred thousand even for the surgery fee alone."