

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 61

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Charles added, "I'll bear all the consequences behind this. Besides, don't we still have one more actress?" With that, he pointed at Vanessa.

Shocked, Vanessa gaped in response. Donald is the chairman of Donter Pictures? He seems really close to Winter, too! Wait. That's beside the point. The point is that I'm going to be the only actress under Donter Pictures! This means they would only need to invest in me and only me!

"She's not bad," Donald answered.

Suddenly, Wynter laughed and walked over to take Vanessa's hand. "You're Vanessa, right? Are you willing to become the female lead for The Queen's Story and The Legendary Son-In-Law?"

What the heck! The female lead of two dramas? I'm going to become famous overnight! Vanessa was overwhelmed, her face turning red with excitement as she answered, "I'd love to!"

When the other actresses saw that, they were green with envy.

They initially had the chance to become the female lead, but they had blown it.

Wynter continued, "Actually, I considered Yvette as the female lead for the second drama and Irene as the second female lead. However, it's not possible now."

Yvette and Irene were taken aback before bursting into tears.

Charles shouted, "Haven't you eaten yet? Cry louder!"

Instantly, the meeting room was filled with people sobbing.

Wynter could not bear to look at them, turning to look at Donald instead.

With an indifferent expression, Donald said, "With their attitude, they're just going to cause trouble for you in the future if you hire them. Besides, you should know what kind of person I am. I'll only make a move if I'm forced to, and if I do, that person is dead meat."

Donald was the type of person that would turn a blind eye toward disagreements and minor arguments. However, if one were to provoke him first, he would not hold back. Wynter knew that he was protective of his associates and would always seek revenge no matter what.

"Get lost if you're done crying!" Charles shouted again.

Vanessa's face was red as she spoke. "Thank you, Queen Lowe, Mr. Campbell, and Mr. Langford!"

"I have faith in you. Do well," Donald replied.

Vanessa nodded her head continuously. "I definitely will! I won't disappoint you."

Then, Wynter and Donald walked out of the meeting room and into a spacious office.

Before Wynter could speak, Donald asked, "What did Jennifer talk to you about?"

Jealously engulfed Wynter. "It seems like you still can't forget about your ex-wife."

At that, he did not answer.

"She wants me to be her ambassador, but I told her that I would only agree if you did," Wynter revealed.

Donald furrowed his eyebrows. "Did you reveal my identity to her?"

Panic filled Wynter as she quickly explained, "No way! I didn't tell her specifically who I wanted the agreement from. I suppose she thinks that it's Nigel I'm talking about."

Donald let out a sigh of relief. "The Parasite will invade soon, so we need to keep our eyes peeled. That's why I can only reveal my true identity to her when the Parasite is gone."

"I understand. I know how exhausted you are, especially when you were overseas for the past few years." Pained, Wynter walked over to him and held his arm.

The man shook his head. "It's not that bad."

When Jennifer arrived at Nigel's office, a secretary had just walked out of the room with disheveled clothes, vomiting into the nearest bin.

Jennifer turned pale and waited in a meeting room adjacent to his office.

Soon, Nigel walked out with wet hair, seemingly having taken a shower.

"Nigel, do you know Wynter?" Jennifer asked.

Nigel was taken aback for a moment before replying, "Yes. I do know her. Why?"

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His voice was gentle, though his serious-looking face said otherwise about his personality.

"I visited her about an endorsement, but she turned me down," Jennifer replied.

"That's expected. She's proud and arrogant, not someone who would agree for a small endorsement fee." Nigel answered simply

"But she asked me to come and find you, saying she'll agree if you permitted it,"

Jennifer added.

The man was taken aback for a moment, his expression turning serious. "What did she say? Can you repeat it to me exactly?"

It's Wynter we're talking about! Someone who blatantly ignored the Tayhaven King.

There's no way she would be so polite toward me.

After Jennifer repeated Wynter's words, Nigel started to decipher the words. "I'll agree if he does?"

Who would this person be? Firstly, he would be someone intimate to Wynter, so there's no way it's me. Next, he's powerful enough for her to admire and listen to all his orders.

Another point is that Wynter is clear about the man's relationship with Jennifer, even knowing he would agree to Jennifer's proposal. Could it be... Donald?

In no time, Nigel finished analyzing the entire situation. He was intelligent, enough said.

Otherwise, there was no way he could become the Tayhaven King's successor. If

Donald and Wynter knew about his analysis, they would feel shocked to see someone coming up with such an extensive study by just a simple sentence.

However, he soon realized he was wrong as Jennifer and Donald were already divorced

If that's the case, the person wouldn't be Donald. According to my investigation, the duo has already gone through the divorce procedures. Besides, Donald's savings were not

enough to pay his grandfather's medical fees back then, and there's nothing special about him, either. If it really is him, he's hiding his identity a little too well!"

After a moment, Nigel spoke, "All right. I'll give Wynter a call later at night."

Jennifer let out a sigh of relief and smiled sweetly. "Thank you."

Nigel waved his hand in dismissal. "It's fine. Oh, right. Is there an update on Reina?"

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Jennifer presented a stack of information. "The media has started to attack her, and the public's opinion will soon turn against her tomorrow. It's too late for her public relations department to prepare any statements. Plus, the officials have announced they would start investigating Scarlet Swan Villa tomorrow to give the public an explanation." Nigel pressed his index finger to the desk. "How about Pollerton Television? Did they show up for a live broadcast?" Jennifer answered, "Not yet." "Arrange for Pollerton Television to conduct a live broadcast. I want to see her reputation get ruined," Nigel said. Jennifer nodded. "All right." After a moment, she added, "Do you think Reina has a chance to make the tables turn?" The man laughed. "No way. Even if she managed to get herself out of this, I'd make sure there's no second time." He looked very confident while saying that. "I'll take my leave, then." Jennifer stood up! Immediately, Nigel took hold of her arm. "Why are you in such a hurry?" The woman's face turned red. "I still have something urgent to do, so I'll leave now." Then, she shrugged off his hand. Instead of getting angry, he had a mocking smile on his face when seeing her leaving figure. I just don't have the mood for it yet. When I'm free, I'll definitely make you sleep with me! Meanwhile, Jennifer's heart was still pounding when she exited the meeting room. She decided to stay far away from Nigel and never meet him alone again. When Donald planned to leave, Reina suddenly phoned him and reported her situation before hanging up. "You heard it, right?" Donald looked toward Wynter.

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Wynter looked at him with a half-smile. "What do you think about it?" "You should try to help Jennifer as much as you can." Donald had a wry smile on his face. "As for Reina..." "I agree to whatever you say." Wynter walked over to him with a twinkle in her eyes, love oozing out from her gaze. "But will you give me anything in return?" Donald felt a pounding headache. "I agree to one of your demands as long as it does not go against my principles." "Deal!" Wynter replied in excitement. When Donald walked out of Donter Pictures, Charles stood beside a luxurious Rolls Royce waiting for him. "What's the matter?" Donald furrowed his eyebrows. "The ownership of Pollerton Estates' Supreme Villa has been transferred to Lord Campbell. Prince Lucas has invited you to go there and take a look. Are you going to accept it?" Charles replied with a bow. After thinking for a moment, Donald agreed, "Okay." "Supreme Villa has the most advanced smart home and security system globally. Its spyware detector is also one of the best, made by the military expert Lilith herself. Thus,

the house is guaranteed to be safe,” Charles introduced after they got into the car and closed the blinds.

“If possible, find a suitable opportunity and arrange for Jennifer to move inside,” Donald replied, “Not now, though. She’s smart, so I hope she can gain experience in such a situation.”

“Understood,” Charles replied,

The car soon arrived in Supreme Villa’s private garage. When Donald walked inside, he arranged for someone to hang up his wedding photo with Jennifer.

As the most expensive house in Pollerton, Supreme Villa’s facilities stood out from the rest. It had everything – ranging from a special surveillance room, information room, and an infrared detection system. It even had a separate twenty-four hours satellite surveillance camera. It was not a bluff to say that it was the safest place to live in Pollerton.

Standing on the second floor’s balcony, he stared into the distance.

Suddenly, he felt something someone staring at him.

On the twenty-seventh floor of a distant building, he noticed a couple of people looking at him.

With his excellent eyesight, he was sure the place was where Jennifer’s family lived.

At that moment, Kevin, Linda, Leonard, and many guests were there.

“Isn’t that the most expensive villa in Pollerton?” a middle-aged woman shouted in exaggeration.

“That’s right. The building costs billions. It’s a shame that it’s already sold, or Nigel was planning to gift it to my sister.” Despite his egoistic tone, his gaze seemed somewhat confused. His eyesight was not that good, so he could just barely make out Donald’s blurry profile.

Why does that man look so much like Donald? There’s no way it’s him, though. He’s a nobody!

“Look, that should be the owner of Supreme Villa,” the middle-aged woman observed while pointing at him in jealousy, “He looks young, too. What a dream if he takes a liking to Sophie!”

Behind the woman stood another beautiful woman with a smiling face. “Mom, although my boyfriend can’t compete with the owner of Supreme Villa, he’s still a renowned man in Pollerton. He’s Mr. Albee’s son, after all.”

The man Sophie Wilson referred to was Lucas Albee, who was in the same standing as Zayne and Tyson.

“If we put it this way, Jennifer is luckier than me for Nigel to like her,” Sophie added with a hint of jealousy in her tone. “He’s way better than Donald!”

Kevin pursed his lips in annoyance. “Donald? He’s just a piece of trash.”

After bragging for a while longer, he drew the curtains shut.

Meanwhile, Donald arrived in the entertainment room in the basement. It was a room that had a boxing gym and a shooting range.

There, there was a man practicing boxing with his upper body exposed.

Lucas was also known as Pollerton’s Top Striker, for his boxing skills were powerful and explosive. He seemed no more than fifty years old, having tanned skin, an average height, and a gaze that would terrify many.

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Lucas was a mad one, especially how he drove the Parasite out of Pollerton. When he saw Donald, he was taken aback for a moment. So this is Lord Campbell? The very person that managed to turn the odds in his favor and defeat the Crusader? Isn't he a bit too young? He looks about the same age as my son. He looked toward Charles suspiciously. Did the old geezer find someone on the streets to pass off as Lord Campbell?

"Are you Lord Campbell?" Lucas asked, not a single hint of politeness in his tone. Immediately, Charles' expression darkened. "How dare you! He is Lord Campbell." Lucas heaved a deep breath and replied, "I don't mind yielding to you. However, you need to show me your capability. Otherwise, I will never believe that you're Lord Campbell."

Donald laughed. "How should I do that?"

"Defeat me!" Lucas answered.

"Give him a Barrett." Donald pointed at the corner of the room, which stored several rifles.

Both Charles and Lucas were stunned, for a Barrett was a heavy sniper rifle with a shooting range of one thousand and five hundred meters, loaded with armor piercing ammunition. It could destroy radar stations, trucks, and even fighter jets.

"How about you?" Charles felt chills running down his spine.

"I don't need anything," Donald replied. "Enough! Let's start."

Lucas felt goosebumps all over his skin as he held the Barrett in his hands. Is he crazy?

"Come on and shoot me!" Donald said.

Charles was looking at him dazedly. It had been some years since he came to Pollerton, but it was the first time seeing someone battling a Barrett empty-handed.

"Go on.." Although Charles felt terrified, he did not dare go against Donald's orders. However, he felt a sense of anticipation in his heart as Tristan was always filled with praise for Donald. However, he had never seen how powerful the latter was.

Upon hearing that, Lucas knelt on the floor and set up the rifle, aiming right at Donald's chest. Gritting his teeth, he pulled the trigger.

Bang!

Lucas' entire body shook under the strong recoil. The green powder exploded from the muzzle, following the echo of the gun firing.

Staring at the bullet, Donald stretched out his right arm and grabbed it. Then, he pinched it hard and crushed it with his thumb.

He flipped his thumb over to show that he did not sustain any injuries.

The distorted bullet fell from his hands to the floor with a clang.

While Charles widened his eyes, Lucas froze in shock. Is he even human? How could he catch a Barrett's bullet with his hands? What on earth?

"What the heck!" Lucas shouted, goosebumps forming all over his body.

Donald replied indifferently, "Is this enough proof for you?"

"Of course." Lucas immediately snapped to his senses and knelt on the ground.

"Greetings to you, Lord Campbell! I am deeply impressed and am willing to admit defeat!"

"You can get up." Donald sat on the couch and looked at him. "Judging by your boxing technique just now, are you practicing Octagon Punch?"

Lucas widened his eyes in shock. "How did you know that?"

After all, the Octagon Punch was long lost in history, and the person who taught him had passed away years ago.

"I once had a chance to meet with its descendant." Donald seemed to be lost in memory. "Let's not talk about this. What are you planning to do with the return of the Parasite?"

Lucas replied, "I'll finish them off!"

Finish them off? If it were that easy, Chiliad Avion wouldn't have handed this mission over to me,

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"It's not going to be so simple," Donald explained. "Your mission right now is to keep an eye on the east of Pollerton. There are a few ports there, so report to Charlie if you find anyone suspicious."

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Seeing Donald's serious expression, Lucas immediately nodded. "All right."

"I'll hand over this building's security system to you. No one will be allowed to enter starting today," instructed Donald

"Yes, Lord Campbell." Lucas was genuinely impressed by Donald. How could he stop a Barrett bullet with his bare hands? I can never do that. Instantaneously, he decided to keep an eye on his son so that he would not offend Donald.

If his son provoked Donald accidentally, their family would be doomed.

"How about the Southwood E-commerce District project?" asked Donald.

"We can officially launch the project after the approval for land reclamation is issued," answered Charles. "What should we do with the land that has been reclaimed?"

"Follow the plan. Build a world-class laboratory and data integration hub. You can decide on the rest. I'm fine with building ordinary commercial houses," uttered Donald. After they chatted for a while, he received a call from Reina. "Where are you? I'll treat you to a meal."

"Invite Lana as well," said Donald.

At noon, he met Reina and Lana.

Reina was wearing a cap and a mask that completely covered her face and only exposed her bloodshot eyes. On the contrary, Lana donned an off-shoulder long sleeved top with a pleated skirt, revealing her straight and slender legs, which attracted the attention of many people.

"How are you doing? Can you still endure it?" inquired Donald with a smile.

In response, Reina stared at him and remarked, "You're definitely not a bodyguard!"

Her eyes were wide with curiosity.

This man is too mysterious. He managed to make Wynter change her mind with a sentence.

No celebrity dared to endorse her scarlet swans because it would be equivalent to

cutting the red wire of a bomb. One minor mistake and the celebrity would have to pay with their life. Even the pillar of the Lowe family would not want to get involved.

Initially, Wynter was unwilling to do so, but after a while, she called back and said that she had already discussed the matter with Donald.

Meanwhile, Lana chuckled and stated, "He's really a bodyguard hired by me. I have to pay him five thousand every month."

Obviously, Reina was not convinced.

"Let me show you something before we eat." Shortly afterward, Donald took out the paper he had nicked from Bennett's bag and handed it to Reina.

The latter's expression turned grim and she sat beside Lana.

"This is an urgent document written in the latest version of ciphertexts. Papillon started using it fifty years ago." Lifting her head, Reina inquired, "Where did you get this?"

"I have annihilated the Four-Faced Angel, Bennett," answered Donald.

In an instant, Reina narrowed her eyes.

"Why? Do you know him?" the man queried puzzledly.

"Ten years ago, I was a member of the Coeus Club and learned this type of ciphertext back then. Bennett was my teacher. Later, something happened to the Parasite, and the base was destroyed overnight. All of the members were separated. At that time, we didn't have a name and only used code names to communicate. We lost contact with Bennett and the Parasite after they escaped," Reina explained.

The Coeus Club was the world's top academic group at that time. Every member was a talented person with a high IQ.

Naturally, Donald was well aware of the Coeus Club's existence. That organization was not evil and focused on medical research, scientific studies, animal and plant research, and so on. Hence, he did not pay much attention to it. Little did he know that a woman who appeared to be frail was actually a member of the Coeus Club.

"Me too, Perhaps Bennett brought the document back to Pollerton because he wanted to look for us," chimed in Lana flatly.

"What's written in the document?" asked Donald.

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The next moment, Lana and Reina continued to decipher the ciphertext. After working on it for an hour, they lifted their heads, grave expressions on their faces. "The contents aren't complete, but it mentions one thing. It orders Bennett to go to the base and bring the one thousand samples away."

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"What sample?"

Reina enunciated, "The saliva, urine, and blood samples of a thousand citizens in our country!"

Narrowing his eyes, Donald questioned, "Genetic research?"

"Not sure," responded Lana after letting out a sigh.

Immediately, Donald fell into deep thought, and his gaze darkened.

If it really involves genetic research, then the Parasite truly deserved to die! If these samples were smuggled abroad, the consequences would be dire.

"The instructions on the document are obscure. It mentions nothing about who to hand over the samples to and the base's location," Reina stated.

Moments later, Donald straightened his back and uttered, "Okay. I'll investigate it. How's the preparation?"

Reina was instantly enthralled at the mention of her scarlet swans. "Almost done. More and more people are leaving negative comments online. According to the statistics, more than ten million people are upset with me."

Even when so many haters were attacking her online, she did not seem bothered.

"When will Pollerton Television come?" Donald queried.

Shaking her head, Reina replied, "I don't know. It's a government-owned television station. It won't be easy."

"Find someone to report on you," suggested Donald.

"I've tried it before, but no one came," Reina stated.

Hearing that, the man laughed. "What if you find a topic that others are interested in?"

"What topic?" Reina was curious.

"Let's say you have a rumored boyfriend who has been pursuing you, but you rejected him. After that, he began to date your younger sister. His love for you has turned into hatred, so he reported you for eating wild scarlet swans and kept providing evidence that your scarlet swans were caught in the wild. Will this topic pique the interest of the public and Pollerton Television?"

Reina was stunned for a moment..

Pollerton Television would definitely be interested because emotional programs were their primary focus.

For instance, even when a wife cheated on her husband, he still stayed with her and never left. Or there was a husband who had several wives, and the reporter from Pollerton Television would act as a mediator to resolve the conflict. Another example was a husband who married two sisters at the same time and should be condemned to bigamy.

Even though those stories were trivial and melodramatic, the audience enjoyed watching them.

Reina was astonished.

Lana, on the other hand, giggled and remarked, "How smart of you to use Pollerton Television to get exposure."

"Of course, it'll have a negative impact on your reputation. Will your boyfriend agree to it?" asked Donald.

"I don't have a boyfriend," answered Reina.

"I'm sorry. I thought you would have one at your age."

Listening to that, Lana twitched her lips in disdain.

A faint smile crept onto Reina's face as she replied calmly, "Okay. I'll make the arrangements right away."

Then, she shot Donald an intense stare and left without eating.

"I think she's interested in you," Lana remarked.

Wearing a nonchalant countenance, Donald commented, "You're overthinking it."

“Why don’t you consider me?” Having said that, she approached him, and he caught a whiff of a sweet fragrance. “Who’s prettier? The diva or me?” Donald could not help but look at the woman in front of him. Lana was a curvaceous beauty. Not only did she have a nice figure, but she was knowledgeable as well. Then, he saw her fair and lean shoulders and the deep cleavage. She had a different temperament from Jennifer. Jennifer was gentle while she was seductive, the type of woman who would make a good lover but not a good wife. “Both of you are beautiful.” He immediately averted his gaze. Leaning on his shoulder, she piped up, “Then, please consider me. My parents are coming to Pollerton soon. They want to find me a boyfriend.” With that said, she looked at him pitifully. Her parents? The elders of the Collins family? “Are you trying to use me as your shield?” he inquired.

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“Didn’t you take a million from me to use as your shield?” Lana rolled her eyes at Donald. “All I’m asking is for you to meet my parents and have a meal together so that they will give up on this matter.”

Donald answered, “We’ll see.”

As he spoke, his phone suddenly rang.

It was from Jennifer. Donald frowned upon seeing that, wondering if he should answer the call.

After some thought, he decided to answer the phone.

“Rafe is in trouble,” said Jennifer in a cold voice.

“What happened?” Donald lowered his voice, and his face darkened.

No one else was aware of how important Rafe was to Donald. Back when they were in high school, Rafe had always seen Donald as his best pal. There was one time when Donald encountered some difficulties and needed six hundred thousand. Rafe was the only person who offered him financial aid.

That money was all that Rafe had, yet he did not even hesitate before giving it to Donald.

Jennifer explained, “Oliver had purchased that house and paid two percent as the commission, which was two million. Rafe should be getting a million from the commission, but his manager only gave him eight thousand. Rafe went to reason with the manager, but he was beaten up instead. He is now in the hospital. I just so happened to run into him. Why don’t you come over?”

“I’ll be there.” Donald ended the call and rushed to the hospital.

Jennifer had already left the hospital when Donald arrived. After asking the doctor in charge, he found out that Jennifer had already settled Rafe’s medical bills, and she even paid around sixty thousand for the deposit.

Donald was touched when he heard that.

Although Jennifer was overprotective of her younger brother, Donald knew she had always been a kind-hearted person.

She knew how much Donald cared for Rafe, and that was why she immediately called and informed him about Rafe.

In the ward, Rafe was lying on the bed with a bandage wrapped around his head. Blood was still seeping through his wound.

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The nurse explained, "The patient has a slight concussion after being injured by a blunt object. He needs around ten days to rest and recover. He also can't get out of bed for the time being. Do you need us to call the police?"

Donald shook his head. "There's no need for that."

A murderous intent flashed across his eyes

"Donald, I feel like throwing up," said Rafe weakly as he opened his eyes. Then, he suddenly bent down and threw up. Some of his vomits dirtied Donald's pants.

Donald could have dodged it, but he did not. Instead, he took out a piece of tissue paper and wiped it away without saying anything.

Lana stood behind him and saw everything. She stared at Donald's back with tenderness in her eyes.

Little did Donald know, that minor action of his had moved Lana's heart.

"Who is your manager?" Donald asked.

"Stanley Yeager... But don't look for him. He has someone backing him up." Rafe looked terrified. "You should know that Frankie Yates is the boss of our headquarters."

Frankie Yates? Zayne's nephew.

"Was Frankie there when Stanley beat you up?" Donald asked.

Rafe fell silent and dared not speak a word

"Answer me!" Donald's expression darkened.

Rafe was terrified by Donald's expression, and he quickly said, "He was there. Other than Frankie, Yvette was there too! Anyway, you should not look for Frankie. He's Zayne's nephew!"

He paused for a brief moment before grabbing Donald's hands tightly, "Zayne is one of the most powerful people in Pollerton!"

*All right. I know that. You get some rest," comforted Donald.

"Ew! That's so disgusting!" Suddenly, a scream was heard.

Donald straightened his back and turned around expressionlessly. A chubby woman was standing by the door with a disgusted expression. She glared at Rafe, who was lying in the patient's bed.

That woman was none other than Faye, Rafe's wife.

She glanced at the vomits in the trash can, and she did not disguise the disgusted look in her eyes. "Rafe, are you even a man? How did you only manage to get eight thousand when the commission is worth a million? Why are you still lying here instead of questioning Stanley? You'd better get out of bed now and demand him give you a million. Or else, I'll divorce you!"

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Rafe was too afraid to utter a word.

Donald refuted, "How is he supposed to do that when he's injured and hospitalized?" "What does that have to do with you? Who do you think you are?" Faye shot Donald a disdainful glare. "You're just trash that could barely gather enough money for your medical bills. How dare you talk to me like that?"

Slap!

Donald gave her a hard slap across the face.

Perplexed, Faye yelled at him, "Did you just slap me? How dare you! Do you know who I am? How dare you hit me?"

Faye was indeed born into a well-off family, or else Rafe would not have become her family's live-in son-in-law.

Faye's father was in the construction business, and he owned more than a dozen excavators. With an annual income of around five hundred thousand, their family was considered well-off in society.

"Rafe, you coward! Did you see that? Your best friend hit me!" Faye shouted as her chubby cheeks shook from the rage. There was no way for one to see her chin. She was a hundred sixty meters tall, and her weight was around ninety kilograms.

"Faye, that's enough. You shouldn't have insulted Donald in the first place!" Rafe shouted as he could no longer stand it.

Faye was stunned, and she looked at Rafe in disbelief.

Rafe, who had always been submissive and tolerated all of her harsh remarks, was now talking back to her because of Donald

"Let's get a divorce right now! I've had enough of this!" Faye had gone mad. She grabbed Rafe by the collar, shaking him while yelling at him.

Donald walked over and gave her another smack on the face, causing her to stumble away from Rafe.

Faye fell to the ground. She kicked her legs and cried, "Rafe, let's get a divorce immediately! My family had provided you with everything, including your underwear, so how dare you treat me like this? It's not like you earned any money during our marriage. You did not even give me pocket money."

Rafe shouted angrily, "Faye, that's too much! I've been giving you my monthly salary, and my mom even paid more than two hundred thousand before I moved in to live with your family!"

"I don't care! I still want to get a divorce!" Faye continued to throw a tantrum.

"Fine! Let's get a divorce then!" Rafe could no longer hold back the anger he had been enduring for the past couple of years "I've had enough of you and your family!"

"Just you wait and see! I'll find someone to deal with you!" Faye threatened after she stood up and pointed at Donald. Then, she ran out of the ward.

Donald sneered and sat by the edge of the bed.

Rafe was a little concerned. "Donald, you should leave now. My father-in-law is a thug."

"It's okay. I can take care of this." Donald smiled and patted him on the shoulder. After he turned around, Lana noticed the cold glint reflecting in his eyes.

It was ice-cold and without emotion.

She could not help but shiver at that,

Rafe did not respond, and gradually, he fell into a deep sleep.

"Stay here and take care of him. If anyone dares to cause a fuss here, get rid of them. I believe you're capable of doing that," said Donald.

Lana pursed her lips in disdain. “Hey, hey, do remember that you’re working for me and not the other way around.”

Donald said, “Just do as I say if you still want me to work as your bodyguard.”

Lana smiled wryly. “I’ve never seen an employee threatening their boss like this.”

Donald pretended not to hear that and turned around to walk away.

Meanwhile, Frankie Yates had been living a comfortable life as Zayne’s nephew.

Being a bachelor in his forties, Zayne spoilt his nephew a lot. Frankie grew up well. He graduated from a university ranked among the top ten globally, and he could speak three languages fluently. After Frankie had returned from studying abroad, Zayne gave him thirty million as his start-up capital. He founded Frankie Realty, which had more than thirty branches in Pollerton and a total of one hundred and twenty branches in the country.

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Not only that, but Frankie was also the chairman of the Association of Realtors. His business also included selling off-plan properties.

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Frankie had a flaw. He was lustful and enjoyed being around women.

At that time, he was busy fooling around with another woman in his office at Frankie Realty’s headquarters. He was seated on the couch. A woman crouched before him as her head moved up and down.

She was none other than Rebecca.

Earlier during the opening of Donter Pictures, she was sent to represent Frankie to talk with Wynter about the endorsement.

Of course, Frankie knew he could not afford to hire Wynter to endorse his company. So instead, his target was any of the thirty-two artists waiting to be signed. Although Frankie was a pervert, he was also a visionary man. He knew that Donter Pictures would definitely house at least one or two top celebrities in the near future.

In fact, the discussion was almost finalized, and the celebrity was Vanessa.

“Mr. Yates, can’t you tell me what had happened to my sister?” Rebecca flashed him a flirtatious look, her hair touching his abdomen.

Frankie stroked her head. “Didn’t she tell you anything after crossing a big shot?”

“Nope.” Rebecca shifted into another posture and said in a seductive voice, “She only told me that someone had warned her. However, she couldn’t tell me more, or else she’d get herself in great trouble.”

Frankie leaned against the couch with a look of pleasure on his face. “I only know that the person is a big shot and someone that even I could not afford to mess with.”

He did not tell her that even his uncle could not afford to mess with that big shot.

Despite his uncle’s influential status in Pollerton, Frankie was told to never mess with the owner of Donter Pictures.

Rebecca paused, “Is that person really so scary?”

“That’s none of our business. You can just focus on being a secretary at Frankie Realty instead. You’ll get all that you deserye,” said Frankie.

He was twenty-five years old, and he was a handsome man.

“Anyway, have you settled the problem of Stanley beating up someone earlier today?” asked Frankie.

Rebecca said, “I’ve made the necessary arrangement. He’s just a nobody. I doubt that will cause any trouble to us.”

“Why did you tell Stanley to beat him up?” Frankie sat up and grabbed her by the hair. Rebecca concealed her painful expression, and there was an excited glint in her eyes when she said, “I can’t stand watching a nobody like him dreaming of changing his destiny with the commission he gets for selling off a property.”

She and Rafe were both from humble backgrounds, and they were also from the same village.

Rebecca had to sell herself repeatedly to get a million, yet Rafe could already get the same amount of money after selling off a house.

Since Stanley refused to pay Rafe the full commission, she figured she could also take advantage of the situation.

“All right. We can’t change what has been done. Focus on your task now.” Frankie could not be bothered about that. “As you said, he’s just a small fry. Who cares if he’s beaten up?”

In another room at Frankie Realty’s headquarters, Stanley was grinning from ear to ear. He was the sales champion of the month. It was almost impossible to sell off a property in Pollerton Estates. Even if a purchase were made, they would not be able to collect the full commission either. To his surprise, not only did Rafe actually manage to get a buyer, but the buyer even paid them two million as the commission without hesitation. Every property company in Pollerton would split the commission into two halves with its sales agents, which meant Rafe should have gotten a million. As a manager, Stanley would have to hand in three hundred thousand from his commission to cover the management fees, and he could only pocket the remaining two hundred thousand. Two hundred thousand was already a huge sum of money.

However, Stanley was not satisfied with that. He wanted to get Rafe’s portion of the money as well.

Frankie had never been the type of boss who would interfere much with the management of the company as long as he got to collect the monthly management fees.

Thus, Stanley had beaten Rafe up.

As for the consequences to bear, Stanley was not afraid even if Rafe’s father-in-law were to come to seek justice for Rafe.

He had Frankie backing him up, and there was no need for him to be afraid of a thug. Moreover, he had gained more connections over the past years too.

“Mr. Yeager, someone is outside. He claims to be Rafe’s friend,” said a clerk with a petite frame.

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 70

Chapter 70 “How many of them?” asked Stanley.

“One.” The female clerk was a little speechless that he did not hear what she had just said.

Stanley was stunned for a moment, and then he snickered. “Let him come in then.”

There's nothing to be afraid of!"

He was a short, stout man with vicious-looking eyes that were enough to show that he was not a decent man.

Mr. Yates is in his office upstairs, so I have nothing to fear!

Donald walked into his office, and after seeing Stanley, he asked, "Are you Stanley Yeager?"

"That's right. What's the matter?" Stanley stared at him casually.

"I came here to tell you two things. First, you'd better pay Rafe the commission he deserves to get. Second, you should break your arm for beating Rafe up. It's best you do it yourself. If you make me do it for you, I might end up taking your life too," Donald said with a poker face. He looked down and stared at his beaded bracelet.

Every time he touched the bracelet, he would feel immediately at ease.

If it weren't for Jennifer's presence in the past couple of years that had tamed his hostility, Stanley would have been a corpse by now.

Stanley leaned back against his office chair and lit up a cigarette. "Who do you think you are?"

Who do I think I am?

Donald pondered on that and nodded, "Let me show you what I'm capable of doing then."

After saying that, he walked over and grabbed Stanley by the hair. He lifted Stanley above the desk and squeezed gently on Stanley's shoulder.

With a loud crack, the bone in his right arm was crushed instantly.

His arm was broken.

"Ah!" Stanley let out a deafening shriek.

More than twenty young men from outside the office immediately rushed in upon hearing that. They all stared cautiously at Donald, and they closed in on Donald in the next second.

Nonetheless, that was of no use.

Within seconds, they were already sent flying away, knocked out in the office.

"Just you wait! I'll call Mr. Yates right now, and you're doomed!" Stanley's face turned pale, and he quickly took out his phone.

Unbothered about the men lying on the ground, Donald walked over to the couch and sat down. They were sales agents, and they were all in their twenties. None of them had ever shown any respect to Rafe.

They were also there when Stanley had beaten Rafe up. However, none of them stopped that from happening. Instead, they were taking pleasure in Rafe's misfortune. When he saw how Donald knocked out all the agents, Stanley had a bad feeling. He quickly dialed Frankie's number.

Meanwhile, Frankie was panting heavily with Rebecca under him. He pressed her head down and said to the phone, "Speak!"

"Mr. Yates, bad news. Rafe's friend is here to cause a scene. He broke my arm!"

Stanley cried and whined. He glared at Donald with anger fuming in his eyes.

So what if you can fight well? Do you have the guts to beat Frankie? Everyone knows Zayne is the most powerful man in Pollerton, and Zayne spoils his nephew so much that he will give Frankie everything Frankie wants!

Frankie did not answer and ended the call. Then, after releasing himself, he grabbed

Rebecca by her head. "Didn't you tell me you've settled everything about Rafe? His friend is here for him!"

Something was dripping from the corner of Rebecca's lips as she said, "Mr. Yates, don't worry. I know who that friend is. He's just a divorcee. We don't have to be afraid of him." "You should go down and take a look first, I'll join you shortly after taking a shower" said Frankie as he stood up.

Rebecca took a piece of tissue paper and wiped the corner of her lips. She fixed her makeup before walking out of the office. With a disdainful expression on her face, she quickly walked toward the office, exuding the aura of a strong career woman.

After arriving at the office, the first thing she saw was the young men who were lying on the ground, groaning in pain. However, she was not concerned about their injuries at all. Her gaze then shifted to Donald,

Donald was seated on the couch and stared at her with his face devoid of expression,