

## The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 71

### Chapter 71

Rebecca showed no signs of fear. She scoffed, "Donald, you have some nerve. Do you know where we are?"

Donald nodded. "Yes."

"You know?" Rebecca raised her voice. "You know and you still dared to barge in to beat someone up? You really are tired of living, aren't you! Kneel and apologize now! If I'm in a good mood, I might ask Mr. Yates to spare you. If not, tomorrow, there's going to be one more corpse floating in the sea!"

"Mr. Yates?" Donald sneered.

Zayne isn't even fit to be my dog. Why should I be scared of Frankie? Even if I killed him, Zayne wouldn't dare to do anything. And if he did? I'd kill his entire family.

Donald had the strength and means to do so.

Before he was crowned as Lord Campbell, he was known widely as Golden Lord.

"Yes. Frankie, Zayne's nephew!" Rebecca pulled out a chair to sit. She sat with her legs together.

Her posture made her look majestic, like a dragon looking down on ants. "Donald... This can't be good for you. Why must you stand up for a good-for-nothing like Rafe?"

"What do you know that makes you say that?" Donald stood up slowly.

Rebecca jumped to her feet. Pointing at Donald, she scolded, "Mr. Yates told me! And compared to him, you're nothing!"

"Yes, yes, yes... You're nothing! If you have any sense left in you, kneel down and apologize. And break your arm!" Stanley shouted angrily.

"You're confident in Frankie, aren't you?" Donald mocked. "Who do you think he is?"

\* First, you beat up my people, and then you question my authority?" Frankie's voice could be heard from outside, "All right. I'll show you today what I'm capable of!"

Before he could even enter the room, a group of people rushed over and surrounded him,

Stanley ran the fiercest. "Mr. Yates, avenge me! Look, my arm is broken! It's crushed!"

Another group of males complained, "Mr. Yates, this is too much!"

"Yeah! He even scolded you!"

"He's made an unforgivable mistake! Just shoot him already!"

Frankie was blocked by the group of people at the door. Before even seeing Donald, he furrowed his brows.

Rebecca could read people well. Just looking at Frankie's expression, she could tell what he was thinking. "Get out of his way!" she shouted.

Frankie blew away the strand of blond hair blocking his vision. "Get lost. I want to see who has the guts to challenge me."

At that moment, he saw Donald.

Donald was looking back at him, expressionless.

Frankie paused. He frowned. He seems familiar. Have I seen him before?

When Rebecca saw Frankie frowning, she pointed at Donald. "Mr. Yates, it's him!

Rafe's friend, Donald! Show him who's boss!"

Donald? He's Donald? Wait, what did Uncle Zayne ask me to do?

He recalled Zayne saying, "If you meet a young man named Donald, kneel before him if

you can. If you can't, make sure not to provoke him.”  
When Frankie asked why back then, Zayne replied that he himself wasn't even qualified to be a dog for Donald.  
Those words had struck Frankie deeply.  
The South Prince isn't even worthy of being his dog?  
He had then asked about Charles Langford.  
Zayne said that even Charles didn't match up to Donald either.  
Zayne then passed a photograph of Donald to Frankie to let him see.  
“Donald?” Frankie was trembling. His complexion instantly turned pale, and he stepped backward. His heart felt weak.

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### **Chapter 72**

I already avoided Donald's district. Why did I have to meet him here?  
“Which Donald?” Frankie clarified,  
“The Donald you know,” Donald sneered.  
I'm dead! I'm dead! It's the same man that Uncle Zayne warned me about!  
Frankie immediately fell to his knees and clutched Donald's thigh. “Mr. Campbell, I'm sorry! I was wrong!”  
Everyone's eyes widened in disbelief.  
What is going on?  
Rebecca, especially, was rubbing her eyes, thinking that she was seeing things.  
Am I hallucinating? It doesn't seem like it though!  
Zayne's nephew, Frankie, actually knelt on the ground and apologized, unprompted! He even called Donald Mr. Campbell.  
“Are you ready to show me what you're capable of?” Donald asked with no emotion in his voice as he looked down at Frankie.  
Frankie quivered. His face was pale. “No, I don't dare to. Absolutely not. Mr. Campbell, I'm sorry. I really am sorry! Rafe is your friend, right? I'll transfer one million, no, two million to him! And I'll kill Keith for you. Is that all right?”  
Hearing that, Stanley looked sick.  
Rebecca covered her mouth in shock. She couldn't help but take a few steps back, her face pale.  
What exactly is going on?  
Stanley was shaking with fear.  
He knew what Frankie was capable of, and the latter's abilities were something to be feared. Frankie was the one who helped Charles with his dirty work.  
What did it mean, then, for Frankie to kneel for Donald?  
It showed that Donald was unimaginably powerful. He was able to assert his dominance over Frankie and Zayne.  
“Mr. Campbell, I really know that I'm wrong. I'm a stupid dog. If I knew Rafe was your friend, I wouldn't have dared to touch him,” Frankie said sincerely. Although his face showed nothing but sincerity, his heart was exploding with fear.

People like Donald shouldn't be in Pollerton, but in Jadeborough! That's where the big bosses operate.

Donald looked down at Frankie. "Did Zayne tell you to tell me that?"

Frankie hurriedly shook his head. "No, I thought to say that myself."

"Call Zayne to come over here," Donald stated.

Frankie looked at Donald pleadingly. Uncle Zayne would come to know about today's incident sooner or later. But if he finds out later, he'll be less angry, and I'll suffer less, right?

Going over then was basically a death sentence.

At the thought, Frankie's eyes were filled with resentment as he looked at Stanley and Rebecca. When this is over, I'll kill you two!

"You don't have the right to talk to me directly," Donald said indifferently.

Just as he said that, Frankie suddenly realized what situation he was in.

Yeah, what right do I have to speak to Donald directly? If he wanted to kill me, he would have done it already. If I call Uncle Zayne over, would I be showing him respect?

At the thought, Frankie calmed down. He took out his phone. "Uncle Zayne! Help me!"

"What's wrong?" Zayne's low voice could be heard from the other side.

"I've offended Mr. Campbell," Frankie said as he sobbed.

Zayne hadn't registered what Frankie was saying, "Which Mr. Campbell?"

"Mr. Donald Campbell!" Frankie said through gritted teeth.

There was silence on the other end of the phone. Finally, Zayne shouted, "You're dead! Where are you now? I'll come over immediately!"

## The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 73

### Chapter 73

"Headquarters.said Frankie.

Zayne hung up immediately.

Donald walked up to the couch and sat down. He swept his glance across the room while subconsciously twisting the beaded bracelet on his wrist.

Rebecca kept her head lowered as she dared not look at Donald.

However, she couldn't hide the shock and resentment in her. He used to stand with me at the starting line. Who is he to become a person that even Zayne is frightened of?

Rebecca had heard Zayne yell and couldn't help but notice something.

Besides anger, his yell contained fear as well.

Meanwhile, Stanley hid in the corner, watching frightfully.

Things had developed outside of his imagination.

He knew Rafe's family background. Rafe had an obese wife, and his father-in-law was an uneducated person. Rafe was a typical honest but good-for-nothing man.

However, Stanley couldn't figure out what was going on at that moment.

"Please have a cigarette," Frankie fawned as he hurried over voluntarily and offered Donald a cigarette.

Donald took a look at him and accepted it.

Frankie was delighted.

Watching them, Stanley and Rebecca felt resigned.

“How can I help you?” Frankie asked politely, nodding his head and bending his body, “I’ll wait for your uncle’s return. The purpose of my visit today is to seek an explanation for Rafe,” Donald said calmly, unbothered by Frankie’s polite attitude. Frankie’s brows furrowed. Why did you come personally? Can’t a phone call settle this matter? Oh gosh, this is so shocking. I’m feeling so nervous right now! After about ten minutes, they heard hurrying footsteps from the outside. Then, a middle-aged man walked into the office. He had a well-built body and was wearing a suit. Upon entering, he looked straight at Donald, walked to him, and bowed, “I’m sorry, Mr. Campbell!” Standing aside, Frankie kept quiet with his head lowered. Donald stared at Zayne without a word, sending chills down the latter’s spine. Zayne wouldn’t dare to do a thing, even if Donald killed Frankie at that moment. It was because of Charles that the Yates family managed to rise. However, the succession of Charles was due to Tristan’s promotion, and the latter was Donald’s subordinate! Despite not knowing the entire inside story, Zayne knew bits and pieces. “Kneel!” Zayne kicked Frankie hard at the back of the latter’s knee. The sharp pain caused Frankie to kneel on the ground in no time. “Come on. Tell us the whole story,” Donald pointed at Stanley and instructed him. Stanley shivered, and his face was incredibly pale. Donald remained reserved, not flaunting his authority. He was unlike Zayne, who was eager to show off his power. Zayne cast a cold glance at Stanley. “Spell out the incident as Mr. Campbell instructed! Don’t exaggerate any details or hide any of them. Tell the truth!” With beads of sweat on his forehead, Stanley gritted his teeth and told them about the incident. The expression on Zayne’s face turned ferocious, and his eyes darkened. How dare they offend Donald just for one million! A mere one million! I would sacrifice my wealth whole-heartedly to flatter him! “Besides that, Rebecca kept insulting Mr. Campbell! She was the one who instructed me to beat up Rafe!” Stanley glared at Rebecca with detestation as he spoke. Donald and Zayne simultaneously narrowed their cold and expressionless eyes in Rebecca’s direction. Terrified, Rebecca knelt on the ground. “Donald... No, Mr. Campbell. We were classmates. I wasn’t aware of your identity. Please forgive me!”

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### **Chapter 74**

“Mr. Campbell, feel free to let me know your decision. I’ll follow your order no matter what.” Zayne said with his head lowered before bowing apologetically. Donald waved his hand impatiently. “Forget about it. There’s no point saying all these now. Return Rafe his money. Anyway, I hate the sight of the both of them.” He pointed at Stanley and Rebecca. Hate? I know what I should do now. Zayne then replied delightedly, “Of course, Mr. Campbell!”

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“I’ll do it. I’ll do it myself.” Frankie lifted his head and volunteered, casting a menacing look at Rebecca and Stanley soon after finishing his words.

“How about him..” Zayne pointed at Frankie.

“What? Do you want me to get rid of him too?” Donald questioned back emotionlessly. Zayne and Frankie broke out in a cold sweat, and the latter nearly wetted his pants.

“Quick! Say thank you to Mr. Campbell!” Zayne kicked Frankie’s backside, causing the latter to nearly fall flat on his face.

Frankie cast a begrudging look at Zayne before turning back to Donald and bowing.

“Thank you, Donald..”

The moment Zayne heard it, his expression turned pale.

How dare you address him so casually? Don’t drag me down if you wish to die!

However, unexpectedly, Donald said impatiently, “That’s enough!”

Frankie hurried over with another cigarette and lit it up. “Please have a cigarette then.”

Surprisingly, Donald didn’t turn down his offer.

Zayne was secretly pleased with what he saw.

Is he agreeable to that more intimate term of address? If so, will the Yates family be prosperous

soon? Maybe this unfortunate event can take a turn and end well?

Donald took a deep breath and looked at Zayne with a faint smile. “Who brought your nephew up?”

“It’s all self-taught. Hehe,” Frankie chimed in with a fawning smile.

“Donald, where is Mr. Miller right now? I should apologize to him personally, Frankie asked enthusiastically.

“The hospital,” Donald answered.

Frankie seemed excited after hearing Donald’s reply. “All right. I’ll go there now!”

Donald stood up immediately, without taking a look at Rebecca or Stanley. As Frankie mentioned earlier, there was no need for him to bother with those insignificant people.

Rebecca’s eyes were filled with hatred and bitterness as she watched Donald leave.

The moment Donald left, a menacing expression replaced the fawning smile on Frankie’s face.

He stared at Rebecca and Stanley cold bloodedly, causing them to tremble and step backward.

They looked at Frankie with fear written all over their faces.

“Do both of you know that you nearly got me killed? Do you know the consequences of offending Donald?” Frankie spoke in a cold tone with a threatening gaze.

Rebecca and Stanley turned pale and dared not utter a word.

“Don’t worry. I won’t kill you. However, I won’t let you live a good life. I’ll send you both to the pig farm to raise pigs,” Frankie said.

Stanley and Rebecca inwardly squirmed at the thought of raising pigs at a pig farm.

Rebecca instantly felt dizzy as she couldn’t believe her fate of ending up on a pig farm.

She fell to the ground as her body went limp and weak. Then, she covered her face with her hands and cried, knowing that her life was over. No one in Pollerton could ever live freely after getting under Frankie’s skin.

Frankie sneered before leaving. He headed out to see Rafe and apologize to the latter.

At the hospital, Lana crossed her arms and stood beside the window. She had no interest in talking to Rafe.

As an arrogant woman, she wouldn't even bother to look at Rafe if he wasn't Donald's good friend.

Rafe didn't dare to utter a word as he felt belittled by Lana's intimidating aura.

## **The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 75**

### **Chapter 75**

A sudden commotion arose with angry yells embedded in it.

Lana frowned slightly before a sneer was formed on her face. After giving it a thought, she walked aside and hid behind the curtains to see what the bully was up to.

The door was suddenly kicked open in the next moment. Soon, a topless middle aged man sauntered into the room. Nine dragons were tattooed on his rather short and plump body. He had a bowl cut and looked like someone one would not mess around with.

He was Finnegan Scott, Faye's father as well as Rafe's father-in-law.

As soon as he entered the room, he eyed Rafe on the bed viciously. "You bastard, I think you have a death wish!"

Rafe shuddered after hearing Finnegan's voice and immediately wanted to sit up on the bed.

Faye charged forward from behind Finnegan and pointed her finger at her husband. "I want to have a divorce, you bastard! But before that, let me make you a cripple first!"

Finnegan pulled over a chair casually and crossed his legs after he sat on it. Then, he glared at Rafe icily. "I can't believe that you have the guts to ask Donald to hit my daughter!"

"Faye went overboard this time," Rafe explained.

After Finnegan heard that, his eyes immediately became so wide that his eyeballs were almost bulging out. He suddenly stood up and ran to Rafe to give the latter a slap.

In an instant, five red fingermarks appeared on Rafe's cheeks, and blood flowed out from the corner of his lips. He could not stop himself from looking at Faye, only to discover that there was neither sympathy nor love on her impassive face.

Is she the woman whom I call my wife for several years?

Finally, a look of utmost exhaustion overtook his face. He grew silent for a moment before he asked, "In that case, let's get a divorce."

"Of course, we are going to do that! Not just that, but you also have to give back every single thing of our belongings! Before the divorce, I will also break one of your legs!"

With that, Finnegan lit a cigarette.

Faye chimed in, "No, I won't let you have a divorce so easily. Where is Donald? Ask him to come here! I want to kill him!"

Rafe could not help but raise his voice as he uttered, "That's enough! Leave him alone, and just take all your anger out on me!"

"Hey, since when have you started speaking up for yourself?" Finnegan inquired in a confused tone.

The fat on Faye's cheeks jiggled as she trembled in anger. This useless man is still thinking of helping Donald at such times! Not only is he useless in bed, but he is also useless in everything right now!"

Finnegan ordered, "Make Donald come here. Otherwise, I'll break both of your legs today!"

Rafe closed his eyes and remained silent, preparing to take everything alone.

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"F\*ck you!" As Faye's anger flared up, she walked over and landed a kick on his waist. Even though Rafe grimaced in pain, he still remained silent.

A blond man standing at the back suddenly charged toward him and placed a dagger on Rafe's throat. "Ask Donald to come here immediately. Otherwise, I'll make him a cripple!"

Just as Lana was about to reveal herself to resolve the situation, a man suddenly walked into the room and leaned against the doorframe as he watched everything indifferently.

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Frankie had arrived.

"How impressive," he commented coldly without any expression on his face.

When Finnegan, Faye, and the blond man turned around, they immediately shuddered. After all, Frankie was the nephew of the South Prince, Zayne.

Technically speaking, Frankie was Finnegan's superior.

Finnegan started off his business with construction projects. He was handling some ongoing projects at the moment, such as trenching and excavation, and many of his businesses relied on Zayne.

Hence, he dared not offend Frankie at all.

Even if he was not relying on Zayne, he dared not offend Zayne himself.

"Oh, hello, Mr. Yates." Finnegan immediately put on an ingratiating smile. "Are you here because of Stanley? Don't worry. My daughter is going to divorce Rafe. In fact, we are going to do that immediately. We have no relations whatsoever with him, and I'm actually planning to break one of his legs!"

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A great trepidation filled Finnegan's heart, and he had no other option but to treat Frankie respectfully.

Thinking that Frankie was here to pick on Rafe, Finnegan immediately severed all ties with Rafe, as he feared that he would be implicated in the situation himself.

Frankie merely eyed Finnegan coldly without saying a single word. However, he was actually observing Rafe through the corner of his eyes, pondering about how he could please the latter.

I must not be too lax around someone worthy of Mr. Campbell's personal intervention.

When Finnegan saw Frankie's expression, he thought the latter was here to seek trouble with Rafe, so he emphasized again. "Mr. Yates, this useless man has nothing to do with us! Faye will divorce him immediately."

The expression on Frankie's face was unfathomable as he asked, "Useless man? Divorce?"

He looked thoughtful, but one could not discern any emotions on his face.

Seeing the current situation, Finnegan had no idea how to respond.

What on earth has Rafe done to make Frankie come all the way here?

"That's right! He is just a good-for-nothing!" Finnegan replied.

Upon hearing that, Frankie strode toward Finnegan slowly and gave him a slap.

Even though Finnegan was furious, he did not dare to utter a word of complaint and lowered his head instead.

That was Frankie's way of managing things—he was arrogant, and he liked to bully the weak. Apart from that, he loved to grovel to the people who were more powerful than him. With Donald backing him up, he even had the guts to beat Nigel up,

Now that Mr. Campbell has my back, Nigel is just a nobody to me!

Meanwhile, Faye and the rest merely looked at Frankie with wild astonishment.

What is going on here? Rafe is the one who offended you. Why did you hit my dad?

Frankie's next action merely left them more bewildered.

He gave Finnegan another tight slap before saying, "You guys must be blind! Rafe is my boss! Get it?"

With that, Frankie glared at Finnegan fiercely. It was as though he could not wait to devour the latter.

Unable to believe what he had just heard, Finnegan stared at Frankie with widened eyes.

Everyone knew one of Frankie's prominent characteristics. He would address anyone who was more powerful than him as his so-called boss. This was a common knowledge among the people of Pollerton.

Now that Frankie said that Rafe was his "boss," without a doubt, this meant that Rafe was such a powerful character that even Frankie was intimidated by him.

Since when has Rafe gotten so powerful? Seeing that he doesn't wield the power himself, this meant that the person backing him up is the powerful one. Hence, who is the one backing Rafe up? It must be Donald!

After coming to that conclusion, Finnegan and Faye were so shocked that they stood rooted to the ground as if they had been electrocuted.

"Divorce? No relations with Rafe?" Frankie let out a cold snort. "That's just convenient! Rafe isn't a man you could simply hang out with anymore! From now onward, he is someone who can boss me around, and whoever opposes him will make me their enemy instantly!"

The shock of everyone in the room intensified.

All this while, the blond man still stood there dumbfoundedly with his dagger still placed on Rafe's throat.

Frankie immediately charged toward him and kicked him in the gut. "How dare you attack Rafe? You should be severely punished for that!"

Meanwhile, Rafe was still stupefied by the recent revelation. What is going on here?

Who am I, and where am I? Where do I come from, and where am I going to end up?

Just then, a snigger was heard from behind the curtain, eliciting a furious glance from Frankie immediately.

Then, Lana walked out of her hiding place

"You are much stronger than your uncle," she remarked with a smile.

Frankie was first taken aback after seeing her, but he immediately understood that Lana was probably here on Donald's instruction to keep the entire situation in check. After Frankie thought it over, he tried even harder to show his efforts.



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“Rafe, I know you are shocked. But don’t worry. I have already made arrangements for Stanley to be a pig rearer for the rest of his life. On top of that, you don’t have to keep this fat wife of yours anymore. I have a beautiful cousin whom I was going to introduce to you.” After Frankie said that, he crouched obsequiously to massage Rafe’s legs.

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### Chapter 77

This made Rafe panic. “Please get up, Mr. Yates.”

Frankie’s face darkened. “How could I do that? This is comfortable for me. How does it feel?”

Rafe was still in a state of shock. “I-It’s g-good...”

Frankie was over the moon upon hearing that. “In that case, please do put in a few good words for me in front of Donald.”

Lana rolled her eyes upon hearing that.

For the first time, Rafe felt how mysterious and unfathomable Donald was.

Seeing how the most eminent businesswoman in Pollerton was willing to follow him and how Frankie was so submissive toward him, Rafe could not fathom how powerful Donald was.

“Okay,” he replied.

Frankie was delighted to hear Rafe’s agreement. As long as Mr. Campbell is happy, everything I do will be worth it. My reputation as an ingratiating person is not just for show!

The fat on Faye’s cheeks trembled as she was worried that Rafe might suddenly become a man of power.

Finnegan, too, also had a foreboding premonition.

After offending Zayne, do I still get to survive in Pollerton? Well, I could try to rely on the West Prince, Jim, as everyone knows that Jim is not on good terms with Zayne. But would a person like Jim even take notice of me?

“I don’t know what your name is, but I can tell you that from now onward, all your businesses in Pollerton are over! This is what you get for offending my boss!” Frankie announced with his index finger pointing at Finnegan.

Finnegan shuddered as consternation was reflected on his face. “Please have mercy on me, Mr. Yates!”

Frankie merely let out a cold snort. “Hmph! Consider yourself lucky that you are still alive after offending Rafe!”

Finnegan immediately looked at Rafe. “Say something, Rafe. I’m your father-in-law after all...”

Faye agreed, “Yes, Rafe. We are still husband and wife. It takes a lot of effort to be together. Am I right? Have you forgotten how much we were in love when we first started dating? Back then, we loved each other so much...”

As soon as she started talking, goosebumps appeared on Lana’s arms, and even

Frankie, who loved to fool around with women, also felt uneasy.  
“Shut your mouth, you fat woman!” Frankie bellowed.  
Rafe sighed. “The moment you asked your father to come into the room, we were over. To be honest, I have no clue what is going on as well, so don’t come to me. Instead, you should ask Donald to forgive you.”  
Frankie instantly gave Rafe a thumbs-up after hearing that.  
He is without a doubt a man Donald has chosen well. Listen to the way he speaks! He doesn’t take any credit for himself and gives all the credits to Donald! Even though Mr. Campbell is not here, he is the one who seems to have accomplished the most here. How impressive! I have a lot to learn from Rafe...  
“Rafe, since you are close with Donald, you can help us to beg for his forgiveness.” Finnegan was still holding onto a shred of hope.  
Faye, however, burst into tears. “You heartless man, Rafe! After you achieved some success, have you forgotten us now?”  
In that instant, annoyance suddenly bubbled up within Rafe.  
Frankie rose to his feet and hollered, “Get lost, both of you. If you still remain in my sight, I’ll beat you up!”  
However, Finnegan and the rest still had not given up on their struggles.  
Finally, Lana spoke. “Just go away, you guys. I’m getting quite revolted at the sight of all of you.”  
It was only until then that Finnegan left with his daughter and the blond man.  
I can’t afford to offend any of them here! Who the hell is Donald? He is so terrifyingly powerful!  
With the departure of Finnegan and his group, silence immediately fell on the ward. The silence was prolonged by Rafe, who did not utter a single word. Seeing that there was no reason for her to stay, Lana was about to leave. “Frankie, stay here and look after Rafe. I’ll get busy with my other errands.”  
“Sure thing.” Frankie smiled. “I’m going to reminisce the good old times with Rafe.”  
She rolled her eyes once more before leaving.  
“How did Ms. Collins meet Donald?” Rafe asked.  
Frankie looked at him meaningfully. “She’s Donald’s woman...”

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### **Chapter 78**

Rafe gave Frankie a thumbs-up. After a moment’s hesitation, he asked, “Is it true you have a beautiful cousin?”  
Frankie froze for a moment and thought that Rafe was quite a shy man. “Of course, it’s true.”  
Meanwhile, Donald arrived at Pollerton General Hospital to visit his grandfather. Raymond was already up. Though he was quite thin, he was in good spirits. His eyes may looked aged, but they contained immense wisdom.  
“You have changed,” he commented as he looked at Donald straight in the eye.  
Donald remained silent. Although he seemed rather reserved and unimpressive at this moment, Raymond could still see the majestic aura that Donald exuded.  
“Have you ever regretted choosing this path because of me?” Raymond asked in a low

voice.

Upon hearing that, Donald immediately raised his gaze and looked at his grandfather. In his impression, Raymond had always seemed to be an ordinary man, even after Donald's return to Pollerton. But what is going on now?

"Grandpa, you,"

With a wave of his hands, Raymond interjected, "You cannot break up with her. Do you understand me?"

"Why?" Donald asked.

"Just remember what I told you." Raymond looked at him meaningfully, and Donald returned the gaze as well.

After a while, Raymond gave another wave of his hand. "You may go back now. I need my rest."

As he quietly observed Donald's leaving figure, his face darkened. It seemed as if an imminent storm was brewing.

Donald went to Pollerton Real Estate after leaving the hospital.

When Reina welcomed him, she passed her phone to him. "Have a look at this."

Pollerton Television was reporting an exclusive interview.

A young man whose face was pixelated to keep his identity anonymous was present in the video. In the clip, a reporter was asking, "Are you the person who took the video of Reina eating the scarlet swan?"

"That's right. After all, it's against the law to eat the scarlet swan. My girlfriend was with me at the party that day, but I think it's not a decent thing to do. So, I asked my girlfriend to stay away from Reina."

"There were some rumors of you with Ms. Wilson, weren't there?" The reporter suddenly became interested in the young man's love life.

He remained silent for a moment before replying, "Yes, but it was all in the past now."

His reply seemed to pique the reporter's interest in the topic. "Aren't you worried that Reina might blame you for this? I even heard that your current girlfriend is one of her friends."

"There's nothing I can do even if she blames me for this. I'm doing this because this is the right thing to do."

"Very well. I'm sure this interview will get viral within a day. Let's make the necessary preparations for the second interview with Pollerton Television," Donald uttered.

Sure enough, the interview from Pollerton Television became the most viewed video of the week, and it was even trending on Twitter.

When the news reached Jennifer, she felt that something was off, but she could not quite put her finger on the odd feeling she had.

"Nigel, have you seen the interview from Pollerton Television?" After giving it a thought, she decided to call Nigel, who was panting on the other end of the phone.

"I've seen that, but don't you worry. It can't stir up anything. Our aim is to let the public know that eating scarlet swan is illegal."

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Jennifer replied, "But I think that something is off."

"What could be wrong? You just have to do your job!" With that, Nigel ended the call.

She frowned and hesitated for a long time before she called the number she had remembered very well. It was Conner Wilson whom she wanted to call.

The bedridden elderly man was the previous Tayhaven King and the pillar of the Wilson family. He wanted the Eight Branches of the Wilson family to unite and wished for their family company to be the top conglomerate.

“Granduncle Conner, how are you doing?” Jennifer asked.

“Cut to the chase.” Conner sounded quite weak.

“Nigel’s previous plan was to target Scarlet Swan Villa, but I don’t think it will work now. First of all, it’s not worth the effort. Besides, I’m positive that a wise man is giving them pointers. My suggestion is to give up on targeting that property and focus on Southwood E-commerce District instead!” she suggested.

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### **Chapter 79**

“Up to you.” With that, Conner hung up the phone.

Holding her phone, Jennifer immediately took out a pen, paper, and a map. She then started studying the map. An hour later, a look of shock crept onto her face. “Land reclamation?”

She then got very excited.

So far, there had not been any documents or insider information saying that Southwood E-commerce District might have a land reclamation.

It was full of reefs and was a dolphin sanctuary. Generally speaking, it was unlikely that it would be reclaimed for the next decades or so.

However, according to the results of her research on various news, Jennifer had come to a conclusion. “Within three to five months, the 30 square kilometers of the waters behind Southwood E-commerce District will be reclaimed!”

“Steven, get ready to allocate funds. Try your best to order excavators and establish a construction steel sales company, a cement company, and an earthwork transportation company,” Jennifer commanded.

“But Susan...” The newly hired secretary, Steven Hobbs, was stunned for a long time.

“Do as I said,” Jennifer replied. She was feeling uneasy, hoping that her guess was right.

If she were wrong, there would be no turning back for her.

“Ms. Wilson, Susan’s here.” Steven’s voice was heard from outside of the office ten minutes later.

“Tell her I’m busy.” Jennifer then turned her phone off and turned on the computer to look at the news of the scarlet swan incident.

The internet had gone crazy. All the netizens started off by criticizing Reina for breaking the law by eating federally protected animals. However, the comments soon took a great turn as netizens found out that it was Reina’s ex-boyfriend who first leaked the news.

I can’t believe you reported someone who treated you to a scarlet swan meal just to get back at

her!What a jerk! That’s too much!Poor girl Reina.

Public opinion was changing, and everything was changing according to Donald’s expectations.

Nigel’s purpose was to let the public know that eating scarlet swans was illegal, and he

wanted to tarnish Reina's name. He wanted to wait until Scarlet Swan Villa became a hot potato and then buy it at a low price.

In fact, his plan almost succeeded.

Scarlet Swan Villa might be on the edge of closure if he was not exposed.

Nigel sensed that something was off upon seeing the public opinion change. He immediately made some phone calls to some of the supervision departments of Pollerton Television.

The response he got was that Pollerton Television was getting ready to start a live interview with Scarlet Swan Villa, and the supervision departments would follow along to enforce the law.

Nigel felt his body turn cold.

What is going on? I've seen the comments, and clearly had the upper hand. What's happening right now? Since when did the story become a jerk getting back at his ex-girlfriend?

"What a crazy woman Reina is. In order to get Scarlet Swan Villa, she doesn't even mind having her reputation ruined!" Nigel mumbled to himself as he switched on the television, trying to see if there was anything he could do to salvage the situation.

He was very determined to get Scarlet Swan Villa.

As soon as he turned on the television, Nigel saw the live interview.

In front of the camera was a vast farm that employed natural farming, and the scenery was incredible.

Reina greeted the assigned reporter and the members of the relevant supervision departments.

Aside from Pollerton Television, there were other platforms going on live broadcast. The comments started flooding in.

D\*mn. I didn't know Reina was this young. Reina wouldn't be in such a situation if it wasn't

for the jerk! Actually, I think Reina's quite pitiful. She was stabbed in the back by a scumbag and ended up like this.

Nigel's brows twitched as he read the comments. He cursed in his heart that these people were fools.

Meanwhile, Reina pointed at the back as she said, "This is Scarlet Swan Villa that's located in Xendale. The investment in it is nearly three hundred million."

The reporter then started to question Reina. "Ms. Wilson, are you aware that it is illegal to breed or eat scarlet swans?"

## **The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 80**

### **Chapter 80**

"Yes, I'm well aware of that, and I know that it's a line nobody can cross without getting punished by the law!" Reina replied.

The reporter nodded. "There's been an uproar about the scarlet swan incident in the past few days. We have invited some relevant supervisors here today. If Scarlet Swan Villa is indeed illegal, you'll be handed over to the judicial authorities. We'll be going on live stream during the whole process to make sure that everything is fair and just."

Reina took in a deep breath. "Okay."

Then, a man stepped forward and started to introduce himself, "Hello, Ms. Wilson. My name is Anthony Sullivan. I'm from the Pollerton Supervision Bureau. According to the law of our country, it is illegal to consume wild scarlet swans. From now on, I'm officially in charge of investigating Scarlet Swan Villa, and I hope you can cooperate."

"Hello, Chief Sullivan. As you have just mentioned, it's illegal to consume wild scarlet swans, but all the scarlet swans in Scarlet Swan Villa are bred. According to national law, it's not illegal to breed scarlet swans." This was the first round of Reina's counter attack.

The netizens were puzzled.

Since when can we breed protected animals? Why didn't I know about this?

Even the reporter was confused. Really?

"Chief Sullivan, is that true?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, that's true. There's a law stating that you can breed scarlet swans only if you have the breeding qualification, sales qualification, and also consumption qualification," Anthony answered.

"Please come with me," said Reina.

The camera began to shift, and people could now see the inside of Scarlet Swan Villa. There were mountains and rivers, and the scenery was beautiful. It was like a small wetland park. There were even quite a few lakes, forming an ecological cycle system. Inside the villa, there was a scarlet swan whose wings were tied up, and it was leisurely searching for food. It would go into the lake and hunt for some small fish and shrimp once in a while.

Reina then handed them a stack of documents. "Here you go. This is the breeding license approved by the Provincial Center."

The reporter took them from her, and the camera zoomed in for a closer shot.

There were several red stamps on the documents alongside the signature of the head of the Provincial Center.

"The documents are indeed valid. I can now conclude that Ms. Wilson's Scarlet Swan Villa is legal and compliant!" Anthony said

The netizens went crazy.

Wow! She's good. She can even get a breeding license! Does this mean we that we have wrongly accused her? Now, where are all the "professionals" on Twitter?

The comments on the internet started to have a one-sided trend. All the netizens that criticized Reina started to show support.

Reina then handed them another set of documents. "Here are the sales license and the consumption license."

Anthony was very serious about his job. He carefully looked at the documents one by one and nodded right after he finished checking them. "All these documents are indeed valid, which means Ms. Wilson's Scarlet Swan Villa has a series of strict procedures in place. It's completely legal for Scarlet Swan Villa to breed or sell the scarlet swans as edible food. I will take full responsibility for everything I have just said."

"Congratulations, Ms. Wilson. Is there anything you want to say to the public?" asked the reporter.

Reina smiled and took over the microphone. "I'm very grateful for everyone's concern for me and Scarlet Swan Villa. I believe everyone has managed to see that Scarlet Swan Villa covers an area of more than 4 square kilometers, and over the years, I have

made Scarlet Swan Villa into a small wetland park. Everyone is welcome to come over and pay a visit. The tickets are fairly cheap. It costs only thirty for one ticket.” She had started to advertise about Scarlet Swan Villa.

It was too late for the reporter to stop Reina when he finally realized what she was doing “As for the scarlet swans, I have to thank Chief Sullivan for his investigation. Even though our scarlet swans are bred, their ecosystem is completely independent and basically the same as the wild ones.” Reina then grabbed one of the scarlet swans and flipped its wing open in front of the camera as she continued, “Look, everyone. We have numbered every one of our swans. There’s even a QR code on each of them. You can check for each swan’s information by scanning the QR code. We do this to prevent anyone from hunting wild scarlet swans and blaming it on Scarlet Swan Villa!”