

## Unlimited Son-In-Law Chapter 101 - Novel Jar

### Chapter 101

She gave up wondering after a while. Carrying the briefcase, she headed to the changing room. She did not want to wear the attire at first. Nevertheless, she was instantly enthralled when she popped it open.

Sitting in it was a mesmerizing necklace. Its color was slightly on the dark side, but it looked exquisite nonetheless.

What fascinated her the most was the sapphire blue gown. It did not have any unnecessary embellishments on it, and its fabric was as soft as a cloud, making it comfortable to touch. In fact, there were no signs of stitching found on it, as though the gown was crafted entirely out of a single yard of silk.

Overtaken by her fascination, she could not help but change into the enrapturing gown. Looking at her image in the mirror, she felt her jaw drop to the ground.

To begin with, she was tall and slim, and her legs were long and slender. Clad in the striking gown, she looked just like a queen out of a fairytale. It fitted her perfectly, accentuating her fair skin and alluring, enticing figure.

This dress seemed to have different effects when worn by different people. If Lana had worn it, she would appeal to the primal urges of the male mind.

Strangely, when it was worn by Jennifer, the dress gave off a more graceful air.

Everyone would look good in that gown and invoke different feelings.

She could even smell a light scent coming from the gown. It was familiar, but she could not recall where she had gotten a whiff of it.

Did someone wear it before me? Jennifer was having doubts at first. Nevertheless, she convinced herself that she had given it too much thought and soon proceeded to put on the necklace.

In a split second, her elegant aura poured out under that gown.

Standing in front of the mirror, she scrutinized her image for a long time. In the end, she frowned and sighed meekly.

Nigel said that he would get me a gown. So, did Nigel prepare this? Although it's not a luxury brand, it seems exquisite.

As she arrived at that conjecture, her guilt toward Nigel deepened.

At ten o'clock in the morning, the celebration for Conner's eightieth birthday had formally commenced.

Jennifer drew in a deep breath and walked out of the room.

The hall, also known as the "goldfish bowl," was filled with guests waiting on their seats. The whole scene looked lavish and majestic.

As everyone had changed into their formal attires, the banquet seemed like a rendezvous only the elite could attend. Although the Tayhaven King had lost their original mightiness, as long as they were still alive, everyone dared not disrespect them. Jennifer did not attract much attention when she entered the hall. Even Kevin failed to notice her.

Everyone had their gazes fixated on a captivating lady on the stage.

She was not someone from the Wilson family, but from the Yeager family.

Nigel's grandmother was a graceful noble lady from an affluent family that still held

immense power after one hundred years. She was a descendant of the Yeager family of Jadeborough.

She was the well-known Shannon Yeager.

If anyone could bear the moniker of being swan-like, it would undoubtedly be Shannon. Every slight movement of hers discharged an air of dominance. One could see that she was of sovereign stock.

She was young, around twenty-five years old. Aside from that, she was tall, at 1.75 meters, and had the figure many women coveted. Standing on the stage in a red, big gown, she had her fair, bright skin exposed on her back. Wrapped around her wrist was a gleaming, crystalline bracelet, which was worth a king's ransom.

"Oh my gosh. Isn't that the ancient Phoenix Bracelet? I've heard that it's priceless!" Thomas Hared eye-wide, astonished. "This gown seems to be handcrafted by my ist Apuaintance, the Dexterous Lady."

Indeed she heavens lavored Shannon

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Holding Shannon's hand, Sydney was beaming in exhilaration.

Although they were both from the Yeager family, they were five generations apart.

Therefore, it was the best decision for Nigel and Shannon to get married, since both the families shared the same idea.

Standing beside Shannon was Nigel, who displayed a solemn demeanor, for he did not utter a word at all.

Another young man caught everyone's attention too.

He was Rodrick, the man who founded Rodrick Foundation all by himself. He, too, was casting an indifferent countenance, with a few muscular men in suits tailing behind him. Clad in a silver suit, he sipped the red wine in relish while gazing at Shannon, his eyes burning with passion.

Aside from the Wilson family of Tayhaven, the other branches of the Eight Branches of the Wilson family had no right to show themselves on the stage. They could never be deemed an aristocratic family despite being affluent.

The only two ways to truly become one were through amalgamation or marriage.

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Rodrick had no intention of merging his company, but he was head over heels for Shannon to the extent of wishing to marry her. However, Shannon had no feelings for him. To tell the truth, she was not into anyone, not even Nigel.

Previously, Rodrick and Shannon were classmates in university. Ever since he knew her, he found out that she was an emotionless girl.

"Quit making sheep's eyes at her! She's Nigel's fiancée, you know!" Linda reproached Kevin and gave him a light tap on his arm.

Kevin reluctantly took his eyes off Shannon and whined, "What a pity... She's the girl whom every man loves and adores. By the way, Jennifer, luckily Nigel didn't give you a title but only power and wealth. It's better this way, right?"

Nodding fervently, Linda agreed, "He's right. What's the point of having a title, anyway. You got to have something tangible in your grasp, something that's truly owned by you. Look at you, having a net worth of several hundred million. How much do you actually have in your stash, though?"

Upon hearing those disdainful words, Jennifer shot a fierce glare at her mother and brother. "You're right. I can't even spend more than three million. So, you can forget about that sports car you've always dreamed of."

With her professional manager Susan around, every single expenditure of hers would be thoroughly recorded. Any spending with a massive sum, especially if it was impractical, would be thwarted by the former les point

A glint of disappointment flashed across Kevin's eyes, for his aspirations of owning a lavish mansion and sports car had ended unexpectedly.

"All right, be quiet!" Nigel announced.

With a single command, the whole banquet hall fell into pin-drop silence.

"Today, we celebrate my grandfather's eightieth birthday. I thank you all for being here.

Shannon, please bring Grandpa here," Nigel stated with a baritone voice.

On such an occasion, Shannon naturally would do him the honor. She spun around silently and pushed Conner out of the room at the back.

Sitting in the wheelchair, Conner was beaming with vitality. He did not appear to be

sick at all.

"Let the celebration begin," Nigel declared.

"Grandpa, I wish you prosperity and longevity." Dexter was quick to bolt ahead and knelt before his grandfather. "And to congratulate you, I'm gifting you a sculpture as a symbol of longevity!"

Dexter was filthy rich, and he had a penchant for gold and diamond.

Everyone craned their necks to see what kind of sculpture he had brought

Slowly, two men suited in tuxedos pushed a cart containing a large object into the banquet hall. It was covered by a sheet of red cloth. Judging by its appearance, it resembled a tiny mountain that was more than a meter high and a few dozen centimeters wide.

As Dexter abruptly pulled the red cloth off, the glittering glow from the sculpture underneath almost blinded the crowd.

My goodness!

Astounded, the crowd gasped in unison.

In front of their eyes, there stood a gleaming mountain-like golden sculpture, embellished with precious agate stones.

It looked like it could weigh about two hundred kilograms, boasting a total worth of more than a hundred million.

Only a crown prince like Dexter could afford a gift made from a hundred million worth of gold.

No other families could splurge that amount of money, not even the Wilson famiv

Besides, to procure that much gold within such a short timeframe was already challenging enough.

Kevin was instantly charmed by the golden sculpture. "Wow! So much gold

"Good! I like it!" Clapping his hands, Conner laughed merrily: With thai, the sculpture

was sent into a room beside.

After Dexter showed off his first-rate present, the rest of them felt embarrassed to even take out theirs.

Nigel then smiled faintly as he swept his glance across the hall, anticipating the next gift.

At that juncture, Rodrick took a sip of red wine and approached Conner to give his wishes. "Grandpa, all I wish for is your good health. My present for you may not be as extravagant as the sculpture, but it's my way of expressing my gratitude to you."

As Rodrick clapped his hands, his subordinate strode toward him with a tray. Similarly, the tray was also covered by a red cloth.

The red cloth was then removed, revealing the item sitting on the tray.

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It was an emerald ornament. It looked somewhat timeworn and ancient as it shimmered through its oxidized surface.

"That's from the royal family of the Agraria dynasty. It's worth fifty million!" Someone from the crowd pointed out immediately. That person must have had a deep knowledge of antiques.

Jades were one of the favorites of the royalty in the Agraria dynasty. Just three years ago, the tomb of the king of Agraria was robbed, unearthing a large number of emeralds. Portions of them even went missing at that time, and that emerald ornament was one of them.

"All right, I'll accept it," said Conner. He was on cloud nine.

"Grandpa." Shannon went up to Conner and curtsied to him. "I wish you happiness for the years ahead. And I'm giving you Durbaine today!"

Durbaine? What the heck is she talking about?

Everyone's eyes widened in astonishment.

Shannon then opened up a map, with a bunch of labels and wordings on it. On top of it, there were some official government documents.

Nigel narrowed his eyes instantly.

"This is the development blueprint for Durbaine's Subway Line 3. And these documents are the project approval letter and the request for proposal," Shannon explained word for word.

The others were dumbfounded at the sight, especially Rodrick from Durbaine city. He fell into an utter shock, seemingly unable to regain his senses.

The Yeager family was based in Jadeborough, and Durbaine fell on the east side of Pollerton. They were more than a thousand kilometers apart, with four states and sixteen cities in between.

Yel, the Yeager family managed to lay their hands on the development blueprint and project approval letter for Durbaine's Subway Line 3.

Is this the true power of the Yeager family? There's no way I can ever compare to that!  
For the

first time ever, Rodrick felt extremely powerless.

It was terrifying 10 witness such a feat coming from the descendant of a century-old allluent family

Even Conner started to breathe heavily, for it was too valuable of a gift.

That precious gift alone represented the strong bond between the Yeager and Wilson family

In contrast, gifts like the golden sculpture and emerald ornament could not even hold a candle to that,

Feeling inferior, Jennifer heaved a sigh upon watching the scene.

In her opinion, she figured that every woman would feel the same way in the face of Shannon

Putting on a smug countenance, the old lady of the Wilson family, Sylvia, narrowed her eyes and scanned the crowd. She seemed to be proclaiming to the world that the glory was all hers for the taking, as the gift was obviously on her account.

“From now on, this belongs to you, Grandpa. I hope you like it.” Shannon said calmly, Straightening his back, Conner coughed nervously and replied, “Thank you, I love it very much.”

With a smile, Shannon then handed over the documents to Conner before stepping aside and staying quiet thereafter. Meanwhile, Nigel was fastening his gaze on Shannon, getting all passionate about it for some reason.

Over the years, Nigel had never been short of women. Even so, Shannon had managed to draw a high level of his attention, so much so that he cared a lot about her.

Therefore, he had been treating her as his lawfully wedded wife. As for other women in his life, he merely regarded them as his mistresses,

After all, he was rich enough to have Shannon

Nevertheless, he knew that she had a flawed personality. Shannon could be polite and courteous, portraying to the public the etiquette like any noblewoman.

However, she had no emotions, and she would never harbor any feelings for anyone. For her, personal gains came first.

Although Shannon might appear friendly, deep down inside, she was cold-hearted. non

It did not matter to her, anyway, for she had very deep pockets coupled with a formidable background.

Subsequently, the guests began to present their gifts to Conner. All of them brought items that cost a king's ransom.

In fact, their generosity was all because of the Wilson family. Some were returning the favor that the Wilson family once did for them, some were deeply connected with the Wilson family, and some were brought up by the Wilson family.

Finally, it was Jennifer's turn, but she was put on the spot because everything she currently possessed was given to her by the Wilson family.

She could not just gift money, as it would be too predictable. Yet, she could not afford gifts of the same standard as the rest.

Considering their gifts were worth a few hundred million, the beaded bracelet she had prepared was basically worthless.

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“Let’s proceed to our next agenda, shall we?” Nigel glanced around the ball and was wonderstruck upon catching a glimpse of Jennifer.

She was clad in a sapphire blue gown with a piece of black Corleon meteorite necklace, looking just as stunning as Shannon.

The fifteen million worth of A Midsummer Night’s Dream gown and the ten million worth of Eternal Love necklace created by the world-renown designer, Lilith Snowden, could easily upgrade any woman’s elegance and beauty.

Despite being clueless about what sort of gown and necklace Jennifer was wearing, Nigel still had the taste to gauge that her outfit would have cost at least ten million.

Where did she get her outfit from?

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Before Nigel could continue his speech, Sylvia piped up, “Hold on. It seems that someone here hasn’t presented a gift yet.”

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Sylvia’s sudden admonition left the crowd stunned, and they began staring at her. After all, to publicly request gifts on such an occasion was not a respectful act.

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For some reason, she still chose to do so.

That could only mean that Sylvia was not fond of that person, and she was using the perfect opportunity to kick that person out of the Wilson family.

Silence hung thick in the air as everyone waited for her to call out that person’s name.

Sure enough, Sylvia made her way to the center of the banquet hall. Using her wooden cane, she pointed at Jennifer. “Where’s your gift, Jennifer?”

The crowd then turned and stared at Jennifer.

Having hundreds of people glaring at her, Jennifer became uncomfortable, and her mind went blank,

That was her first time ever encountering such a situation.

She went into a daze, and so did everyone else.

At the same time, Dexter, Thomas, and Shannon, too, were all dumbstruck.

In fact, Shannon was also amazed when she recognized Jennifer’s outfit.

The esteemed Eternal Love and A Midsummer Night’s Dream were both huge hits during the International Fashion Week, produced by the top luxury designer, Lilith Snowden.

“My goodness! What did I just witness with my own eyes?” With an empty gaze in his eyes, Thomas made a beeline for Jennifer to take a closer look at her gown and necklace. “This is indeed the esteemed Eternal Love and A Midsummer Night’s Dream!” As he spoke, everyone instantly widened their eyes.

They were all from the upper-class society, so they mostly interacted with two things daily, which were business and luxury goods. .

Most of them had even sponsored the International Fashion Week, thus knowing the

value of those two items.

The crown prince, Dexter was also thunderstruck.

He, for one, believed that his own outfit was already extravagant enough. Never did he expect someone else to be a cut above him.

Prior to that, he had offered Lilith thirty million for both of her masterpieces, but she rejected his offer.

“What the hell! Those must be counterfeits. Lilith herself said she would never sell them!”

“Those are absolutely fake!”

“How shameless! Any other gown would’ve been better than an imitation for this grand occasion!”

The entire hall was abuzz with discussions,

They would never acknowledge the authenticity of the gown and necklace on Jennifer’s body. From their perspectives, treasures like that would never fall into the hands of some ordinary person.

Jennifer was rendered speechless as her face was drained of color.

She could not determine the genuineness of her gown and necklace, but she already believed that Nigel had set her up.

At that juncture, Nigel regained his senses and relaxed. So those are counterfeits. That makes so much more sense. It would certainly be bizarre if someone like her were to get hold of such treasures.

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Nevertheless, Shannon, Thomas, and Dexter all knew that what Jennifer was wearing could not be any more authentic.

By then, Sylvia waved her cane to point at Jennifer. “Today is my husband’s eightieth birthday, and all our invitees have taken great measures of etiquette and fashion. We, the Wilson family, are a century-old well-heeled family, and we’ve come a long way from generation to generation, holding fast to our integrity. So, even if you had worn a cheap gown, I wouldn’t say a word about it.”

Sylvia added, “You, however, bought counterfeits just for the sake of your so-called dignity and to be in the limelight, completely going against our family’s ideology!”

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“The Wilson family doesn’t need people like you! Since we’ll be uniting all eight branches of our family, it doesn’t matter to us if we dump that one branch of yours!”

Ultimately, Sylvia brought the matter up, reprimanding Jennifer directly.

The latter’s face paled to a ghastly white, and she dared not utter a sound.

Kevin, in turn, cowered himself in the corner, not having the courage to speak up for his sister. As for Linda, her usual aggressiveness had also vanished into thin air.

Jennifer could not help but feel lonely and helpless.

Resentment soon crept into her head. She suddenly felt an immense grudge toward Donald.

If they had not gone separate ways, she would never have accepted the help from the Wilson family.

All she had wanted was to earn more money so that they would not have to quarrel over money anymore.

Why do I have to suffer all these humiliations? It was all because of Donald! Because of that miserable six hundred thousand, I have to endure their insults, their mockeries!

Conner said nothing at all, only staring coldly at Jennifer. To merge all branches of the Wilson family, they needed to avoid getting involved in any negative news.

If Jennifer's possessions turned out to be fake, such a shortcoming would definitely be scrutinized and hyperbolized during the unison formation in the future. By then, it would be fatal.

Sylvia maintained her menacing gaze at Jennifer. "What do you have to say for yourself?"

The former's voice was colored with stark judgment.

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Unbending, Jennifer lifted her head and refuted, "In my opinion, clothing is just clothing, and a necklace is just that. It's all good as long as I like them. As for their authenticity, I couldn't care less."

Admiration flashed across Dexter's eyes as he heard that.

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The Wilson family had always been bold, tolerant, and diverse in terms of business.

Be that as it may, Jennifer's business projects had had nothing to do with the Wilson family.

All her projects were sluggish on payment, had a lengthy profit cycle, and the amount of workload was scarce. No doubt the projects would be beneficial to small and medium-sized enterprises, but for a behemoth like the Wilson family, those were purely chicken feed.

"I laughed because she told us that Pollerton will undergo land reclamation when she could not even provide any documents, news, or insider message to back her up. What she said was the biggest joke of the century!" Sylvia said.

Everyone was dumbfounded after listening to her words. They then erupted into a heated discussion.

"Is she joking or what? Pollerton will undergo land reclamation?" Rodrick sneered.

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"Who dares to plan for land reclamation at a Class One Conservation Area? Who even dares to downgrade a Class One Conservation Area to a Class Four Conservation Area in Pollerton?" Dexter smirked.

Nigel's cousin, Samantha asked while pursing h

Nigel chimed in, "Shannon, please explain the criteria needed to downgrade Class One Conservation Area to Class Four Conservation Area."

Shannon nodded and explained clearly, "According to the international law, Class One to Class Three Conservation Area is not allowed to undergo land reclamation. The area around Pollerton Estates is a Class One Conservation Area. If one wishes to perform landfill in that area, one should first degrade that area into a Class Four Conservation Area. To degrade the area, one has to report to the Nations' Union to get their approval.

With that, the Nations' Union will set up a professional team to conduct field visits in that area. Then, a Global Public Announcement will be posted on the official website for six months. After the period, the documents will be sent to the domestic department for approval if there aren't any complaints. Then, the case will move forward for fifty first-grade officers to vote before it is sent to Chiliad Avion. I have checked online. Currently, there's only one announcement regarding land reclamation, and it is in Durbaine, not Pollerton Estates."

Jennifer jolted back to her senses, and her face went pale after listening to Shannon's words.

She's so capable! I don't even know the process in detail and the existence of an international official website. How can I possibly win? Did I make a wrong assumption? Nigel smiled and said, "Jennifer, you've made a wrong calculation. We have a different vision and aim from you. That is why prominent families could maintain their wealth for so many years. Some people spend their whole life trying to join our circle but to no avail. You don't even know what a conservation area is, the process of

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approval, and the process of posting a public announcement. You are not permitted to log on to the official website as well. Even if the land reclamation documents are given to you, how can you differentiate if they are legit or not?"

Jennifer was rendered speechless.

Everything that had happened so far was a huge blow to her.

She could not help but glance at Leonard, Linda, and Kevin, seeking support from them. However, to her dismay, the trio huddled in a corner in fear with their heads lowered "Okay. I get it now." Jennifer nodded before fishing out a rectangular box. She held that box tightly in her hands and strode over to Conner. "Anyway, happy birthday to you, Granduncle Conner!"

Inside the box was a cup made of special minerals. It contained various trace elements that were good for health if used long-term.

Sylvia lifted her cane and smashed the cup. "How dare you give us rubbish?"

The cup instantly dropped to the ground and shattered into pieces, just like Jennifer's heart.

A frown crept up on Dexter's face as he thought Sylvia was going overboard. "Grandma, that's enough."

Sylvia turned and stared at Dexter expressionlessly. "What? Are you going to stand up for her?"

Dexter answered straightforwardly, "She made an incorrect assumption, that's all. She didn't do anything wrong."

Sylvia exclaimed, "She wears knock-off products, and that's sufficient to jeopardize the Wilson family's name. Is she not wrong?"

Dexter was quite irritated. "Who said she is wearing fake products?"

Sylvia looked at Jennifer with a gaze full of mockery. "Is she not wearing fake products? Eternal Love and A Midsummer Night's Dream are famous luxurious items designed by

Lilith, the renowned designer. Both of the products are worth more than twenty million.  
Are you telling me she is wearing genuine products? Do you think