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Chapter 127

Not long after, the general manager arrived..

In his fifties, he was an intimidating man. He glared at Jennifer and questioned, "Miss, can you please tell me how you got this card?"

"It was my ex-husband's," Jennifer answered.

The general manager observed Jennifer. She was indeed exquisite. However, based on how she dressed and acted, she didn't seem like a wealthy person. She had to go through eight cards to cash out a little over two hundred thousand. He had seen many people like her, all of whom were average citizens..

Therefore, he had reason to believe that Jennifer stole the card.

"Who is your ex-husband?"

"Donald Campbell," Jennifer replied.

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The general manager gave it some thought. Since there were only fifty black cards available, he could remember every owner's name. However, he couldn't recall a Campbell.

"I have reason to believe you stole this card," the general manager concluded. "This card has a limit of one hundred billion. Do you understand?"

Jennifer was utterly shocked.

Isn't this Donald's card? Why is there so much money? Besides Charles and Lana, who else would have a hundred billion?

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"No! You guys must be mistaken!" Jennifer tried to explain herself.

However, the general manager was not listening anymore. As he was about to leave, he said, "Report to the police. Keep an eye on her. Contact the central bank and look for the owner."

Jennifer was losing it. "I have to go!"

She tried to leave in a hurry, but the branch manager forcefully held her back and pushed her to the ground. "You are quite beautiful. Why must you become a thief?"

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He looked at her condescendingly with a mocking expression on his face.

"But I have to thank you for getting me a merit." The branch manager laughed. "Once the owner of the black card finds out how I've helped to locate his card, I'll surely be rewarded. I'll get a promotion and a pay raise!"

Jennifer stood up and said nothing. She got out her phone and quickly made a call.

"Donald, I'm facing some issues at the bank on Pollerton Road."

She also explained briefly what had happened.

After hearing from Jennifer, Donald hung up and head toward Pollerton Road in silence. Nobody knew what was on his mind.

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The only reason he left her the card was so that she could use it in times of need. He

never expected Jennifer to be humiliated. Furthermore, at this rate, his identity could be exposed!

The Parasite had not shown himself yet, so Donald still had to lie low and keep his identity a secret!

If his identity was revealed too early, it would not help Jennifer at all.

Back in the meeting room, Jennifer's wrist was swollen. The branch manager chuckled some more as he teased her, "Miss, you really are quite beautiful. How about getting into a relationship with me? I will give you eight thousand as your monthly allowance."

He wanted her to be his mistress.

Jennifer stared at him furiously. "Disgusting!"

The branch manager got more excited. "You only have a little over two hundred thousand after cashing out eight cards. It goes to show that you're not very well off.

Getting eight thousand to spend monthly is not a small amount. I can even recommend you to work here at our branch."

Jennifer did not want to waste her breath on this man. She waited for Donald patiently, hoping to get answers when she saw him later.

The manager refused to give up. He walked up to Jennifer and proceeded to sniff her.

"You smell very nice. Which shampoo brand do you use? Tell me."

His right hand sneakily moved to her behind and copped a feel.

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Jennifer immediately smacked his right hand away.

The manager's face turned cold. He raised his hands and slapped Jennifer's face, causing her to stagger. He mocked her, "You b*tch! Let me tell you, you're in deep trouble. The owner of this card is of a high position, and you've stolen his card. You're doomed! Your whole family is doomed! Submit to me, and I will find a way to plead on your behalf. Otherwise, you're done for!".

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Phillip Parker, who is a branch manager of a bank, leveled a derisive stare at Jennifer, for he knew that Jennifer's fate was entirely up to him to decide.

He could tell others that Jennifer was an honest woman who did not pocket the card that she found, or he could tell the card owner that Jennifer had, in fact, stolen the card. Seeing as the woman's fate was entirely dependent on what he said, Phillip grew audacious.

However, the door was kicked down right then.

"How dare you!" Donald walked into the room with a frigid look on his face. He caught sight of the red handprint forming a stark contrast against Jennifer's pale face, as well as her swollen wrist.

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He was heartbroken at the sight of her.

After all, she was someone whom he treasured. Why does she seem to be suffering after we're separated?

Then, he leveled a stare at Keith and chided, "Nobody will be able to save you from me today. Not even god himself."

Keith was stumped. "Who are you?"

Donald remained impassive. "I am the card owner."

Keith's pupils shrunk as he regarded Donald from head to toe. Judging from the way he's dressed, it sure doesn't seem like his apparel would cost more than five hundred in total. He doesn't seem like a rich man either. Hence, Keith let out a sneer and said, "Right. Did you say this card was yours?"

Jennifer hurriedly stood beside Donald, and it managed to calm her nerves. She lifted her head and was greeted by the man's side profile.

Donald ignored Phillip and turned to look at Jennifer instead, "Which hand did he use to strike you?"

Jennifer shook her head and said, "Forget it. Let's just leave."

"Which hand?" Donald furrowed his brows and repeated himself.

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Jennifer hesitated for a moment and said, "The right hand."

Phillip let out another sneer. "Why? Are you going to beat me up?"

Donald nodded his head and charged right at Phillip. His movement was so swift that it only took him a fraction of a second to reach Phillip's side.

Then he

ught hold of Keith's right arm and twisted

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Though it seemed like Donald had only exerted little force, Keith let out a sharp wail as he felt like his arms were being twisted like a pretzel as his bones were crushed.

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He held his right arm and fell knee-first onto the ground. All colors drained from his face as he cried, "Someone, come and kill this b*st*rd!"

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His voice did not reach the lobby. However, it did penetrate through the walls to the neighboring rooms.

The general manager of the second-class

l the commotion and rushed into

the room. He let out a holler at the unbecoming sight. "What the hell happened here?"

Alex Morris paid no heed to Phillip's injuries and instead said, "Marcus Cooper, do you think it's appropriate to let me tend to my matters at such a place? You did not even pour a glass of water for me. Is this how you treat a guest?"

The man was so arrogant that his sense of entitlement was written all over his face as he looked down on Marcus Cooper, the general manager who had just rushed into the room.

Alex ignored Donald and Jennifer altogether.

He was a translator, but as a translator of Pollerton Translations, he had the chance to become acquainted with people from Yartran who came to visit Pollerton.

Hence, he had managed to get acquainted with people from all walks of life, such as students and even high-ranking officials from Yartran.

Even though Marcus was vexed by the man's arrogance, he dared not offend him.

After all, Alex was a well-connected man after working with people from Yartran for many years.

The number two at Pollerton, Joshua Green, was Alex's close friend. He even had the chance to dine together with Neil Yund, the most influential man in Pollerton.

Throughout the ten years, Alex had managed to form many connections that would work well to his advantage.

Marcus dared not offend Alex, much less the more influential Donald.

Hence, he said, "Mr. Morris, I think I owe you an explanation..".

Alex picked up a stool and hurled it at Marcus' shoulders. "Would you shut up? Do I need a reason for getting rid of people who piss me off?"

What an insolent fellow!

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Donald was stumped by Alex's condescending manner.

Marcus gritted his teeth and said begrudgingly, "Now is not the time to get mad at me.

We have to settle the matter with your brother-in-law first."

Alex pointed at Donald in a disdainful manner and said, "Are we to deal with these two?

It's really easy if you ask me. The woman should follow me if she doesn't wish to die. As

for the brazen young fellow, just break all four of his limbs. Do as I say, and I will

guarantee your increment and promotion. I will even see to your transfer to a first-class

branch at Provincial Center. However, if you refuse, then you might as well pack your

bags and go back to your hometown to farm!"

After a pause, he let out another holler, "God damn it, where is my water? I'm dying of thirst right now!"

"Go fetch some water." Someone spoke up all right, but Marcus was surprised that it was Donald.

Alex was taken aback but said nothing. He continued to eye Jennifer with a lustful gaze.

Keith smiled wickedly. "Ah, why put up a strong face when you could have been this meek all the while?"

A teller hurriedly fetched a thermos flask filled with warm water and a glass. She left in a haste after leaving the items on the desk.

Donald got up and took the thermos flask. Then, he turned to Alex and asked, "Aren't you thirsty?"

Alex pulled out a chair, sat down crossed-legged, and ordered, "Kneel and crawl over here."

Marcus furrowed his brows. This may turn out to be more complicated than I think it is. Donald's demeanor was rather calm and reserved. However, the man exuded a vibe that made Marcus feel as if he was going to lash out like a beast at any moment. Donald held the thermos flask and said impassively, "Who gave you the audacity to act so arrogantly?"

Alex's face turned grim as his eyes shot a daggered look at Donald and started his name-dropping. "Let me enlighten you, then. Joshua Green, Neil Yung, and all Yartran people who came to Pollerton."

Donald shook his head and let out a snicker. "I'm afraid that's not going to be enough." Then, he turned to Alex and asked in a serious tone, "Are you really thirsty?"

Alex did not know what the man was getting at and merely looked at him with a frigid stare.

"Let me pour you a glass, then," Donald uttered.

The air in the meeting room grew still as everyone shuddered in response.

There was a complete shift in Donald's demeanor. The man exuded a devilish aura, as his eyes flashed with a murderous glint. |

Everyone at the scene experienced a hallucination right then. They felt as if they were surrounded by magma in hell while Donald was looking down on all of them like a mighty dragon.

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He stood atop everyone else with cold and stony eyes. It was as if everyone else were mere expendable cogs to him.

However, the hallucination disappeared as briefly as it appeared.

Donald dashed in Alex's direction and pushed down on his head, subduing the latter to his chair.

Feeling the heavy weight bearing down on his head, Alex widened his eyes in shock as he bellowed, "What the hell do you think you're doing?"

"Drink your water!" Donald's voice thundered in the meeting room, sounding like the devil himself.

Everyone felt chills down their spine at the sight of the next scene. Donald opened the thermos flask and aimed right at Alex's mouth as he force-fed the man.

Alex flailed his arms and legs, struggling to break himself free but to no avail. His tears mingled with the water Donald forced down his throat as he let out sharp wails that echoed in the meeting room,

Jennifer covered her eyes in dismay as she cried, "Donald, no!"

Marcus' eyes almost popped out of his socket as his heart raced at the chilling sight.

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How ruthless...

From the moment that Alex insulted Jennifer, he had, in fact, chosen for his fate to be dictated by Donald. As a matter of fact, Donald would have taken Alex's life if not for Jennifer. Donald did not wish for her to be traumatized.

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In the end, Donald forced the whole flask down the man's throat.

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Alex slumped to the floor with his hands clamped to his throat and mouth. He curled up like a shrimp as he reached for his phone.

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"You're dead meat! Dead meat!" Phillip's face turned pale in fear.

"Jennifer, go take a rest outside. I'll take care of this." Donald gave Jennifer an indifferent look.

Jennifer shook her head. The door was suddenly opened from outside, and it was Lana. She took Jennifer's arm and said, "Let's head upstairs and get some rest. He will take care of this."

Jennifer was about to refuse when Lana shook her head at her. "Have faith in him." After a while of hesitation, Jennifer uttered, "You have to help Donald."

Help Donald?

Lana smiled wryly inside, knowing that Donald did not need anyone's help. It would already be fortunate if he did not cause the troubles. However, she still said, "Sure. Let's leave first."

After Jennifer and Lana walked away, Donald pulled a chair toward him and sat on it.. He stared coldly at Alex and Phillip.

Marcus carefully closed the door.

"You... You are doomed," Alex's words were slurred after his tongue was burnt. Lying on the ground with his body bent over, Alex glared at Donald with malice. His throat and stomach were severely burnt, and the pain he suffered was indescribable.

How could he do such a brutal thing to me?

Donald looked at them with a neutral expression and said, "Look at you still acting tough now

Phillip shouted, "Joshua Green is Alex's best friend, and he's coming over right now to deal with you!"

Donald glanced at them. "I don't care who's coming. Even if God himself comes, I will still not hesitate to end your lives."

Lord Campbell lived by the maxim to act against the enemy.

He would not bother about how many people the enemy had on their side or what connections the enemy had.

Everyone knew Lord Campbell was the most powerful being out there.

"I've put in so much effort to hide my identity from Jennifer so that she would not be dragged into my world," said Donald: ::

Marcus' heart skipped a beat. He immediately bowed and said, "I'll leave first."

He knew he should not listen to whatever Donald had to say next, even if he was extremely curious about it. That was because he knew Donald would do away with him if he were to find out more about the story.

Donald did not even bother to look at him as he continued saying, "Yet look at what you've done. It's just a trivial matter, but you already need me to get involved. Don't you know many people will die if I were to do this myself?"

Phillip could not understand what he meant. The door was pushed open again, and Joshua came in with a gloomy expression. At first glance, Joshua already saw Alex curled up on the ground. After he shifted his gaze to Donald, his heart trembled. "I heard that you're backing him up. Is that true?" Donald pointed at Alex. Alex grabbed Joshua's leg and cried in pain, "Mr. Green, kill him!" Joshua kicked Alex away and bowed to Donald. "Mr. Campbell, you must be kidding. I'm not that close with Alex." Alex and Phillip were both dumbfounded to hear that. Instantly, their pupils constricted. Phillip especially was so terrified that he was trembling in fear. He had never felt his heart filled with this much terror and regret. He must be the card owner! Only the owner of the premium black card could pull off something like this! Phillip began to regret looking down on Donald. Alex's face turned pale as well. He moved his head with great difficulty and glared at Phillip. It was as if he was blaming Phillip for dragging him into great trouble this time. Phillip suddenly got on his knees. "Mr. Campbell, I'm sorry for not recognizing you. I was wrong for looking down on you, and I wish to ask for your forgiveness!" Donald chuckled at that. "Who is Titus Morris of Octagon Sect to you?"

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Phillip's eyes lit up with hope. He thought he was given a chance to get away with this, so he quickly said, "He's Alex's father, which makes Alex the heir of Octagon Sect. Alex has nineteen companies under his name, and his sister also leads Karate Association."

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Chapter 131 Alex nodded in acknowledgement of Phillip's words.

"What a coincidence." Donald smiled and nodded.

His smile carried no emotions in it.

Alex and Joshua were perplexed at Donald's reaction, and they were waiting for him to say more.

However, Donald's following words frightened them out of their wits.

"I was the one who wiped out Octagon Sect," said Donald.

Alex felt like he was dwelling deeper into fear.

He was aware that Octagon Sect had vanished in one night. But then, the upper classes in Pollerton refused to talk more about this incident, and he always felt something was strange. Before this, Joshua also told Alex not to investigate deeper, or he would only bring huge trouble upon himself.

Joshua had no idea who was the one who did this, but he knew the answer now. It was Donald.

“Octagon Sect, Karate Association, permanent resident of Yartran, Pollerton Translations... All of them are nothing to me!” Donald displayed his domineering aura and arrogance for the first time, and he was omnipotent.

Alex trembled as he stared at Donald with fear reflected in his eyes. He slowly crawled backward.

Donald got up and walked over to Joshua.

Joshua dared not move an inch, breaking out into a cold sweat.

“I understand that it is difficult for you to notice and get rid of every parasite in your area with your power and status,” said Donald.

Joshua felt as though his body was shrouded in a shadow.

“I don’t want this to repeat in the future. Do you understand?” Donald asked.

Joshua heaved a sigh of relief and said, “I understand, Mr. Campbell. Don’t worry!”

“You may leave now. Someone will take care of this,” said Donald to Joshua.

Joshua bowed to him with respect before leaving the room. Shortly after, Charles walked in and bowed to Donald again.

Phillip and Alex were even more distraught to see this scene.

They could not help but wonder just how powerful Donald was in Pollerton.

Not only did Joshua dare not to budge in front of him, but even Charles, the richest man in Pollerton, had to bow and greet him. They found this unbelievable.

“Get this settled. Also, find some other day to deal with Pollerton Translations,” said Donald with his back facing Charles. “After dealing with these two, come to the second floor as Jennifer needs an explanation too.”

“I understand, Mr. Campbell.” Charles bowed again and showed all of his respect for Donald.

Meanwhile, in the reception room on the second floor, Jennifer and Lana sat facing each other.

Jennifer was amazed at Lana the more she looked at her.

She had to admit Lana was indeed a seductress and a godlike beauty. Lana had long and firm legs, and her skin was fair and smooth too. She also had nice and curvy proportions. Her red lips were like a cherry on top of her gorgeous features.

“Is that card yours?” Jennifer asked.

Lana was stunned, not quite understanding what Jennifer meant. Donald only told her to come and take Jennifer away.

Jennifer noticed her response and nodded. “I know it now.”

Not too long after, Donald walked into the room.

Jennifer stood up immediately and asked, “What’s with that card? You’d better not try to fool me and say it’s Lana’s card. I know she doesn’t have that much money.”

She stared at Donald. Her instinct told her that he was hiding something from her.

The card’s minimum opening amount was a hundred million, whereas the cash withdrawal limit was a hundred billion. Jennifer believed not even Lana could afford to own such a card.

Donald said, “You’re right. The card is not Lana’s. Its actual owner is Charles, the richest man in Pollerton.”

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Jennifer refused to believe that.

Charles walked into the room. "He's right. It is my card. I've been getting more forgetful lately, and Mr. Campbell was the one who brought me back home when I had lost my way. I wanted to thank him by giving him around twenty thousand, but I gave him the wrong card instead. I am truly sorry for causing all these troubles to Mr. Campbell." con Every word Charles said felt so sincere as if the words came right from his heart.

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Even Donald would have been fooled by his words.

Jennifer looked suspiciously at Charles, clearly doubting his words.

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Getting forgetful?-Gave the wrong card?

Charles chuckled. "Mr. Campbell is the kindest soul I've ever met. He's caring and loving, and he takes pleasure in helping people. It's rare in this era to have a man like Mr. Campbell. I already felt honored when I first met him, and I grew to respect and admire him with time, especially when..."

Jennifer gave Charles an even more doubtful look. She felt that Charles was talking nonsense, but Charles' words did somewhat make sense.

Noticing that Donald's expression had darkened, Charles immediately stopped talking

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"All right then." In the end, Jennifer still chose to believe his words. "Mr. Langford, please take back this card." She then handed the card over to Charles.

Charles took the card and said, "I will leave now and not disturb you guys."

He left the room.

Donald, Jennifer, and Lana sat facing each other in the room. The atmosphere was a little awkward.

Lana leaned casually against the chair, and she crossed her legs on the chair, which would risk exposing herself.

Jennifer glared at her disapprovingly.

Lana chuckled at that. "Why are you afraid when I'm not?"

"Donald is still here," said Jennifer.

Lana changed her posture and kicked her high heels away, revealing her feet. "So what?"

"Let's go." Jennifer got up and took Donald's hand as she walked out.

Donald nodded.

The corners of Lana's lips curled up into a smile as she mumbled, "That's interesting."

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Outside the room, Jennifer looked at Donald and sighed. "Kevin has lost tens of millions."

She felt restless after bottling up everything within herself, and she felt like sharing the burden with Donald.

Donald snickered at that. "We should not pity a gambler like him. He would never turn over a new leaf, and he will sooner or later get you into trouble. So if you're asking for an opinion, I'd tell you not to bother about him."

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Jennifer's eyes turned red. "But he is still my brother, and he is my only brother..." Donald was unconvinced. "You treat him as your only brother and give him everything you can offer, but what did he do? He drugged you when Harrison was still alive. Yet, he's asking for your help whenever he's in trouble. Fine. Maybe you can still afford to help pay his debt off when he has lost tens of millions this time. But what happens if he loses even more money in the future?"

Jennifer was a little upset to hear that. "I did not tell you that to hear you scolding my brother! No matter what happens, he is still my brother by blood. How can I not care about him?"

"And what happened after everything you've done for him? Don't you know what had caused our divorce?" Donald uttered harshly.

This was also the reason why Donald did not want her to find out his identity that soon. He knew Jennifer could not keep a secret, and he also knew she would definitely tell Kevin after finding out his identity.

It was a no-brainer to think what Kevin would do after knowing his brother-in-law's true identity

Kevin would brag everywhere, desperate to let the whole world know that Lord Campbell was his brother-in-law.

After bragging around, Kevin would then proceed to cause troubles.

Donald knew Kevin far too well.

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Jennifer looked up at him and put some distance between them. "Is Kevin that terrible in your eyes?"

"Isn't that obvious?" Donald's expression turned cold.

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"It's not like you've done anything for him. Did you ever give him money or buy him anything?" Jennifer sneered.

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Donald scoffed, "He's already in his twenties, and he has limbs to feed himself, so why should I buy him anything? Also, wasn't he the one who lost our house and the two million on my card?"

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Jennifer sighed. "I thought you could tolerate him if you loved me enough, but now, I can see that I was wrong. It seems like I shouldn't have mentioned this to you today, and I shouldn't have called you either."

"Why should I tolerate him because of you?" Donald could not understand her words.

"Are you saying that I should not be criticizing your family when your family did not hold back their insults toward me?"

Jennifer gave him a meaningful look before saying, "Let's drop this topic for now. I have something to ask you. Are you contented to work as a bodyguard for the rest of your

life?"

"Well, I am very contented with my life right now," said Donald.

He was indeed happy, especially when he had Reina and Lana as his eye candies. But, of course, it would be better if it weren't for the Parasite.

Jennifer glanced at the room. "You like Lana, don't you?"

Donald was startled, but he answered, "I don't think there's anything wrong with that since I am single now."

A tinge of jealousy bubbled in Jennifer's heart. She bit her lips and remained silent for a moment before saying, "I'm leaving now. Take care of yourself. Also, I don't want to hear you badmouthing about Kevin anymore."

Donald did not say anything in response. He watched her leave, and his gaze darkened as if a storm was brewing inside.

"Why are you protecting that piece of trash so much?" Donald mumbled, "If he weren't your brother, I would have gotten rid of him long ago."

Lana walked out of the room. "Well, you may consider spending time with me since I don't have a brother."

Donald glanced at her. Lana immediately lifted her chest, showing off her assets.

"Eternal Love and A Midsummer Night's Dream will be auctioned at the charity gala organized by Pollerton Commerce tonight," said Lana.

"I know. This is all thanks to that piece of trash," said Donald. "I'll bid for them."

Lana was interested upon hearing that. "Can you give them to me as a gift?"

"We'll see," answered Donald.

"Members of Pollerton Translations and the honored guest from Yartran will be attending the charity gala today. So you'd better not cause any trouble. That guy is quite powerful in Yartran," said Lana solemnly.

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Donald responded to that with a smile.

"I'm being serious with you. Jim only gets to stabilize his status in Pollerton because he works for that man." Lana narrowed his eyes. "His name is Akio Ono."

Donald narrowed his eyes.

He recognized this name. Akio was a royal member of Yartran, and he was close with Octavio, one of the top-ten elites in Yartran.

With this in mind, Donald nodded. "All right. I get what you mean, and I won't cause any trouble if he stays away from me."

Supreme Nona Hotel, the international hotel where Lana was a shareholder, would be having its grand opening that night with the charity gala held there.

The invited guests at the gala were all upper classes in Pollerton.

Including Jim, who was on equal footing with Zayne, Tyson, and Lucas.

His businesses had covered the northwestern areas in Pollerton.

Three o'clock that afternoon, something unsightly was happening in a private room at a karaoke place booked by Jim. A gigantic electronic wheel of fortune was spinning slowly. Numbers one to nine were labeled on the wheel, and in front of each number was a naked woman on her knees with her hips lifted and pointed outward.

Several naked men stood around the wheel.

The wheel would stop for more than ten minutes whenever it was pointed to one of the

men, and the man would start working his stuff with the woman. This was a well-known dirty game in Yartran, known as the Yartran Wheel of Fortune. If Donald were there, he would recognize a few of the women.

Yvette, Rebecca, and Irene were all there.

A blush crept onto Yvette's face, and her eyes fluttered alluringly. The man behind her finally let out a roar, and then everything became peaceful again.

Yvette and Irene could not remember how many men were standing behind them, and neither could they remember how many times they had engaged in similar games like The Wheel of Fortune.

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It didn't bother Yvette much as the situation was exciting to her and the pay was high. Most importantly, these men were powerful.

"I'll bathe you." Yvette entered the room naked and walked toward one of the men.

He was a muscular man who seemed to be in his forties. However, his hair was all white, and each strand of them stood upright like needles. His eyes were as sharp as blades, which further emphasized his domineering aura. The most remarkable part about his appearance was the tattoo of an eight-headed serpent on his chest that looked ferocious.

The man was none other than Octavio Sanders, one of the top-ten elites in Yartran, and a member of Divine Rune Society.

In the bathroom, Yvette held the showerhead in one hand and caressed Octavio's chest with the other, then said coquettishly, "Are you going to help me, Mr. Sanders?"

Octavio nodded. "I am a man of my words!"

Yvette lowered her head as a glint of malevolence flashed across her eyes. "What about Donter Pictures?" she asked.

"Leave it to me. I'll bring you along to end that man called Donald Campbell right after the charity auction," Octavio promised.

After getting his reassurance, Yvette was overjoyed, yet she still reminded him of Donald's identity. "He's the CEO of Donter Pictures."

Octavio scoffed and said, "So what? Also, who does Charles think he is? They will feel nothing but fear when I finally confront them, and I'll let everybody know my name!"

Yvette couldn't help but turn and look at the man, who was being intimate with Irene.

In Yvette's knowledge, that man was a core member of Pollerton Translations and a royal member of Yartran – Akio Ono.

Akio was a young man in his thirties. He had a short and chubby figure, yet he emitted a cold and gloomy aura,

In the meantime, Jim was standing nearby and filming the scene.

After a long while, the room finally quietened down.

Everyone put on their clothes and gathered on the couch to have a conversation.

Jim was almost the same age as Zaynie, and his principal business was lending out loans. He also had over ten teams of engineers working for him, and he has a net worth of three billion.

“Pollerton Commerce involves sixteen organizations, and the president of isn’t from Pollerton. He is a man with the last name ‘Campbell?’ Jim explained.

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“The same ‘Campbell’ as the Campbell clan?” asked Akio. **

The Campbell clan was an ancient, wealthy clan, and their legacy had transcended for over 1300 years.

Jim shook his head after hearing Akio’s question and said, “I’m not sure. By the way, the items on auction today are Eternal Love and A Midsummer Night’s Dream, and each of them has a ten million starting bid.

Akio lit a cigar and demanded, “Let the sixteen organizations know I want these items, but I won’t be bidding over twenty million for them.”

Jim dropped to the ground and bowed. “Yes, Mr. Ono!”

Meanwhile, at five o’clock in the afternoon Donald went to visit Raymond.

As soon as he arrived, he saw Raymond squinting as if he was pondering something.

Without opening his eyes, Raymond greeted, “You’re here?”

Donald squatted in front of Raymond and expressed his concern. “How’s your appetite recently?”

Raymond smiled and nodded. “It’s all right. How’re things between you and Jennifer?”

“I think we’re incompatible,” Donald responded.

Raymond opened his eyes immediately. “She’s not bad. I think she suits you.”

“I don’t understand,” said Donald.

“You’ll understand in the future,” answered Raymond.

Then they fell silent. Sometime later, Donald spoke again. “Sixten has returned to Pollerton.”

In that instant, there was a raging storm building up in Raymond’s eyes. He no longer looked like an old man who was about to fall as he regained his fierce and dominant aura,

However, Raymond returned to his usual dispirited self in the next second.

“I know you’ve sent me to Quadfield in the middle of the night, and I also know why you returned to Pollerton. I even know something about the cause of death of my parents.”

Donald stood up and stared at Raymond.

Raymond let out a heavy sigh. “I’ve failed to return to the Campbell clan. Yet, it seems like Sixten had succeeded.”

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Chapter 135

Donald sneered and said coldly, “We don’t have to regain our status in the prestigious clan. As long as I’m here, the Campbell family is already prestigious.”

His expression was stony, and even Raymond felt a chill down his spine.

“Are you planning to make a move on Sixten tonight?” Raymond queried.

“He’s only a minor figure in the Campbell clan, so I don’t care enough to end him.”

Donald stood up straight and added, “However, I’ll still try to extract information from him. If he dares to talk back, I’ll kill him then.”

“You must keep a low profile while you take action. Nowadays, Pollerton is no longer what it was like before. There are various people under various authorities gathering in

this city," stated Raymond.

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Donald couldn't understand the meaning behind Raymond's statement and remained silent.

Raymond pointed toward the view outside the window. "There will be a prominent figure being nurtured in Pollerton soon, and I hope that'll be you."

Donald couldn't see what Raymond could see, and vice versa.

"Go ahead and work on your own matters. I'm tired, and I need to rest." Raymond waved his hand and dismissed Donald,

Donald turned around and tilted his head as a thought occurred in his head. "Your birthday is around the corner. Will Uncle Felix be here to celebrate?"

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Raymond shuddered at the thought of his eldest son and said, "We shall see. I haven't seen him for a long while."

Donald chortled coldly and left.

Meanwhile, a gorgeous woman arrived at Jennifer's office. She was none other than Noah's daughter, Anastasia.

"Hi, this is my recommendation letter from Nigel. He suggested that I seek employment here." Anastasia handed a recommendation letter that had Nigel's stamp on it to Jennifer.

Jennifer took the letter from Anastasia and put it aside after merely glancing at it. "What position do you wish to work in?"

"Your position." Anastasia's smile was beautiful and blinding, and she stared at Jennifer with bright eyes.

"Oh? Are yo

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surp mv authority? Jennifer chuckled.

"You can interpret it that way," Anastasia replied.

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Jennifer then retorted, "I don't agree. Granduncle Conner assigned me to take care of the business in Pollerton."

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Anastasia didn't pressure Jennifer and merely stared at the latter with a meaningful gaze. "You better be careful of every step you take, then."

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Jennifer didn't understand what Anastasia meant and wanted to ask further, but the latter had already turned around and left.

After that brief exchange, Jennifer felt annoyed and got up from her chair to take a walk downstairs. At that moment, she felt as if she had nowhere else to go.

A little girl, who was around seven years old, was riding her hoverboard and going in Jennifer's direction unsteadily. Perhaps she was still unfamiliar with how to ride a hoverboard. She fell down in front of Jennifer and knocked her forehead onto the stairway, causing blood to drip all over her face instantly.

Jennifer was shocked by the situation and carried the little girl hurriedly. "Where are your parents, little girl? Are you all right?"

Then Jennifer glanced around and realized there was no one nearby.

"It hurts..." The little girl sobbed.

"I'll send you to the hospital." Jennifer hailed a taxi anxiously as she comforted the little girl,

"My hoverboard." The little girl rested on Jennifer's shoulder and whispered.

Jennifer stomped her feet on the ground frantically as she carried the little girl in one arm and held the hoverboard in the other. Then she got into a taxi and rushed to the hospital.

Half an hour later, the little girl's wound was treated, and her condition was fine.

"Thank you, miss. You're kind and pretty." The little girl held Jennifer's hand.

Jennifer squatted down in front of the little girl and asked helplessly, "Where are the adults in your family?"

The little girl's face darkened instantly as she heard Jennifer's question. "They will be here to fetch me home soon."

"You must be careful next time, do you understand?" Jennifer reminded gently. "Here, have a lollipop."

The little girl accepted the lollipop joyfully and said, "Thank you, miss. I'll give you something in return, but you must keep it a secret, okay?"

Upon hearing that, Jennifer squeezed her cheek and smiled. "I won't take anything from you."

The little girl looked around before opening the back cover of the hoverboard and taking out a flash drive. Then she stuffed the flash drive into Jennifer's palm and whispered, "My daddy said I can give this to a kind person when I meet one. I think you're kind, so I'll give it to you. This is our secret, all right?"

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Chapter 136

Jennifer held the flash drive and stared at it in stunned silence for a long time. She did not know whether to laugh or cry. "But this is what you use to play music. If you give it to me, how will you listen to music next time?"

The little girl grinned. "That's okay. I have many more at home. Besides, this one can't play music."

Jennifer was about to return the flash drive to the little girl when she saw a middle aged woman rush over while calling out reproachfully, "Sara! What have I told you many times before? Don't run off like that!"

The girl named Sara stuck out her tongue, then turned to Jennifer and said, "Bye, then!" The middle-aged woman kept thanking Jennifer profusely. "I can't thank you enough."

Thank you for looking after my granddaughter.”

“Oh, that’s quite all right. She’s adorable,” Jennifer replied.

After the middle-aged woman had hurried off with Sara, Jennifer glanced at her watch. There were still two hours left before the charity gala.

Hence, she rushed back to Pollerton Estates to change her clothes.

Just as she was about to toss her clothes into the trash can, she felt the flash drive in her pocket. Without knowing why she did it, she plugged it into her laptop.

It was an encrypted flash drive, and a box popped up for her to key in the password.

The password hint was: How did you get this flash drive?

Chorus

Jennifer could not help chuckling as she suddenly thought of the adorable Sara. She murmured, “Because I’m a good person.”

She typed it in without much thought, never intending to access what was stored in the flash drive. After that, she prepared to remove the flash drive.

But before she could remove it, she stared at the screen in surprise. She had managed to access the flash drive, which meant the password was correct!

A few seconds later, Jennifer froze. Her entire body trembled, and she was drenched in a cold sweat.

The flash drive contained numerous photos and several files.

The photos were gruesome as they were all of a young man committing murders. He even turned to look at the camera and grinned!

He wore gold-rimmed glasses and looked like a well-mannered young man. However, his methods were downright cruel.

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There were beheadings, slitting of throats, and even skinning!

As for the files, they were data records of some experiments. Almost all of the words in the files were in a language that Jennifer had never seen before, so she guessed it was probably a new language that was used by very few people.

At the end of one of the documents was a message. It read: No matter who you are, please know that I’m probably dead by the time you see the information in this flash drive. If you’re a good person, I hope you can save my daughter, Sara. If you’re one of Noah’s subordinates, I hope you’ll give Sara a quick and painless death.

Jennifer was so terrified that the color drained from her face. Breathing heavily, she quickly removed the flash drive and slammed her laptop screen shut.

She could not believe how anyone could be as brutal as that!

“Who should I give this? Who can I give it to?” Jennifer stood up while gripping the flash drive tightly in her hand.

Suddenly, someone flung open the door.

Jennifer shrieked and huddled in a corner of the room.

“Why are you screaming? Hurry up and go to that charity gala!” It was Kevin, and he looked displeased.

After composing herself, Jennifer asked, “What’s your agreement with Pollerton Commerce?”

“Regardless of the bid price, they’ll give me twenty-five million,” Kevin answered carelessly

He was dressed in luxury items from head to toe. Ever since colluding with Harrison, he had gone down a path of extravagant spending with no way out.

“But you lost forty million, and you still owe another thirty million in debts. How are you going to clear off the remaining amount?”. Jennifer pressed.

“Naturally, that’s for you to figure out,” Kevin replied.

He spoke in a matter-of-fact tone with no hint of remorse.

Something inside Jennifer snapped, and she retorted, “And what if I can’t figure it out? It’s not like you’re not aware of my current situation!”

“You’re now the CEO of Pollerton Pharma, and you’ve set up many departments. You can easily save up ten or twenty million if you tighten your belt a little,” said Kevin. Then, he widened his eyes and added, “Use your brain, can’t you?”