

Unlimited Son-In-Law Chapter 14 -

Chapter 14 Within Five Minutes

“Get lost!” Donald stormed over to Harrison and swung his hand at him.

Slap! A reddish slap mark appeared on Harrison’s cheek.

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The corner of his mouth bled, but he still smiled brazenly.

Jennifer shrieked, “Donald, are you crazy? Why are you hitting others again?”

She then turned to ask Harrison, “Harrison, are you all right?”

Harrison wiped away the blood at the corner of his mouth and replied politely, “I’m fine. It’s getting late. I’ll head off now. Here is my name card. Call me if you need anything.”

“Harrison, have you not learned your lesson?” Donald approached Harrison from the shadows, like a beast ready to attack.

“Donald, stop it.” Jennifer tried to stop Donald. “What can you do apart from hitting others? Can beating people up solve any problem? It’s also a crime to hit others. Harrison was just being kind. Why are you behaving in this way?”

Donald stopped and sneered.

Jennifer turned around and walked away to go home.

A cold glint flashed past Donald’s eyes as he looked in the direction Harrison left.

I will let you go this time. When Grandpa’s condition improves, I’ll deal with all of you one by one.

Back at home, Jennifer had locked the door of the master bedroom. Donald could only rest in the guest bedroom. However, as soon as he lay down, his other phone vibrated.

There were only a few people who knew the phone number for that phone. Jennifer was not one of them.

He saw a message that read: Hi, rich guy. I’m Skye. Nice to meet you. This is a picture of myself. We can have a chat if you want to.

Attached with the message was a photo of the girl pursing her lips, trying hard to act cute. He could tell that the photo had been photoshopped several times.

Evidently, that was Kevin's girlfriend, Skylar.

Donald replied to the message: How did you get my phone number?

Skylar sent a response: I got it by chance. Please don't blame me...

Donald did not respond.

He was well aware of Skylar's personality.

She was full of negativity. Besides, she had been a snob and a delinquent since she was in school. She liked to challenge people to dance battles and was someone who was condescending but immature.

Donald would not take a second glance at a girl like her, but she was Kevin's type.

At dawn the next morning, Donald had already woken up and prepared breakfast. He ate hurriedly and rushed to the hospital to see Raymond. At the same time, he wanted to get back at those in the hospital.

His eyes turned icy.

If Hannah had not conducted the operation at that crucial moment, even if I managed to gather six hundred thousand, Grandpa might not have been rescued.

Raymond had been moved from the ICU to the general ward.

The head nurse, Selena rolled her eyes and gave Donald a disdainful glance as he walked in.

Look at him, walking in all cocky and proud. What for? He's merely a useless wreck who relies on a woman.

In the ward, a beautiful woman was checking Raymond's vital data.

She was none other than Hannah.

Dressed in a long-sleeved bat-sleeved blouse and jeans, her buttocks were perky and her legs were slender. Her slim waist was visible as well. There was no extra fat on her body. She was using a torch to check Raymond's pupils while flipping his eyelids.

Donald did not interrupt and stood by the door.

After a long while, she stood back straight up and saw Donald. Her expression was indifferent. "The patient is now in stable condition."

Then, she paid no more attention to Donald. Her attitude was so distant it was as if he had owed her a huge amount of money.

“Thank you,” Donald said gratefully.

Hannah ignored him and continued to pack her equipment.

“I’ll treat you to a meal another day,” Donald uttered.

Hannah responded, “Tomorrow night then.”

After giving it some thought, Donald answered, “Okay.”

“I’ll leave now. Keep in contact.” Hannah took her bag and left after saying that.

Donald walked over to Raymond to take a look at him. Although the latter was still unconscious, his complexion had improved. As Donald exited the ward, he gently closed the door behind him with a darkened expression.

“Get Hagron and Liam to see me,” Donald demanded of Selena.

While eating peanuts and shaking her legs, Selena replied, “Who do you think you are to demand two of our specialists to come and see you?”

“I’ll give you five minutes. You’ll bear the consequences if I don’t see them by then.” Donald sat on a chair at the nurses’ station after casting a chilly glance at her.

“As if.” Selena did not believe him. She threw the shells into the trash can and took out more peanuts. Swiping a glance at Donald, she continued, “You’re acting all smug when you’re only someone who doesn’t even have six hundred thousand.”

“Four more minutes.” Donald sat there upright.

“Crazy guy.” Selena took out her phone and left a voice message in the WhatsApp group: “Dr. Kendall, Dr. Lyon, Donald wants to meet both of you. He also said that you’d have to deal with the consequences yourself if he doesn’t see you in five minutes. He’s obviously here to blackmail you all and create trouble.”

Selena played the voice message through the speaker, and they heard Liam’s voice: “Ask that poor loser to get lost.”

Hagron also sent a voice message: “He has some guts to cause trouble here. Did he even check our hospital’s background?”

The other people in the WhatsApp group ignored the message.

Who is Donald?

I don't know who he is.

He's going to cause a scene in the hospital?

Are you kidding me?

We're not afraid of him. Pollerton General Hospital has a strong backing.

Spit. Selena ate her peanuts loudly on purpose.

"One more minute," Donald said.

"Haha." Selena rolled her eyes once again. The other nurses also shot Donald a look of contempt as they walked past him. He needs to bring at least a hundred people with him to create a ruckus. There's no way he can do that alone.

A stern voice came from the voice message: "If he causes a stir later, get the security guards to throw him out." It was the director speaking.

After only ten seconds, ten intimidating security guards approached him.

They stood along the corridor, each holding a baton and staring coldly at Donald.

"Young lad, I'll advise you to get lost immediately. Otherwise, you won't be able to leave even if you beg later," Selena sneered.

"If you don't leave now, we'll hit you," a security guard said, holding the stun baton and looking domineeringly at Donald.

Donald was expressionless. There was not a hint of fear on his face.

He finally stood up slowly after the five minutes time limit had passed. Twisting his wrist, he glanced at the people around him. "I've given you guys a chance, but none of you appreciated it."

"Hahaha. This is so funny." Selena laughed exaggeratedly.

"Young lad, you asked for it. You can start begging now," the head security guard mentioned as he took a step forward. He turned on the switch of his stun baton and swung it at Donald's waist.

Donald grabbed the baton, and the current exploded in his hand. However, it did not hurt him.

He exerted a frightening force and crushed the stun baton.

Then, he slapped the head security guard and sent him flying, knocking him out cold.

Damn!

The rest of the security guards were dumbfounded as they stared at each other. No one dared to step forward.

They had no idea how Donald managed to crush a stun baton with his bare hands.

Selena was shocked. "What are you doing, Donald? Hitting someone is a crime."

Donald merely gave her a side glance. Then, he took out his phone. "Within five minutes, I'll reorganize everything at Pollerton General Hospital."

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Chapter 15 Earth Shattering

What did he say? Reorganize the entire hospital? What a big talker.

Although Selena was slightly frightened by Donald's power in combat, she would not let his boastful words get to her.

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Since Pollerton General Hospital was established dozens of years ago, it had accumulated countless connections and immense funds. It even had at least a hundred small-scale vaults to store its fortune.

When Selena was about to make a rebuttal, her phone suddenly rang. It was her husband, who was a chief physician in Pollerton General Hospital.

He sounded panic-stricken at that time. "Honey, get home quickly and destroy the accounting reports."

Before Selena could work out the perplexing situation, he said, "It's too late! They're already here."

With that, he cut off the phone. When Selena made another call to him, his phone was already turned off.

Only then did the head nurse start to grow anxious, "What's happening?"

“The show has just begun.” Donald proceeded to sit down and flickered his beaded bracelet breezily.

Selena’s phone rang again, only to find it was from her best friend. The latter said, “Selena, this is bad! The director was arrested just a second ago!”

Upon hearing the piece of news, Selena was stunned. She did not understand what was going on.

Baffled, she instinctively looked at the young man before her eyes, wondering if it was all his work.

Hurried footsteps rang out of thin air. Very soon, two doctors, Hagron and Liam, rushed over. Upon seeing Donald, they instantly fell to their knees and begged, “Mr. Campbell, we know what we did was wrong. Please spare us!”

Hagron seemed to be in his fifties, much older than Donald. Yet, he was now trembling in fear unabatingly. He could not help but lift his head to scan Donald. Is this young man truly that scary? Did he really find out everything about me in only a few minutes?

Truth be told, Hagron had committed a lot of abominable deeds over these years, including venality, embezzlement, surreptitious arrangements of fetal gender determination, pulling strings behind elections, and so on.

Initially, Hagron did not know that Donald was the one who ran a background check.

However, the person who was assigned to investigate Hagron was his uncle. The latter told him in secret that he had offended a big shot, who was currently sitting in the nurses’ station.

As for Liam, he was no better than Hagron. Having sexual intercourse with female patients alone was enough to bring about a severe punishment, let alone embezzlement.

Selena stared eye-wide at Donald in disbelief.

Is he really that scary? If he has such power, why couldn’t he collect six hundred thousand previously?

“Mr. Campbell, I was ignorant. I’m sorry for offending you. Please kindly show your mercy. I promise that I’ll never make the same mistake again!” Liam knocked his head onto the floor unceasingly.

To his dismay, Donald solely cast a cold gaze at the two, saying, “Calm down. There’s more yet to come.”

Minutes later, three men in suits entered the room. One of them was seen holding an account book while he marched forward to declare, "Selena, your husband is now under an investigation. We found this account book in your house, which records all your cash flow. Hence, we suspect that you've been interfering with the results of nurse elections over these years, and we'll bring you into custody."

Selena stared at the account book. As though she had lost all her strength, she slumped down in the chair, her eyes seeming spiritless.

The next moment, she abruptly kneeled on the ground and hugged Donald's leg. "Mr. Campbell, I'm begging you. I know I'm wrong, and I'm reflecting on myself. I really am! Please let me off once! I'll never do it again!"

Donald immediately kicked her away without sparing a glance.

In merely a few minutes, the entire hospital fell into utter chaos.

Nevertheless, hundreds of doctors from other hospitals arrived at Pollerton General Hospital to take charge of the duties. The order returned after a few minutes again.

In fact, the patients did not even find anything odd.

A middle-aged woman trotted into the room and said to Selena, "I'm the new head nurse who'll be taking over your work."

"Jessica!" Selena recognized her as one of the head nurses of Marshmaw Hospital.

Jessica merely nodded at Donald, reporting, "I'll do my work as usual."

Liam and Hagron shared a look, only to see the terror in one another's eyes.

They wondered who exactly Donald was and why he could possess such authority.

"Hagron, you're under arrest."

"Liam, you're under arrest."

A few men walked forward and said to each of them coldly. Devastated, the two slumped on the floor.

Merely a minute later, a muscular, tall man entered the room. Judging from his appearance, one might guess that he was in his forties. He said to the crew of guards, "You are all fired!"

Selena chuckled self-pitifully. Her mind blanked out as she still could not accept the reality.

In only five minutes, Pollerton General Hospital was reshuffled from the highest position to the lowest, including the chief positions.

Nevertheless, she had yet to give up. Grabbing the phone at the counter, she dialed a number. "Hello, Mr. Green. We-

To her dismay, the man on the other side heaved a heavy sigh and interrupted, "I can't do anything. You've got under the big gun's skin. They warned me to stay out of it, let alone lending you a hand."

Upon hearing the bad news, Selena, Liam, and Hagron were plunged into utter despair. They could only hear a thunderous explosion blaring out in their minds, followed by a continuous buzzing.

The man on the other side of the phone was the most influential person backing Pollerton General Hospital.

He had tremendous control over Pollerton. It was no exaggeration to say that he was the second most influential person in Pollerton, at the very least. However, he had been given a warning, indicating that Donald's true identity was so powerful that it could make one's blood run cold.

"You demon." Selena was on the verge of losing her sanity. She looked at Donald in sheer terror. "Who are you? Who exactly are you?"

Donald stood up in response. "You'll never get to enjoy a peaceful life anymore."

After that, he walked out of the room.

Two hours later, the incident became the lead story on the news.

It read: The director of Pollerton General Hospital was arrested for corruption and the illegal construction of treasury vaults. Thirty-five chief doctors were detained for infringing medical ethics. They have committed a lot of horrendous deeds. The head nurse of the oncology department was apprehended for embezzlement, falsifying the expenses on procurements...

Harrison was scared to death when he caught wind of the incident.

As the Queen family held shares in the pharmaceutical company, Pollerton Pharma, which was closely associated with Pollerton General Hospital, he knew much more insider news than the others. He called his father, Garrett in panic. "Hello? Dad, what happened? Why were they under arrest out of the blue? Even Selena and Liam could not get out of it?"

Garrett's voice sounded gruff when he explained, "I've contacted Mr. Green earlier. He said that Pollerton General Hospital offended a big shot, who purged the wrongdoers in merely five minutes."

Shocked, Harrison froze for a while before asking, "Pollerton General Hospital has Mr. Green backing it up. Even he couldn't take care of the matter?"

"They warned Mr. Green prior to that. He himself is in a crisis now. If he dared to interfere, he would only be digging his own grave. It seems like the big shot has a lot of power," Garrett explained, his voice quavering faintly.

Harrison drew in a deep breath.

Even Mr. Green was threatened to stay out of it, and he almost got caught up in all this! Who has such power to do so? He must be as powerful as God! Who could it be?

Suddenly, he recalled the affluent man in Heavenly Private Room. At that thought, he surmised assuredly, "It's the big shot in Heavenly Private Room! He made his move!"

A fear surged in his heart.

That's how powerful he truly is? He doesn't seem dangerous, but when he takes action, it's earth-shattering!

"Will it bring us trouble?" Harrison asked.

Garrett stayed silent for some time before replying, "I don't know yet. We didn't commit the crimes directly, so I think we're safe at the moment. Try to stay low temporarily. If you rubbed the man the wrong way, he can destroy our family easily."

Nodding, Harrison said, "I will!"

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Chapter 16

After hanging up the phone, Harrison felt a tinge of fear.

The big shot from the Heavenly Private Room was not to be messed around. He had his ways of getting things done, and he could do so ferociously.

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Not even Harrison nor the whole Queen family could defend themselves against him.

Even the influential personnel of Pollerton General Hospital were warned to stay put. Destroying the Queen family would be a piece of cake for him!

Harrison intended to find out who made the first move, but in the end, he decided not to.

Based on what he had learned so far, he knew that the big shot would find out right away if he began investigating the case.

When you stare into the abyss, the abyss stares back.

Harrison understood that much.

After dealing with Pollerton General Hospital, Donald approached his grandfather and held his hands in silence. He stayed like that for a long time. Suddenly, Donald's phone rang. He frowned, only to find out later that it was a call from his good friend, Rafe.

Rafe and Donald were high school classmates. Although they had not kept in touch for several years, Rafe was the first person Donald contacted when he first arrived in Pollerton.

Rafe did not have a happy marriage. He married into the Scott family.

His wife, Faye, is a rather plump and dominant lady. Rafe did not have a proper job. He was in the second-hand housing business. To put it simply, he was only an agent. As a blunt and honest person, Rafe did not do very well. He could only earn about six thousand every month.

"Hello, Rafe," Donald answered the call.

"Donald, would you like to come to our high school gathering at noon?" Rafe asked with a smile.

"No, I am not going," Donald rejected the invitation,

Rafe replied, "That won't do. Come! Please come for my sake. Even the popular girl in our class is going. Oliver King will be there. He contacted me a few days ago,

saying he has set his sights on one of the houses in Pollerton Estates. I am worried I can't make a sale, but you have a way with words, so I want to ask for your help."

Donald sank into deep thought.

Pollerton Estates... Isn't that developed by Charles? The current market rate is almost three hundred thousand per square meter. Given that the houses there are all at least three hundred square meters, one house should be worth more than a hundred million, including tax. There is an enormous mansion at three thousand square meters in

Pollerton Estates. Renovation was completed last year. It is currently valued at 1.3 billion! It's one of the most expensive properties in Pollerton, which makes it very popular among housing agents. The commission could go up to ten million if anyone could close the deal!

"Sure," Donald agreed immediately.

After he hung up the phone, he called Charles right away. "Hey Charlie, have you sold the Prime Property of Pollerton?"

Charles replied, "Not yet, Lord Campbell. It was renovated last year. The grand renovation alone cost over 100 million. Mr. Lane has informed me that the ownership can be transferred to you when you return."

"All right. Wait for my call," Donald responded.

Rafe called a while later. "Donald, do you have time now? Could you come by Pollerton Estates? Oliver is coming to look at the house now."

Donald agreed right away.

He hailed a taxi and rushed over to Pollerton Estates.

When he arrived, Donald saw Rafe registering with the security guard. He had his suit and name tag on.

"Hi, Donald. Let's wait a while. Oliver said he will be here in ten minutes," Rafe said with a smile as he patted Donald's shoulder. "By the way, have you gathered enough money for your grandpa's medical fees?"

"Yes, it's enough." Donald was also pleased to see Rafe.

"I'm sorry I couldn't help you there," Rafe apologized.

Donald spotted a few scratch marks on Rafe's neck. They looked rather deep.

"Is that what happened because I asked you for a loan?" Donald asked with a frown.

Rafe chuckled awkwardly and said, "Conflicts between husband and wife are perfectly normal."

Donald stopped talking and stayed silent after that.

As they stood in silence, suddenly a car honked. They looked back and saw a luxurious car parked right in front of them. A young man in a branded tuxedo got down from the car, followed by two beautiful women.

One of the women was wearing a long, black dress paired with high heels. She had a slim figure and fair skin, exuding an exquisite and graceful aura.

She was Rebecca Jones, the most popular girl in high school.

Rebecca was stunned when she saw Donald. With a calm and indifferent expression, she said, "I haven't seen you in a long time, Donald."

Both of them had been involved in a scandal in the past.

The other woman, standing at one point seven five meters in height, had shoulder length hair, a sexy figure, and a beautiful face. After greeting Donald and Rafe, she turned her gaze back to the man in the tuxedo. Her eyes were filled with contempt when she saw Rafe.

Donald was aware of it, but he smiled dismissively.

"Hey, Donald! You're here too! I haven't seen you in a long while." The man in the tuxedo was Oliver.

He had the appearance of a successful man. On his wrist was a gold Rolex watch. Every single movement of his screamed superiority.

"It's been a while, Oliver," Donald greeted cheerfully.

Oliver nodded and shifted his attention to Rafe. "Rafe, have you contacted the owner of the mansion?"

Rafe seemed a little nervous, but he tried to remain steady. "Yes, we have spoken. The mansion is three hundred square meters in size, so the total worth is ninety-seven million..."

Gulp.

Both Rebecca and the tall woman each took a deep breath.

In the country, there were very few people who could buy a property worth almost a hundred million without hesitation.

"Oliver, what business are you currently doing? How could you afford a mansion worth a hundred million.." Rebecca said, eyes filled with admiration.

Oliver tried to remain indifferent as he shrugged. "Just a small business."

Although he was trying to be humble, he could not hide the smug look on his face.

The tall woman exclaimed in exaggeration, "That's amazing! I think you're the most capable in our circle, Mr. King!"

Oliver looked at the tall woman and said, "Irene, you're not doing too bad yourself. You're going to sign a contract with Donter Pictures soon. You're going to be a superstar."

The tall woman, Irene Smith, smiled gently. "I still require your support, Mr. King. Unlike somebody who is still a housing agent till this day..."

Irene's eyes were on Rafe and Donald when she said that.

Oliver smirked. "Come, let's have a look at the house."

Rafe's smile stiffened.

To be frank, he was unwilling to make this deal because he knew how Oliver was like.

He was very condescending and liked to show off his wealth.

However, if the deal was successful, the commission would be very high.

They swiftly entered the residential area. As they were passing through, they were astounded by what they saw.

The only mansion around was right in front of their eyes. With a space of over three thousand square meters, it came with a beautiful garden and a flowing fountain. It was a complete package.

"So, this is the famous Prime Property of Pollerton?" Rebecca and Irene were filled with wonder,

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Chapter 17

As a professional salesperson, Rafe immediately introduced the place, "This is the most expensive house in Pollerton. It's called the Prime Property of Pollerton and is worth thirteen hundred million. There is a recreational room, a billiard room, a swimming pool, and a sunroom inside the house. I heard that its ownership is about to be transferred soon.

Narrowing his eyes, Oliver stared at the building. His eyes glinted as he pondered to himself.

Meanwhile, Irene and Rebecca were glancing at the building in envy.

“Thirteen hundred million? Who would be able to buy it? The buyer is probably a financial magnate, right?” Irene wondered aloud.

“No ordinary person can fork out thirteen hundred million to buy a house,” Rafe replied. He appeared to be a little pathetic as he smiled suppliantly at the lady and bowed to her gently.

Oliver’s gaze swept past Rafe in disdain. “Whoever it is, that’s none of your business. Your monthly salary is just three thousand and six hundred.”

Hearing this, Rafe flinched. Though his smile froze on his face, he did not dare to counter back.

Just then, Irene and Rebecca giggled in unison. “Yes, Rafe. You shouldn’t worry about this. Instead, think about how you can sell the house to earn more commission.”

“Commission? Hmph, it’s more like you’re receiving alms.” Irene snorted.

Thereafter, Donald replied, “Rafe is a salesperson. How could you deem the results of his hard work as alms?”

Hearing this, Irene glared contemptuously at Donald.

His outfit is worth less than two hundred, and he still has the audacity to stand up for someone in front of us?

Then, she retorted, “That’s none of your business as well. In my opinion, it’s your luck that Mr. Langford was willing to give you a commission. Since he can easily pay one hundred million for a house, he could directly discuss the offer with the owner of the estate himself. Hence, you’re not really helpful to him.”

Irene had mistakenly assumed that Donald was a property agent as well. Hence, she treated him with derision.

“There’s no such thing as equality in this world. Oliver is way better than you,”

Rebecca piped up coldly.

She desperately tried to win Oliver’s favor by praising the latter and belittling Rafe and Donald

In response, Oliver just waved his hand dismissively. “All right, that’s enough. Let’s talk about business-related matters now.”

Though he spoke in an indifferent tone, his face betrayed the arrogant attitude he had toward everyone else.

Seeing that Donald was preparing to retaliate again, Rafe meekly tugged at his sleeve to stop him, signaling him not to engage in a useless verbal dispute.

Then, Donald fell silent.

With Rafe leading the way, they arrived at the ninth apartment of the twenty-seventh story in no time.

A middle-aged man opened the door for them. His face looked wan and sallow. The interior of the apartment was lavish. It occupied three hundred square meters and had its own balcony.

“If not for a problem in the capital chain, I wouldn’t have sold this apartment. The total price for this is ninety-seven million. We can sign the contract immediately,” the middle-aged man voiced out, his gaze directed at Oliver.

After working in the business industry for so many years, he had already been able to accurately figure out who had the most power among the group of people in front of him.

Walking around the entire apartment, Oliver nodded and shook his head intermittently. Finally, he said, “I’m quite satisfied with your house. Nonetheless, I’ll have to consider it for a while. I’ll give you a reply by tomorrow. Is that fine for you?”

Then, the middle-aged man agreed, “Sure.”

Oliver asked, “Could you give me your contact number?”

Rafe stood up swiftly. He remarked to the middle-aged man, “You can just contact me. Why don’t I help you to coordinate the deal?”

If the two directly liaised with one another, it would be highly disadvantageous to Rafe, as he might not be able to receive his commission then.

Hastily, the middle-aged man’s head bobbed up and down in compliance. He commented, “All right, that’s the rules of the industry. I understand that.”

Upon witnessing this, Oliver’s face darkened. He remarked, “Rafe, did I allow you to speak? What’re you afraid of? Are you afraid that I won’t give you your fees?”

Instantly, Rafe panicked. He stuttered, “No, you’re mistaken. 1-1...”

“What?” Oliver questioned unhappily.

"It's the rules of the industry," Donald spoke up. "Even the owner knows the regulations. Why don't you understand it? Rafe searched for the property and contacted the sellers by himself. He had a hard time doing so. Are you going to disregard his contribution like this?"

"Hey! Who are you to tell Mr. Langford off?" Irene inquired snarkily.

Donald's gaze turned cold. Frostily, he looked at Irene. Seeing this, the woman uncontrollably shivered.

As the owner of the house was unable to fully comprehend the situation at hand, he subsequently tried to smooth things over. "All right, I'll contact Rafe instead."

Gratefully, Rafe thanked the middle-aged man, "Thank you, Mr. Yellere. We won't disturb you then."

After walking out of the neighborhood, Rafe peeked at Oliver and said, "Mr. Langford, what do you think about the house?"

Without looking back at Rafe, Oliver uttered, "Let's meet up at noon. We can chat over lunch."

Troubled, Rafe glanced at Donald to notice that the latter had a mocking expression on his face. "We should go," he said.

Rafe nodded and inquired, "All right. Where shall we go for lunch?"

"Rivebale Hotel," Oliver declared. Thereafter, he boarded his car.

Irene and Rebecca did not even bother to bid Donald and Rafe goodbye. Rolling their eyes, they followed Oliver.

Glancing at the BMW that was speeding away, Rafe voiced out, "Oliver seems so arrogant. I wonder what our lunch will be like later."

Donald replied, "We should go and have lunch with him. Who knows? Maybe we'll gain something unexpected."

"It appears that Oliver's really rich, as he arranged for lunch at Rivebale Hotel," Rafe commented in admiration. He added, "The hotel was founded by the successful businesswoman, Lana."

Is that so?

Donald was stunned for a moment before he immediately regained his senses. Smiling wryly, he hoped he would not run into Lana there.

A few minutes later, Donald and Rafe arrived at Rivebale Hotel. They caught sight of twenty people standing in the lobby, one of which was Oliver. He was arguing with the receptionist.

“I’m very sorry, sir. We are at full capacity today. You didn’t reserve a table...” the receptionist apologized profusely to Oliver.

Then, Oliver snorted in disbelief. “Is this how you manage your hotel? I’ve heard that there is a private room on the ninth floor that is empty. Why can’t we use it?”

The receptionist widened her eyes. “Sir, that room is not available to customers. Ms. Collins receives her guests there. I’m just doing my job. Please don’t make things difficult for me.

There were only two private rooms on the ninth floor. Apart from that, there was a bowling room, a gym, a meeting room, a karaoke room, and a movie theater on that

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floor.

Thus, one could say that the ninth floor was only for Pollerton’s esteemed guests. This included the likes of the richest man in Pollerton, Charles, the diva Wynter, and those tycoons who ranked first in the city.

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“I’m an executive of Johnny’s Antiques!” Oliver threatened in a low voice.

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Johnny’s Antiques...

The receptionist instantaneously sucked in a deep breath. Respectfully, she said, “Do wait for a while. I’ll call someone to ask for instructions.”

Oliver finally nodded contentedly and scanned the surroundings.

Everyone around looked at him with their faces full of respect and admiration.

Oliver was satisfied to receive everyone’s respect.

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Chapter 18

The receptionist called someone from senior management, Mark White. "Hello, Mr. White. An executive from Johnny's Antiques wishes to reserve the entire ninth floor..."

"Did Johnny Green personally request it?" A strong and steady voice traveled from the phone.

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The receptionist whispered, "No, it's an executive from his company."

"Get him to scram. Only Johnny has the right to reserve the entire floor in Johnny's Antiques. So what if he's an executive?" Mark replied.

The receptionist hung up and said apologetically, "I'm sorry. My superior has already stated that only Mr. Johnny Green has the right to enter the ninth floor. Sir, you might want to book a place somewhere else."

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Oliver's face darkened.

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"If that's the case, let's go to another hotel. We don't have to hold our gathering here," someone murmured.

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"Yeah, Oliver. We only came here to reminisce. Let's not get our good mood spoiled by this trivial matter," Irene added.

Apparently, she had heard of Lana's reputation. She knew that the ninth floor was not a place that commoners could enter.

"Let's go to another hotel," Rafe suggested quietly. He was afraid that Oliver would be upset. After all, if Oliver got upset, his opportunity to earn money would be destroyed just like that.

What's so bad about suffering a little grievance and behaving more humbly to seal the deal?

“Are you looking down on me?” Oliver’s expression turned frosty. He no longer concealed the mockery in his eyes.

His motive for attending the gathering was to flaunt his wealth.

Irene chimed in, “What has it got to do with you, Rafe?”

“You’re merely a middleman. To put it bluntly, you’re just a lowly dog. What right do you have to speak?” Rebecca scolded.

The rest of the group began berating Rafe as well. “Yeah, why are you interfering in this matter? You should just shut up and mind your own business.”

Rafe’s face immediately turned as red as a tomato. He remained frozen on the spot and did not know whether he should leave or stay.

Even the receptionist looked at Rafe pitifully.

Being poor was a sin.

The only reason Rafe was criticized was that he was poor and had no status.

“Sir, I’m sorry. Please don’t make too much noise here,” the receptionist reminded.

Seeing that everyone was criticizing Rafe and standing up for him, Oliver felt a little more comfortable.

Donald sighed softly and patted Rafe on the back. Thereafter, he looked at Oliver and asked, “If I can bring you to the ninth floor, will you consider buying that apartment and giving Rafe a substantial amount of commission?”

Oliver froze, then burst out laughing. “Donald, are you kidding me? How can you bring us to the ninth floor? Have you lost your mind?”

Irene also looked at him with contempt. “That’s right. Take a good look at yourself. You can’t even afford a normal private room. Yet, you claim that you can bring us to the ninth floor? Stop boasting!”

“How arrogant and vain,” Rebecca remarked placidly.

“All right, Donald. Since you wish to show off, let’s see you try.” Oliver turned around and stared at Donald. Many emotions flickered in his eyes.

Mockery, disdain, contempt, and derision could be detected in his gaze.

“How should I prove it to you?” Donald was expressionless.

“As long as you’re able to bring us to the ninth floor of this building, I’ll buy that apartment. I’ll even give Rafe two million worth of commission!” Oliver declared.

Rafe, on the other hand, pulled on Donald’s sleeve worriedly and whispered, “Donald, that’s okay. I don’t need that commission. Let’s go.” Yet, Donald patted him on the shoulder once more. “It’s okay. Leave it to me,” he said,

Thereafter, he took out his phone and called Lana. He had gotten her number from Charles.

“Who’s this?” A sweet and languid voice came from the other end of the phone.

“I’m Donald.”

The other person fell silent, but Donald could hear her breathing grow rapid.

“Donald, where are you?” Lana’s pleasant voice continued to reverberate from the phone.

Donald explained, “I need your help. I have a class gathering today. I’m currently on the first floor of the Rivebale Hotel. We are unable to book a room. Thus, I wish to request for you to open the ninth floor for us. Is that okay?”

“All right. I’ll head over and settle it. Wait for me there,” Lana agreed.

Donald hung up and said calmly, “Let’s wait for a few minutes. Someone will arrive shortly and arrange things for us.”

Oliver looked at him in disbelief and mockery. “You’re lying! What right do you have to enter the ninth floor?” he scoffed.

Irene and Rebecca giggled and looked at Donald as if they were looking at a fool.

Even the chairman of Johnny’s Antiques had to book beforehand to enter the ninth floor. No one believed that Donald could settle it with a simple phone call.

The receptionist did not believe him either.

A few moments later, a muscular man walked over swiftly. He appeared to be around thirty-five years old and had a menacing appearance. He was bald and a black lotus tattoo covered his head. One could tell that he was not a good person at first glance.

He was, indeed, Mark White, the most prominent figure in Rivebale Hotel and also Lana’s loyal lackey.

His sharp eyes scanned the crowd. Everyone felt as if they were pierced by that gaze of his. His aura was too intimidating.

“Who’s Mr. Campbell?” Mark asked.

Donald calmly replied, “It’s me.”

“Follow me to the ninth floor. The ninth floor is open to you today,” Mark said, Although his tone was polite, his gaze was focused on Donald ferociously.

There was suspicion and curiosity in his eyes.

Everyone was stunned upon hearing Mark’s words.

What’s the situation? Is Donald secretly an influential figure? That’s the renowned ninth floor! Even the richest man in Pollerton has to book beforehand if he wished to enter it. How did he settle it with one phone call?

Oliver widened his eyes while Irene and Rebecca covered their mouths in shock.

“Is Donald seriously hiding something from us?”.

“Donald, give me a hint. What’s going on?”

“Please follow me.” Mark walked ahead, and the crowd trailed after him in a daze. They walked into a private elevator.

After they got onto the ninth floor, everyone was stunned speechless.

Is this the legendary ninth floor?

It was like a giant amusement center. Large paintings of mountains and rivers adorned the wall. Oliver could tell that the paintings were authentic pieces painted centuries ago. Three years ago, they were sold for a sky-high price of forty-five million in an auction. He did not expect to see these paintings on the ninth floor.

Irene and Rebecca stared at Donald. They wished to find out his true colors.

However, Donald remained extremely calm.

“Can you fulfill your promise now?” Donald glanced at Oliver.

Rafe felt like he was dreaming. The situation was too unbelievable, and he felt surreal. Is this the Donald I know?

Oliver's expression turned rigid. However, he nodded. "I will definitely fulfill my promise. But, what's going on?" He was unwilling to admit defeat.

Johnny's Antiques was already a powerful company. Its net worth was a whopping ten billion, but still, with that amount of power, only Johnny himself could enter the ninth floor.

Yet, Donald settled the matter just by making one phone call. The stark contrast made Oliver feel extremely upset.

Unlimited Son-In-Law Chapter 19 -

Chapter 19

Everyone stared at Donald, especially Irene and Rebecca. Their eyes were filled with blatant curiosity.

"Donald, I didn't know that you were so influential." Irene leaned closer to Donald and wanted to hold the latter's arm.

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Donald took a step back wordlessly, avoiding her grasp.

Tasp.

The smile on Irene's face froze.

On the other hand, Rebecca laughed girlishly. "Donald, you're pretending to be weak to conceal your true power. You can even book the ninth floor with a mere phone call. That's amazing!"

When Oliver heard them praise Donald, he felt extremely uncomfortable.

09

I should be the main character today. What's the point of being wealthy and accomplished if I can't boast about my wealth? I did everything I could to steal a cultural relic and sell it for a hundred million just so I could show off! I want everyone to be dazzled by my wealth. Why have things turned out like this?

"Perhaps I can explain," Mark said.

He had a strong aura and tattoos were inked all over his head. At first glance, one could tell that he was not someone to be crossed with. When he spoke, everyone shut their mouths. They fell silent and looked at him simultaneously.

Mark explained in a deep voice, "Yesterday, Ms. Collins accidentally fell into the water when she was on an outing. Donald happened to walk past and saved her. Ms. Collins gave him a million as a token of appreciation and promised to fulfill a request of his that was within her power. Is that correct?"

When Mark finished speaking, his gaze sharpened, and a faint light shone in his pupils as he turned to look at Donald expressionlessly. Narrowing his eyes, a look of contempt appeared on his face.

All he did was save Ms. Collins yesterday. How dare he make demands? Furthermore, he even brought a bunch of annoying brats into the supreme ninth floor.

A cold smile appeared on his face. He lowered his head and a frosty gleam shone in his eyes as he contemplated getting rid of Donald when he had the chance to do so.

"Yes. You're right." Donald was still expressionless. That was his personality. He did not like to explain too much, let alone waste his time talking nonsense. After experiencing huge, life-changing events, he had no interest in such trivial matters.

The sole reason he attended the gathering was out of consideration for Rafe's feelings.

Everyone immediately understood what was going on.

So that's how it is. He just happened to save Lana Collins, who has a net worth of more than twenty billion. To repay his kindness, she not only gave him a million but also promised to accede to a request of his. No wonder we can enter the ninth floor. Lana's life and promise are too important. Entering the ninth floor once is nothing in comparison.

"I see. I thought that Donald has reinvented himself!" The gloomy look on Oliver's face disappeared and was replaced with a smile.

"So, you've only saved Ms. Collins' life. Why are you acting like it's a big deal?" Irene instantly moved away from Donald with a look of disdain on her face.

"What? That's it?" Rebecca frowned and walked away. Annoyance and disgust were evident on her face as she glanced at Donald.

"I see. This Donald is such a fool. Lana's promise is so valuable. He could've requested an apartment or a car, but he used it to bring us to the ninth floor instead. He's dumb." Some of the classmates discussed in low voices.

"That's right. If our roles were reversed, I'd request ten million from her. Yet, he used

it just to show off.”

“Just so he can show off, he wasted a promise from Lana. What a stupid man.”

Everyone started discussing and looking at Donald with utter derision.

Mark smiled faintly and looked deeply at Donald. “Pretty impressive.”

His gaze was gloomy, and his tone was meaningful.

Donald narrowed his eyes and looked back at Mark. He suddenly laughed. “Are you threatening me?”

He’s just Lana’s lackey. It’s not like I can’t kill him.

Mark solemnly nodded. “Whatever. You can think of it like that.”

Oliver and the rest of the crowd looked at Donald and Mark, anticipating a good show.

Offending Lana’s lackey was akin to offending Lana herself. Furthermore, Mark was not just a simple lackey of Lana’s. He was also the head honcho of the Blade Alliance,

The Blade Alliance was a legendary prominent organization in Pollerton.

Even Johnny, the owner of Johnny’s Antiques, did not dare to provoke Mark.

Donald calmly scrutinized the man. “You have no right to challenge me.”

Few people dared to offend him in the entire world, as doing so would cause an international conflict.

Mark froze and anger flashed in his eyes. His fury bubbled and dangerous tension could be felt in the air. “If not for the fact that you had saved Ms. Collins, I would have strangled you to death!”

Everyone’s hearts skipped a beat in fear upon witnessing Mark’s wrath. His aura was so frightening that they found it difficult to breathe.

Donald’s face finally grew serious as he slowly walked toward Mark.

He had a calm temperament and was not competitive. Yet, it did not mean that he would not get angry. If someone crossed the line, he did not mind getting rid of them.

Simply put, if one did not mess with him, he would not mess with them as well. However, if one dared to get on his nerves, he could even kill their entire family in retaliation.

Mark continued wearing a casual expression. He laughed evilly and his fearsome teeth flashed under the light. It was frightening.

He clenched his fist, cracked his knuckles, and stretched his neck.

Rafe's face paled upon seeing that. He hurriedly stopped Donald. "Donald. He's Mark White. Don't be rash."

Thereafter, he anxiously rushed toward Mark and bowed. "I'm really sorry, Mr. White. I truly apologize. Please be magnanimous and forgive him."

Oliver and the rest had already shied away. They looked at the scene with much interest.

In their eyes, Donald and Rafe were dead meat.

How can he possibly still live if he's offended Mark White? The man has controlled the Blade Alliance for so many years. He's done many terrible and ruthless things. If Lana Collins had not managed to suppress him, he would have conquered the entire underground world in Pollerton.

Donald's gaze grew colder. His killing intent intensified. Similarly, Mark was like a wild beast that was ready to attack.

Just as Donald was prepared to snap Mark's neck, a lady suddenly walked in.

She wore a long red dress and was very pretty. Her complexion was fair, and her figure was alluring. There was no flaw on her small face. Her lips were red and her teeth were white. Her watery eyes shone as if they could speak.

The first impression people had of her was that she was an otherworldly being. She attracted people to her and made them unable to resist falling in love with her.

"What are you doing?" Lana asked softly after she entered.

Her voice was sweet and captivating, taking every man's breath away.

Even Mark's breathing quickened.

Yet, he did not dare to look at her. He lowered his head and stood there respectfully.

On the other hand, Irene and Rebecca looked at Lana with jealousy and envy.

We're all women. Why is she so perfect?

Mark retracted his fierce aura and stood there motionlessly like a child that had done something wrong. He was very subservient.

Lana's gaze landed on Mark. It was a quick and unconcerned gaze, but there was a menacing light glinting in her eyes.

Unlimited Son-In-Law Chapter 20 -

Chapter 20

If Mark's aura was strong, Lana's was even mightier.

Even though she was merely standing motionlessly, she exuded a strong presence.

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Mark felt Lana's gaze, and cold sweat perspired profusely on his forehead. At that moment, he was filled with dread.

Others might not know about Lana's true identity, but he knew it best.

She was none other than the heir of the Collins family.

At that moment, Mark's hatred for Donald brimmed. After all, Donald was the one who caused all this.

What right does this Donald have to make Lana treat me like this?

"Get out," Lana stated lightly.

"Yes, Ms. Collins," Mark replied respectfully with his head lowered.

Donald could clearly see the cold gleam flickering in Mark's eyes. When the latter's gaze swept past him, there was an apparent killing intent hidden within.

Donald sneered inwardly.

"I haven't thanked you for saving my life yesterday." Lana did not even bother shooting a glance at Oliver and the others as she walked up to Donald and spoke gently

Rafe stood right next to him with a bewildered expression.

He had never come into contact with a person of Lana's caliber. Though he would normally see them on television, that was the first time he actually saw them close up.

"It's fine." Donald shook his head.

“Shall we go out and talk?” Lana suggested.

After hesitating for a moment, Donald nodded. “Okay.”

Lana smiled faintly at his reply and headed out first. She did not spare Oliver and the others a glance, which made Oliver feel miserable.

I have worked so hard to position myself in a stylish posture. Why won't you spare me a glance?

The moment Lana appeared, Oliver had positioned himself in the coolest posture possible and put on his most handsome and warm smile. He thought it would be great to win Lana's favor.

Yet, Lana did not even spare him a glance.

The crowd heaved a sigh of relief after seeing Lana leave.

“Why is he acting all high and mighty? Does he seriously think his life would change for the better after saving Lana's life?” Irene pursed his lips disdainfully.

“Come on, just let this go. You are about to become a famous celebrity soon,” Rebecca consoled while tugging her friend's hand.

As this topic was aroused, the crowd immediately gathered around and bombarded her with questions.

“Irene, are you really signing a contract with Donter Pictures?” one of the female classmates asked with an envious look on her face.

Smugness filled Irene's eyes as she replied, “That's right. Donter Pictures was established by the diva, Wynter, and the richest man in Pollerton, Charles. You guys must know how many resources the diva has.”

Rebecca smiled. “My sister is also about to sign a contract with Donter Pictures. If you guys want to see them in the future, it will only be on the big screen.”

“Let's talk while we eat. Excuse me, we are ready to order,” proposed Oliver as he lifted his hand to call for a waiter.

Rafe pondered for a while and asked cautiously, “Mr. Langford, does the promise you made still count?”

Oliver chuckled. “What did I promise?”

“You said that if Donald brings us to the ninth floor, you’ll buy that apartment and give me two million worth of commission.” Rafe grew anxious.

Oliver responded, “Does he really have the ability to bring us in? I have long known that he doesn’t have the capability. I just didn’t want to embarrass him. Let’s eat first and talk about this matter later.”

“Let’s not talk about work today. Let’s eat first and not ruin everyone’s mood,” Rebecca added lightly.

Rafe sighed.

If I knew this, I wouldn’t have accepted this deal. Even someone as stupid as me can tell that

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Oliver never really wanted to buy that apartment, and he just wanted to show off in front of me,

Donald sat on the leather couch in the parlor of the tenth floor and said, “Not bad. This couch is designed executively. One set would cost six to seven thousand.”

“You know your stuff.” Lana smiled faintly and asked, “What do you want to drink?”

“Just some plain coffee would be good enough,” Donald said.

Lana then opened a cabinet, took out some coffee powder, and made a cup of hot coffee for Donald.

“What a surprise. You actually stocked up on ordinary coffee,” Donald said with a smile.

“Well, I might encounter all kinds of clients when doing business. It’s best to be prepared for all sorts of possibilities.” Lana sat back on the couch. She stretched her body, revealing her perfect hourglass body figure.

“Thank you for your help today,” Donald said as he took a sip of coffee.

Lana smiled and shook her head. “It’s no trouble at all. I’m sorry about Mark’s behavior. You don’t have to worry about him. I will deal with him promptly and won’t let him cause you any trouble.”

Donald chuckled softly. “I don’t really care about him.”

Lana frowned. “Mark is very full of himself because he conquers the Blade Alliance.”

She had investigated Donald, and based on the information found, Donald was married. However, he fell out with his wife due to a surgery fee that cost six hundred thousand. Donald originally had a company under his name, and now the legal person of the company had changed.

Hence, in her opinion, Donald had no other strengths other than being slightly capable of fighting

However, being skillful in combat did not mean anything.

After all, there were plenty of people who were skilled in combat in the Blade Alliance. Yet, they still did not dare to appear publicly and only did their tasks behind the curtain

There were only five or six people who dared to show themselves in the entire Blade Alliance.

“Don’t worry about that. If he crosses the line, I will destroy him. Even you won’t be able to stop me,” Donald stated nonchalantly as he sat on the couch.

Lana’s frown deepened. “Mark isn’t as simple as you think. Also...

“Also, you’ve conducted an investigation on me, right?” Donald flashed her a half smile and continued, “You have checked my credit score, company, travel records, and all of my purchase history? Isn’t that right?”

Immediately, Lana’s eyes widened in surprise.

Donald is right. The person I arranged to investigate him is quite skilled. He’s able to investigate people in secrecy, without the target knowing. Also, he’s never made a mistake, and he’s never been discovered. What is with this Donald? How did he know I was investigating him?

“Mantis is indeed capable, and he is level-headed. However, have you heard of a phrase? If you gaze into the abyss, the abyss gazes also into you,” Donald stated.

Lana was even more shocked. She sat up straight and stared into Donald’s eyes.

Mantis was her trusted subordinate, who was also known as the best tracker in Pollerton.

She never expected Mantis to be exposed after conducting an investigation on Donald.

“Who exactly are you?” Lana narrowed her eyes as she realized that she had underestimated Donald.

“Ms. Collins, it’s not good to know too much,” Donald muttered.

Lana sat on the same spot and chuckled suddenly. "It seems that I have failed. It's my bad. I'm sorry for conducting an investigation on you."

"It's fine. The things you found out were things I was willing to present," Donald responded.

Lana felt Donald was even more unfathomable, and it sparked her interest in him.