

## Unlimited Son-In-Law Chapter 187 -

### Chapter 187

Therefore, Ysabel was scared to the core as she regretted her actions.

If she knew that things would turn out that way, she would have avoided coming to this class reunion with Donald.

“You want to leave? Do you really think that you can leave this place unscathed today? I’ll eat my hat if you can!” The smile on Mark’s face slowly turned sinister, “Donald, where is your air of confidence?”

Before Donald came into Lana’s life, the latter trusted Mark fully.

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However, things changed after that, and Lana started to distance herself from Mark, infuriating him.

The next moment, Mark reached out with his right hand, wanting to grab Donald’s shoulder. He was planning to crush the latter’s shoulder girdle.

Donald raised his gaze and glowered at Mark.

The former’s gaze was frosty and as sharp as a sword. It was as though he was staring at a person whose death was imminent.

When Mark finally placed his hand on Donald’s shoulder, he sensed that something was amiss because he noticed that the latter’s shoulder was as hard as steel.

“You’re a dead man to me,” Donald announced expressionlessly.

Following that, he threw a punch on Mark’s arm.

With a loud crack, Mark’s right arm broke instantly.

Mark grimaced in pain, and a miserable wail came out of his mouth. He grabbed It injured arm, staring at Donald with undisguised horror.

It didn’t take Mark long to understand what had happened,

It seemed that Donald had used all of the strength he could muster in that particular punch

\*Send twenty people up here now! I want this idiot dead!” Mark screamed at the walkie-talkie,

Hector, on the hand, remained unfazed when he saw the scene before him and merely sat on the couch. Though Donald’s punch did frighten him, he wasn’t worried about it.

In his mind, this place was, after all, Mark’s turf. Therefore, no matter how strong Donald was, it wouldn’t help him much in escaping.

As expected, a little more than ten seconds later, a dozen men in suits barged into the private room and began to shoo away the customers menacingly with one-meter long machetes in their hands.

“Leave now, people!”

Finally, they all gathered at Room 888.

Mark, who was still experiencing excruciating pain, held his right arm with a pale face and said, “Donald, even if Lana is here today, she won’t be able to save you.”

Hector chuckled. “Ysabel, you see. Your cousin-in-law will be killed by these men soon. Do you want him to live?”

Horrified by the scene in front of her, Ysabel paled. When she heard Hector’s question, she subconsciously nodded in response.

Hector patted the seat next to him nonchalantly and said, “If so, take off your clothes

and come to me. I will ask Mr. White to let him live.”

Mark chimed in, “If you’re sincere, I’ll let him go.”

Ysabel’s body jolted when she heard the men’s request. Tears started to well in her eyes, and her mind went blank. A moment later, she walked toward Hector slowly.

However, Donald quickly grabbed her when he noticed what she was doing. “What are you thinking?”

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With tears still hanging on her eyelashes, she turned to look at Donald with confusion in her eyes.

It was then she noticed Donald had a faint smile on his face and was not terrified by what was happening at the moment.

“These men mean nothing to me.” Donald spoke indifferently. His tone showed the confidence he had in fighting against these men.

Both Mark and Hector’s expression changed drastically when they heard the statement. Mark had had enough of Donald. “I want everyone to attack him together! Kill the man, but spare the lady! Once Mr. Zahn has done having fun with her, I give her to you all as a reward,” he roared.

After hearing Mark’s order, those men made some weird noises and charged at Donald with machetes in their hands.

“Close your eyes. Do not open them until I tell you so.” Donald instructed and pulled Ysabel into his arms.

Her cheeks became rosy as she leaned against Donald’s chest. She felt peaceful all of a sudden.

Donald glared at the men in suits before him with cold and distant eyes. For him, those men before him were already dead.

After that, he picked up the toothpicks on the table and aimed them at the men in suits. At this moment, those toothpicks became deadly weapons. As they flew toward the men, they even shone under the light, making them look like a dozen needles flying in the air.

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Soon, a loud noise that sounded like something tearing the air apart resonated in the room. Besides, cries of pain could also be heard.

The toothpicks went right through the men’s heads and stuck onto the marble wall, sending a cloud of dust everywhere.

In an instant, the men dropped to the ground lifelessly one after another. They had stopped breathing, and blood was oozing out of their foreheads.

Despite the small hole, their brains were entirely wrecked.

Both Mark and Hector were startled by the scene before them, and so was Ysabel when she took a peek.

What is this? How did he manage to kill a dozen of men with toothpicks? Only God would have such capability!

“You... You..” Mark, who was still holding his right arm, was spooked. He then pressed a button on the walkie-talkie and demanded, “Send everyone here now!”

Hector, on the other hand, surveyed Donald carefully for the first time. "I'm eager to meet the person who can make me stay here today." Donald spoke in a calm voice and patted Ysabel's shoulder.

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She widened her eyes and stared at Donald attentively. A moment later, she exclaimed excitedly, "You're amazing, Donald! I'm impressed! I love you so much, Donald!"

Why does that sound so weird?

Donald looked at Ysabel speechlessly.

After hearing her declaration, Hector's expression turned surly as if Ysabel had cuckolded him.

When another thirty men appeared, the worries in Mark's heart dissipated. He announced, "You're on my turf today, and I'm Blade Alliance's leader. I have hundreds of men here with me. I dare you to leave this place."

With that, some of the men took out the rifles they had made themselves and pointed the guns at Donald.

Mark also retrieved a double-barrel shotgun and aimed it at Donald.

"I would like to find out if your toothpicks can fly faster than my bullets!" Mark's expression turned thunderous. Meanwhile, his right arm was shaking vigorously.

"I've decided to kill you too!" Hector roared.

"Wow. Blade Alliance is becoming more and more arrogant lately." Just then, a deep voice sounded. Tyson, who was in an electric wheelchair and covered in bandages, appeared in front of the crowd.

Single Blade War God, Tyson!

Mark froze for a second and pointed his gun at Tyson. "Why is Mount Sea Sect here? You're on Blade Alliance's turf right now!"

"I'm here to escort him out of this place." Tyson shifted his eyes toward Donald. His gaze was full of respect.

Though Mark had no clue about Donald and Tyson's relationship, he wasn't afraid of Mount Sea Sect and Tyson. Thus, he bellowed, "Mount Sea Sect doesn't have the ability to take away anyone on my turf!"

"Well, would you change your mind if I join them?" Behind Tyson, a middle-aged man in a suit walked forward. He was in his forties, and he had a great physique, indicating that he was a man who practice martial arts.

Zayne Yates!

Though the youngsters considered Mark a powerful leader, Zayne was the true boss of the underground world.

He was also Charles' loyal lackey and always dealt with Charles' illegal businesses.

Mark was shocked to see Zayne here. His gaze then shifted toward Donald. Soon, he realized that the latter was wearing the same expressionless face, even though both Tyson and Zayne were standing in the same room. There was no hint of respect on Donald's blank face at all,

Mark instantly realized that Donald might have a higher status than the two.

Who are you exactly?" Hector sensed something was wrong too. He glared at Donald and demanded, "Which gang are you from? Tell us now!"

Torson Construction was a powerful company, but it was not the leader in the industry. It once followed the lead of Jim.

If Zayne decided to attack Torson Construction, Hector's father, Jason Zahn, would have no chance to defend the company at all. Besides, Tyson might involve himself in the attack as well.

"Mr. White, if you still insist on holding Mr. Campbell, would my appearance change your mind?" Lucas appeared by the door.

After entering the room, he got on his knees and bowed to Donald. "Mr. Campbell." Mark, Hector, and Ysabel froze on the spot.

Lucas Albee! He is one of the most powerful men in the underground world! He's also the leader of Cosmopolitan Commerce Chambers. He used to be involved in the demolition business.

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Years. Tyson had retired and become a chef due to changes in circumstances. As for Lucas, he had completely shifted his attention to legal business related to renewable energy.

Regardless of how hard he tried to clear his name, he was still an infamous figure in Pollerton. Back then, he was the one who put in the most effort in chasing away the Parasite.

Although he was cuckolded by Yusof, an expert in Jeradus Karate, his power was undeniably strong.

When Hector saw Lucas, he immediately felt something was off.

What surprised him was that Lucas was kneeling in front of Donald to show all of his respect.

What is happening? Who am I? Where am I?

The scene he had just witnessed made him question his existence.

Meanwhile, Mark's face was as pale as a sheet.

He wouldn't be terrified if it was just Tyson or Lucas, but he couldn't take both of them at the same time.

The two of them could easily destroy Paragon Building and Nocturne Karaoke Bar.

"Is this enough?" asked Lucas lightly as he stood up and faced Mark.

Before Mark could speak, Hector took out his phone secretly and sent a text to Jason to ask for help.

At such a critical moment, only his father could save him.

It was because Jason was closing a deal with Kingsley from Horizon Group.

If Jason ever managed to ride on Kingsley's coattails, not even Charles himself would dare to offend him, let alone Zayne. As a result, Hector's confidence was boosted.

Glancing around, Mark became aware that they were completely surrounded.

Ysabel was still staring at Donald in admiration while holding onto his sleeve.

Ever since she was seventeen years old and he was twenty-four, she had fallen in love with him.

Since then, she would always trail behind him and become a third wheel.

One could say that Donald had not slept with Jennifer partly because of Ysabel's

interruption.

“It’s a law-governed society now, so you won’t dare to hurt me, would you?” Mark asked, beads of sweat flowing down his forehead.

As soon as the words fell, everyone looked at Mark as if he was a fool.

Won’t dare to hurt you? The one who’s standing in front of you is Lord Campbell! Don’t you know how he resolves matters? No matter who you are, what mistakes you made, or what energy you have, he will come for you regardless!

“You won’t dare to do so. Am I right?” Mark emphasized again.

Suddenly, the roar of the engine and the sound of crutches hitting on the ground sounded. Charles, who had a suit and neatly combed hair, walked in.

“We won’t dare to do so?” Charles sneered.

Behind him was a group of bodyguards wearing shaded sunglasses.

They were people who swore their allegiance to him. Not only were they skilled in fighting, but they were also extremely loyal.

When Charles made his appearance, Mark began to shiver uncontrollably. No! I hope he’s not here to back Donald up!

However, what he saw next filled his gaze with fear, and a sense of terror surged through his body like waves.

That was because Charles walked up to Donald and kneeled immediately. “Greetings, Mr. Campbell.”

“Please rise,” replied Donald.

Meanwhile, Hector quickly jumped to his feet, feeling as if his world had crumbled.

He’s Charles Langford from Pollerton, and he’s kneeling to Donald? What is the identity of Donald?

Mark’s tall and burly body trembled like a baker’s sieve as he shuddered in fear, Except for Jim, who was deceased, four of the greatest fighters of Pollerton treated Donald with respect.

Which family is Donald from? Is he from a prominent family?

“Donald... No. I mean, Mr. Campbell... There’s no feud between us. Am I right? Mark felt his mouth turn dry all of a sudden.

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Donald raised his gaze and inquired, “Is there no feud? Would you stab me to death now if I didn’t have power?”

Gulping in fear, Mark could feel that his heart was racing. “I-I am close friends with Joshua..” he uttered, trying to pressure Donald into letting him go.

“I defeated Four-Faced Angel” sneered Donald.

Once again, Mark’s body jolted as if he had been struck by lightning. Shock was written all over his face as he widened his eyes in terror.

That night, Rupert ordered Four-Faced Angel to finish off Tyson. It was in a small restaurant, and Mark would never forget that incident for the rest of his life.

The undefeated fighter of Divine Rune Society, Lotus King, was Mark’s elder brother. He was killed after his skull was smashed by Golden Lord.

Besides, Four-Faced Angel from Golden Triangle was slain instantly by a single hit from Golden Lord.

In the end, only Mark and Kevin made it to Pollerton, where they were rescued by a passing fishing boat.

“You’re Golden Lord! You really are Golden Lord!” Mark exclaimed.

The world didn’t know that Golden Lord was Donald, but the name was even more frightening in the underground world.

He’s invincible! He had fought almost the whole world, and even Tyson, the North Prince, was heavily injured after receiving a blow from Golden Lord.

At that moment, Mark realized he had survived that night because of Kevin.

Kevin was Jennifer’s brother, so Donald didn’t want to kill him. Thus, Mark was also spared.

“I killed Jim, Jay, and Shima. I also destroyed Fortune Bar.” Donald began to list out who he had defeated.

He then looked down, caressing his wrist that had a bite mark on it. Jennifer was the one who bit him.

You.. Mark was so terrified that he found it hard to breathe.

He was certain that Donald would not spare his life again now that he had learned about his secret identity.

Thud!

Mark kneeled immediately. “Mr. Campbell, please spare my life. It’s all my fault! I’m genuinely sorry. I hope you can forgive me.”

At that moment, stark despair, regret, and utter helplessness inundated him.

When Donald stated he was no match for him in Supreme Nona Hotel, Mark finally realized that Donald’s statement was true.

“Tyson, get him later,” ordered Donald.

“Yes, Mr. Campbell,” answered Tyson as he bowed.

After that, Donald glanced at Hector.

His gaze sent shivers down Hector’s spine, and he didn’t dare to look Donald in the eyes.

“When I was your age, I was still contemplating how to survive. However, you’re here bullying people,” said Donald flatly.

Hector looked up, his face turning pale. “No, I’m not.”

“No? You impregnated a girl in university three years ago, and your father forced her to jump from a building. Don’t you remember that?” Donald scorned.

“Four years ago, you brought your friends to barge into a lady’s dorm and sexually assaulted four of the students there. Later, you bribed them to suppress the matter. Do you remember that? Five years ago, you drove recklessly without a license and caused the death of the twin sisters. You even threatened their family to settle the dispute. Have you forgotten all of that?” he continued.

As he went over Hector’s misdeeds one by one, each of the stories caused Hector to shiver even more.

Eventually, Hector shouted, “You don’t have the right to do anything to me anyway. My father knows Azure Wyvern, Kingsley Felton! My uncle is also friends with Johnny and Joshua, the Green siblings!”

As soon as he said that, a dead silence fell on the room, seemingly as if Hector had

gained control over the situation.

\*As expected, they are scared of Lord Campbell!" Hector muttered to himself. After composing himself, he continued arrogantly, "My father has recently won the bid for the approval of the land reclamation project, and he is currently discussing relevant issues with Wyvern King, who represents Lord Campbell. One could say that Lord Campbell is on my side!"

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Zayne and the rest of the men wanted to laugh.

Meanwhile, Ysabel said to Donald anxiously, "Donald, why don't we just lay the matter to rest?"

Mark seemed to notice a glimmer of hope. He turned to Hector and yelled, "Save me, Mr. Zahn! Save me!"

Hector was even more certain about his hunch as he believed they would not bet on. If they angered Lord Campbell, they would run into trouble.

"You can't afford to offend General Felton. It's not for all of you too late to leave now."

Hector basked in reflected glory as he spoke.

A smug look also appeared on his face.

Although Hector felt somewhat guilty, he still thought that people like Lord Campbell would not mind if he used the latter's name to his advantage.

Donald remarked wryly, "Really?"

Hector nodded firmly. "Yes. Listen to this if you don't believe me."

Then, he took out his phone and called his father, Jason. "Hey, Dad. Where are you?"

"I'm coming soon. Hang in there! I want to see who dares to hurt you!" Jason's angry voice could be heard from the other end of the line.

"Have you met General Felton?" Hector asked. He also purposely turned on the speaker mode on his phone.

"I've just met him and signed the contract. Currently, we aren't together. I'm coming to Nocturne Karaoke Bar at once," Jason replied.

Hector ended the call smugly and shrugged. "See. I'm right."

After that, he let out a sigh before continuing, "I can't help it. My family's business isn't huge, but General Felton trusts us. You are no match for us."

While he was talking, Jason arrived.

As a middle-aged man in his fifties, he was tall and thin with narrow eyes and a mustache. One could tell from his appearance that he was not a good man, and it was a fact.

Torson Construction, which was owned by Jason, had been a force of evil for a few years. The company had committed all sorts of dirty deeds.

Jason scanned the room with his cold, hard gaze. He was not surprised to see Zayne and the others, for Hector had already informed him about their presence via text message.

"What? Did you trap my son here to assert dominance?" Jason sounded even more arrogant than his son. He even raised his head as he spoke. "Zayne, Lucas, Tyson, and Charles. As the big shots of Pollerton, is it appropriate to treat an elder like this?"

Hector came over at once.

"It's him and this b\*tch!" He pointed at Donald and Ysabel.

Jason chuckled menacingly. "I'll give you a chance. Kneel down and apologize, and I shall forget about this issue."

Charles scoffed, "I don't understand. Who the hell are you to say such a thing?"

Are you nuts? Don't you see what's going on? Any one of the four of us could destroy your family, not to mention Lord Campbell is here.

"We have General Felton, one of the four great generals of Horizon Group, to back us up. Okay?" Jason retorted proudly and shot a look of disdain at the other men.

The Center Prince and the North Prince were nothing to Horizon Group! Although General Felton didn't say that he would protect me, this doesn't mean I can't put on an act! After all, it's true that I've met him, shaken his hand, and had a photo taken with him!

As Jason took out a photo, he continued, "Open your eyes and take a good look. This is a photo of me with General Felton."

Indeed, it showed Jason shaking hands with Kingsley. It meant they had already come to an agreement.

"What now?" Hector felt relieved. "I've done so many bad things, but what can you do to me?"

"Times have changed, old-timers. Pollerton is going to be under new management. and it'll no longer be the city you know," he added, feeling great. "Ysabel, you b\*tch! Do you regret it now? I've decided to have my way with you on the couch afterward, and nobody can stop me!"

Hector's expression hardened once again when he spoke to Ysabel.

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Ysabel was horrified.

Slap!

Donald slapped Hector, causing the latter to fall down to the floor.

Jason flew into a rage. "How dare you! Do you have a death wish? I have General Felton to back me up! Are you trying to go against him? Are you trying to go against Horizon Group? Are you trying to go against Lord Campbell?"

He bombarded Donald with three questions in a row. His voice was stern, and he was skillful in taking advantage of Lord Campbell's name.

Donald glanced at Jason and Hector coolly. "Interesting. Is that what you rely on?"

"Yes, General Felton is someone I can rely on. Is that enough?" Jason shouted.

Donald chuckled. "Fine. Now, allow me to tell you something. The contract worth two billion that you've secured earlier is void."

Upon listening to what Donald had said, Jason roared with laughter. "Are you stupid? The contract can't just be void for no reason! Who do you think you are? Lord Campbell?"

"I'll prove it," Donald replied. With that, he phoned Kingsley. "Kingsley, I give you five minutes to come to Nocturne Karaoke Bar."

After he ended the call, Zayne and the men eyed Jason with pity.



On the contrary, Jason, Hector, and Mark were laughing sarcastically. Who else but Lord Campbell has the authority to speak to Kingsley like that? "Idiot!" Hector jeered as he covered his face.

"You're a terrific actor! I nearly fell for it." Jason pointed at Donald. "I want to see whether General Felton will show up today."

After that, he sat down on the couch.

As soon as he did so, footsteps could be heard. Tap! Tap! Tap!

Soon, Kingsley came into view. Wearing a white suit, he stood straight and tall as he strode into the room.

Jason shuddered. Is General Felton really here?

Mark's pupils constricted at once. His heart, which had just calmed down, began to beat rapidly again.

"It can't be..." He had a wild guess about what was going on. The thought alone scared him to the core.

When Kingsley entered the room, his gaze fell on Donald.

"General Felton..." Jason trembled as he approached Kingsley. He was about to kneel before him.

Instead of looking directly at Jason, Kingsley gave him a tight slap. The slap was so hard that Jason swiveled around on the spot. "Outrageous!"

Kingsley's roar sounded like that of a lion. It reverberated around the entire room. The liquor bottles on the table shook, and the sound pierced the ears of Jason and his companions.

Jason was stunned and had no idea what was happening.

Kingsley looked at him menacingly. "I'll deal with you later!"

Next, he approached Donald and knelt down on one knee. He appeared to be very courteous and loyal as he spoke. "Greetings, Lord Campbell!"

That greeting came as a bombshell.

Lord Campbell! Donald is Lord Campbell! How is that possible?

Mark, Jason, and Hector stared at Donald in horror and astonishment.

Everyone in Yorksland knew what Lord Campbell represented.

"Stand up," Donald said calmly.

Kingsley was afraid. "I dare not."

"Stand up." Donald repeated.

Finally, Kingsley stood up and kept his head lowered. He stood beside Donald and shot a sharp look at Jason.

Because of you, Lord Campbell nearly wronged me! Damn you!

"I finally understand why you always look so calm." Mark was trembling in fear.

Instantly, Jason realized that he was in great danger and that he might even lose Torson Construction at this point.

Meanwhile, Hector's face was as pale as a sheet.

He only wanted to have Ysabel for himself. Little did he expect he would bump into Lord Campbell.

Ysabel's jaw had dropped. She was staring at Donald with a bewildered and curious expression.

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Three years ago, Ysabel found Donald to be very handsome. He was dreamy and suited her taste in men.

When they met again three years later, he gave her an even bigger surprise.

Why is Jennifer so silly? Why did she give up on such a good man?

Donald looked at Hector, Jason, and Mark. He touched his wrist and said, "See, what you rely on doesn't work in front of me."

Jason was sweating profusely as he thought of how he had kept putting on a front and said that he had Horizon Group and Lord Campbell as his backup.

He never imagined that Lord Campbell would be standing in front of him.

Jason quivered violently. Then, he wheeled around and gave Hector a slap on his cheek. "Kneel down!"

Hector knelt down, lowered his head, and prostrated himself before Donald.

Jason also knelt down and spoke through gritted teeth. "Mr. Campbell, Hector is immature... He's impulsive because he's still young. Since he's very young, he still has a long way to go in life. I hope you will spare his life. If someone has to die, then let that person be me. I'm willing to take his place."

Donald observed Jason condescendingly. After a long silence, he said, "Send him to Quadfield Prison, and release him ten years later."

Hector's body shook.

Jason uttered hastily, "Aren't you going to thank Lord Campbell?"

Hector kept his head lowered on the ground. "Thank you... Lord Campbell."

Donald replied, "I won't kill you. Just treat it as if nothing happened today. Understood?"

Hector prostrated himself once more. "Understood, understood. Thank you for being merciful, Lord Campbell! From today onward, I'm willing to serve you with my life!"

"What about me?" Mark eyed Donald hopefully.

There was a cold glint in Donald's eyes. "You're one of Noah's men. What do you think?"

A chill ran down Mark's spine when he heard the reply.

As expected, Lord Campbell returned to Pollerton to tackle Noah.

Chiliad Avion is filthy rich. It even sent Lord Campbell to Pollerton to kill the Parasite, Noah Rodriguez

"Please have mercy on me! I don't know anything! I've never even met Noah..." Mark pleaded.

"You know what to do, Kingsley." With that, Donald got up and led Ysabel outside.

Later, Mark disappeared from the face of the earth and was never heard of again.

Hector was sent to Quadfield Prison. Jason, on the other hand, did not seem too fearful. Instead, he was somewhat emotional.

Is this one big step for me? I've finally ridden on Lord Campbell's coattails!

Nonetheless, he knew he could not reveal Lord Campbell's identity. His son was still in Donald's hands, and if the latter's identity was exposed, Jason would be in danger himself.

Kingsley looked at Jason. "Do you know why Lord Campbell decided to spare your life?"

Jason shook his head.

Kingsley chuckled coldly. "If the need arises, you'll be our pawn. Got it?"

Jason nodded.

Rupert had already revealed himself as a member of Noah's family. Donald needed a stranger to get close to him, and Jason was a suitable candidate for this job. "We'll still give you the contract worth two billion, but you can't give it to the Campbell family. Understood?" Kingsley said. Jason nodded fervently. "Understood, understood. However, who should I give it to?" Kingsley merely eyed him coldly. An idea appeared in Jason's mind, and he continued, "Ms. Jennifer Wilson... I get it." At last, Kingsley nodded. "You aren't too stupid. Once this job is done, Lord Campbell might officially accept you in the future. Nevertheless, if I learn that someone uses Lord Campbell's name to dupe and cheat others, I'll kill you." Jason grinned obsequiously. "I know, I know. Don't worry, General Felton." After leaving Nocturne Karaoke Bar, Donald and Ysabel got into a cab. She leaned against his shoulder and looked up to observe his side profile.

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Ysabel was pretty. She was fair and had a scholarly charisma. "You're amazing, Donald," she commented. The taxi driver watched them through the rear-view mirror and shook his head. Girls these days... Donald remained silent. "Does Jennifer know how amazing you are?" Ysabel was excited. Donald shook his head. "No, so you must keep it a secret. Got it?" She replied, "I'm not stupid, so I won't tell a soul. Don't worry." As she spoke, her phone rang unexpectedly. "Hey, Mom, I'm almost there. Yeah, somebody's sending me home." "Who is it?" A stern voice could be heard from the side of the call. "Donald Campbell, my cousin-in-law." Ysabel stole a glance at Donald. "Be quick!" After that, the call ended. "I won't be going with you. Your mom won't let you socialize with me," Donald said. Ysabel hugged his arms coquettishly. "No, please. You and Jennifer are already divorced, and I'm also old enough to date. She can't control me." He shook his head. "No, I'll get out of the car over there." She uttered in a mysterious manner, "Wait! I bet you have no idea who my mom is going to meet at noon." Donald was startled. "Did she find a stepfather for you?" "No, you silly!" Ysabel pretended to be angry. "My mom is going to meet with her two elder sisters. Oh, Aunt Linda is the second eldest sister of my mom, and she is also the mother of my cousin, Jennifer." She continued, "Mom said Aunt Linda has organized a celebratory luncheon today to celebrate Jennifer's success in securing a major project. It'll be held at Rivebale Hotel." After giving it some thought, Donald agreed, "Fine. I'll go have a look." Ysabel was finally pleased. He checked his phone. Indeed, there was an update from Bradley about Jennifer's status.

Jennifer was strapped for cash recently, and there was no news about the start-up capital.

Nigel would be there, too.

Furthermore, many people would attend the luncheon. They were eyeing Jennifer's project.

As Donald read the message from Bradley, his phone received another message. The number seemed foreign yet familiar at the same time. After pondering for a while, he realized that it was from Kevin's girlfriend, Skylar. The message read: Hey, Mr. Moneybags. It's been a while. Are you free to meet up? Recently, I ran into some problems again. I want to take on a project, but at the moment, I'm short of three million as start-up capital. Can you lend the money to me, Mr. Moneybags? If yes, I'll do anything you want...

The text message was accompanied by a heavily-edited selfie. In the photo, Skylar was pouting and trying hard to act cute.

Donald wanted to puke at the sight of the selfie. He ignored her and deleted the message.

Kevin was strangely obsessed with Skylar, and he fancied women like her.

No matter how often Jennifer warned him about Skylar, he refused to listen to her.

He even argued with his sister because of this matter.

Kevin had told Jennifer that she did not have the right to interfere with his upcoming marriage. After all, she did not listen to him when he advised her to grovel to Nigel.

Thus, Jennifer stopped caring about Kevin's business.

She was well aware of Skylar's personality.

Earlier, Jennifer had seen Skylar sitting on the lap of a man from Yartran, and she allowed him to touch her body.

The celebratory luncheon was organized by Jennifer's mother, Linda.

Her whole purpose of doing so was to show off.

It was as if she wanted to say, "Look at how successful my daughter is! She secured the land reclamation project worth two billion, and she's about to make a comeback! As her mother, I'm so happy. After all, I raised and nurtured her."

Jennifer had another reason for attending the luncheon. The Wilson family was rather influential in Pollerton. Therefore, she wanted to gather all members of the family and see whether she could raise funds for her start-up capital. Later on, she would return the money to the Wilson family in the form of a bonus.

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Many guests came, all of whom were from the Eight Branches of the Wilson family.

Jennifer and Reina were the ones who had the best achievements so far.

However, Reina did not attend because she had little regard for family.

Linda, the host of the event, Linda had put on an expensive gown and heavy makeup.

She felt rather proud of herself. Kevin got himself dressed up as well, resembling a dignified and confident man.

His girlfriend, Skylar, basically ignored Jennifer. She did not mention anything about that day.

She stood by Kevin, behaving like a submissive and domesticated little bird. Around a hundred people sat around nine tables. Each table came with a fancy meal set that cost above five thousand. These were all arranged by Linda.

Although Jennifer had little cash flow, she still gave her parents about thirty thousand a month as allowance to show her love for them.

The members of the Wilson family were all very excited at the gathering. They had an idea of what a mega project worth two billion signified.

First of all, it would mean the development of commercial housing, and maybe even mansions.

Secondly, setting up a logistics distribution center could be anticipated.

Thirdly, there would be subways, state roads, highways, piers, among others!

“Granduncle Christian, you made it!” Jennifer cheerfully greeted an elderly man in his seventies as he walked into the hall.

Wearing a navy suit, he was practically beaming with pride. He glanced at Jennifer and nodded. “It’s you, Jenny! You’ve done well. You’re certainly catching up with our very own Samuel.”

Jennifer gave an awkward chuckle. “I’m doing all right.”

Who is Samuel?

Samuel Lewis was Christian Wilson’s son-in-law. He had several construction teams, specializing in home renovation. He had recently been subcontracted a home renovation job for five hundred houses in Sapphire Residences, estimated to bring in a profit of fifteen million.

Samuel, who stood behind Christian, pushed his glasses up and said, “I’m doing all right. I’m keeping close contact with Mr. Wallace at the moment. He’s given me a business contract for the renovation of five hundred houses. Oh, right. You probably don’t know who Mr. Wallace is. I’m talking about Daniel Wallace, who is very favorable to Mr. Zayne Yates.”

“Well, congratulations!” Jennifer said with a generous smile.

She was wearing a long, beige coat paired with a figure-hugging black dress, showing her slim waist and large chest.

Samuel could not help but take a few extra glances.

“Granduncle Christian, please have a seat,” Jennifer said politely.

Humph!

Christian snorted as he took his seat. He gave Jennifer a grim look and said, “Jenny, it’s not my intention to discourage you, but you’re a young lady... How could you handle a project worth two billion? Our Samuel is doing well. He already has several construction teams. You should let him handle half of the project.”

His stern statement left no room for negotiation.

Jennifer was taken aback.

He’s trying to take away half of my business!

Jennifer remained composed and smiled gently. “Granduncle Christian, it’s not that I’m not willing, but everything has already been planned out. Currently, nothing needs outsourcing. In fact, what we need is start-up capital...”

“That’s illegal fundraising.” Samuel said nonchalantly.

Jennifer was stunned again. Does he have to be so direct?

Christian went on, “Our Samuel is a successful man. It would be best if you give him the

job. He has a net worth of over thirty million. He can definitely complete the project,” Jennifer’s expression turned cold. “I’m not here to talk about this today. I’m here to talk about fundraising. An annual rate of fifteen percent is what I would like to offer. With every ten thousand invested, you will get a dividend of one thousand and five hundred a year.”

“How much are you planning to fundraise” asked Samuel.

“Two hundred million,” replied Jennifer.

For two hundred million, their yearly interest would be thirty million, which was a considerably lucrative return.

Before Samuel could say anything, his wife, Lily Wilson, spoke. “Bring your bidding documents to my bank for a mortgage.”

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### Chapter 196

Jennifer was a little puzzled as she looked at Lily. She was a slim lady in her late twenties, and she looked like the frivolous type.

Christian suddenly recalled something. He patted his thigh and cried out, “Oh, that’s right! I forgot to introduce you to my daughter. She is currently the general manager of the credit department at Pollerton Bank! Taking out a mortgage is fine too. You can definitely get a two-hundred-million loan!”

Jennifer did not know how to respond.

They never keep in touch, and now they’re demanding favors. Preposterous!

“Jenny, don’t forget your roots. You’re a Wilson. I even bought clothes for you when you were a kid,” Christian began. He added earnestly, “We have about a hundred people in our clan. Everybody basically listens to me.”

Christian had a smug look on his face when he said that.

Jennifer looked around.

It was true. Everybody looked at Christian with admiration and respect.

It was no surprise. Within the eighth branch of the Wilson family, Samuel was doing very well with a yearly income of about six million.

“If you’re looking for a personal loan, you can come to me,” another person voiced out.

A lady in her thirties was touching up her makeup. “I know the boss of Torson Construction. He has recently won the bid too. According to my resources, he’s allocated six hundred million as start-up capital to fund the project.”

This was Yvonne Wilson, Jason’s most beloved mistress.

“I can ask him for a favor and lend you two hundred million. The condition is... twenty percent of your shares and twenty percent annual interest!”

Yvonne, was very loud and decisive when it came to money matters. Others would call her a gold-digger.

If she could close this business deal, Jason might make her his official wife.

It was indeed an exciting idea.

Torson Construction might not be the leading company in the industry, but they were still very wealthy. Their net worth was undoubtedly at least twenty billion.

“I’m really sorry, but I can’t accept your offers,” Jennifer stated.

She had a simple goal in mind. It would be great if she could borrow some funds, but

she would not force it.

“Then, why on earth did you call us here?” Christian turned to her and glared. “If you don’t cooperate with me, I will make it impossible for you to get a bank loan or a personal one!”

“Granduncle Christian, that’s too mean!” another middle-aged woman interrupted before Jennifer could say anything.

She had short hair and a delicate face. She was also wearing a pair of gold-rimmed glasses. She seemed like a powerful woman.

She was none other as Beatrice Stern, also known as Ysabel’s mother, Jennifer’s aunt, and Linda’s sister.

“Who gave you the right to interrupt? You widow!” Christian snapped at her. “I’m the eldest in the eighth branch of the Wilson family. I have the highest seniority. It’s not your turn to speak!”

“You’re using your seniority to your advantage. That’s shameless!” a clear voice spoke out loud. Ysabel walked in with Donald by her side.

Everybody, including Jennifer, was shocked.

“Hey, isn’t that Jennifer’s ex-husband? Why is he here?” Suspicion filled the room.

“Yes, I know who that is. I read about him in ‘The Abandoned Children Of The Campbell Clan. What a pity.’”

All eyes were on Donald. Even Jennifer was staring at him.

Then, she shifted her gaze to Ysabel.

Donald remained unbothered. He did not care what other people thought of him.

Christian became furious when Ysabel pointed out that he was abusing his seniority.

He smacked his hand on the table so hard that the wine glasses toppled over. “Insolent fool! How dare you accuse me?”

Ysabel sneered, “Are you the only one allowed to bully others, old man? Does no one else have the right to voice their opinions? Is this how you act as our elder?”

“Ysabel, enough!” Her mother, Beatrice, approached her with a frown on her face. She spared a glance at Donald before pulling her daughter aside.

After that, Christian announced, “It’s settled. If you need funding, you must divide half of your project to Samuel.”