

## Unlimited Son-In-Law Chapter 327 -

### Chapter 327 The Artificial Sun

Donald was seconds away from retching when he received the message from Skylar. Attempting to be cute, she had attached a photoshopped image of her pouting her lips. However, he decided to reply to her just for the fun of it: What can you give me?

Excited and encouraged by Donald's response, Skylar replied quickly: Anything! Mockery appeared on Donald's face. When Wynter walked in and saw the message, she chuckled before texting Skylar a reply with Donald's phone: Why don't you send me nudes?

The woman instantly replied: Please give me a moment. Skylar was thrilled to have met a rich man like Donald, so she went to the toilet and quickly took off all her clothes before sending a naked photo of her to him.

After Wynter received the message, she refused to show it to Donald, stating, "There's nothing to see. She doesn't have a great figure."

Then, Wynter deleted the photo. Donald merely smiled at her response.

With a smile on her face, Wynter said, "I only gave Skylar one million because I know you are still in love with Jennifer. After all, she's Kevin's girlfriend. I'm sure you don't wish to make Kevin unhappy."

Donald looked at Wynter, feeling somewhat speechless. "You are too generous."

"I spent one million to buy a joke that would make you happier. Isn't it worth it?"

Donald was stunned by her words. His expression softened immediately.

She was just doing all she could to make me feel better.

Meanwhile, Skylar was thrilled to receive the money from Donald's side.

I have to ensure Mr. Moneybags stays loyal to me. He gave me so much money when he hadn't even seen me in real life! I wonder if he will provide me with one hundred million if I meet him face-to-face?

A sudden thought flashed across her mind.

Skylar's face fell. She dropped another text to Donald: But I need another million.

Before turning off Donald's phone, Wynter sent the last message: Maybe next time.

Then, she lay down on Donald's lap, raised her head, and looked at him.

Donald felt a gust of hot air on his nose when she did so.

Wynter tilted her head and leaned on Donald's legs. She offered, "We can do some weird things now if you are not sick."

Donald shifted his gaze away. "Stop messing around."

Wynter grabbed his right hand and pulled it into her embrace.

Even though Donald was reluctant to move his hand away, he smiled wryly and demanded, "Stop fooling around."

Ultimately, albeit a little unwillingly, he decided to retract his hand.

Wynter knew what he was thinking. She sighed. "I'll give myself to you once you are well enough."

Doubt began to fill her mind, though. It made Wynter feel like crying.

Can he get better? Will he? Even Hannah has lost her confidence.

Meanwhile, on the border, a big truck was speeding along the road on a piece of wasteland. The truck was transporting the top-notch controlled fusion technology device accessories designed by the S9-Grade laboratory.

The same scene was happening all across the country. These trucks were on their way to the same destination, Pollerton.

Once Lord Campbell Avenue and Lord Campbell Mountain Villa were finished, the construction workers could set up the necessary equipment within a day. With that, a bright artificial sun would be available for use.

As each device that could create the artificial sun cost around one billion, one could be wondering about the actual status of Donald's wealth.

The estimation for Donald's riches was more than one hundred billion. If he successfully used the controlled fusion technology to his advantage, he could achieve the status of the world's wealthiest man in the shortest possible time. But then again, trouble was brewing for Donald as well.

Atlantis, the world's largest listed company by market capitalization, was an organization that specialized in the production of petroleum. Eighty percent of the world's oil came from their company. If Donald successfully ventured into using the artificial sun's energy, it would deal a devastating blow to Atlantis.

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Chapter 328 Signing The Contract

Hence, Atlantis would try its best to stop Donald's plan from working out.

"Lord Campbell, does Chiliad Avion know you've mastered the controlled fusion technology?" Lilith questioned.

"I had already provided the information about these technologies to Chiliad Avion ten years ago. That means they were already ahead of the rest of the world. Plus, they agreed to my suggestion of providing them to the citizens. However, they did ask me to keep it a secret while doing so."

Lilith was amazed by the capabilities of the S9-Grade laboratory in Quadfield.

Donald's phone rang when the clock hit eleven at night. In his blurry state, he gazed at his phone.

He was surprised to see that it was Jennifer who had texted him.

She wrote: Are you asleep?

No. That was Donald's answer.

She replied: I'm sorry.

Donald was puzzled as he texted: For?

Jennifer explained: The Wilson family will be taking back everything that I own. I won't even be able to attend the contract signing for the construction of Lord Campbell Avenue tomorrow. Other than that, I don't have any more money with me now. I won't be able to afford the Miracle Doctor of Pollerton for you. I'm so sorry, Donald.

Donald pondered about it before texting Jennifer: Don't be dejected. Whatever that belongs to you will belong to you. Maybe you can ask Kingsley for a favor? What if he only wants to sign the contract with you?

She responded: All right. How are you feeling?

Donald texted: Not bad.

Following that, she texted: Can I visit you tomorrow?

The man simply replied: There's no need for that. It's late. Get some sleep.

The next day, Sylvia, Shannon, Nigel, and Jonathan took the necessary documents

from Supreme Nona Hotel before heading to Rivebale Hotel. They arrived before Kingsley did.

Much to Sylvia's surprise, Jennifer's family was present too. Huddling in a group in the hall, the family was in the midst of a discussion.

Linda complained, "I'm going to complain to General Felton later."

Sylvia remained silent as she merely gave Linda a gloomy look.

With something on her mind, Jennifer didn't utter a sound.

Her eyes brightened when she saw Donald strolling into the hall leisurely.

Jennifer quickly got up. She walked over to Donald. "Why do you show up for work here when you feel unwell?"

She didn't think much about Donald's appearance at Rivebale Hotel because she thought he was still working as Lana's security guard.

Donald was baffled. I'm here to solve your problems for you. What do you mean I still work here?

He remarked, "I won't have an income if I don't work."

Leonard's and Linda's blood boiled when they noticed Jennifer showing her concern for Donald.

Linda hurried forward with her hands on her waist. She pulled Jennifer behind her and glared at Donald. "You are a man who is going to die soon. Please stop hassling Jennifer!"

Leonard added as he strode forward, "Yes. You are going to die soon. You won't even be able to survive until New Year. Why don't you find a place to breathe your last instead of coming here to bother Jennifer? She has a bright future ahead of her. If you love her, you have to let her go."

Kevin wheeled himself over. He raged, "Donald, I didn't expect you to end up in the situation that you're in today. Look at me. It's all your fault that I ended up in a wheelchair. But I'm still happy, though. Because you are going to die sooner than I do."

Suddenly, Jennifer shouted, "That's enough! Stop talking!"

Donald scanned the people around him coldly. He shook his head. "I don't have the interest to speak with you all."

With her hands still on her waist, Linda side-eyed Donald. "Urgh. You loser. I've warned you. Don't let me see you with Jennifer again, or I'll beat you to death!"

She snagged Jennifer's arm forcefully. It made Jennifer stumbled in her steps while Linda thundered, "Let's go!"

Donald's gaze turned frosty.

Kevin wheeled himself over. With an urge to slap Donald, the former struggled to get himself up from the wheelchair. He pointed his fingers at Donald's face as he fumed, "Why are you glaring at my mom? Do you want to hit her?"

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Chapter 329 I Refuse To Work With You

Donald kicked the wheelchair, and Kevin instantly fell off.

"D\*mn it! I'll end your life! Dad, kill him!" Kevin bellowed, attracting many people's attention.

Jennifer looked at Donald unhappily. "Donald, how could you beat someone as you

like? Moreover, he's my younger brother."

Donald had lost interest in talking with Jennifer.

She stomped her feet and ran to help Kevin up.

Sylvia and the others stood aside as they observed the chaotic scene with smiles.

Nigel glanced at Donald. The former then stepped forward and said, "Donald, aren't you very impressive? Why do you have cancer at such a young age? Is it karma?"

Nigel did not like Donald at all. Perhaps because the latter was Jennifer's ex-husband, or maybe because his character of always being unperturbed by things and not having too many emotions irritated Nigel.

As the abandoned child of the Campbell clan, what right does he have to have this temperament?

So far, Nigel had only seen one person with such character.

It was none other than the heir of the strongest prominent family, Vincent.

Donald turned his gaze to Nigel and said nothing.

What the h\*ll, young man? Why can't you just sign the contract peacefully? Why must you provoke me?

Nigel continued to ask, "What does on the verge of death feel like? Are you filled with reluctance or persistent unwillingness? Look at how beautiful your ex-wife is. Someone will sleep with her once your life ends."

"You look like you're very excited." Donald glanced at him indifferently.

Nigel chortled and was feeling extremely happy. "I'm ecstatic."

"What are you excited about?" Donald asked flatly.

"Because you're about to meet your end," Nigel answered truthfully while laughing.

Donald replied, "I don't think there are any grudges between us."

"You're overthinking. You're not worthy of being my opponent. I merely think you're an eyesore." Nigel shook his head, and mockery was seen on his face.

Donald nodded in response. "Okay. I got it. I think you're not the right fit for the Lord Campbell Avenue project."

Before Nigel could answer, Sylvia glared at Donald and interrupted, "Who do you think you are? He can't sign it just because you said so? Do you think you're Lord Campbell or Kingsley? How dare you blabber around here when you look like a gigolo? Just go home and await your death."

After Sylvia spoke, Jonathan added, "She's right, Donald. I've read about you in the Abandoned Children Of The Campbell Clan. Do you think you're the son of a wealthy family? Even the Campbell clan doesn't accept you. Stop spouting nonsense here. Who are you to say that we can't sign the contract?"

On the contrary, Shannon was expressionless as she stood aside quietly.

She was the precious daughter of the Yeager family, possessing absolute rationality and forever devoid of emotion.

All Shannon did was tilt her head and stare at Donald as her curiosity was piqued.

Her instincts told her that Donald was extraordinary with some kind of dangerous energy. It felt mysterious and was difficult to explain.

Donald glanced at the Wilson family of Tayhaven and sighed. "Wasn't it better if all of you walked away just now? Yet you insisted on provoking me. Even if God himself comes, you guys can't sign today's contract because I said so."

"What a silly person," Sylvia sneered and turned her head. Her eyes lit up when she

saw what was before her as Kingsley was approaching them. He was clad in a navy suit, and his expression was cold. After appearing before them, Kingsley simply gave the Wilson family of Tayhaven an icy look.

“General Felton, this is our credentials. Please take a look,” Sylvia said and frantically passed the contract and project implementation proposal to Kingsley. Nigel, on the other hand, looked at Jennifer and her family with a threatening look. He was signaling them to leave immediately and not cause any trouble. Kingsley took the proposal. He did not even bother to take a look and instantly threw it onto the ground. “I’ve decided to stop working with the Wilson family of Tayhaven.”

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Chapter 330 Leave Jennifer Alone

Sylvia froze as soon as the words came out of Kingsley’s mouth, and her face turned pale instantly. “Didn’t we agree on the phone yesterday? Today—”

“Didn’t all of you hear what Mr. Campbell said? Even if God himself comes, you still won’t be able to sign the contract,” Kingsley answered coldly.

What the h\*ll?

With that, everyone turned their gazes to Donald, unable to comprehend what was happening.

Kevin and his family widened their eyes in disbelief. They did not understand why there was a twist of events and could not apprehend why Kingsley would listen to Donald. Meanwhile, the Wilson family of Tayhaven turned pale immediately.

What’s happening?

Frantically, Sylvia said, “General Felton, is there no way at all to turn things around?”

“There is,” Kingsley replied calmly.

Hearing that, Sylvia was overjoyed. “Please tell us, and we’ll try our best to do it.”

“Get on your knees and apologize to him.” Kingsley pointed at Donald.

Sylvia looked at Donald and her face distorted with rage in an instant. “What? Who do you think I am? Why should I apologize to an outcast and someone on the verge of dying?”

Slap!

As soon as the words came out of her mouth, Kingsley gave Sylvia a tight slap that caused her to stagger in pain.

Right away, Nigel’s gaze turned cold.

Kingsley took a step forward and grabbed Nigel by the neck. “What’s wrong? Are you thinking of fighting me?”

“General Felton, please calm down!” Jonathan said hurriedly.

Only then did Kingsley let Nigel go. “Who does the Wilson family of Tayhaven think they are? You provoke me over and over again. Get lost now!” Kingsley yelled.

He then continued, “Mr. Campbell’s grandpa, Raymond Campbell, was my fortune teller, and I respect him greatly. How dare all of you to insult Mr. Campbell? Get lost!”

Everyone instantly understood after hearing what Kingsley said. So the reason why he listens to Donald is because of Raymond.

“Let’s go,” Sylvia said while struggling to stand. Nigel lowered his head. His eyes were

filled with hatred.

Shannon took a few more glances at Donald before turning her head and left. Before they left, Sylvia said, "Donald, the most important thing is that one should be strong enough. Don't ever think that General Felton will protect you forever. Fortune-telling is unreliable."

Nonchalantly, Donald walked toward the couch and sat down.

Jennifer was standing there and staring at Kingsley hopefully.

"Why are you still standing here? Go and sign the contract now. You must start working tomorrow and finish the project within a month," he commented coldly.

Jennifer was utterly grateful. "Okay. Sure."

"Yay!" Kevin was so excited that he almost jumped up from the wheelchair.

Meanwhile, Leonard and Linda hugged each other and exclaimed, "That's wonderful!"

Soon, only Donald, Kevin, and his family were left in the living room as Jennifer had gone out to sign the contract.

Linda coughed awkwardly and said, "Donald, stop seeing Jennifer, okay? She's becoming more successful now."

"I'm sorry to hear that you can't live till New Year. But what I want to say is that your grandpa is getting older. Fortune-telling is a peculiar thing nowadays. So stop basking in reflected glory in your remaining days and live your life well," Leonard added.

Kevin, too, said, "Exactly. Don't expect me to be grateful to you. It's not because of you that my sister could sign the contract successfully. Do you really think that General Felton will look after you because of a fortune-teller? He was feeling bad for you because your life is ending soon. If one day, the fortune that your grandpa said did not come true, then you'll be the first unlucky person. Moreover, Mr. Tyrone might be coming after you soon. Please don't implicate us."

Donald was shocked after hearing everything they said.

Aren't you guys being overdramatic?

Then, Donald chuckled. "You guys are overthinking."

Linda snorted and was somewhat disdainful. "You and Jennifer are from two different worlds. So please stop pestering her."

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Chapter 331 A Call From Ysabel

"If I hear you speak another word, I'll tell Kingsley to break off the partnership with you. Do you want to guess if Kingsley will do my bidding?" asked Donald.

Instantly, Kevin and his family shut their mouths.

Looking at the current state of things, it was highly possible that Kingsley would listen to Donald.

At that moment, Donald's phone rang. It was Ysabel. "Donald, where are you? My mom has encountered a bit of trouble. Can you come over?"

Ysabel was Jennifer's cousin. In addition, she was also Linda's niece.

"I'm not free," Donald rejected without hesitation.

Ysabel's mother, Beatrice, and Jennifer's mother, Linda, were sisters. However, Linda was not willing to keep in contact with the former.

There was a reason for that.

Beatrice was a university lecturer. She was not only highly educated but also had a high income. She was a capable woman. Back then, Ysabel's father was also a lecturer at Pollerton University. As for Linda, she was merely a country bumpkin. She married Leonard, an average man.

Therefore, Linda had always been jealous of Beatrice.

Despite the fact that Ysabel's father passed away early on, she still continued to be jealous of Beatrice.

Linda's parents were still alive, but she had never taken up her responsibility to care for them. All along, Beatrice had been the one to do so.

Linda had always hoped that Jennifer would become successful, and they could then return to the Stern family and flaunt to them. However, her dream never came true.

The Stern family was not a prominent family in Pollerton. Most of its members were mediocre and unambitious.

However, they managed to raise two very capable businessmen.

One of them was called Jeremiah Stern, while the other was called Adrian Stern. Both of them were Jennifer's distant relatives, her uncles.

Jeremiah opened a few gas stations near the toll stations and service areas.

As for Adrian, he was the general manager of sixteen toll stations along Pollerton's highway. He was a talented businessman.

Ysabel was furious upon hearing Donald's rejection. "If you don't come, I'll tell Jennifer that you're Lord Campbell," she threatened.

Donald furrowed his eyebrows. "Are you trying to threaten me?"

Hearing his displeased tone, Ysabel instantly changed her tone into a coquettish one and pleaded, "Please come! I beg of you!"

"What happened?" he asked in a resigned tone.

Ysabel sighed before saying, "I need your help in two matters. For the first matter, my mom has arranged for me to go on a blind date. It's with my distant relative, Adrian's son. The other thing is the director of Pollerton Film Academy keeps harassing my mom."

After some deliberation, Donald asked, "How did he harass her?"

Ysabel answered, "Mr. Harper keeps stalking her. Every night, he knocks on my house door. I'm scared for my life! But we can't afford to offend him. His nephew is a famous celebrity called Julian Harper. Furthermore, he hangs out with Ethan Lynch, a gang leader in Pollerton."

Donald looked at the time before saying, "All right, when do you want me to go over?"

"This afternoon. I'll meet you at the entrance of Pollerton University. See you there!" she answered.

With that, not giving Donald a chance to respond, she quickly hung up.

Almost simultaneously, he received a message on his phone: Lord Campbell, the large collider has arrived in Terrandya. It should arrive in Pollerton by this afternoon.

However, it's not possible to bring the artificial sun to Pollerton. It's too huge. It's over sixty meters long and twelve meters wide. On top of that, it takes up four car lanes and has to go past sixteen toll stations to get to Pollerton.

"In that case, we should dismantle the city's tolls. After that, we will compensate according to the market value," Donald muttered to himself.

Following that, he phoned Joshua and asked, "Mr. Green, can the sixteen toll stations

along Pollerton highway be dismantled?”

Joshua was utterly astonished to hear his words. “These toll stations are controlled by the Yund family. It’s one of the local economy’s income streams. I’m afraid it won’t be easy to negotiate a price for tearing them down.”

Donald remarked, “I will pay for the costs of demolishing and reconstructing them. Additionally, I’ll compensate them at a price that is one and a half times the market value.”

Joshua pondered for a bit before saying, “That’s not for me to decide. Mr. Yund is already back, so why don’t you discuss this with him instead?”

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Chapter 332 Meeting Neil

“Sure. In that case, we can meet at Seasons Hotel at ten,” Donald replied.

Neil ruled over Pollerton. His family had been around for over five hundred years. The Yund family was one of the Ten Prestigious Families in Pollerton.

At ten, Donald went to Seasons Hotel, the hotel owned by Charles.

Charles, Lana, Reina, and Wynter followed behind Donald and entered the private room.

The moment they sat down, footsteps could be heard from outside the door.

The footsteps sounded firm and strong.

In the next instant, the door was pushed open, and a man entered.

He was around fifty years old and had a chiseled jawline. The man was tall and lean.

Dressed in a suit, he had his hair combed all the way back. Though he dressed modestly, he exuded an imposing aura of a natural leader.

He was Neil, the most influential man in Pollerton!

“It’s an honor to meet you in person, Mr. Yund. I’m Donald Campbell,” introduced Donald. He approached Neil and extended his right hand to him.

Neil looked at Donald before shaking hands with him. “I’ve heard a lot about you, but I had no idea that you are so young. I also didn’t know that the renowned Lord Campbell is a Pollertonian. I’m a little surprised by that. It’s Pollerton’s honor to have you here!”

“No, not at all. I can’t be compared to you. After all, you care for the welfare of the public,” Donald replied solemnly. “Please have a seat, Mr. Yund.”

Neil sat down and took a sweeping glance at everyone in the room. After a brief pause, he sighed. “Although I’m in the country, I’ve heard of your name. The elders in my family often bring your name up.”

Donald merely smiled.

Neil gave a chuckle. “Joshua has already informed me of your intention.”

Donald nodded. “The equipment is too big. Even though we have already planned out the route beforehand, there are still a few toll stations that can’t be avoided.”

Neil immediately said, “You can tear them down. I won’t stop you from doing something that will help the local economy. As for the compensation, we can follow the market rate.”

Donald looked at him gratefully. “Thank you for your support. Does anyone have any objections about it?”

“Currently, the person in charge of the toll stations is Adrian Stern. But don’t worry about



it. You don't have to notify him about this. I've been wanting to do a check on him for quite some time now. Go ahead and tear them down," reassured Neil.

Donald stood up. "Thank you once again, Mr. Yund."

Neil waved his hand in a dismissive gesture and said, "Let me make the arrangements for lunch."

Donald grinned. "All right. I'll make myself at home then."

At that moment, Neil had a very favorable impression of Donald. That was because the latter could have directly dismantled his toll stations without informing him, but he did not do that.

Donald could easily handle a huge project like the land reclamation project. Thus, dismantling the toll stations was nothing to him.

The reason why Donald wanted to discuss it with him first was that he wanted to abide by the rules.

Since both of them were people who abided by the rules, they got along very well.

"One more thing. I hope you can keep my identity a secret," Donald requested.

Neil waved his hand. "I understand. It's a military secret, right? I get it."

At two in the afternoon, Donald arrived on time at the entrance of Pollerton University as promised.

He had dyed his hair. Donald looked much younger now that his hair was not grayish. When Ysabel saw him, she almost could not believe her eyes. Staring at him incredulously, she asked, "It's only been a couple of days since I last saw you. Why have you lost so much weight?"

"I haven't been feeling too well recently," answered Donald.

Ysabel was wearing her school uniform, and she tied her hair up in a ponytail. There was a youthful aura around her, and she looked innocent and attractive.

Every student who walked past her could not help but turn their heads for a second glance.

After all, Ysabel was known as Pollerton University's campus belle.

As for Donald, he had donned a suit that fit him perfectly. He wore a mysterious expression on his face.

As they stood side by side, they looked like a match made in heaven.

Ysabel's heart ached for him as she quickly ran over. Holding onto one of his arms, she pouted. "You should take better care of yourself!"

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Chapter 333 Mason Stern

Donald remained silent and looked around.

Many people were strolling about Pollerton University during the lunch hour.

There were couples holding hands while conversing happily.

A couple of youngsters were playing with basketballs and giggling as they walked past.

There were also pupils who wore glasses and walked while reading.

Then, Donald sighed. "Being young is a blessing. University life is so good."

He left after his freshman year without attending an entire university course.

Tyrone slapped Raymond and utilized the Campbell clan's power to knock the latter down.

That night, Raymond sent Donald to Quadfield.

Donald looked around. I would have experienced all of this if what happened back then hadn't occurred.

He had a desire for such a life. He could have friends, girls, and even a romantic date in such a carefree setting.

Since when must I bear the burden alone?

Ysabel seemed to understand his emotions. "Are you envious of us?"

Donald nodded.

She went on, "You're unaware of how envious people are of you. You're not even thirty years old this year, but you've already become a figure that nations fear."

"Will you believe me if I say that's not the life I want?" Donald asked in a low, mumbling tone.

Ysabel could not comprehend and replied, "You seem like an old man now."

Donald said, "I'm seven years older than you, so obviously, I'm an old man to you."

A Lamborghini passed by and stopped in front of them as they were conversing.

Then, a young man, who was dressed up extravagantly, got out of the car while holding a bunch of flowers. "Do you like it, Ysabel?"

He was around twenty years old. He looked very handsome in his expensive sportswear, but he didn't have that assertive aura.

Instantaneously, Ysabel's brows furrowed. "Mason, I've said it many times. I don't like you. Stop bothering me!"

Lamborghini was a rare car, and it was many boys' dream car. It caught the attention of a lot of people.

Also, Ysabel, the campus belle, was there. Right away, there were a lot of people around her.

Donald scowled. He did not enjoy this situation.

With a grin, Mason said, "It's okay. The fact that I like you is enough!" Then, he noticed Donald beside her and asked, "Who is he?"

Ysabel quickly puffed up her chest and grabbed Donald's arm. "Oh, he's my boyfriend. Is he attractive?"

Mason abruptly pursed his lips in disdain. "Do you think I'm dumb? You walk up to a random salesman on the street and say that he is your boyfriend. He's an old man. Do you like him?"

Old man?

Donald was speechless.

Ysabel immediately felt anxious. "You don't trust me? Okay, I'll prove it to you!"

Ysabel had a sinister idea. She put her arms around Donald's neck and kissed him right away.

Donald was weak, and he had no strength to fight back. Consequently, Ysabel hugged him, and their lips pressed together.

Donald was dumbfounded.

Wait, why are you sticking your tongue out? No, don't put your tongue in my mouth! I don't know anything about kissing!

The onlookers were shocked, and a few boys instantly felt their hearts breaking.

Dang! My goddess has a boyfriend!

She actually kissed an old man in front of numerous witnesses!

I'm brokenhearted!

Ysabel's cheeks were completely flushed, and she cast a shy glance at Donald. She then lowered her head and asked meekly, "Do you believe me now?"

She already had fair, delicate skin, and she appeared more alluring with her flushed cheeks.

Mason remained frozen in place. His smile vanished abruptly, and his expression contorted with rage.

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Chapter 334 Who Are They

"You sl\*t, Ysabel!" Mason swore while pointing to Ysabel's nose. He bellowed and was tremendously enraged.

"I like him, can't I?" Ysabel replied coldly.

"I'm going to your mother and grandfather!" Mason said, enraged. Then, he gave Donald an icy stare. "I'm warning you. Stay away from Ysabel! She is my fiancée! My father is her distant relative, and everyone in the Stern family supports our relationship! For your information, my father is Adrian, and my uncle is Jeremiah!"

When he said that, many people regarded Mason with envious and perplexed expressions.

Clearly, they were well aware of Adrian and Jeremiah, as many were afraid of them. Donald, however, was stunned for a second. "Jeremiah and Adrian? Who are they?" He really did not know them, but their names sounded familiar to him. However, he was unable to recall where he had heard their names.

Ysabel whispered, "Don't try to find out."

Mason sneered, "Let me tell you. My father, Adrian Stern, manages sixteen national highway toll stations near Pollerton. My uncle is in charge of several service areas! Naturally, they have solid relationships with high-ranking officials. Even at Terrandya Provincial Center, there are a few big shots who get along well with my father and uncle! Everyone wants to talk to my dad! What makes you think you're qualified to steal Ysabel from me?"

Mason held his head high, and his face was filled with pride.

All of the students around them were looking at Donald with pity.

Adrian and Jeremiah did not work in the underground circles, but their status was comparable to Ethan's.

Even Ethan hesitated to intervene with them until he received the support of the Freedman clan, as they were considered to monopolize Pollerton's transportation sector.

To get into Pollerton, one had to take the highway.

Thus, several industrial chains, such as transportation or even smuggling, had to pass through Adrian.

Therefore, Adrian had more connections than Ethan.

Donald came to a sudden realization. He remembered who Adrian was.

Neil had informed him that Adrian was a qualified manager who had been employed by the Yund family to oversee the toll booths.

Furthermore, Donald had an impression of Adrian that was related to Bryan.

When the latter purchased Pollerton Heavy Machinery Industry, it was Adrian who obstructed Pollerton's market and prohibited the import of foreign machinery and equipment.

As Donald thought about this, he narrowed his eyes. "Oh, your father is Adrian. I recognize him!"

"Good, now get down on your knees and apologize. I can prevent you from residing in Pollerton in a hundred different ways." Mason had a haughty expression on his face as if the universe revolved around him.

Donald chuckled softly. It is amusing to converse with this immature child. Then, he asked, "Are you being arrogant?"

Mason held his head high. "That's accurate. I'm being haughty. If you are competent, you may also be arrogant. Let's find out who's the stronger one then!"

"Will you trust me if I tell you that your father's sixteen toll stations are set to be demolished?" asked Donald.

"Are you an idiot?" Naturally, Mason did not think he was telling the truth. Rolling his eyes, he continued, "Those are toll booths. Can they be easily destroyed? All sixteen of them?"

"Let's see what happens then," Donald stated indifferently before looking at Ysabel.

"Let's leave."

Mason snorted, got in his car, and was ready to go home to complain.

"Where are we heading right now?" Donald asked.

Ysabel stated, "My two distant relatives are holding a banquet for the entire Stern family tonight. However, I want to go to my mother's first. She should be done with her class now, and that disgusting director will undoubtedly stalk her."

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Ysabel's lips pouted as she talked.

"How old is your mom?" Donald asked.

Ysabel answered, "She just turned forty."

"Which means she was pregnant with you at nineteen?" Donald was slightly speechless.

Ysabel replied, "My dad was very handsome when he was young, and his family background was good. However, he died at a young age."

"Then why didn't your mom look for another husband?" Donald asked again.

"It was because of me. When my father died, she focused all her attention on nurturing me in the hope that I would become successful, which was also why she was so strict with me. Besides, she's a very stubborn woman. All these years, she had many admirers, but she refused all of them." Ysabel was somewhat downcast.

Donald did not utter a word as well.

Ysabel was a pure and innocent girl with a tall and slender figure. Wearing a ponytail on her head, she had smooth and white skin. On the other hand, Donald was barely out of shape, albeit losing a bit of weight recently. Wearing a suit, he looked handsome, and his eyes were his weapon of charm.

A hint of wistfulness would flash in his eyes from time to time. It was obvious that he was a person with unimaginable experience.

When the duo walked around the campus together, they attracted a lot of attention. Ysabel was very lively and talkative when she was around Donald. "That is where we usually attend our classes. The library is there. And there is the female dorm." When she introduced the school buildings to him, she would look at the side of his face from time to time, her eyes flashing with happiness.

Nevertheless, Donald stayed silent the entire time as he stared at those buildings. After coming to a place full of youthful aura, he felt he had aged. Brought to Quadfield in his teens, he had no experience of the life of a typical youth. All he recalled was almost every day was a war zone. In addition to guarding Quadfield, he needed to bring peace to the northern region.

If the enemies who entered Quadfield were considered restrained, then the war zone in the northern region was considered a living hell. People died every day.

Donald had once buried more than ten comrades he deemed as close as brothers in person.

"That is my mom's office." Ysabel pointed at a building in the distance. "Let's wait for her in her office."

It was a big office and an independent space with everything neatly and tidily arranged. There was a faint fragrance in the room that resembled Beatrice's smartness. In reality, Ysabel's mother, Beatrice, was a beautiful woman who was considered elegant and charming, or the director of the School of Art Management would not have harassed her for so long.

Approximately ten minutes had passed. Beatrice's shriek of wrath sounded outside the door. "Mr. Harper, if you continue to be like this, I will call the police!"

"Are you threatening me? I'm so scared!" A fearless voice sounded. Anyone could tell that it was the voice of a perverted middle-aged man.

Another relatively younger voice came from behind. "Prof. Stern, my uncle merely wanted to talk to you. Why don't you agree?"

That voice belonged to Julian Harper.

When Donald demolished the Freedman clan's mausoleum, Julian had already left. Hence, he did not know that the former had the third Dragon badge and didn't end up being killed by Sebastian. If Julian were to stay for another twenty minutes that day, he would have been a corpse now.

"Buzz off!" Beatrice yelled coldly and pushed open the door, only to see Donald and Ysabel.

Slightly stunned, she asked, "Ysabel, why did you come here?"

No sooner had she looked at Donald and furrowed her brows than Julian and a bald man with a big belly who looked like a bad guy walked inside.

It was Adam Harper, Director of the School of Art Management of Pollerton University. Adam narrowed his eyes at Donald and asked, "Who are you?"

Julian did not know the real identity of Donald and that the latter was the owner of Donter Pictures.

Donald replied, "It doesn't matter who I am. What matters is that you guys are harassing a woman. Isn't it inappropriate?"

Upon hearing that, Adam rolled his eyes and snapped, "It's none of your business. Who allowed you to come in here? Get lost now!"

## Unlimited Son-In-Law Chapter 336 -

### Chapter 336 Threat

Ysabel pointed at Adam and roared, "Mr. Harper, if you harass my mom again, I'm going to report it to the chief dean."

Adam shrugged nonchalantly and taunted, "I don't care. Let's see if the chief dean will entertain you."

On the other hand, Julian let out a cough and said, "Ysabel, why don't we let the elders take care of their matters? Let's go. I'll treat you to a meal."

Upon hearing that, Ysabel frowned and replied, "How shameless! Who on earth wants to eat with you?"

Julian's eyes widened immediately, and he looked at Ysabel in disbelief. "What? I'm both an A-list celebrity and a legendary idol. There are nine hundred million girls in the country who are proud to be able to talk to me. Me treating you to a meal is considered an honor to you. How dare you refuse?"

He believed Ysabel would not refuse him.

A majority of his fans were female students like Ysabel.

Donald was somewhat speechless at Julian's shameless attitude. "Enough of this. Stop being a narcissist. Ysabel isn't one of your brainless fans."

Julian instantly turned around and looked at Donald. Anger washed over his features. Pointing at the latter, he yelled, "Who do you think you are? Do you know who I am? I have tens of millions of fans. One word from me is enough to make you infamous. I can also instigate my fans to expose your identity online and let you have a taste of cyber-bully."

Hearing that, Donald froze. "Really?"

As if I'd be terrified by such a threat!

Ysabel pursed her lips in disdain. "Do you think you are God?"

Seeing that Donald and Ysabel did not believe him, Julian immediately fished out his phone and took a picture of Ysabel before sending it to the group chat of his fans. He wrote: Her name is Ysabel Zimmerman. She and her mother swindled money from my uncle.

Then, he looked at Beatrice and Ysabel with a smug look and said arrogantly, "And done. Calm down and have a seat. Let's see how things will turn out. Five minutes. You guys will go viral on the internet in five minutes."

Donald's eyes turned frosty.

How arrogant!

At once, Ysabel's face turned pale. Beatrice said softly, "What are you doing? Delete that right away!"

Julian smirked. "I can do that, but you will need to agree to my uncle."

Adam cast lecherous gazes at Beatrice and added, "Only if we enjoy ourselves in the hotel now would he delete that."

People of his age liked a mature woman like Beatrice the most. Wearing a business suit, she had short hair and was an intellectual woman. Lust welled up within him when he looked at her.

Donald looked at Julian coldly. "If you don't delete it, I will use my connections to exert a ban on you in the industry."

“Hahaha. Banning me?” Julian looked at Donald as if he was looking at a fool. “Who do you think you are? Do you have such an ability? Those who are behind me are Ethan and the Freedman clan. How are you going to ban me? I’m working for Flawless Pictures. Freedman Group is the main shareholder. What ability do you have to make the Freedman clan ban me?”

Julian laughed loudly without holding back.

As expected, Ysabel’s phone began ringing.

When she picked up the phone, she heard someone yelling, “You are a b\*tch pretending to be pure and innocent!”

Then, she received rows of messages from strangers. All of them came from the fans who were obsessed with Julian.

Beatrice’s phone began ringing as well. A fan wrote: You are a wicked widow!

Another fan wrote: She’s still a university professor. She must have misled her students.

Another fan wrote: B\*tch!

Unsightly curse messages came flooding continuously from all over the country.

Ysabel’s face turned pale due to anger. “Julian, you are shameless!”

Meanwhile, Beatrice was so furious that her body trembled. Just when she wanted to turn off her phone, she received a call from the Stern family. “Beatrice, what’s wrong with you? You are on the news headline.”

When Ysabel heard that, she instantly turned on her phone. A sharp news headline entered her sight—The Angry Julian Retorted Pollerton University’s Professor.