

# Unlimited Son-In-Law Chapter 429 - All World Beauty

## Chapter 429

### Chapter 429

Precarious Situation However, that didn't stop him from showing off wherever he went. Raymond seemed to have aged over a few days. His surgery and the lack of news about Donald had thrown the old man into an abyss of darkness and despair. I'm already eighty years old. I won't have much time to live. Despite that, Silas still doesn't want to let me go. It isn't just Silas. Even the Campbell clan still holds their grudge against me. At that moment, the care worker had just helped Raymond finish his breakfast when a couple of tall, burly men in golden suits showed up in his room. The care worker didn't dare to move or even breathe loudly. On the other hand, Raymond wasn't the slightest bit anxious. He took a sip of his coffee and said, "What's coming will come. I know the Campbell clan won't let me die peacefully.

They'll want to humiliate and make me suffer thoroughly before letting me take my last breath." The eight men in golden suits didn't respond and merely stared at Raymond with keen gazes. The Campbell clan wouldn't allow themselves to be disgraced. "But the Campbell clan thinks too highly of me. They actually sent eight Golden Sentinels to fight against an old man like me," Raymond said in a self-deprecating tone. Each Golden Sentinel is an elite with a two-hundred-thousand power level. Only the Campbell clan can form such a team. "How lively." Before the eight men could say something, a voice came from the other side of the door. Soon, eighteen bald men walked through the door. They were the Eighteen Copper Men of Crimson Dust Order, with Francesco as their leader. Silas must have sent them.

Their powers are on par with the Golden Sentinels. Donald beating up Brandon in public was humiliating to Silas, so Silas had been looking for Donald for a long time and finally received confirmation of his death. However, a ruthless man like Silas won't let the matter slide unless he spills some blood. He won't consider Donald's death as blood spilled, so he'll switch his target to me. Silas thinks the only way he can earn his dignity back is through killing me. Raymond still kept his composure despite knowing his end was near. His calm-filled eyes showed he wasn't afraid of death. "The Eighteen Copper Men of Crimson Dust Order and the Golden Sentinels of the Campbell clan need a lot of money and resources to train." Raymond lifted his head. The Eighteen Copper Men were bald and had copper-colored skin. Rumor had it these men practiced close-quarters martial arts, training their bodies to be tough as nails that no weapon could pierce through them. The men soon occupied every available space of the small room, with over a dozen of them squeezed into it. The leader of the Golden Sentinels said, "Mr. Tyrone said he could let you live, but your life would be worse than death. But now, Mr. Tyrone has changed his mind and said he wanted to watch you die in his hands." Raymond smiled as a flash of gloat crossed his face. "He's the one that's going to die

soon. I'm afraid he might die even earlier than I will." The eight Golden Sentinels' expressions turned murderous.

Why would Raymond offend Tyrone in the first place? That was because Raymond did some fortune-telling for Tyrone, claiming that Tyrone would not live over thirty years of age. Tyrone was twenty-nine at the moment. No one knew if Raymond was telling the truth or if his fortune-telling was believable. The fact was he spoke the truth. Otherwise, Tyrone wouldn't have been so furious as to borrow the Prince's power to form a crushing force to defeat Raymond's Golden Beast. With untreatable congenital heart disease, Tyrone had been consulting every doctor and searching for a suitable heart donor over the recent years, yet it was all in vain. He couldn't find even one suitable donor. However, there was, in fact, one suitable donor. That person was Tyrone's older brother. As Tyrone's older brother was more respected and capable than Tyrone, a man like him would never be willing to donate his heart to Tyrone. "How presumptuous!" the Golden Sentinels barked. "Raymond Campbell, it looks like you haven't suffered enough under the Campbell clan's oppression. We'll just have to crush you to death then." "Are you guys taking him down or letting us have the honor?" One of the Eighteen Copper Men licked his lips with a bloodthirsty expression on his face. "Francesco ordered us to take Raymond's head back to him."

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**Chapter 430** Donald Is Alive The Golden Sentinels said, "Let's take him down together. We get half his head each." Chills ran down the care worker's spine at the threat. How can there still be such cruel people in this time and age? Raymond smiled without a flicker of fear in his eyes. "It looks like Tyrone doesn't have much time left. As for Francesco, I've seen him lately. He will have a catastrophe befall him recently, too." Bang! A member of the Eighteen Copper Men smashed the marble desk in front of him before charging toward Raymond and grabbing his neck. Raymond's breathing turned rapid, but he merely shut his eyes. Ever since he heard about Donald's death, his willpower had died along with Donald.

His consciousness began to fade as he slowly gave up on struggling. As he gradually fell into darkness, he suddenly sensed a faint golden glow appear in front of him. He was stunned by what he saw when he opened his eyes. A tall, lean figure with shoulder-length hair was standing in the room. The man's dark, lush mane had obscured his face. The Eighteen Copper Men were stunned to their core. The man with a chokehold on Raymond's neck frantically released him, letting Raymond slump to the ground as he rushed back to his team to get into formation, preparing themselves to attack. Meanwhile, the Golden Sentinels were thunderstruck. It was as though a lightning bolt had struck their preconceived notions into smithereens. All members of the Campbell

clan had evaluation glasses on. They could access the power level of the man standing in front of them and saw that the man possessed a power level of five million. Through the evaluation glasses, they could only see a wall of red. Their glasses weren't for evaluating the power level of humans.

Instead, the glasses' purpose was to measure the power level of assault weapons, such as nuclear bombs, aircraft carriers, and intercontinental missiles. The power level of assault weapons ranged from three to five million, but the glasses measured a five-million power level on a human. It was horrifying. The man before them was practically unrivaled. "Who are you?" A member of the Golden Sentinels felt a mix of emotions surging within his heart. Donald stood there motionlessly and merely stared at Raymond dazedly. When he saw the fingerprint on Raymond's neck and his flushed face from shortness of breath, murderous intent stirred within him. "All of you... have to die!" he declared with a hoarse voice. Raymond gasped as agitation filled him. I know this voice! The next moment, tears filled his eyes. Donald had slowly raised his head, and his hair parted to each side of his face to reveal his features. He had a handsome face. It was fair without a beard. His gaze was abnormally sharp. One could even see a faint golden glow gleaming within his eyes. It's Donald! "Donald!" The Eighteen Copper Men and the Golden Sentinels were familiar with Donald's face.

They could recognize him from a glimpse. After the initial shock, chills ran down their spines as comprehension dawned on them. Donald was the one who defeated Javon from the overseas Order of the Infinite with one strike. He was also the one who crushed Leviathan's destroyer with a stomp of his foot. He has a five-million power level! The men merely stood there, not daring to move even a single muscle. A member of the Golden Sentinels wanted to send the information to the Campbell clan but realized something was blocking his signal. It was Donald. His body was exuding some kind of radiation that could jam signals. At that moment, Donald was still staring at Raymond. The tangled mess in his mind began to unravel. Memories about Raymond were starting to unfold and filled every corner of his brain.

"Grandpa," Donald called out with a hoarse voice. He still had a lot of blank spaces in his memories that he needed to scour for and fill in. His memories would only fully recover if he saw the person in question with his own eyes. Especially Jennifer. Tears began streaking down Raymond's cheeks. "It's good to have you back!" A member of the Eighteen Copper Men couldn't stand the pressure Donald exuded and chose to attack him first. With clenched fists, he charged toward Donald. The sound of something slashing through the air echoed across the room.

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Chapter 431 Crabface Is Donald However, Donald didn't turn his head or defend himself and merely allowed the man's fist to punch the back of his head. The collision caused a loud thud as though two golden rocks crashed into each other.

Donald didn't move.

In comparison, the member of the Eighteen Copper Men was holding his right arm tightly as it drooped limply.

He let out a painful yell that reverberated across the room.

My punch is powerful enough to put a hole through a metal plate effortlessly, but he didn't even budge! Donald's hair began swaying in the air as he looked over his shoulder at the man holding his limp arm. The golden glow in Donald's eyes flared brightly.

Before the man could scream, his body was incinerated into a mound of fine white powder on the ground.

Just one glimpse from Donald was extremely destructive. That scene sent shockwaves of fear into everyone's hearts. What is that technique? 'TH send you on your way,' Donald stated impassively. "Run!" the Golden Sentinels and the remaining Eighteen Copper Men shouted.

They burst through the window, landed outside the house, and scattered away in fear.

"I have to slaughter them first." Donald's hair fell back and covered his face again. His body disappeared on the spot.

Raymond didn't even get the chance to get a good look at how Donald left. One of the Golden Sentinels took out his phone as he ran.

His hope soared when he saw the weak signal on his phone.

He instantly dialed Xylus' number.

"Mr. Hayes, Crabface, the weird man at the sea is Donald! He has a power level of five million!" Buzz!

There was a disruption in the line, and the member of the Golden Sentinels could only hear a buzzing sound.

Looking over his shoulder with difficulty, he saw Donald staring coldly at him like a devil from hell.

“Don’t kill me! Please don’t kill me!” The member of the Golden Sentinels dropped to his knees on the ground as his eyes widened with horror. Donald merely cast him an apathetic glance, then disappeared with a flash. Before that member of the Golden Sentinels could feel relieved, he noticed that his arms were slowly disappearing as though they were transforming into a pair of invisible angel wings. About a dozen seconds later, the man was transformed into a mound of powder on the ground. Meanwhile, Xylus answered the call, but the report from the member of the Golden Sentinels was unclear due to the terrible signal.

“Mr. Hayes, Crabface...has a power level of five million.” He only caught those few words before the line went dead. Xylus’ stomach sank as he felt uneasy.

Did the Golden Sentinels offend Crabface during their mission? At that thought, he immediately called the rest of the Golden Sentinels.

However, their phones were either turned off or had terrible signals.

He couldn’t even get one proper word out of any of them.

A horrible feeling emerged in Xylus’ heart before it shot to his brain. A few years ago, Golden Lord and Lord Campbell took first place in the Zodiac Challenge with a power level of a million.

Yet now, an elite with a five-million power level has shown up.

The damage he can cause is equivalent to a million-ton destroyer.

Will the future change? The next Zodiac Challenge is about to begin.

Will Crabface become the first? It’s possible! As of this moment, the highest power level of a human that is ever recorded in history is one million! This man has five million! “I’m not sure how the Golden Sentinels came across Crabface with a power level of five million, but it’s likely all of them have been obliterated, Mr. Campbell,” Xylus reported to Tyrone. Tyrone, who was initially calm, was instantly shocked when he heard what Xylus had said.

His hands trembled, and he could almost imagine the rage of the Campbell clan when they heard about the news.

Every member of the Golden Sentinels was priceless. He had lost too many men in Pollerton.

Not to mention the Campbell clan's guards, he had now lost eight Golden Sentinels, too. "How did they come across Crabface?" Agitation caused Tyrone's eyes to turn red.

"Their mission is to kill Raymond! How did they run into Crabface?" His heart began to throb in pain as his feelings overwhelmed him.

"My meds! Give me my meds!" Xylus frantically went to grab Tyrone's medication and raced to the latter's side, feeding it to him.

Some color returned to Tyrone's pale face after he took it.

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Chapter 432 Jennifer Is Your Savior Tyrone closed his eyes and leaned against the couch. "Is there any news from the genetics laboratory? They still can't find a donor?" Xylus shook his head.

"No."

Tyrone's eyes snapped open with shock.

"Didn't you say Jennifer was destined for greatness and could revive me from the dead? I only have eighteen months left!" Xylus merely lowered his head in silence. Suddenly, a middle-aged man in a white coat entered the room with a grave expression.

He had a piece of paper in his hand.

"Mr. Campbell, we have a major discovery!" Tyrone merely slid a cold glance at him.

The middle-aged man continued, "We found a partially suitable donor!" Tyrone's eyes brightened.

He straightened his back and asked, "What do you mean by partially suitable donor? Who is it?"

"It's your fiancée, Jennifer," the middle-aged man answered.

Tyrone was shocked.

He exchanged glances with Xylus and caught the surprise in the latter's eyes. "Continue." Tyrone quickly calmed himself down. "We accidentally tested Ms.

Wilson's DNA and concluded she is a suitable match as your donor.

However, considering the difference in your genetic codes, there'll be a certain level of rejection.

Even the slightest bit of rejection can be detrimental to your recovery," the middle-aged man explained.

"So?" Tyrone asked indifferently.

The man continued, "There's a way if you want a close match of genetic codes.

You'll need to have a baby with Ms. Wilson, then take the baby's heart." Xylus closed his eyes as a mix of emotions stirred within him.

It matches.

Everything matches like a puzzle piece.

Metaphysics is scary.

From the first time I met Jennifer, I already knew she was someone that could help Tyrone overcome his crisis through the geomancy and metaphysics I learned throughout my life.

However, I have no idea about the exact details of how she could've helped him.

I finally got my answers now.

Tyrone was baffled.

It was his first time experiencing the frightening part of metaphysics.

I didn't believe in Xylus' talk about metaphysics before, but he got my trust now.

All these years, I've tested over millions, even tens of millions of people, yet not even one was a suitable donor.

I've finally found one now! The middle-aged man said, "The baby can undergo a heart transplant at six months old.

However, that baby is your flesh and blood.

Will you be willing to sacrifice your own child?" At first, a satirical expression crept up Tyrone's face, then ruthlessness replaced it.

"I don't care who dies as long as I live." There's another suitable donor, my older brother.

I would've taken his heart from him if it weren't for his brutality and higher status. "Xylus!" Tyrone called.

Xylus instantly bowed his head respectfully.

' Yes, Mr.Campbell." "Inform the Wilson family to bring forward the engagement to the twenty-sixth of this month.

I shall officially be engaged to Jennifer on that day and marry her on the eighth of August.

She must bear my child!" Tyrone ordered coldly. The twenty-sixth of this month? That's less than a fortnight!

"The wedding has to be grand to celebrate my rebirth. Invite the whole city!" Tyrone declared.

' Yes, Mr.Campbell." Xylus swiftly left for the Wilson residence and urgently made the announcement. The announcement stated: Tyrone shall hold his engagement to Jennifer at Rivebale Hotel, Grand Myer Hotel, and Sky Garden on the twenty-sixth of this month.

The whole city is invited to attend this joyful celebration. A wedding of one of the princes of the Campbell clan would naturally garner a lot of attention.

Leonard and Linda were ecstatic.

They were proud that their daughter would marry one of the Campbell clan's princes.

Meanwhile, Tyrone's attitude toward Jennifer had begun to change. He had turned into a loving and considerate man that cared about Jennifer. In the meantime, before the Golden Sentinels and the remaining Copper Men could find a way out of the residential district, Donald had them all slaughtered in less than a minute.

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**Chapter 433** Improvement Then, he went to meet Raymond. Raymond's initially dull eyes glinted. "Where have you been these past few months?" Raymond asked. Donald went silent for some time before shaking his head. "I don't know. I felt like I was in a dream, a dream where I was walking on the sun." "Are you going to attend Jennifer and Tyrone's engagement?" Raymond asked. Donald merely stared blankly at him and asked, "Who is Jennifer? And who is Tyrone?" Raymond widened his eyes in disbelief. "My condition is not at my best right now. It feels really odd, as if my memory has been locked up, and that I need time to slowly retrieve them." Raymond's eyes popped after listening to him. It reminded him of a mythical state. However, he shook his head in denial immediately. That state had only appeared in legends and myths. "So, what are your plans next?" Raymond asked. Donald thought for a moment and got up.

"I'm going to find my memories back and find out who I am." His long hair covered his face once again. With a leap, he disappeared from the window sill. It was as if he had never been there in the first place. Raymond let out a bitter laugh. Given his observation, he knew that Donald's power had leveled up yet again, and this time, it had multiplied. Donald was already invincible in the first place. Now, no one in the world would be able to defeat him. Nevertheless, Raymond was intrigued to see how far Donald could go. Later at three in the afternoon, Donald showed up at Scarlet Swan Villa. The villa was seared into his memories, and he seemed to have felt the strongest connection to it. Hence, that was the first place that he went to.

At the same time, Tyrone, who had transformed into a caring man, went to see Jennifer. She looked at Tyrone with complicated emotions in her eyes. "Mr. Campbell, you're such an esteemed man, and you can have anything you want. Why do you insist to be together with me?" Tyrone did not seem like the type to indulge women with sweet nothings. He lowered his head and let out a light chuckle. To her bewilderment, Jennifer found his smile gentle. She had known Tyrone for almost a year then, and the man had never shown her such a tender look. Instead, the man gave off a cold and distant vibe, as if he was a mighty dragon descended from the sky, and all the other people were mere specks of dust in his eye. Tyrone smiled gently and said, "Because I like you." Jennifer shuddered in response as she stared at the man in bewilderment. Does someone like him also have feelings? Tyrone did not seem like he understood the notion of love. "Come, let's go and buy you some clothes and jewelry. Let me know if you've got your eyes on any." Jennifer found him amusing. Her perception of him started to improve a little. "It's all right, Mr. Campbell. I still have something going on at the office." Tyrone seemingly paid no heed to her and said domineeringly, "Let's go." Leonard then chimed in, "Jennifer, you may go. It's all right if you don't come back tonight." Linda shot her daughter a meaningful look and added, "Yeah. Young people like the two of you should spend more time together to build a closer relationship with each other." Feelings? Jennifer felt a lump in her throat. She could not help but feel like she had been devoid of feelings after Donald's death. "Jennifer, why are you still in a daze?"

Are you trying to piss me to death?" Jennifer chided in a low voice. Jennifer was feeling quite down and wanted to get some fresh air too. So, she went along with Tyrone. Tyrone nodded at Leonard and Linda to acknowledge the two, making them jump a little in pleasant surprise. "Where are we going? Do you mind leading the way?" Tyrone asked. "I'm okay with wherever," Jennifer said. Though she agreed to head out, she was not particularly enthused about the idea. Meanwhile, in Scarlet Swan Villa, Reina was chatting to Arnaldo at the gazebo. The father and daughter duo had gotten closer over the course of a few months. Reina no longer detested Arnaldo. Surprisingly, she found herself relying on her father, who was one of the Lords of Underground in Terrandya. "Still no news about Donald's whereabouts?" Reina asked. She had been pleading Arnaldo for the longest time before the latter finally agreed to help her look for information on Donald. However, their efforts were in vain.

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**Chapter 434** The Mysterious Man Arnaldo shook his head and sighed. "Reina, Donald is dead. It is time for you to move on." Reina's face paled as she shot up from her seat. "No. He is definitely not dead!" Arnaldo let out another sigh. "Reina, I might need to head back to Terrandya." Noticing that his daughter did not give him any response, Arnaldo continued, "Silas and Francesco have worked together to divide the resources in Pollerton. The whole reclamation area, save for the area that is under the ten great families and Lord Campbell Mountain Villa's control, is being carved up by Silas. His influence has grown by at least three times by now. I suppose you think Charles and Zayne might be strong enough to hold him, but they're all cowering in a corner in fear of him. They dare not even show their faces. If Yolanda had not gone to extreme lengths to save Holton, the latter would have died in Pollerton as well. Yolanda has suffered a huge hit.

If Holton does not leave soon, he will die here. The same goes for me. Silas is a formidable presence. He will strike in a few more days, and nobody will be able to stop him." Arnaldo sounded dejected. The number of resources derived from the reclamation area was unbelievable. It was a huge piece of pie. Silas was so blinded by his greed that he wanted to take it all for himself. Nonetheless, Reina did not understand the dynamics of the situation. "Follow me back to Terrandya. Scarlet Swan Villa will most likely be taken, too," Arnaldo said. Reina widened her eyes and exclaimed, "Does Silas wish to take my Scarlet Swan Villa, too?" "That man has taken more than ninety percent of Mr. Lynch's assets, over half of Charles' properties, Zayne's Primordial Tower, and even the food and beverage chain of Tyson. Do you think he will let your Scarlet Swan Villa go?" Arnaldo sounded resigned. He was not afraid of Silas at first. However, it was different when the latter teamed up with Francesco, who was unrivaled. Arnaldo

remembered his own bodyguard, Hansel, who was killed by Francesco using just one strand of ordinary weed. It was clear as day that Francesco was a formidable man.

Reina felt a sense of despair wash over her. Things would not have gotten out of hand if Donald was still alive. After digging around for nearly a year and confirmation from multiple sources, she finally accepted the fact that Donald had passed away a year ago. "Silas wants to seize control of the whole Terrandya right now. However, the key to gaining authority over Terrandya is to get hold of Pollerton first. Hence, he will not let Scarlet Swan Villa go. You might as well follow me back to Terrandya as soon as possible," Arnaldo said. Tears brimmed in Reina's eyes as she said, "No. I'm not leaving. My memories here are far too precious to be left behind." She took a look around Scarlet Swan Villa. If it hadn't been for Donald, Scarlet Swan Villa would have ceased to exist long ago. The number of scarlet swans in Scarlet Swan Villa had reached over twenty thousand. It was a large amount of wealth, and it could be liquidated very easily. Stocks and properties may be valuable, but they needed a longer time to liquidate into cash. However, that was not the case with Scarlet Swan Villa. It was very popular, and the transfer of the villa's ownership could happen in the blink of an eye.

Silas, who was desperately trying to expand his influence, would not give up on seizing this cash cow. Just when Arnaldo was about to say something, his gaze darted behind Reina's behind, and his brows furrowed deeply. A tall man was standing some thirty meters away from Reina. He was wearing a suit, his body slender. However, he had long hair that reached his shoulders. Half his face was concealed behind those long hair. One could only glimpse his eyes which shone with a glint. Arnaldo was stumped. Then, his expression turned grim as he ordered in a low voice, "Come with me!" His heart was pounding as he felt his eyelids twitching. Arnaldo had a robust network of information. So, he recognized the man instantly

The man was known as Crabface. Donald had another name now, which was Crabface. Arnaldo had heard about Crabface and seen the video of the mysterious man murdering Javon and destroying Leviathan. Reina turned around and saw Donald as well. A perplexed look crossed her face. "Who is he?" Reina asked. Arnaldo did not reply to her and dragged her to leave the gazebo.

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**Chapter 435** Insolence Donald, standing there without any movement, was shrouded in mystery. No one could tell what his intention or goal was. Before Arnaldo and Reina

could leave, a thundering roar was heard. "Do you actually think you can escape now?" Turning around, Arnaldo felt his heart sink when he saw who it was. Francesco Faraday! He actually came! Is he somehow connected to Crabface? Francesco didn't come alone, as his entourage comprised at least thirty men. Given their bulging muscles, it was evident all of them were elite martial artists. It was clear that he was in a bad mood, for the Eighteen Copper Men he sent to kill Raymond had disappeared without a trace. In fact, there was no sign of them in Pollerton at all. Nonetheless, the good news was that Silas had promised him half the spoils if he had succeeded in taking over Scarlet Swan Villa.

That alone would amount to more than a hundred million. Arnaldo questioned grimly, "Francesco, you're a distinguished figure from overseas. Don't tell me that even you are coveting the wealth of a young lady?" Francesco simply threw Arnaldo an indifferent glance before shifting his attention to Reina. Despite her petite stature, she, with curves in all the right places, was an excellent feminine specimen. The organization he founded was named the Crimson Dust Order. Just from its name alone, one could tell that Francesco wasn't someone that was bound by any rules. As expected, he licked his lips. "Is this young lady your daughter? She truly is a sweet young thing." After a brief pause, he continued, "Come, spend a night with me, and I'll reconsider my plans." Reina glowered at Francesco. "Get lost!" "Oh? She's a feisty one, exactly right up my alley." Francesco sniggered lecherously before disappearing in a flash. The moment he reappeared, he was standing beside Reina with a hand on her shoulder. Arnaldo couldn't pull her back in time, as Francesco was one step ahead of him. Raising his hand, Francesco swung it at Arnaldo's cheeks and gave him a forceful slap.

The instant a loud slap rang out, Arnaldo was thrown to the ground. The impact caused his cheeks to be badly swollen and blood to ooze out the corner of his lips. He was, after all, an ordinary person. Arnaldo warned, "Francesco, if you dare touch her, I'll go all out to make sure you never leave Pollerton unscathed." "Are you threatening me?" Filled with contempt, Francesco reached out his hand to caress Reina's face. "Even Yolanda doesn't dare to talk to me that way." "In that case, is Terrence Lowe qualified?" Arnaldo stared daggers at him. Terrence, who was superior to Randy, was the anchor of the Lowe family. He was a distant uncle of Wynter's and was currently in the army. "Even though I can't defeat him, there's someone else who can." Francesco snorted in laughter.

"That person is my senior, Jeffery Lysle!" Arnaldo gasped. "Is Jeffery already in Terrandya?" "To be precise, he is technically in Pollerton. Where else do you think Silas obtained the courage to act with such impunity?" Stroking Reina's face, Francesco prepared to execute his next move. However, Reina slapped his right hand away. The audacity! As an icy glint flashed across his eyes, Francesco grabbed Reina by her hair and pinned her to the ground.

“Kneel!” Subsequently, he began to unbuckle his belt in an attempt to show his manhood. “Lick it!” Unfortunately, Arnaldo could only look on helplessly with rage burning in his eyes. As for Reina, she scrambled backward in absolute despair but was prevented from escaping by Francesco’s grip on her hair. No sooner had Francesco unzipped his pants than he noticed Donald bearing down on him. Even though they were separated by a distance of thirty meters, Donald closed the gap in a single step. “Do you have a death wish?” Francesco thundered while unleashing a palm strike at Donald.

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**Chapter 436** Mercy With his hand raised up high, Donald countered by stabbing the center of Francesco’s palm with two of his fingers. “Argh!” When Donald’s fingers pierced through his palm, Francesco howled in excruciating pain as he recoiled from the attack. The moment he got a clear glimpse of Donald’s face, Francesco froze at his feet, as if he was struck by lightning. The look on his face gradually transitioned from bewilderment to panic. Crabface. Why is he here? As Donald pulled Reina back to her feet, he gave her a puzzled look as if the memory shards in his mind were raging turbulently. Reina, too, stared at him through the hair that covered his face with an equally baffled expression.

Despite the familiarity of his clean-cut face, she was unable to recognize him still. When the shattered memories in Donald’s mind gradually rearranged themselves, scenes from the past began to emerge. That was the reason why he kept his distance earlier. And now, he had fully regained his memories of Reina. “Good sir... please don’t interfere!” Francesco called out. Donald, who didn’t even bother to give him a look, focused his attention on Reina. Sweeping his fringes aside to reveal his face completely, he whispered, “I’m sorry I’m late.” Jolted by his words, Reina stared at him in disbelief. The initial shock on her face was soon replaced by an ecstatic expression. Subsequently, her eyes began to redden as she stared at Donald with a mix of smiles and tears. He’s alive! He’s really back! Looking at him longingly, Reina could feel the sorrow that had accumulated within her for the past year being washed away. Arnaldo was briefly stunned before wild delight filled his eyes. It looks like Reina is acquainted with Crabface! As for Francesco, a sense of dread began to overwhelm him, for he was well aware that Crabface’s power level was five million, similar to that of a humanized assault weapon. After letting down his hair to cover his face, Donald gradually turned around to face Francesco. Staggering back in fear, Francesco apologized, “Mister, I’m sorry—” “You must be the one who sent the eighteen Golden Shield Technique practitioners.”

Donald, with heavy footsteps, approached him in an intimidating manner, as if he was the devil himself. With his disheveled hair, towering figure, and sharp suit, he looked harmless. In fact, one could be forgiven for thinking that he was a male model strutting down the catwalk. Nonetheless, Francesco could feel the beastly aura Donald exuded alongside his approach. It was the same kind of aura that he felt from Jeffery's body. "My senior overseas, Jeffery, has not demonstrated his power in thirty years. Hence, you had better weigh the consequences of your actions!" Francesco barked despite the terror welling up inside him. Sh\*t, he's the one who killed the Eighteen Copper Men. Who in the world is he? Unfazed by the threats, Donald continued to bear down on Francesco. "Die!" Francesco's subordinates exchanged glances before letting out a battle cry. Armed with a myriad of prohibited blades, all of them charged at Donald from behind. Even though Donald didn't bother to turn around, Reina and Arnaldo's hearts sank at the fearsome sight. All these men are elites who, when placed in the context of war, are considered members of the Special Operation Force.

Faced with the swarm of vicious attackers, Donald gently raised his right hand and pressed an imaginary button. Buzz! Suddenly, the approaching enemies flew into the sky and disintegrated into dust. Francesco's face lost all color as his pupils constricted. Despite the knowledge that Donald was powerful, he wasn't aware of the true extent of the former's power. More than ten members of the Special Operation Force were turned into dust without being able to react at all. Such a horrifying method made Donald look as if he wielded the power of the gods. This was the second time Francesco felt that his life was threatened. The first was during the Zodiac Challenge when he was almost killed by a single move from Golden Lord. "Please spare me! Please! I'm sorry!" Francesco, with his egg-like bald head, dropped to his knees while his body trembled uncontrollably.

## Unlimited Son-In-Law Chapter 437 - All World Beauty

### Unlimited Son-In-Law

#### Chapter 437

**Chapter 437** Revelation Faced with someone with a power level of five million, the last thing that crossed his mind was resisting. Staring coldly at him, Donald fell into deep thought. "I remember you!" Stunned, Francesco raised his head to look at Donald. Coincidentally, a breeze blew Donald's hair aside to reveal the icy expression on his chiseled face. Francesco's mind was blown in that instant. The shocking realization caused him to drop to his knees as if his soul had left his body. It's Donald! Crabface, who possesses a power level of five million, is actually Donald! "During the Zodiac Challenge, I almost pierced your skull with a single palm strike!" Donald exclaimed. His words triggered raging emotions and unparalleled shock within Francesco.

The one who pierced my head with his attack back in the day was Golden Lord, who had worn a golden mask. And now, it turns out that Donald is also Golden Lord!

Unfortunately, the revelation wasn't the worst of it yet. What Francesco was about to hear next would send him into hellish despair. "When we were in Quadfield, your shoulder blade was shattered by the aura unleashed by my sword!" The incident was seared into Francesco's mind. During his time at Quadfield, he was grievously injured by the attack before he could even see the attacker's face. "Y-You're Lord Campbell!" Francesco gaped at Donald. As for Arnaldo, he, too, was flabbergasted by the realization. Donald is both Golden Lord and Lord Campbell? Both men, especially Arnaldo, began to reevaluate everything they knew in life. The Donald that Reina had been pining for all this while turned out to be both Golden Lord and Lord Campbell? The revelation was truly shocking and unbelievable. When Arnaldo turned his attention to Reina, he saw her gawking at Donald, her eyes filled with admiration. "I'm going to send you to hell." Donald stared at Francesco. Naturally, Francesco wasn't going to wait for death to befall him. At the perfect opportunity, he retreated swiftly, let out a thundering roar, and vanished into the woods in the blink of an eye. Raising his head, Donald stared in silence at the direction Francesco fled in. Arnaldo yelled anxiously, "We can't allow him to escape just like that!"

"He's not going anywhere." No sooner had Donald commented than he plucked a bunch of leaves from a nearby tree and gently flung them out. Underneath Arnaldo's astounded gaze, rays of light suddenly broke out from the pearly-green leaves before they rocketed into the dense forest, unleashing a sonic boom in the process. Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Sounds of countless tree trunks being pierced through echoed through the forest. Meanwhile, Francesco was fleeing in desperation, hoping to escape Donald's kill zone. When he felt a sudden chill down his spine, he turned around to be greeted by tens of leaves speeding toward him. Before he knew it, all of them pierced through his body just like a hail of bullets. Thud! Collapsing to the ground, Francesco breathed his last. "Donald!" Reina hurried over in delight and hugged Donald's right arm.

As a man of few words, he responded with a steady nod. Gulping nervously, Arnaldo gave Donald a fearful look. "L-Lord Campbell!" Nonetheless, Donald ignored Arnaldo and only had eyes for Reina. "How have you been?" "Not good. Not good at all. Life without you is nothing but a torment," Reina purred. "You poor thing." Donald gently nodded. "Where have you been this entire time?" Reina asked. Donald shook his head. "It's a long story." After a brief silence, Reina finally asked, "Jennifer and Tyrone are going to get engaged on the twenty-sixth. Do you know that?" "I do," Donald replied calmly, as he only found Jennifer's name familiar but couldn't remember who she was. He had to wait till he saw her in person before his memory could be jogged. "I'll be there on that day," he stated.

## **Unlimited Son-In-Law Chapter 438 - All World Beauty**

**Unlimited Son-In-Law**

## Chapter 438

**Chapter 438 Can You Sleep Well** “Talk to me, will you?” Reina gave his hand a tug. Even though Arnaldo was terrified by all of Donald’s cold-blooded alter egos, such as Lord Campbell, Golden Lord, and Crabface, a strange idea gradually crept into his mind. If Reina gets together with Lord Campbell, even if not officially, I can leverage her close relationship with him to gain control of the whole of Terrandya. Cognizant of what was going through Arnaldo’s mind, Reina reminded him, “Dad, with regards to the fact that Donald is Lord Campbell, please keep this a secret. Or else, it would upset him.”

Arnaldo was filled with sudden disappointment. “I know. I know.” In the city center of Pollerton, Jennifer and Tyrone entered a luxury mall while strolling aimlessly around. As Tyrone had never gone shopping before, he scanned the surroundings with furrowed brows. At the same time, Jennifer browsed around in silence. “Bring out your best diamond rings and necklaces,” Tyrone ordered the sales attendant. After giving Jennifer a look, the sales attendant turned her attention to the pale and sickly young man. It then dawned upon her that the man was the Ninth Prince of the Campbell clan, Tyrone Campbell. “Of course. Please wait for a moment,” the sales attendant replied respectfully. Are all members of the Campbell clan so rich? Jennifer gave Tyrone a curious look. Subsequently, her gaze was diverted away by a glimmering necklace among the jewelry brought out by the sales attendant. When she saw that it looked exactly like the Eternal Love, she guessed that it was an imitation. In that instant, her mind flashed back to one year ago when Donald splurged a huge sum to purchase the Eternal Love and gifted it to Wynter, Lana, and the others.

Donald, are you really dead? Holding that thought, Jennifer suddenly felt an icy gaze fix upon her. She turned around by reflex and was greeted by the sight of Lana. What luck. Lana was glaring so intensely at Jennifer that she completely ignored Tyrone’s presence. As a member of the Collins family, which had also been established for more than five hundred years, she didn’t fear Tyrone at all. Thud! Thud! Thud! Dressed seductively as always, she was wearing a contemporary tapered suit and a pair of silver heels with red soles. Her face glowed in its flawless glory. “Ms. Collins, what do you want?” Jennifer asked. Lana walked up to her. Due to both of them being of the same height, their hostile gazes dueled intensely in mid-air. “I’m surprised you’re getting engaged when it has only been a year since Donald’s death.” A sarcastic look emerged on Lana’s face. It brimmed with contempt and disdain. Jennifer held her breath in silence and continued to stare at Lana as she waited for what the latter had to say next. Just as expected, Lana continued, “At the end of the day, you were responsible for his death. Do you not feel sorry for what you’re doing?” Jennifer widened her eyes as her heart was filled with horror and guilt. Over the last year, she was in constant fear of being accused of causing Donald’s death. Unfortunately, there was no way she could deny her role in it.

If she hadn't told Rupert that the Jadar Stone was Donald's weakness, his life wouldn't have ended then. With slightly reddened eyes, Jennifer retorted in a raspy voice, "Are you here today just to hurl accusations at me?" Lana shook her head with a smirk. "I have no intention of doing that. I just want to inquire whether you could sleep peacefully over the past year. Since you're going to marry into a prominent family, are you finally satisfied?" Jennifer's body began to quiver. At that moment, Tyrone approached and glowered at Lana. "Lana, your time should be better spent reflecting on how you're going to face your fiancé, Kyler." Ignoring Tyrone, Lana focused her attention on Jennifer. "Loving you was probably the biggest mistake of Donald's life. Also, it just shows how blind he is!" "Can you not say such things?" As tears welled up in Jennifer's eyes, the quavering of her voice was undeniable.