

# Unlimited Son-In-Law Chapter 439 - All World Beauty

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### Chapter 439

**Chapter 439** Trapped Shaking her head, Lana sneered, "That's all I wanted to say. I wish you a blissful marriage." Upon finishing her sentence, Lana gave Jennifer an earnest look before leaving. Watching her silhouette disappear, a cold glint emerged in Tyrone's eyes. "You should go home. I'm tired," Jennifer suggested to him. Tyrone nodded and didn't insist on staying. Jennifer walked out of the mall dejectedly and looked up at the sky. All of a sudden, she felt a mysterious chill envelope her. Back at Scarlet Swan Villa, Donald looked at Reina, who stuck to him like glue, and said, "I have to go now." Reina didn't insist on him staying despite the reluctance in her eyes, for she knew that he had plenty on his plate now that he was back. Meanwhile, at Pollerton University, Ysabel had clearly lost a lot of weight over the past year. Her mother, Beatrice, continued to lecture on campus. At that moment, inside the basement storage room of their house, a man and a woman were lying on the ground, their faces pale.

The woman, in particular, was coughing blood, a symptom of the grievous injury she had suffered. They were Holton, one of the three Lords of the Terrandya Underground, and Yolanda. When Silas decided to bury Arnaldo and Holton in Pollerton forever, Yolanda came to Holton's rescue and escaped with him to Pollerton University where they hid. "Holton, I'm done for." Yolanda's face had lost all color as she stared at Holton, her eyes brimming with affection. "Francesco almost blew up my heart with a single palm strike." Tears welled in Holton's eyes. "You'll be fine. I'm sure of it. We just have to hide for a while." But for how long? The men Francesco and Silas sent have already arrived at Pollerton University and are sniffing out our tracks. They will be on to us very soon! Just when Holton was about to speak, Yolanda suddenly covered his mouth. "Someone's coming." As both of them lay low, they slowed down their breath to the minimum.

After the door to the storage room opened with a creak, it was followed by a flashlight being turned on to illuminate the inside. All of a sudden, a loud shriek was heard. "Ah!" Bam! Yolanda had gathered what was left of her strength to spring forward and cover the mouth of the person who just entered before closing the door behind them. "Girl, don't be afraid. Please listen to what I have to say, all right?" Yolanda asked in a weak voice. Ysabel nodded while staring at Holton and Yolanda in fear. "Both of us are injured, and there are men out there trying to kill us. As long as you're willing to help us out of this situation, I'll pay you ten million as a reward," Yolanda proposed, her condition deteriorating as fresh blood oozed out of her mouth. Probably motivated by the handsome reward and sympathizing with the pitiful-looking Yolanda, Ysabel agreed to help them. Upon obtaining Ysabel's cooperation, Yolanda sighed in relief before

collapsing to the ground and clutching her chest while desperately gasping for air. Holton's eyes reddened intensely.

"Yolanda, how are you feeling?" "Holton, please live well!" Yolanda's voice weakened. Ysabel, who was suddenly reminded of Donald, teared up as well. "Don't worry. Just stay here while I prepare some food for you." As she was speaking, the heavy door was ripped open. With the help of the dim light, Ysabel could see twenty men standing outside the storage room. All of them were dressed sharply in black suits and were staring coldly in their direction. Silas' men! Yolanda let out a wry laugh. "That's quick!" A towering man in a suit who measured two meters tall stood forward. With bulging muscles and tanned skin, he looked as if he was made of bronze. He was none other than Brutus. Before Francesco came to Pollerton, he was in charge of protecting Silas and was known for his impregnable body and Herculean strength.

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**Chapter 440** No Escape "Look, there's just no escape for you," Brutus remarked with a devious smile as he stared at Holton and Yolanda. Subsequently, he turned his attention to Ysabel. Tsk-tsking, he asked grimly, "Girl, were you hiding them?" When Ysabel backpedaled in fear, Holton thundered, "Brutus, this has nothing to do with her!" Brutus responded with a ruthless expression, "I don't care about that. But for hiding both of you here, I must demonstrate my prowess to her." The men behind him broke into hearty laughter, causing Isabel's face to lose all color. As Brutus lumbered into the storage room, his giant figure alone seemed to fill the entire space. Summoning what was left of her strength, Yolanda drew her broken blade with a flash and stabbed it at Brutus' head. Unexpectedly, he didn't bother to dodge or evade at all. In the midst of his insidious smile, a long clang rang out when the blade made contact with his skin. Unexpectedly, sparks flew out as if Yolanda's blade had struck cold-hard steel.

Yolanda narrowed her eyes and swiftly backed off when she realized the dangerous situation they were in. Unfortunately, it was already too late, for Brutus' punch, launched with tremendous force, had landed right in the center of her chest. When her ribs shattered with a thunderous crack, Yolanda, with her eyes widened in shock, coughed out mouthfuls of blood. Screaming in horror, Ysabel covered her eyes and didn't dare watch any further. "You piece of thrash!" Brutus threw Yolanda aside as if she was garbage before stomping on her abdomen. Seized by thunderous rage, Holton threw himself forward to shield the woman. By then, a listless look descended upon Yolanda's eyes while her breath became so shallow that it felt as if she could die at any moment. "What are you screaming for? You're such a nuisance!"

Just like catching a bird, Brutus grabbed Ysabel by the neck and flung her to the side. When her hips crashed onto the door frame, the pain that ensued immobilized her on the ground. He had no intention of holding back just because she was a woman. "Come on, you're one of the three Lords of the Terrandya Underground. If you had just stayed there, Mr. Doyle wouldn't have had the opportunity to take you out. However, why did you decide to come to Pollerton?" Brutus lamented. "Terrandya's Hunter Golding is the bedrock of the city and maintains the balance between the three families there. And yet, you insist on dying in Pollerton." Walking up to Holton, Brutus looked down at him. If they had stayed in the Terrandya Provincial Center, Silas wouldn't have had the guts to behave so audaciously. Holton was in no mood to chat with Brutus. Instead, he wiped the corners of Yolanda's mouth attentively. From his experience, he could tell that she didn't have much time left. The knowledge of her impending death filled him with anguish. Even though Yolanda was his bodyguard, she was first and foremost his wife. After surviving many a crisis together, he was naturally devastated by the prospect of her losing her life soon. "This is true love indeed. Let me send both of you on your way."

Brutus clicked his tongue at the tragic scene. Walking up to Holton, Brutus grabbed him by the hair and lifted his body off the ground. Holton's eyes were filled with murderous intent, but other than staring daggers at Brutus, there was little else he could do. Just when Brutus was about to end Holton's life, a phantom-like figure slipped into the narrow storage room. Even though a flashlight was shone on this body, the flaring light from behind his back continued to cast a shadow on his face. Brutus might have a power level of more than two hundred thousand, this was the first time he felt a sense of dread with his back against the enemy. Thus, he gradually turned around to face the figure. With his vision still distorted, all he could see was a man with disheveled hair standing beside Ysabel, looking down at how she was grimacing in pain. Suddenly, Brutus' heart skipped a beat when he was struck by an ominous premonition.

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**Chapter 441** He Is Back With more than a dozen people standing guard outside the storage room, not even a fly would be able to get in. But what's going on now? A second later, the inside of the storage room became as bright as day. Sensing that someone had somehow gotten inside, all the people outside quickly turned on their flashlights, illuminating the man's shadowy outline. They saw that his hair was disheveled and that he was tall and slender. He was also neatly dressed in a clean suit. However, he looked just like a devil among men! Brutus' eyes were as round as saucers as he staggered backward. His expression also shifted drastically, his face turning ashen in an instant. Crabface! Holton also widened his eyes, and even the weak and barely conscious Yolanda was shocked. No one dared to move.

In fact, they even tried to breathe as quietly as possible. At that moment, Crabface moved. He crouched down, placed an arm around Ysabel's shoulders, and gently lifted her. "It's me." It was a familiar voice. Ysabel's eyes flew wide open. Through the unkempt hair that shielded his face, she finally saw his handsome and familiar face. Donald! He's back! She covered her mouth with her hands, then flung her arms around Donald and burst into loud sobs. "You've finally returned! I knew you weren't dead—ouch!" Too caught up in her excitement, she had moved too suddenly and tugged at the wound at her waist. She had sustained that injury after Brutus tossed her aside, which caused her to crash against the door frame. Donald furrowed his brows. Stroking her wound gently with his right hand, he mused coldly, "It's an injury caused by severe impact, and the muscles are bruised. If the impact had struck three centimeters further to the side, it would've ruptured your kidney and spleen and caused massive hemorrhaging."

His tone was so icy that it seemed as though he were speaking from the depths of hell. Brutus felt his heart pound frantically, and he could not stop himself from retreating several steps. He smelled trouble as he knew Donald's remark was directed straight at him! "Who did this?" Donald asked Ysabel. Slowly raising her hand, Ysabel pointed at Brutus. "Get some rest first." As Donald pressed his right hand on Ysabel's waist, she felt heat spreading into her body. The sensation was warm and comforting, and the pain quickly dissipated. Stunned by his skill, she widened her eyes again. As Donald slowly rose to his feet, his hair still covered his face making it difficult for others to get a good look at him. "You should tie your hair." Ysabel was already able to get to her feet and stand on tiptoes. Removing the elastic band from her ponytail, she quickly helped him tie his hair back, thus revealing his face. Holton, Yolanda, and Brutus were dumbfounded at the sight before them. Donald was breathtakingly handsome. However, it was his eyes that struck the others with horror. His eyes glinted with golden light like two magic lamps, and amidst the flickering glow, they emanated a strange air. "Donald Campbell!" Brutus exclaimed with a gasp. He had seen Donald's photo before, so he recognized him at a glance. He's the person Silas has been searching for high and low!

The next moment, terror filled his heart. No wonder he dared to kill Brandon and Peterson! It turns out he possesses such terrifying power! "It was you, wasn't it?" Donald looked at Brutus impassively. Brutus' face turned as pale as a sheet. Clenching his jaw, he swung a large fist toward Donald. At almost the same time, the people standing behind made their move and charged inside.

Donald raised his right foot slightly and stomped on the ground, sending those behind him flying backward through the air. Then, they disintegrated into a white powder instantaneously. What the f\*ck! Wide-eyed, Holton and Yolanda exchanged glances. They could see the shock in each other's eyes. Meanwhile, Brutus felt as though he was stuck in a quagmire before his punch could get anywhere near Donald. He could not move forward at all, not even an inch. Watching more than a dozen of his lackeys get pulverized before they could even react had also shocked him to the core.

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**Chapter 442 The Power To Move Mountains** Is this guy a god? How is he so fearsome? "It was you, wasn't it?" Donald asked again. There was no concealing the alarm in Brutus' eyes. He fell to his knees and begged, "Please spare my life!" A cold glint flashed in Donald's eyes. Waving his fingers as though they were a sword, he sliced them through the air. Then, a beam of light erupted from his palm and slashed at Brutus' chest. Immediately, deep cuts appeared on his chest in a crisscross pattern, and he collapsed to the ground on his back. Donald lowered his head to gaze at Brutus. "Come on, then. Tell Silas that I'm going to see him." Gritting his teeth against the pain, Brutus took out his phone.

The moment he got through to Silas, he cried, "Mr. Doyle, save me!" But before he could go on any further, the murderous intent blazing in Donald's gaze intensified. The golden light in his eyes burst forth and illuminated the entire storage room. Amid Brutus' agonized screams, his body turned to dust. Even his bones were gone! "Those who don't do as I say deserve to die," Donald mused nonchalantly. Holton and Yolanda stared at him with a mixture of respect and awe, utterly blown away by his capabilities. Just as Holton was about to say something, the sound of footsteps rang out. Then, he saw four generals wearing ancient battle armor appear. One in azure, one in red, one in white, and one in black... They're four of them. I know who these people are! They're the Four Greatest Divine Generals of Horizon Group—Wyvern King, Manticore King, Phoenix King, and Chelonian King! But what is Horizon Group doing here? Donald turned around slowly to look at the people who had just arrived. Overcome with emotion, the four of them hurried toward Donald. As each of them got down on one knee, they said in voices brimming with respect and ardor, "Greetings, Lord Campbell! Congratulations on your return!" What the f\*ck! Holton's mind was buzzing. Donald is Lord Campbell! Crabface is actually Lord Campbell! Oh, what sort of a foe has Silas provoked?

Fragments of Donald's memory floating about in his mind gradually resurfaced. He walked up to the four men, then placed his right hand on Wyvern King's head first. "Thank you for everything. Let me bestow a gift to each of you." A golden mist materialized beneath Donald's palm and flowed into Wyvern King through the top of his head. The whole process was visible to the naked eye. However, if one had evaluation glasses, one would have been able to observe Wyvern King's power level increasing rapidly. In the blink of an eye, it had soared to one million! Subsequently, Donald did the same to the others, one after another. "Return to Lord Campbell Mountain Villa first. The plan remains unchanged. After I recover all of my memories, I want to revive Dragon Fide Villa," said Donald. Revive Dragon Fide Villa? What does that mean? In truth, that meant Donald was determined to oppose the Campbell clan. Raymond had poured his

blood, sweat, and tears into Dragon Fide Villa. Upon completion, it was supposed to be the largest place in the country for the wealthy to congregate. Then, more than ten years ago, Raymond had everything taken from him after he offended Tyrone.

Consequently, Dragon Fide Villa turned into the largest incomplete building, and it was still left abandoned to that day. None of the Ten Prestigious Families dared to take over the project. After all, anyone who did would become the Campbell clan's sworn enemy. "Understood!" Feeling thoroughly excited, Kingsley and the others left swiftly. Holton also got down on one knee. "Greetings, Lord Campbell. I'm Holton Danvers from Terrandya." Donald lowered his head to look at him and nodded indifferently. At that point, Yolanda had closed her eyes and was having trouble breathing. Donald said, "She'll die soon."

Holton's eyes were reddened as he nodded. "I know." Unable to bear it, Ysabel said, "Donald, could you please save her? I know you can do it." My injury would've taken at least three to five months to heal. But now, I don't feel a thing! She had even sneaked a peek at her waist earlier and saw that the bruising had disappeared. When Holton heard that, he immediately recalled the scene of Donald showering his favor over the others earlier. His heart lurched as the realization dawned on him that Donald could very well possess the power to move mountains.

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**Chapter 443** Bloodbath "Sure," Donald said before crouching down and placing his finger between Yolanda's eyebrows. A stream of golden mist, visible to the naked eye, immediately flowed from his fingertip into her. Even though Yolanda fell into a deep sleep subsequently, it was apparent that her breathing had stabilized. "Thank you so much, Lord Campbell! From today onward, I am at your service!" Holton exclaimed as he got on his knees excitedly. "I shall gather all my resources and help you fight against the Campbell clan!" Alas, Donald shot him a glance. "I can wipe out the Campbell clan myself." Upon hearing that, Holton regained his composure. That's right! With Donald's power, annihilating the Campbell clan would be a walk in the park! "That said, I want to let the Campbells know what it feels like to be in utter despair!" Donald added. "I want to witness their fall from grace and slow descent into destruction!" "I'll do anything to help you, come hell or high water!"

Holton replied. With that, Donald turned to Ysabel. "I still have something to do. Take care of yourself. I'll soon make a public announcement about my return." Ysabel nodded obediently before a thought suddenly came to her. "Did you know that Jennifer and

Tyrone are getting engaged?” she piped up. “Yes,” Donald answered with a nod. “Let’s see what Jennifer eventually decides to do. I won’t stop her if she wants to follow through with the engagement, but I’m still going to kill Tyrone. My grandfather once said he won’t live past thirty, so I intend to make that happen.” Naturally, Holton could already picture the future. With the Ten Prestigious Families going up against Donald, the clash would undoubtedly become an endless bloodbath that send shockwaves throughout the country. Meanwhile, at Rivebale Hotel, Lana’s office was bustling with activity.

Kyler merely sat on the couch, marveling at her unparalleled beauty. Well, well, well, she sure has lived up to her reputation of being one of the top three beauties in Jadeborough! Lana, on the other hand, sat in her office chair with a look of deep annoyance while a few members of the Collins family took their seats opposite her. One of them was none other than her eldest brother, Hendrix, a man in his thirties. “Lana, you aren’t getting any younger!” he shouted, brow knitted into a frown. “I don’t want to think about it for the time being!” “What? That’s not something you can say no to!” Hendrix snapped. Even though the Winstons and Collinses were from the Ten Prestigious Families, the latter had been on a fast decline over the past few days. In fact, if it weren’t for Nathan being in charge of the eight warzones, the Collins family would’ve lost their status and prestige a while back. They, too, had an automotive business that focused mainly on foreign markets, but if there weren’t any changes in the next five years, their company would be doomed. As for the Winston family, everyone knew they controlled one-third of the country’s oil fields and coal mines.

If Lana agreed to a marriage of convenience with Kyler and secured some of those assets, not only would the Collinses be able to pivot into the energy industry, but they’d also be able to start new energy businesses. With so much at stake, the entire Collins family had no choice but to pin their hopes on Lana marrying Kyler. Nathan, too, was no exception. Unfortunately, Lana was an unwilling party and kept hiding from Kyler. It even got to the point where she escaped to Pollerton to start her own business. “I’m in love with someone else. Besides, Kyler doesn’t meet my beauty standards,” Lana spat. Those harsh words rendered Kyler and Hendrix speechless as their expressions gradually darkened. The next second, Hendrix stood up in a fit of anger. “Lana Collins! Do you hear yourself?” Curling her lips in disdain, Lana retorted, “I’m in love with someone else, and we’re even going to have a child together! Just give up and head back.” Kyler instantly reeled back from the news. What?

Has the woman I love coupled up with someone else? Have I lost my chance with this beauty? After much pondering, Kyler finally spoke up. “Lana, I suspect you’re only saying that to spite me. I refuse to believe you unless you show us the lucky man you’ve picked.”

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**Chapter 444 He Has Changed** For a moment, Lana panicked as her eyes slowly darkened. Ha! The person I like has been dead for a year. However, before she could reply, her secretary pushed the door open nervously. "Ms. Collins..." "What is it?" Lana grumbled, wondering if she should replace the stupid subordinate of hers. "Didn't I tell you to call before coming into my office?" "B-But Ms. Collins, there's a Donald Campbell looking for you," the secretary stammered helplessly. "I've already tried my best to stop him..." "What did you say?" Lana exclaimed, wide-eyed with shock. "Donald Campbell?"

With that, she hurriedly stood up and rushed out of the room, pushing her secretary aside as she did and leaving a cloud of gloom hanging over her visitors. Kyler and Hendrix, without a doubt, had the most sullen looks. They had both heard of Donald and knew the scandals surrounding him and Lana. What they couldn't wrap their heads around, though, was how Donald had returned when he was said to be dead. After getting into the elevator, Lana tried to calm her racing heart. Could it really be Donald? What if it's just a man with the same name? I've gotten my hopes up so high that I can't imagine what I'd do if it's not him. "Please don't disappoint me..." Lana muttered under her breath. "D\*mn it! Why is the elevator so slow? Which company manufactured this pathetic contraption? I'm going to change it out!" In her haste, Lana had forgotten how much she used to boast to the public about importing those elevators for her office or how fast and stable they were.

Ding! As soon as the elevator reached the first floor, Lana frantically pressed the door open button, hoping that'd speed up the opening of the doors. When they finally opened, Lana strode out of the elevator, albeit a lot calmer than before. She turned left and slowly made her way toward the reception area, only to see a suited-up young man with his hair tied and standing with his back facing her. The stature is quite similar to Donald's, but it's also not the same as what I remembered from a year ago. "Donald?" Lana said softly. When the man turned around, she finally saw that all too familiar handsome face. Oh, he's changed. He's a lot paler and looks like he's been through a lot. But other than that, he's still the same. His face is still just as warm and gentle as before. Lana suddenly felt her eyes watering as though Donald had brought the rain down on her. In the next second, her vision of him started to blur. She blinked rapidly, and even though she was still teary-eyed, she could once again see Donald standing in front of her, clear as day. "How have you been?"

the latter asked after staring at her for a long while. "Good. Everything's been good!" Lana replied with a big smile. "If you still hadn't returned, I'd have forgotten about you and married someone else." Donald gave that some thought before replying, "Well, you're almost thirty, aren't you? It's time to settle down." "Oh, shush!" Lana scolded as she walked up to him and gently patted his shoulder. "I've missed you, Donald!"

Naturally, many new staff members loitering in the hall were shocked by the sight before them. Does our CEO have someone she fancies? Is it not Kyler, though? Who's this man with her? "Have you eaten?" Lana asked. Even though it was a simple question, Donald was stunned. After all, it was the first time anyone had asked him that since his recovery. That reminds me. How long have I not eaten? So much time has passed that I can't even remember.

Interestingly, though, I'm not hungry at all. There's so much energy stored inside me that it can sustain me indefinitely. "Not yet. But I'm not hungry," Donald answered. "Let's get something to eat, then!" Lana exclaimed as she grabbed Donald's hand. "There's a newly opened restaurant in Pollerton that serves pretty good food!"

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Arrogance Donald didn't say no to that. After all, he loved playing the field and would never turn down the beautiful women who threw themselves at him. Besides, why should he? As a matter of fact, he had never known how to reject women. Some might say he was a passionate man who couldn't say no to the ladies. Others might say it was because he hadn't been in love for a while, which made him all the more desirable to the fairer sex. Donald and Lana were still chatting when the elevator sounded again. The next second, a grim-faced Kyler and Hendrix marched out, only to become even angrier when they saw Lana holding Donald's hand. "Lana, what on earth are you doing?" Hendrix scolded.

"How can you do something so inappropriate in public?" Kyler, on the other hand, stared daggers at Donald. There was only a fleeting murderous intent in the former's eyes, but Donald caught it anyway. Despite that, he merely glanced at Kyler and shrugged the matter off. Why wouldn't he, especially when he knew he was invincible now? Even if people were to attack Donald while wearing the Golden Alpha Armor, they still wouldn't be his match, so why would he be afraid of someone like Kyler? Lana sneered. "What's wrong with holding hands with my man? Not only do I want to hold him, but I'm also going to sleep with him tonight!" Most of the staff were so startled by that proclamation that they quickly lowered their heads and pretended not to have heard any of it. Kyler's face instantly blanched. Hendrix, too, was livid with rage as he stormed up to Donald and pointed angrily at him.

"Oh, I've heard about you, Donald Campbell. I may not know where or how you found your cure, but I know you're not good enough for Lana! You're just an abandoned child of the Campbell clan!" To his surprise, Donald remained unfazed. Ah, it's been a while

since anyone's called me that. "The abandoned child of the Campbell clan, huh?" he said coldly. "Interesting, because I've come back to let them have a taste of their own medicine." Needless to say, Donald's ego disgusted Kyler. Ha! Does he really think he can abandon the Campbell clan? His arrogance is repulsive! "Oh, please, don't make me laugh!" he scoffed. "Did you just say you want to abandon the Campbell clan?" "That's right. It doesn't matter how strong I am. So long as I cut all ties with the Campbell clan, wouldn't that mean I've abandoned them?" Kyler felt sick to his stomach. He sure has a wild imagination and an impressive ability to self-soothe. What a fool! I despise him so much! Still feeling indignant, Kyler threw a glance at Lana.

Oh, I wouldn't mind even if I only had ten minutes of fun with a beauty like her. Then again, fighting over a woman in public wouldn't be appropriate for someone of my stature, would it? "Let's forget about this, Hendrix. We can talk about the oil fields and coal mines another time," Kyler said before striding out of the building. Hendrix was like a cat on hot bricks. After all, the entire matter affected how things would change in the Collins family. Furthermore, he was the one in charge of the plan, so if talks fell through, the consequences would be dire. "Just you wait and see, Lana," Hendrix warned after glaring at the couple. "I'm going to tell Dad and Mom about this, and by then, not even Grandpa would be able to protect you!" With that, he took off and chased after Kyler. "Wait up, Kyler! Wait for me!" Lana heaved a sigh and broke into a smile once again. "Come on, let's get some food."

Once they got to the restaurant, Donald only ordered a cup of coffee before looking up at the woman in front of him. "Has something happened to the Collins family?" he asked. After taking a while to organize her thoughts, Lana replied, "Our family may be one of the Ten Prestigious Families, but our position is hanging by a thread. In short, we need to make some drastic changes fast. Otherwise, we'll lose our coveted standing." "Hasn't your family had that rank for five hundred years? Is it that easily replaceable?" Lana shook her head. "Nothing lasts forever, and that includes the Ten Prestigious Families. Any one of those families is replaceable. Have you heard of the Jenkins family from Jipsdale?

They're in the chip-manufacturing business, and the superchips they design are some of the best in the world. News is going around that they're about to showcase their fifth-generation chip at the upcoming fair. If everything goes according to their plan, they'd easily earn a spot in the Ten Prestigious Families and displace us. Traditional businesses are no longer profitable."

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Dartan Belongs To Me "Don't worry," Donald replied with a nod. "The fifth-generation chips are from Quadfield, and the research I have on that is ten years ahead of theirs."

Moreover, Lord Campbell Mountain Villa's research into new energy sources and superinsulation materials is already in its final stages. We should be able to showcase them at the fair too." Lana gazed fondly at Donald, head tilted as she rested her cheek on her hand and her ample bosom on the table. Donald, however, accidentally stole a glimpse and looked away immediately. "I'm curious," Lana said smilingly.

"Just how rich are you?" Even though he was taken aback by the question, Donald quickly regained his composure. "I don't have much now. My net worth is more than a hundred billion, but my expenses are astronomical. The annual fees for the three hundred thousand Horizon Group members alone are staggering enough." "Oh, my gosh! Where do you get your money from, then?" Calm as always, Donald took a sip of his coffee before dropping the bomb. "Well... Dartan belongs to me." Lana stared at him in utter disbelief, eyes widening with every second. Dartan was a foreign nation and also one of the global financial centers. However, it had been in a state of anarchy for the longest time, giving rise to the rampant growth of private armies. If it weren't for its strategic location, Dartan would have long descended into chaos and the junk heap of destruction. The precarious situation went on until Donald formed the Horizon Group and dispatched a team to set up a base in Dartan.

Dartan's a world trade center and has several countries around its borders. Once we've launched the new energy sources and superinsulation materials powered by our controlled fusion technology, we'll hold our first official press conference there," Donald added. "As for the superchip that you've mentioned, Dartan has an even more advanced one. It's the place to go for the best technology and innovation! Having heard all of that, Lana was utterly dumbfounded. The closer she got to Donald, the more she was stunned by his power and influence. No wonder everyone said Donald wouldn't be able to compete with the Campbell clan in the country, but if they were in an international setting, he'd crush them without even breaking a sweat! After chatting for a bit more, Lana decided to change the topic. "Jennifer and Tyrone are getting engaged on the twenty-sixth of this month. What are your thoughts on that?" Donald shook his head. "It all depends on what Jennifer thinks." In all honesty, he hadn't seen Jennifer yet, and neither did he have any traces of her in his memories. The only way to jog his memory of her was if he met her face to face. As such, he wasn't too bothered by the engagement for the time being. For the rest of the day, Donald roamed about Pollerton as he tried to search for his old memories. Meanwhile, Silas was starting to suspect that something had gone amiss. Not only had Francesco not returned, but the bodyguards he sent out had also failed to find any information. Silas had set up an office in Pollerton, and a group of people had gathered inside, most of whom Donald would find acutely familiar.

Other than Silas, there was also the chairman of Pollerton Translations, Akio Ono. However, there was one specific person that caught everyone else's attention. He was a man in his seventies, dressed in a long, flowing robe. Even as he sat quietly in his seat, the aura emanating from him was eerily frightening. As it turned out, the man was

none other than Jeffery Lysle, Francesco's master. He was one of the founding members of Crimson Dust Order and had immense influence overseas. At that moment, Jeffery was stoic as he gripped his phone tight, not saying a word. "There's still no news about Brutus and Francesco," Silas uttered before stealing a peek at Jeffery. To say the latter was terrifying would be an understatement. Jeffery had earned his fame decades ago, and everyone knew his powers were unfathomable. Silas had even once witnessed him casually leaping a hundred meters into the air.

Just as one could cut the atmosphere with a knife, a knock on the door rang out, breaking the silence. A masked man promptly entered the room and walked up to Akio. "Mr. Ono, I've seen Holton Danvers and Arnaldo Wilson. They're still alive!" This time, it was Jeffery's turn to be surprised at the masked man's appearance. After all, he could tell from one look that the latter was the third-best fighter in Yartran, Amadeus!

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### Unlimited Son-In-Law

#### Chapter 447

**Chapter 447** Threatened Amadeus paused briefly before continuing, "According to the informant, Donald seems to be alive too. He's having his meal at a restaurant now." Silas narrowed his eyes. "This Donald is such a lucky person. I've been searching for him for so long. Unexpectedly, he's still alive. Well, that's fine too." Jeffery said, "Let's target Holton first. We'll force him to tell us what happened before killing him. Then, we'll murder Donald!" Silas uttered, "I think there's no need to be anxious tomorrow is the day of the summary meeting, right? I'll send an invitation to Holton and Arnaldo.

Let's see if they will come. If they attend and are willing to offer up all their assets, I can consider sparing their lives!" Jeffery pondered for a few moments. "Is that necessary?" Silas explained solemnly, "Of course, it is. The richest man in Pollerton, Charles Langford, is still putting up a futile resistance. Ethan Lynch has only surrendered ninety percent of his properties, while Zayne Yates and Tyson Quirk are also hiding some of their fortunes. We'll take the opportunity tomorrow to make an example of them. I want to make all the local influences in Pollerton recognize that we are in charge of Pollerton from now on!" Jeffery pondered his words for some time before saying, "We'll do as you say then!" Meanwhile, a few people were sitting inside Charles' office. All of them wore bitter and worried expressions. Ethan was disheartened. He was initially Pollerton's powerful gang leader, owning over ten bars, KTVs, and even an entire street of shop lots. However, all of that was gone now, leaving him with only ten percent of his original riches. He had no other alternative because Silas instructed Brutus to coerce him into signing the agreement by placing a knife on his neck. If Ethan did not cooperate, Brutus would kill him. Ethan did not dare to look for Neil because if Silas knew about that, he would immediately bury Ethan alive. Zayne was aggrieved as well because he lost his Primordial Tower. Charles was not doing any better.

His attempts to establish contact with Tristan had been unfruitful. The latter was still abroad and could not return to the country for the time being. Besides, even if Tristan came back, he would not make a move on Silas either. Silas was the Lord of Underground of Terrandya, while Tristan controlled an overseas underground army. If both parties clashed head-on, the impact would be disastrous, possibly destroying even the nation's social stability. "Silas had sent out the invitations. His intention of hosting the summary meeting at Rivebale Hotel tomorrow is clear as day. He wants us to hand over our remaining assets!" Charles uttered hoarsely. Ethan bellowed angrily, "Silas Doyle! He's too ambitious!" Zayne sighed. "What can we do aside from giving him what he wants? Who has the capabilities to go against Francesco? I reckon if we do not yield tomorrow, he will harm us." Silence filled the atmosphere inside the room as dread filled everyone's chest. Suddenly, Ethan's phone rang.

He glanced at the caller ID with a frown and hung up the call instantaneously. The caller was none other than his old rival, Henry Moore. He was initially repressed by Ethan. However, after knowing Silas' arrival at Pollerton, Henry swiftly turned to support Silas and offered up all his properties. Silas was fond of Henry's attitude, so he allowed Henry to handle all of Jim's previous businesses. As a result, Henry became Silas' most loyal follower. He would do whatever bidding Silas asked of him. After the call was hung up, the phone rang again. Charles knitted his brows and said, "Pick up the call. Let's listen to what he has to say." Only then did Ethan unwillingly answer the call. Henry uttered in a haughty and upbeat tone, "Hahaha! Good day, Ethan. You're a fool. From tomorrow onward, you'll be rendered a commoner. I suppose you've never thought I would rise above you one day. Ultimately, Mr. Doyle will have to return to Terrandya sooner or later. By then, I will rule Pollerton!" Ethan roared, "What are you gloating about?" Henry replied, "Well, that's because I'm happy. Remember to come tomorrow. If you don't show yourself tomorrow, I'll have to visit you at your grave if I wish to meet you!" He was blatantly threatening Ethan.

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### **Unlimited Son-In-Law**

#### **Chapter 448**

Chapter 448 Despair Ethan had the urge to smash his phone onto the floor after hanging up the phone. "Silas is way over the line!" Charles was displeased as well. He said resentfully, "What can we do? Rumor has it, Silas' wife is possibly a member of the Winston family." The Winston family was also one of the Ten Prestigious Families. Their businesses mainly revolved around petroleum and coal mining industries. They control one-third of the country's oil fields. Someone knocked on the door amidst their perturbation. Charles and Zayne frowned. "I'd like to see who that is. Believe me that I'll chop off this person's head!" Ethan instantly leaped to his feet and strode toward the

door. Everyone else turned to look at the door. When the door was yanked open, a young man with disheveled hair and indistinguishable facial features was seen standing outside. The next second, colors drained from Ethan's face in fright. He took a few steps back and stammered, "C-Crabface!" The elites of Pollerton were made aware of the advent of Crabface in the city. He shattered Leviathan and Noah's destroyer with a kick, battering Javon, the Sword Saint, until the latter scampered miserably in defeat. Ethan never anticipated Crabface to appear in front of him suddenly. He wondered, "Could Crabface be working under Silas?" Charles, Zayne, and the others swiftly stood up as if a huge threat had emerged. They gazed at the figure at the door with darkened and solemn expressions. "May I know why you are here, Mister?" Charles stepped forward, holding his walking stick. In fact, he was a muscular man, but he enjoyed putting up the pretense of a fragile, weak elderly by using the walking stick. That habit was driven by his extreme sense of vigilance. "Excuse me. I dropped my rubber band." While fear and anxiety filled the chests of the others inside the room, Crabface bent down to pick up a black rubber band from the floor. Then, he brushed and tied his hair, revealing the whole of his face. Ethan was stunned. He cursed, "F\*ck..." Charles fell into a momentary daze. A split second later, a joyous grin spread across his face as he exclaimed, "Lord Campbell!" Zayne's nephew, Frankie, dashed forward and knelt on the floor. "Welcome back, Lord Campbell!" Donald nodded while walking into the room. "You all seemed troubled? Take a sit." Everyone returned to their seats. All of them were beyond excited. Donald's return had significantly boosted their confidence and prompted them to feel hopeful again. "Let me explain," Ethan uttered agitatedly. Then, he recounted everything that had happened. "Jeffery and Silas?" Donald nodded indifferently after hearing the story. "All right. I got it. Leave this matter to me." "But Francesco and Brutus are very skilled fighters. Taking Jeffery into consideration, don't you think it is safer to bring more people along, Lord Campbell?" Ethan asked worryingly. Donald shook his head. "That's not needed. I can end Jeffrey's life with a flick of my finger. As for Francesco and Brutus, I've already killed them." His tone was calm and casual as if he was mentioning a trivial matter. Contrary to his impassiveness, waves of emotions churned within those who heard him. After all, Donald had killed Francesco, Leader of Crimson Dust Order, an A+-rank overseas organization. There were only a few organizations of such caliber in the world. The tier above A+ was S. S-rank was then categorized into 1S to 5S. The Ten Prestigious Families were exceptional organizations in 5S-rank, sharing similar grades with the Horizon Group. Even an A+-rank organization was considered a formidable armed force internationally. After that, everyone began describing the things Silas had done all the while. Donald merely listened silently, occasionally flashing a contemplative look, but did not seem too bothered. "I got it. I'll be there tomorrow. As for the things all of you have lost, I'll make sure to reclaim every one of them," Donald announced. Ethan was elated. He wanted so badly to call Henry at once. However, on second thought, he decided it was better to let Henry experience despair at the meeting venue tomorrow.