

Unlimited Son-In-Law Chapter 465-468

Chapter 465

A Long Lost Weapon “I will take all of you at once,” Nathan replied calmly. He had no fear of death. Erskine was the first to move when he stomped on the ground, sending an arm-wide crack extending from where his foot landed. Dust shot up from the ground and was floating in the air. Immediately, Nathan drilled his Serpent Spear into the ground. An overwhelming force was injected deep underground, clashing with the momentum created from Erskine’s blow. Boom! Three deafening explosions ensued as the ground between them broke in a clamor, emitting a glaring light. Like a demon, Erskine dashed into the haze, and by the time he emerged again, his fist was already directed at Nathan.

Nathan hurled his spear to cushion the impact of the attack. His lance curved inward as the blow landed. Then, he lifted his left hand and beat the end of his spear. At the force, the weapon straightened and exerted an immensely huge force, thrusting Erskine off into the air. Crack! His body smashed into a towering tree, and the trunk fell apart. Nathan’s counterattack was formidable, but he overexerted himself. He coughed up a mouthful of black blood. “You’ve been poisoned!” Finnley cried out in terror. Hobarton chuckled. “Yes, and there’s no cure for it—at least not in this country. If I’m not wrong, his organs are pulverized by now.” Meanwhile, Erskine appeared from amidst the dust again, clapping. “You did not disappoint at all, Nathan Collins. You’ve been poisoned, but not weakened.” Nathan stood back up in silence.

“Enough talk. Paralyze him. The Chiliad Avion will have to come and claim him with what we want,” Erskine ordered. Pharaoh advanced, but before he could come any closer, he and those around him saw something coming from above, and they looked up. Before they could even react, someone had shot down at lightning speed behind Nathan and Finnley. That person grabbed their clothes, and in the next instant, the lot had already rocketed into the sky. Everything happened in just a second. “Rosie Irving! Why are you here?” Nathan asked. Rosie Irving was a dashing woman in her thirties known for her unbeatable speed. “Your family offered one whole production line for your life, so here I am,” she replied coldly. “There’s no way I can get away from them,” Nathan said with a sigh. “Ah!” With a grunt, Rosie’s body jerked forward before she fell to the ground. It turned out that Pharaoh had caught up.

A snake-like wire circled above his head with blood dripping down from it. He had ground a hole through Rosie’s back, and she was bleeding. “No one challenges my speed,” Pharaoh sneered. Finnley’s eyes went red when he saw the weapon. It was exactly the same wire that punctured the heads of the three thousand two hundred members of the Collins family. Beside him, Rosie’s face contorted in agony. “Rosie? Are you okay?” A voice came from the wireless microphone she was wearing. It was someone from the Irving family. They had been keeping a close eye on the war. “It’s Pharaoh. He got Hunter’s Coil,” the woman replied. The person on the other end sucked a breath of cold air. Even Nathan was shocked. “Are you sure that’s Hunter’s Coil?” Like jurganite, Hunter’s Coil was made of a type of rare ore.

The only difference was it was much rarer than jurganite. Hunter’s Coil could be controlled by voice. It was as if it had a spirit of its own and it was highly sensitive to high pitch sounds. That meant that it could be summoned and controlled using songs or whistles and it could penetrate just anything. The weapon appeared once thirty years ago. It was used to eliminate the old Novem Stella Warriors in the country. After that, no one knew where it went until Pharaoh used it that day

Unexpected Aid “You’re right. It’s Hunter’s Coil.” With a whistle, Pharaoh straightened the wire before it curled up into a ball of a baby fist’s size. Nathan closed his eyes in desperation. I should have known. Swoosh! Footsteps approached. The special forces were closing in, and their searchlights illuminated the earth as they neared. Rosie was unnerved at the sight. There are at least tens of thousands of them, and they are armed with the best weapons. There were people from the Angel Alliance, the Knights of The Round Table, the Homeless Alliance, and an army.

Together, they formed the Continental Rebel Army—one of the biggest armed mercenary groups abroad. Their leader was someone they called “General,” a long-term partner of Noah. “I guess I don’t have a choice. I will have to go all out if I want the production line,” Rosie noted with a smile. “Kill the annoying woman first!” Erskine ordered. He morphed into a humanoid tank and charged forward. Then, he raised his shiny robotic arm and extended its sharp fingers, wanting to pierce through Rosie’s head. Rosie’s eye widened in horror. With a grunt, Nathan got ready to unleash his full potential to save her.

A whistle was suddenly sounded. Again, the Hunter’s Coil in Pharaoh’s hand extended into a full-fledge coil, penetrating Nathan’s scapula. The other end of the wire was maneuvered toward his abdomen. Nathan snarled at the attack and lost all his ability to fight. He was locked right where he was, unable to move an inch. All he could do was watch Rosie being butchered. “Rosie!” the person shouted through the wireless earpiece. “What’s going on?” “I think Hobarton poisoned me. I can’t move!” she shouted frantically. She slumped to the ground, and her face paled as she watched the robotic arm move closer toward her throat. She could even see in her mind Erskine’s gruesome face as he choked her to death. That was a moment of despair for her, but it was also then that a loud noise reverberated in the air.

Erskine was propelled backward forcefully until he banged into a tree. His right arm shook uncontrollably at the impact. Everyone was thunderstruck. “How dare you.” From deep within the woods, a man in a metal mask and a suit surfaced. On his back was a metal box that looked like a coffin. Erskine stared at his arm in disbelief, and a tempestuous storm raged in his heart. He could not believe his arm was punctured by a mere stone. I’m a Novem Stella Warrior! There’s no way a stone can break my arm! Who is this man? Nathan and his friends were equally alarmed. They shifted their gaze toward the mysterious man—Donald.

“How dare you create a mess in my territory? Since you guys have the audacity to do that, none of you will leave Yorksland alive,” Donald continued calmly as he walked toward Nathan. When he was right in

front of Nathan, Donald looked down at the Novem Stella Warrior. "Run," Nathan whispered when he met Donald's gaze. "There's poison all around," the wounded man added. "Who are you?" Erskine interrupted. "You'll regret coming here alone," Pharaoh weighed in. Beerus also agreed. "We have thirty thousand soldiers from the special forces with us. Besides, there are four Novem Stella Warriors here."

Donald glanced around, and golden flames shone in his eyes. At that time, beams of red lights were directed toward him. The snipers were ready to fire. "Kill him!" Pharaoh roared. Bang! Gunshots echoed incessantly until the moment when everyone stopped in horror. A light beam blocked off the bullets around Donald, protecting Nathan and everyone else who was with him. They dodged all the bullets.

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The Golden Lord "Is this the best you can do?" Donald ridiculed. "Since you dare lay a finger on the army of Yorksland, I will teach you what 'despair' means today." Then, Donald lifted his foot and booted the ground. Vroom! Ear-shattering explosions followed one after another, shaking up the whole no man's land. What came next were shrieks and screams of thousands of special forces soldiers who were flung upward into the air en masse. The projectiles halted mid-air before Donald held out his five fingers and clenched his fist. Poof! All of them were smashed into dust. What? What kind of power is this? Before that attack was over, Donald lifted his hand again and another five thousand soldiers were hurled into the air. The same fate befell them when they were burned into ashes. Nathan, Finnley, and Rosie were awestruck. Did he just kill ten thousand men? Beerus, Pharaoh, Erskine, and Hobarton froze with their eyes glued to the sight as their faces turned colorless. Since when did Yorksland have such a formidable warrior?

"This is insane!" Finnley exclaimed. Rosie was equally shaken. Her beautiful eyes said it all when they widened in disbelief. His power is terrifying. As a Novem Stella Warrior himself, Nathan thought he was already at the pinnacle, but when he saw Donald, his mind was blown away. "Who are you?" Erskine roared. "Who am I?" Donald mumbled as if he was talking to himself. "I'll show you who I am." Clang! The metal box he carried was flung into the air and it opened up on its own. A sparkling halberd dropped from the metal box into his hand. The jurganite halberd! He must be the Golden Lord! "The Golden Lord! You didn't die!" Erskine bellowed. Fear flooded his eyes. With the weapon in his hand, Donald became increasingly invincible and intimidating until his whole self turned into the embodiment of perfection. His power level broke five million, and the whole area quaked violently around him.

Although no one was wearing evaluation glasses, Donald's power level was evident. Everyone knew he was indestructible at that point. His ability was fully released, sending ripples of strong astral winds blowing across their bodies. Cries resounded again among the soldiers.

Their flesh was cut open and scrapped off by the waves of wind, leaving behind just their skeletons. Erskine, who was already debilitated by the sight, retreated speedily and fled, but just as he turned, the golden halberd appeared and enlarged in his field of vision until it nailed him to the ground through his stomach. In a heavy thud, the warrior was pinned to the ground. "Argh!" Erskine bawled. Meanwhile, Rosie had already taken out her phone to record what she saw. "Harness your poison!" Pharaoh reminded Hobarton. Donald turned slowly and pointed at them. "Come at me all at once if y'all dare," he uttered.

"Now!" the King of Plagues barked. He waved his right hand, and a green thick smoke diffused into the air from his palm, engulfing his enemy. "Die now!" Hobarton cursed, but the hideous expression on his face was soon replaced by shock. When the poison got in contact with Donald's skin, it formed circles of ripple before turning into flames. He's invulnerable to poison! Swoosh! Pharaoh quickly awakened Hunter's Coil and unplugged the metal wire from Nathan's body. It expanded until hundreds of meters long with one end accelerating toward Donald's head, but the latter did not dodge. The coil hit him, emitting a loud clash when it collided with Donald's head. The friction sparks proved that Hunter's Coil did not penetrate his skin at all.

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Plena Stella Warrior Then, Donald grabbed the coil and crumpled it in his palm. "Nice tool. I'll take it." Pharaoh was shell-shocked. In a swift movement, he vanished from where he was. When he reappeared again, he was already hundreds of meters away from Donald. "And you call yourself the fastest warrior in the world?" Donald scoffed. While his voice was still ringing at one spot, his body was already right in front of Pharaoh and Donald clutched him in the neck. Rosie gaped at his shadow which was still lingering and talking in the original spot. "What the f*ck! I'm seeing his afterimage!" Right after Donald's shadow disappeared, he returned to the same spot again with Pharaoh in his hand.

Donald smashed him to the ground and drilled his foot through his stomach. A gush of blood spurted from Pharaoh's mouth, and he felt as if his whole body was crushed. Donald's strength was unbearable for him. "Fall back!" Beerus roared. His heart was already overwhelmed by fear. He knew he should not stay any longer, yet before he retreated, a sharp pang of pain spread across his chest. He lowered his gaze only to see Donald's punch planted on his chest before his ribcage shattered. One blow! Beerus could not even survive a single blow from Donald. I'm a Novem Stella Warrior! I should have seen him coming at me! Beerus' hands crossed in front of his chest as he was pushed back by Donald's force by tens of meters. That distance was nothing to Donald. He marched forward and dealt another punch. The second blow's impact was so great it emitted a light that lit up the whole sky. Slash! The strike landed on Beerus' arms and severed his two limbs. His agonizing shrieks pierced through the air as his body was thrown off far away, breaking tens of trees before he finally dropped to the ground, immobilized. Hobarton knew that was a lost cause. He ran off frantically to save his life. At that moment, Donald looked at the coil in his hand and whipped it. Hunter's Coil straightened into a one-hundred-meter long string and it stabbed Hobarton, pegging him to an old tree.

The four Novem Stella Warriors from abroad were no match for Donald. They could not even survive a blow from him. When Donald returned to the ground again, he motioned his right hand, and the jurganite halberd returned to him. Erskine, who had witnessed what happened to his companions, was gripped by terror. How do I not know of such a person in Yorksland? Could he be a Decem Stella Warrior? "A-Are you a Decem Stella Warrior?" he choked. "No. I'm a Plena Stella Warrior," he answered in indignance as he walked toward the armed troops facing him. Those ten-over companies had their guns in place and took aim at Donald. One of the leaders spoke into his loudspeaker. "Fighters of Yorksland!" he shouted. "Hand us the Novem Stella Warrior before we raze this entire place to the ground!" A choppy sound came from above as helicopters and fighter jets hovered above Donald, getting ready to fire at him. Nathan struggled to get on his feet and took a leap until he stood at the top of a tree so he could have a bird's-eye view of the situation.

Twenty thousand armed soldiers already had them surrounded, yet down below, Donald was completely unfazed. "I hope you guys are prepared to die since you chose to attack Yorksland. No one escapes my attack alive!" Donald's tenacity in the face of the vast army made him look even more commanding. "I will take on all of you in one go. There's no need to go easy on me," Donald stated calmly as he beheld his enemy. With that said, the jurganite halberd blazed up in an explosion.