

Unlimited Son-In-Law Chapter 477-480

Chapter 477

The Tables Have Turned Leonard followed suit and went down on his knees. "Yes, yes, Jennifer wasn't thinking and acted rashly. It's all Donald's fault! Everything will be resolved as long as he's dead." The crowd despised what Leonard and Linda did. Why on earth did the seniors kneel before their son-in-law? At the same time, Leonard's ruthlessness also struck terror into their hearts because he had just reminded Tyrone to murder Donald! Looming over the crowd like a high and lofty king, Tyrone cleared his throat and cast an imposing cold glance at the rest who were mere specks of dust in his eyes.

"Needless to say, I'll get rid of Donald. However, I'll also get revenge on the Wilsons." Once again, Kevin darted across and made a lunge for Donald. "Why are you still alive? You should go to h*ll, Donald!" Right then, Donald's eldest uncle, Michael intervened. "Why are you going against Mr. Tyrone, Donald? We've come a long way. Why must you bring this upon us?" Gideon and the rest were equally infuriated, so much so that they wished to strike Donald to death. "I'll settle everything and put this matter to rest." Donald pulled Jennifer to his side and exchanged glances with Tyrone. The latter broke out laughing. "I heard that Silas searched for you high and low for a year when you deliberately hid.

So you dare to show your face now that he had been assassinated?" Most of the people from Pollerton were aware of the mishap which befell Silas when he was murdered by Crabface. Hence, Tyrone had the impression that Donald went missing in action for a year because he was targeted by Silas. Based on that assumption, he presumed that Donald resurfaced because Silas was dead. "Lo and behold, he's a coward!" The crowd started to give him an odd look. Some disdained him, including Jennifer. Upon calming herself down, a thought suddenly dawned on Jennifer. Although Silas is long gone, my impulsive actions today would make Donald lock horns with Tyrone directly! The scary thing is that Tyrone is more vicious than Silas. Additionally, he's also more powerful and cruel.

Tyrone seemed to have noticed the change in Jennifer's expression. Again, he fixated his gaze on her and asked, "Jennifer, I'm giving you one last chance to change your mind. I won't lay a finger on Donald if you finish this ceremony with me. Otherwise, I'll see to it that he won't leave this place alive." Just then, footsteps from soldiers marching away in unison were heard from the outside. It was the Campbell Clan's Army. From the rumble and clatter of armor heard, there were thousands of them besieging the entire place. All of them looked very much like members of the Horizon Group, especially the one leading the troop. He seemed to be in his sixties or seventies with the look of a modern priest in a suit and holding a black umbrella. In actual fact, he was Quentin, aged a hundred and fifty. A century ago, he

was already a Novem Stella Warrior. No one could imagine how powerful he had become! "Enough! It's best that nobody heads out until this matter is resolved,"

Tyrone said. "It's not the end yet. We still have a chance to turn things around." Linda got all worked up and pointed at her daughter. "Carry on with the ceremony, Jennifer! Go!" Leonard mulled it over and advised, "Jennifer, you don't want Donald to die, do you? If that's the case, hurry up and apologize to Tyrone." Jennifer's face turned ghastly. She lifted her head and swept a glance at the man who she loved. "Donald, I... I'm sorry. I don't want you to get hurt. Therefore, I must go." Tears flowed down her cheeks. Donald furrowed his brows upon sensing that something was not right with Tyrone.

A man like him never allows himself to be entangled in any relationships. Logically, he wouldn't make such a big fuss over Jennifer. I'm sure he has a hidden agenda. Donald stopped Jennifer and assured her, "It's okay. I got this." Jennifer shook her head and replied, "He's Tyrone, one of the Campbells. You know how the Campbell clan works, don't you?"

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Three Hundred Thousand Soldiers While speaking, she tried her best to break free from Donald's embrace. Tyrone watched on with great interest. "See, Donald. This is the best thing about having the upper hand. I can crush you anytime, to the extent that I can even make your woman dump you and throw herself into my arms." Unfazed, Donald domineeringly kept Jennifer close to him and said, "Don't worry. Just leave it to me." A cold smirk settled upon his face. "Who on earth do you think you are?"

Kevin shouted contemptuously as he lost control of himself and threw a plate in Donald's direction. Knowing that his tossing skills were bad, Donald ignored him totally. Linda chimed in, "How can a bast*rd like you compare yourself to Mr. Tyrone?" "Donald, don't drag us down with you," retorted Leonard. The Wilson family never stopped hurling insults and harsh comments at him. Gideon even stomped his feet out of frustration and yelled, "Seriously, just who exactly do you think you are?" Donald scanned his surroundings and stopped at Tyrone. "I guess I'm outnumbered, huh?" While the latter fell silent, Xylus interrupted, "Precisely. How are you going to fight the Campbell clan? They will crush you into a million pieces within the snap of a finger. You're doomed even with divine intervention."

A mocking expression appeared on Donald's face. "What if I have three hundred thousand members of the Horizon Group at my command?" Everyone present froze for a second before bursting out into

laughter. They could hardly hold it back in. The Horizon Group serves in Quadfield. Will they offend the Campbell clan for the sake of Donald? Tyrone sneered, "Are you building castles in the air? Three hundred thousand soldiers from Horizon Group will..." Before he could finish his sentence, the chief from the Campbell Clan's Army rushed in and reported, "Mr. Tyrone, we've been surrounded by Horizon Group. There are three hundred thousand of them in total!" Oh my... The crowd was bewildered. Three hundred thousand soldiers from Horizon Group? Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! Just then, the deafening siren and flare gun signals ejected into the sky attracted the attention of most guests. They took a peek outside and witnessed rows after rows of well-trained soldiers, fully armed and suited in traditional armor. Each of them looked ever ready to attack their prey.

Soon, a green armored man holding the Azure Wyvern Blade walked in. It was none other than Kingsley, the Wyvern King. The startled Tyrone turned his head to look at Donald, perplexed. Why does Horizon Group keep lending a hand to Donald? Is he one of them? "What do you want, Kingsley?" Xylus questioned him rudely. Kingsley removed his helmet and revealed his good-looking face. Then, he pointed his blade at Tyrone. "Don't I look familiar to you?" Everyone present was baffled, including Tyrone. They had no clue what he meant. Kingsley smiled coldly. "Ten years ago, the Campbell clan wiped out the entire Louberg family." "What does that have to do with you?" Tyrone grew impatient. Kingsley continued, "You know me as Kingsley Felton, but my real name is Walter Louberg. Can you believe that I'm still alive and kicking after ten long years?" Tyrone's heart lurched in response. He was aware of the tragedy that befell the Loubergs. A young man from the Campbell clan named Ronan was responsible for the mission. Never in a million years would he have thought that one of the Loubergs survived and became the renowned General Felton of Horizon Group!

Tyrone rose to his feet and exclaimed, "So, you're saying that you were the one who made all thirty-two hundred guards from the Campbell clan disappear without a trace as soon as they stepped foot into Pollerton?" With a gloating look, Kingsley responded, "Yes, you're absolutely right. Today, I'm here to beat the h*ll out of you!" "Watch your words, young man. Don't be too insolent." A crisp voice was heard from behind.

"No doubt you're a formidable opponent, you still have a long way to go." Kingsley turned his head and spotted Quentin right away. "I might not be your match, but what if they join me?" Donald pointed toward the door.

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I Dare You A woman in red armor made her way over. She was cool and had a red spear with her.

Her aura was downright intimidating. That was Alessia Morey, the Phoenix King.

Xylus' evaluation glasses hummed and rang.

To everybody's surprise, those glasses revealed that her power level was at least eight hundred thousand.

That meant she was on par with Octo Stella Warriors.

Her power might even be equal to Novem Stella Warriors. Still, Quentin shook his head and said, "You have two Octo Stella Warriors with you, but that still won't beenough." "Is that so?" A deep voice echoed around the place.

It didn't take long before a tall, muscular man stepped forward with a metallic rod that would actually be better described as a pillar. That was the Chelonian King. "What if I were to join the fight as well?" asked Manticore King who was the last one to show up. The Four Greatest Divine Generals were all Octo Stella Warriors.

When they stand united like that, even Quentin would be overwhelmed.

He was getting too old and was nearing one hundred and fifty yearsold.

If he didn't have the drugs that genetically modified him or if he had lost his incredible strength, he would long be gone.

That was why he rarely got into fights. Every time he got into a battle, his stamina and strength would be depleted.

Quentin glared.

“Are you sure you want to go against the Campbell clan?”

Kingsley calmly replied, “I don’t really care what price I have to pay.

I’m simply here to humiliate Tyrone and the Campbell clan.

Everyone here can slap Tyrone, and anyone who stands in our way will be killed.”

“Don’t you dare!” roared Tyrone as Xylus stepped up.

Turned out that no one dared to go after them. Kingsley was there to help everyone, but at the end of the day, they would still have to return to Quadfield.

What then? What do they do if the Campbell clan came after them after Kingsley left?

“Anyone who goes after Tyrone today will be, in effect, declaring war against the Campbell clan,” announced Xylus. Just then, Donald stepped up and slowly made his way to them.

“Then I will make the first move.” Kingsley kept his expression stoic so that he wouldn’t slip or expose any secret.

He simply said, “Okay, go ahead.” Slowly but surely, Donald moved toward Tyrone.

Xylus' gaze turned evil.

He reached out and tried to choke Donald with one hand.

Jennifer yelled, "Careful."

As soon as she finished speaking, an arm fell to the ground.

Someone had cut it off cleanly. No one knew when Kingsley made his move or how he showed up right in front of Donald within seconds, but they knew he was the one who severed Xylus' arm.

"Did you not hear what I said earlier?" Xylus screamed in pain as he gripped his shoulder. Step by step, Donald moved toward Tyrone. Quentin leaped to go to protect Tyrone, but he hadn't even reached the place before all four Octo Stella Warriors barred his path.

They stopped him in his track. Tyrone stood up and glared evilly at Donald.

"Donald Campbell!" Donald was moving steadily forward and didn't stop until he was standing right in front of Tyrone.

The former put his hand on the latter's throat and pushed him right back into his seat.

Slap! A merciless slap swept across his face. The entire place fell silent.

Everyone was stunned at the sight of what had happened.

Their eyes bulged as they stared in astonishment. It was simply too crazy.

That was the renowned Tyrone Campbell who was one of the heirs of the Campbell clan.

And now, he had been slapped in public! "Stop it!" roared someone.

The Campbell Clan's Army was about to rush to his rescue.

"You imbecile!" The Horizon Group made their moves as well, and many stepped forward.

They pointed their spears at the Campbell Clan's Army, who were extremely loyal.

This is it.

War is about to break out.

Those were the thoughts that ran through quite a few minds.

Even Neil was thinking of the same thing. Tyrone was weak, didn't know martial arts, and was born physically fragile.

Hence, Donald could easily choke the guy and forced him back to his seat.

"Over a decade ago, you slapped my grandfather, even though you were only sixteen years old.

I have repaid you for that today," declared Donald as he towered over Tyrone and glared. Tyrone's gaze burned with cruelty as a palm print slowly bubbled up in his reddening face.

He looked rather calm and somewhat kind earlier, but that same face was now shining evilly.

In a harsh tone, he said, "Donald Campbell, have you thought about the consequences of your actions?".

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Slapped "Do you realize that Horizon Group will not be here forever? You simply got lucky and are here when they happen to show up.

At the end of the day, you are still a powerless idiot."

Donald stared calmly.

"The previous slap was to punish you for what you did to my grandfather.

This next one is for me." After saying all that, he slapped Tyrone again, this time on the other side of Tyrone's face. Many guests squirmed with their eyes closed.

It was almost as if that slap was dealt on their own faces.

"This next one is to teach you a lesson about the consequences of being too arrogant," said Donald.

He remained just as relaxed as he could be when he slapped Tyrone again.

That totaled to three slaps.

“This slap is to punish you for trying to hurt Jennifer.

And this one is to get back at you for killing my grandfather’s career for so many years...” Donald didn’t stop until he dealt nine continuous slaps across Tyrone’s face.

He grabbed a chair and sat right in front of Tyrone to look right into the latter’s eyes.

Tyrone had one of his hands clutching his shirt to put pressure on his chest and used his other hand to shakily retrieve a piece of tissue to wipe the blood off of his lips.

By then, his eyes were already burning with insanity and fury.

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“I have decided to cut every member of the Campbell family in the Sanctum Branch off.

Everyone, regardless of age and gender, will be disowned!” Gideon trembled right away when he heard what Tyrone said.

The former glared at Donald as anger and hatred ran wildly in his heart.

Donald, however, scoffed.

“I am not worried about that threat.

We’ve been on opposite sides for over a decade, and the tension between US has only gotten worse.

I should share yet another bad news with you, though.

I will officially reopen the Dragon Fide Villa project today.” One sentence was all it took to blow everybody’s mind.

Their reaction to that news was understandable because that was just how great the Dragon Fide Villa project was. Over a decade ago, Raymond spearheaded the project that would build mansions on a luxurious site.

Once it was completed, it would be the largest luxurious residential area in the country and the profit it generated would be tremendous.

Unfortunately, Raymond got on Tyrone's bad side while the project was still ongoing and the project was forced to come to a sudden halt.

It had since turned into the worst abandoned region in the country and no developer wanted to take over.

Even members of other powerful families were too afraid to take over as well because doing so would imply that they were opposing the Campbell family. Hence, no one, be they rich tycoons or developers, had ever thought about kick-starting the Dragon Fide Villa project again. Donald, however, had publicly declared that he would do exactly that.

Many saw that as a mission impossible and thought he was a lunatic.

Tyrone was taken aback when he first heard the news.

He came around soon after and glanced at Donald mockingly.

"The man from Jadeborough is on his deathbed and won't last long.

He is the most powerful ally you and your grandfather have, and even he is too weak to help you.

What makes you think you can get the Dragon Fide Villa project running again? You don't think that Horizon Group will help you with that, do you? That would just be ridiculous." "Okay, enough.

The conflict between US will end right here and now.

Don't mess with me again or no one, not even Luke, can save you," warned Donald while glaring evilly at Tyrone. The Luke that Donald mentioned earlier was none other than Luke Campbell, the current leader of the Campbell clan. Quentin was being held back and couldn't even move a muscle.

All he could do was watch as Donald mercilessly and continuously slapped Tyrone.

When Donald got down from the stage, he made his way to Jennifer and offered his hand.

"I'll take you with me." Jennifer stared hesitantly for a bit, but she eventually took his hand obediently and nodded.

"Okay." After that, she let Donald take her right out of the front door.

Tyrone watched as the two of them left.

The viciousness of his soul was glowing from his eyes and was clear as day.

"Jennifer Wilson, if you walk out of here today, I will commit suicide," threatened Linda loudly. Jennifer turned around and glanced at her mother before leaving. Tyrone was about to stand up when Kingsley suddenly showed up right in front of him.

The latter towered over the former, glared, and said, "Not yet.

I haven't dealt you your punishment yet." Slap! Slap! Slap! Kingsley was much harsher than Donald was, and his slaps came one after another, making the place sound as though someone was clapping. Many closed their eyes because they were too afraid to witness it.