

Unlimited Son-In-Law Chapter 481-484

Chapter 481

Ruined Plans Twenty slaps landed on Tyrone's face, causing it to swell horribly. The calmness and fake wisdom in his eyes had long gone by then. Poor guy... That was what most were thinking. It was supposed to be a grand engagement ceremony where everyone in the city would congratulate him. The luxurious party ended with his fiancée running away and him being slapped endlessly. Everyone could tell that Tyrone would go insane after the day was over, and the wrath of the Campbell clan would befall the entire city.

"A war is brewing in Pollerton," murmured Neil as he stirred his coffee to conceal the shock and fear within him. Tyrone sat there. He might seem emotionless, but everyone could see the anger and cruelty in his eyes. "Leave," commanded Tyrone calmly. Everyone stood up immediately. It was as though their actions were in sync. Leonard and Linda stood up as well. They were panicking endlessly, even as they moved toward the exit. The Wilson family's guests and Gideon were in terrible shape. They turned to one another and saw the anxiousness and hatred burning in their eyes. The Campbell clan would be attacking soon, and no one could stop them. "That stupid Donald. Why can't he just drop dead?"

complained Linda angrily. "That bast*rd!" said Michael who was a little angry as well. Gideon was fuming even more. If he could, he would chop Donald into pieces. At that time, Donald had already taken Jennifer to the house in Norham. She was touched and seemed a little shy when she asked, "Where have you been this past year?" Donald replied, "I went for surgery and to recuperate. Fortunately, I am naturally strong, so I've recovered quite well." "I'm glad to hear that," replied Jennifer. She was truly happy at that moment. When she finished speaking, she realized that he was staring right at her, and it seemed his breathing was getting uneven. Jennifer blushed red and tilted her head down. She was looking forward to what he was going to do next. Donald put his arm around her waist and pulled her close to make her sit on his lap. She felt powerless instantly, but it wasn't an unpleasant experience. Just before Donald could do anything else, both of their phones rang. The one who called Jennifer was Leonard, and the one who called Donald was Raymond. The young couple looked into each other's eyes. Both felt a little unhappy about being interrupted.

From the other end of the line, Raymond said, "Donald, our ally from Jadeborough likely won't survive the night. What do we do? Have you thought about how to deal with the dire consequences?" From the other phone, Leonard's scolding could be heard. "Where the hell are you, Jennifer? Get your butt home right now or you bear the consequences!" "It's fine. You should head home. I will help you and back you up," promised Donald. Jennifer nodded sweetly. "Okay, then. Be careful." Donald went to talk to Raymond after that. Raymond looked burdened and worried. "Our Jadeborough ally, Mr. Sanchez, is on his deathbed," said Raymond in a coarse voice. Solomon Sanchez was Raymond's savior and the main investor of the Dragon Fide Villa project all those years ago. Unfortunately, the guy fell ill soon after and had to take a backseat. He was the reason the Campbell clan had been behaving, and it was thanks to him that Raymond survived. He was more than just Raymond's lifeline, though.

Solomon was also Raymond's very good friend, so the latter wished that the former would recover. "He'll be fine. I just need to drop by Jadeborough tonight," promised Donald sincerely. Raymond stared. He didn't understand why Donald was that confident, but he sighed deeply and waved his hand, anyway. "Then do as you wish." Kevin was in a bad mood and was drinking blindly in the bar. His dream of driving a posh car and living in a luxurious mansion had turned to dust, and he would kill Donald if he could. Skylar suddenly made her way to him and asked, "Have you thought about what you'd do next?"

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Crash Kevin was stunned. He didn't understand what she was saying. Skylar replied, "Your sister fell out of favor with the Campbell clan and made an enemy out of them. She will surely fall and become an ordinary citizen now. You don't even have a job, so how can you afford to marry me?" Kevin tilted his head up and looked right at Skylar. "What do you want me to do, then?" "Have your sister sign her Ferrari and her house at Pollerton Estates to me," replied Skylar. Kevin's eyes bulged. "Stop messing around, will you? The Ferrari belongs to my sister, and the family has no legal claims to the house at Pollerton Estates. Everything belongs to Nigel." Skylar sneered.

"You don't expect me to marry you without getting anything in return, do you? If you can't give me what I want, then let's just break up." "Fine by me," roared Kevin. He tossed his glass to the side and left immediately. Skylar watched as he walked away. A sinister glint flashed past her eyes. When Kevin was some distance away, a man showed up behind Skylar and hugged her waist. "Mr. Ono," murmured Skylar as she leaned into the guy's arms. The man holding her was the guy from Pollerton Translations, Akio Ono.

“Since Jennifer and Tyrone are at odds now, I will take what I want. We should con her out of that Ferrari first,” suggested Akio before he chuckled. Skylar asked, “How do we do that?” “Just watch as everything unfolds. When the time comes, we will get so much more than just that car. Jennifer will also come to us,” replied Akio as a mysterious grin crept up on his lips. Kevin got into the Ferrari and stepped on the gas. The sports car roared and sped down the road at almost twice the speed limit. A Lamborghini moved even faster and was right beside Kevin’s Ferrari when the driver rolled down the window and gave Kevin the middle finger before speeding up and overtaking him. That gesture infuriated Kevin and prompted him to drive even faster. To his surprise, the Lamborghini hit the brakes out of a sudden. Kevin’s irises constricted. He reacted quickly and stepped on the brakes as well, but he was still too late. His car scratched the Lamborghini a little. “What the hell?” roared Kevin as he stepped out of the car. His breath reeked of alcohol at that moment.

The driver of the Lamborghini got out of his car as well. He was short and had a tiny mustache. His gaze shone evilly when he looked at Kevin and pointed out, “You were drunk driving and scratched my car. Are you going to pay for the car’s damage? Or should I see you in court?” His accent was so thick that it was obvious he wasn’t local. He’s from Yartran! “You’re the one who...” argued Kevin. Slap! Before anyone knew it, the stranger had slapped Kevin. The latter stumbled backward because of the impact and landed on the hood of his car. “You are so dead!” roared Kevin. He got up to attack after that. The guy with the mustache smiled and a hint of taunt glimmered in his eyes. He choked Kevin and held the latter up in the air. “Listen, punk. Either pay me five million or die.” Kevin’s breathing became uneven, and he kept coughing. It didn’t take long before he bulged his eyes.

Men with a distinctive sense of fashion started showing up from all around. Those men were all wearing baggy clothes and wooden sandals. They even had swords strapped to their waists and were glaring at Kevin. They are all from Yartran! Citizens from that country had always been powerful in Pollerton because Pollerton Translations had always had their backs. I have lost the Campbell clan’s support and protection. How can I fight against them? “You have three hours to get the money to us. If you don’t, we will go after you,” warned the guy with a mustache as he let Kevin go. The former also slapped the latter lightly as a warning. After that, he gave Kevin the middle finger and left in his own car.

Kevin’s eyes burned with toxic hatred. He glared in the direction the guy left in. What he didn’t know was that the guy with the mustache was one of the top ten fighters in Yartran and was an Octo Stella Warrior. Kevin stumbled into the house. Still pale, he returned to his room. He didn’t feel safe even after he locked the door, so he installed a few high-definition surveillance cameras. Even after that, he

trembled in fear, so he turned off his phone and left the house. His plan was to hide away for a week or two for the time being.

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Accused When Linda got home, she realized that no one was home, and that pissed her off. She called out to Jennifer, but no one answered. Hence, she asked for Kevin, but he wasn't there either. Even Leonard was nowhere to be seen. She was still fuming when she heard someone knocking on the door. Frustrated, she answered the door and was glad to see Skylar, Kevin's girlfriend, standing right outside. Skylar looked around and scanned the place before asking in a sweet tone, "Mrs. Wilson, is Kevin here?" Linda's smile turned upside down immediately. "Ah, Skye. I haven't seen him anywhere. Do you know where he might be?" As Skylar made her way into the house, she answered, "I was hanging out with him at the bar earlier, but he was in a terrible mood and drove away. I was worried that he'd get in trouble, so I dropped by to check in on him. Has he not returned yet?" "Well, it's as you see. He is nowhere to be seen," replied Linda who left the door open.

A hint of curiosity and suspicion flashed past Skylar's eyes. Linda put her hand on her waist and complained, "I have no idea where Jennifer is, either. She's not home, and that is really pissing me off." "This is all Donald's fault. Oh, how I wish he'd just drop dead," protested Skylar as well. They were still in the middle of their conversation when they saw, from the corner of their eyes, a guy in a tuxedo standing right outside. They turned around and saw Donald there. Both of their gazes were hostile when they turned to him. Furious, Linda roared, "You worthless, stupid punk! You got us in trouble. How dare you show your face after the mess you made?" If glares could kill, Donald would already be pushing the daisies.

Skylar was just as angry, but she calmly said, "I heard that Silas is looking for you. After going into hiding for a year, you returned after learning about Silas' demise. If only you had just died and never returned." Donald ignored them. He scanned his surroundings and made his way to the living room. Linda was about to throw things at Donald when he suddenly ran to her, put his hand on her shoulder, and pressed her onto the table. He had her pinned, just like that. Linda was surprised. When she came around, she roared, "Donald Campbell, what are you doing?" Skylar was stunned by the turn of events as well, but she screamed, "Hey, come quick. Donald is molesting his mother-in-law!"

Donald turned around and swept his leg across the floor to knock Skylar down. He reached out and clawed, but all he got was crimson red blood. "Let me go. Let go of me, you j*rk! Come quick. Someone

help. Donald has challenged my modesty,” screamed Linda. She was still stuck on the table and was waving her arms frantically while cussing aloud. Thump! Thump! “What’s wrong, Mom?” Jennifer, who had just returned with some groceries, went into the house and saw Donald with his hand on Linda. He made it impossible for Linda to move. Linda was wearing a nightdress at the time, and her struggle had made her look disheveled. Bang! Leonard returned as well. His anger turned his eyes bloodshot, and he tossed the watermelon he had with him right away.

Only then did Donald let Linda go and turned around. Tears gathered in Jennifer’s eyes. She ran to Donald and slapped him right across his face. “Donald Campbell, you swine! I can’t believe you tried to rape my mom. I can’t even imagine how bad things would be if we were home just a little later.” Jennifer was so angry that her entire body trembled. She slapped Donald again. He didn’t move or shield himself. He simply stared with a hollow gaze. “You... don’t trust me?” Anger clouded Jennifer’s judgment, and she screamed. “I saw the truth with my own eyes. How am I supposed to believe you under such circumstances?”

Skylar massaged her leg as she stood up. She exaggerated the story and claimed, “You don’t realize how cruel he is, Jennifer. He wasn’t just going to rape Mrs. Wilson. He was also upset with how I got in the way and wanted to beat me up. If the two of you hadn’t shown up in time, things would’ve been devastating.” Jennifer pointed at the door and roared, “Get out of here! I never want to see you again. I shouldn’t have turned Tyrone down and left with you. That is the biggest regret of my life.”

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Destroy Pollerton Translations Jennifer felt disappointed. She never imagined that Donald would attempt to rape her mother. That is inhumane. “You regret not getting engaged to Tyrone?” muttered Donald. He took one long look at Jennifer before he turned around to leave. Jennifer stared at Donald’s back. “What? Do you have nothing to say for yourself?” As she spoke, her tears rolled down her cheeks. Donald paused. “What’s the point? You don’t trust me, anyway. Remember this, Jennifer. This is the second time you slap me, and you are the first person who has ever had the power to do so.” He tilted his head down. Those eyes no longer shone with love or compassion. It was the same look he gave her when they first broke up. Jennifer was so angry that her entire body shook.

"I have truly misjudged you. Why did I bother holding out hope for you in the past year? Tyrone is so much better. At the very least, he is polite, more rugged, had better education, and is gentle. You are so aggressive that you hurt others whenever things don't go your way." Linda tidied herself. She was delighted to see how the drama unfolded. "You are absolutely right. Finally, you've seen the light, Jennifer." Skylar chimed in, "You didn't see the look on his face earlier. It was so scary and lustful." A son-in-law tried to rape the mother-in-law... That was the kind of story that would embarrass the entire family. "I will kill you, you j*rk!" Leonard was so infuriated that he charged forward. All Donald did was glare at him. A hint of gold spark glowed in his eyes. That was all it took to freeze Leonard in place and made him too scared to even move a muscle. "Get lost! I never want to see you again," demanded Jennifer who was crying nonstop. Donald left without saying a word.

Before anyone knew it, he had already disappeared. A dark shadow lurked in the corner and stared as Donald left. The former had a pair of eyes that would ooze bloodlust every now and then. The owner of those eyes was Amadeus. His heart thumped fast, and he turned pale immediately. He was tempted to return to Pollerton Translations right away and report the terrifying news to Akio. That Donald guy is an incredibly powerful fighter. "Do you really think that you can get away?" murmured Donald as he spied on Amadeus and followed him. By then, Donald had already locked in on Amadeus, so the latter couldn't flee, even if he somehow sprout wings and learned how to fly. Donald had already decided that he would annihilate Pollerton Translations that very day because Noah and Akio worked together in the past. It was likely they had some scheme up their sleeves. "Bradley, investigate Pollerton Translations and find out how much manpower they have," ordered Donald.

He was moving as though he was taking a relaxing walk in the park. It made sense that he'd call Bradley if that were actually the case. Click! Clack! All that could be heard from the other end of the line was the sound of fingers dancing on a keyboard. Soon, Bradley reported, "They have about five thousand men with them, and some were from Yartran. Quite a few of them were mercenaries from Frosa whose visa had expired." "Reassign a hundred thousand men from Horizon Group to Pollerton Translations. I want that place annihilated tonight," instructed Donald mercilessly. "Understood," replied Bradley. Back at Jennifer's place. Jennifer looked hollowed out as she crouched down on the floor, hugging herself. The glow in her eyes had faded, and she was in a daze. If anyone ever looked into her mind, they would see nothing but disappointment and hopelessness. Her heart was pretty much dead. She had prayed countless times in the past year, wishing that she would see Donald again.

He finally showed up, safe and sound, right in front of her but... She soon saw Donald confining her mother and keeping her stuck on the table. Donald actually tried to rape my mother! That was something Jennifer simply couldn't accept. Linda changed her clothes. As she towel-dried her hair, she complained viciously, "That Donald truly is a bast*rd.

Men like him should just drop dead. You have truly made a grave mistake, Jennifer." Skylar draped her arm around Jennifer and cooed, "I'm glad you finally saw his true colors, Jennifer. That man is devious, and it's best to see the truth earlier. If only you didn't break Tyrone's heart before you got to the truth..."