

# Unlimited Son-In-Law Chapter 489-492

## Chapter 489

An Audience There were still a few silver needles inserted at the spot between his eyes, as well as on his chest. They were there to seal off his acupoints to forcibly keep him alive. "Grandpa..." Melanie whispered as tears welled up in her eyes. "I have to admit that I've grown old," Solomon started. "Bury me in Grave Nine at Xanfield after I die. My good friend had read my fortune before, and he said that Grave Nine is a fantastic place in terms of geomancy. That place would be able to ensure that the Sanchez family continues to flourish. He was a master in geomancy, and he was, in a way, a master of fortune-telling.

Your great-grandfather—my father—was buried in Grave Nine at Xanfield per his guidance. That is why the Sanchez family has been thriving steadily all these years." Melanie did not register his words at all, for she was overwhelmed with sadness. It was as if a giant rock was crushing her chest. "Why are you crying? You won't look pretty if you have tear running down your face. No one will want you—even Atticus won't want you," Solomon said to her in a weak voice. "I don't like Atticus." Melanie wiped her tears. "He's despicable. The one I like will be a hero like Lord Campbell." Lord Campbell? Solomon smiled bitterly. He had always wanted to meet the impressive young man, but he never got the chance to do that. If he could continue to live, he would like to meet the spectacular young man. Unfortunately, he had no more chances as he was dying. While Melanie was in the throes of sorrow, she heard someone talking outside. "There's a young man called Donald Campbell who's seeking an audience with Mr. Sanchez. He said he'll be able to cure Mr. Sanchez." Melanie stiffened

. Then, she walked out of the room and yelled, "Hurry up and bring him in!" Gregor scowled when he heard that. He knew best what kind of condition Solomon was in, and he would confidently say that no one would be able to cure the elderly man. After all, Solomon was suffering from multiple organ failure and he was old. No medication would be able to save him. Soon, Melanie saw the young man brought into the room. She was taken aback for a moment before she uttered, "Did you say that you can save my grandpa?" Meanwhile, Donald was observing Melanie as well. The pink coat woman, who looked like she was around the age of twenty-seven to twenty-eight, was clearly an aggressive individual. She had a marvelous figure, and her skin was as fair as milk. Moreover, she had no wrinkles on her face, and her teeth were pearly white. Her large eyes were beautiful, and she had an oval-shaped face. Nevertheless, the shape of her face was far better than the oval-shaped faces that influencers tend to have. Donald nodded. "That's right." "How did you know that my grandpa's sick?" Melanie coldly questioned. She would have had a glimmer of hope if the man was an elderly person.

However, the man in front of her was a young man, and he was confidently claiming that he could cure her grandfather. Thus, Melanie was quick to think that he was a scammer. He was either a scammer, or he was a spy sent by the other clans. Regardless of what identity he had, Melanie was not going to let him go easily. Nevertheless, Donald's expression did not change even after he heard her question. In a terrifyingly calm tone, he introduced, "I'm from Pollerton, and my grandpa is Raymond Campbell. I've heard him mention that he's Mr. Sanchez's good friend." Raymond Campbell of Pollerton? Melanie blinked before realization struck her hard. He's the grandson of that fraud! "It's you. You were the boy who was nearly killed by the Campbell clan." Melanie knew about that.

Donald inclined his head in agreement. A mocking expression then emerged on Melanie's face. "What's the matter? Are you hoping that my grandpa will help you settle the grudge you have with the Campbell clan before he passes away?" As far as she could tell, once her grandfather passed away, the Campbell clan would certainly make a move against Donald and Raymond. Therefore, Donald was there to seek help from her grandfather before he died. Donald would ask Solomon to help him deal with the Campbell clan with the last bit of power Solomon had. Donald was shocked by the woman's words. What vivid imagination she has.

## Chapter 490

Yadriel And Waylon "Was my guess right?" Melanie thought that she had made the right guess when Donald did not respond to her, and the mockery in her expression turned more intense. Donald only looked at her with dull eyes before muttering, "I just don't want my grandpa to be sad. Why else would his death have anything to do with me?" "You're absurd!" Melanie fumed. As she jabbed a finger at Donald, she bellowed, "Get out of here right now!" The middle-aged men around them also grimaced. "Boy, are you here to cause a scene?" However, Donald scanned his surroundings before walking straight toward Solomon's room. "Stop! If you take another step further, we're not going to show you any mercy!"

Melanie ordered. They were at the Sanchez residence, and there were plenty of mighty fighters hiding around. In fact, there were some retired Novem Stella Warriors among them. Barely any locals dared to come to the Sanchez residence to pick a fight. Still, Donald continued his way to the room. In the blink of an eye, he was at the doorway, about to enter. Melanie's scowl deepened, and she took a step to the side, seemingly opening up a path for someone. Indeed, a man in traditional garbs and a long umbrella in his hands appeared. There were no expressions on his face, but he had a sharp gaze. After fixing his eyes on Donald, he charged toward Donald's back with the umbrella in his hands. In the other direction,

an elderly man in a long green robe and a cane in his hands appeared. He did not have much hair, his mustache was white, and his eyes seemed cloudy, but his presence was a commanding one. Like the umbrella-wielding man, he was swift, and he was aiming his cane at Donald's head. Those two were retired Novem Stella Warriors, and they were close to becoming Decem Stella Warriors. The elderly man, especially, was a prominent figure from the same period as Noah's father, Randy.

Seventy years ago at the first discovery of Quadfield, he had become the man in charge of the place, and he had made achievements. "Yadriel Qualls. Waylon Diaz," Donald softly said after recognizing them. The two narrowed their eyes a little, surprised and confused about how Donald had recognized them. Nevertheless, they did not slow down. As a matter of fact, they came at him with even more force. As Donald watched the two powerful attacks heading toward him, he raised his right arm. As if his fingers were blades, he tapped the end tip of the umbrella. After a crackling sound, Melanie felt as if a clash of thunder had sounded out in her head, and her world spun. The black umbrella cracked and shattered before the pieces stabbed into the wall. Almost at the same time, Donald tapped Yadriel's cane in the same way he did with the umbrella. That cane was also made with a rare metal found in Quadfield, and it was extremely sturdy. Even though it was not as good as jurganite, it was certainly much stronger than any type of metal sold in the market.

Yet, that expensive cane was still broken by Donald with just one move. At that moment, Yadriel felt as if Donald was a dragon waking from its sleep. Then, he felt destructive power pouring into his arms and nearly quaking him to death. Homicidal intent manifested on Waylon's face, and he rushed toward Donald to swing a fist at his face. All Donald did was to lift his hand slightly to intercept the fist. With a casual swing to the side, he sent Waylon flying. Melanie was astounded as her eyes widened. Yadriel was a Novem Stella Warrior from seventy years ago, and Waylon was a mighty fighter from Mount Konlange.

However, the attacks from those two elite fighters had just been easily deflected by the young man. In other words, that young man was a formidable opponent. By then, everyone was looking at Donald as if he could decimate them all in seconds. "Who are you?" one of the middle-aged men cried out. "Donald Campbell." Donald then inclined his head respectfully at Waylon and Yadriel. "Apologies for my rude actions." Yadriel then asked, "May I know how powerful you are, young man?"

Lord Campbell Donald was stunned for a moment before he shook his head. "I don't know."

He had no idea how powerful he was either, but he was already unrivaled in terms of the power level of a human. Wayion's pupils constricted imperceptibly, for Donald's capabilities were far more terrifying than those on Mount Konlange, albeit it was the dwelling of the master of the Dragon clan of all times. Melanie was just about to speak when a feeble voice drifted out of the room.

"Let him in." It was Solomon's voice. Donald swept his gaze over the few people.

Then, he walked into the room without a single word. Melanie followed behind him.

Meanwhile, Wayion wore an indifferent expression.

It was as though he could never smile. "How could he be so powerful?" Melanie inquired in a whisper.

At that, Wayion and Yadriel exchanged a glance.

"We already know who he is." In a flash, Melanie's curiosity was piqued.

"Who is he?"

"Ah, it's a secret.

It's a high-confidential matter!" Yadriel answered.

Wayion nodded.

“He’s a warrior of the Grandmaster Realm!” The standard of a Novem Stella Warrior was around a power level of two million.

A power level of three million would render one a Decern Stella Warrior, and there were few of them in the entire world. As for someone with a power level exceeding three million, he was known as a Grandmaster. There were scarcely any Grandmasters, with only one in a few centuries.

Only on Mount Konlange were there two to three Grandmasters. Above Grandmaster was the legendary warrior of the Mythical Realm.

The previous warrior of the Mythical Realm was familiar to everyone, for he was none other than the founder of Supreme Ultimate Sect Martin Bellamy.

There was also Troy Travers on Mount Phoenix.

However, all that was a few centuries ago. In other words, there hadn’t been any warriors of the Mythical Realm for five hundred years.

Melanie was stupefied for a moment.

Such a young Grandmaster? Unbeknownst to them, Donald had long since gone beyond a Grandmaster and broken through to the Mythical Realm. After entering the room, Donald looked down at Solomon, who had several silver needles inserted into his head. “Raymond’s grandson has grown up a lot,” Solomon remarked weakly. Donald stared at the man.

The latter had a solemn countenance, but wrinkles littered his face.

He was at an advanced age of almost ninety years old, so it was time for him to depart this world from old age.

As he had cerebral infarction and minor cerebral hemorrhage, an infection would kill him right away.

“Pardon me, Mr.

Sanchez,” Donald murmured. All of a sudden, the tips of his fingers glowed, and one could see mist-like liquified energy condensing.

It was all very much mysterious.

They abruptly felt a spring breeze blowing past, suffusing them with a sense of warmth. Gregor’s eyes went wide. Is this medical skills? This is absolutely far beyond that.

It’s divine healing! Narrowing his eyes, Yadriel muttered, “Mythical...” Indeed, that was a means only warriors of the Mythical Realm possessed.

They could transform their energy into life energy. That situation persisted for half an hour.

After everything was over, Donald stopped and wiped the sweat off his forehead.

Solomon, on the other hand, had already fallen into slumber, his breathing deep and even. “He’s fine now and can live for another ten years,” Donald stated calmly.

Subsequently, he turned to Yatriel.

"I'd like to speak to you privately, Mr.

Qualls." Throughout it all, he didn't even look at Melanie. Upon hearing that, Yatriel blurred and disappeared from the spot in the blink of an eye.

At the same time, Donald's figure blurred, and he vanished into thin air.

For the first time, a bitter expression showed on Wayion's face.

Such capabilities are tooterrifying! Ten kilometers away, Yatriel bowed to Donald slightly.

"At your service. Lord Campbell!"

"Don't stand on ceremony, Mr.Qualls!" Donald hurriedly helped him up. Previously, Yatriel had no idea of his status.

Later, he had an inkling about things, but it was mere conjecture.

Right then, however, it had been affirmed.

"Mr.Qualls, as I'm here to deal with the King of Special Forces, Noah Rodríguez, my identity has to be kept under wraps.

For that reason, I hope you can minimize the number of people in the know," Donaldasserted.

**Chapter 492**

You Live Up To Your Name “Don’t worry, Lord Campbell. Despite being no prominent family, the Quallsfamily still has some power.

From now on out. I’ll do my best to help make things easy for you,” Yadriel vowed.

He was one of the firstbatches of warriors who kept guard over Quadfield, so he knew what that meant. “Besides, I’ll also tell Mr.

Sanchez about this and have him erase traces of you at the critical juncture,” Yadriel added.

After all, it was better to haveas few people as possible knowing about Donald’s identity as Lord Campbell. Anyone who was aware of his true identity was either people he trusted unquestionably, killed, or sent to Quadfield’s no man’s land to perform hard labor. “Thank you.

In that case, please excuse me,” Donald uttered. “Please wait for a moment. Lord Campbell.

Mr.

Sanchez has already awakened, and he’d like to see you,” Yadriel declared.

Donald was startled momentarily before he nodded in agreement.

Upon returning tothe Sanchez residence, he discovered that Solomon had already gotten out of bed.

In fact the man was walking out. Having checked all the various readings, Gregor was wholly amazed.



Donald's capabilities are simply mind-boggling!

Melanie's hostility toward Donald was all but gone.

When she saw him walking in, her eyes lit up.

She promptly rushed over to him.

"I'm sorry, Donald.

I apologize for my rashness earlier." She had a slender figure.

As she spoke graciously in a crisp voice, she trained her beautiful eyes on the man.

Donald merely spared her a glance before looking away, having no interest in taking another look at her.

Neither did he reply to her. Melanie gritted her teeth hard.

The urge to finish off the man gripped her. I'm one of the three most beautiful women in Jadeborough.

Not only am I from a prominent family, but I'm also dubbed Princess Sanchez in the city.

There's a long line of men wishing to marry me! Countless young and talented men in Jadeborough were crazy about her, fighting to get her attention.

Alas, she didn't like any of them. I've always gotten whatever I want, yet this man isn't even interested in taking a look at me. The instant Solomon caught sight of Donald, he chuckled.

"Having seen you today, you certainly live up to your name."

It was clear as day that he had also figured out Donald's identity. That had Donald all the more wary. Ugh! My identity is still too sensitive that anyone with high status can tell without much effort! They knew more than the average person, and he couldn't possibly suppress himself all the time as he still needed to use many more techniques. "You flatter me, Mr.

Sanchez," Donald replied calmly.

He wasn't fond of smiling.

Perhaps it was because he had lived with bloodshed for too many years, but he didn't smile easily.

"Come in, and we shall talk." Solomon pointed at the study.

"Go and brew a pot of coffee, Melanie." Melanie was planning to listen to their conversation, but her grandfather gave her the boot.

At once, chagrin swamped her. In the study, Solomon commented, "Rumors always had it that Lord Campbell is only twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old this year.

Sure enough, you're very young." Donald didn't know how to respond to that, so he merely urged, "Let's cut to the chase, Mr.

Sanchez."

Lowering his head, Solomon organized his thoughts.

"I've long since heard about the conflict between you and the Campbell clan.

Back then, I didn't do anything to stop the Campbell clan when they made a move against your grandfather."

Donald merely gazed at him expressionlessly.

And so, Solomon continued, "The reason being, it wasn't merely one prominent family who stopped me from doing so.

The night before, at least five or six prominent families visited the Sanchez residence and threatened me."

"It was the Irving family, the Youngblood family, the Campbell clan, the Collins family, and the Yeager family, right?" Donald stared right at the man. Hearing that, Solomon was momentarily stunned.

Then, he lauded, "As expected of Lord Campbell, who allegedly has the best intelligence network in the world!"

"It's okay.

I'll settle my grievance with the Campbell clan alone." Donald's voice was cold.

"I know you're capable, and I'm also aware that your identity can't come to light now.

Therefore, do whatever you want without holding back.

I'll clean up the mess after you.

If need be. I'll go to Pollerton personally.

I believe that they'll still show me some respect," Solomon declared.