

Unlimited Son-In-Law Chapter 513-516

Chapter 513

Jealousy When she heard about the news from her grandfather, she was also shocked and became even more curious about Donald's identity. It's been a long time since Mr. Solomon Sanchez made a move. I never expected him to give Donald such a great gift right away! It's a free-trade zone! Tyrone could feel his strength running out. He pressed his chest and sat back on his seat. Braxton's expression was even more terrifying. He looked as glum as an oyster. Then, he turned his gaze toward Donald. Donald looked arrogant as if he was looking down on everyone else.

"Also..." Melanie continued. The atmosphere immediately fell into silence. "The Sanchez family has decided to provide a hundred billion as financial support to Old Mr. Campbell!" Nobody made a sound. Among the Ten Prestigious Families, many of them closed their eyes. The Dragon Fide Villa had come to shape. The Ten Prestigious Families wouldn't be able to stop the Dragon Fide Villa even if they joined forces! "Apologies. It seems that we've come out on top!" Donald slowly stood up and glanced at everyone domineeringly. He exposed his arrogance for the first time. "Be haughty all you want!" Tyrone opened his eyes and said indifferently. Braxton also stared at Donald with a gloomy expression. Jennifer widened her eyes and looked at Donald in shock. Most of the Ten Prestigious Families were against Donald. Yet, the tables had turned. At this moment, Donald seemed to be the winner. Jennifer began to wonder. Since when did he get this far? Almost everyone stared at Donald while deep in their thoughts. Suddenly, the sound of footsteps interrupted everyone's thoughts.

Then, everyone saw an elderly man, who seemed to be in his eighties, slowly walking in with a cane in formalwear. It was Raymond, Donald's grandfather. The founder of Dragon Fide Villa back then. "Give Mr. Sanchez my thanks," Raymond said to Melanie as soon as he entered. Melanie stood up and replied respectfully, "Yes, I will definitely relay it to him." A murderous intent shone in Tyrone's eyes again. A fraud who did fortune-telling, conducted geomancy, and chose Mr. Sanchez's grave for him actually got the latter's support! How ironic! "Okay. Meeting adjourned!" Melanie announced. However, nobody left. They were all processing everything that happened that day. Everything that happened wasn't what they wanted to happen. Their initial intention was to get one or two projects from Lord Campbell. They didn't expect the focus to shift to Dragon Fide Villa. Melanie walked off the stage and approached Donald, attracting the attention of many.

Lana and the others looked at Melanie with hostility. They considered her as a formidable rival. "Let's have dinner together," Melanie said with a smile. Braxton narrowed his eyes. Melanie was the chosen woman of Irving Group and the supposed fiancée of Atticus, and now she's inviting Donald to dinner? Jennifer's eyes widened as she realized Melanie was the woman who stood under the street light in front of Donald two nights ago.

Donald was surprised for a moment. Then, he nodded. "Sure." "Just the two of us." Melanie winked. "No way!" Lana, Wynter, Reina, and the others spoke at the same time. They were all jealous and envious of her. Lana lazily stretched and said, "That's not fair. How dare you take him away from me. I was here first." Gosh... Everyone was stunned. They looked around Donald and noticed that the women around him were outstanding people. There was the adorable Reina, the flamboyant Lana, the elegant Wynter, the sophisticated Hannah, and the curvaceous Eleanor.

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Victor What's Donald's secret? How is he attracting all these women? Melanie chuckled. "What do you mean by I'm taking your man away from you? Donald and I are both single." Lana pouted in disdain. "No means no. If you're going, then we're going together." "That's right!" Wynter stood up as well. They seemed to have presented a united front. "Me too." Reina also stood up.

Holton gave Arnaldo a thumbs up. "If you wondered what professionalism is, this is it." Charles, Zayne, and the others were utterly impressed. "Fine. Let's go together." Melanie couldn't care less. It wasn't easy to get close to Donald. One would never know the obstacles to being able to do so. "You just want to be the wife of Lord Campbell, but you don't mind who Lord Campbell is, right?" Donald moved closer to Melanie's ear and whispered. Melanie's eyes widened. Her heart began to pound. Her mind was overwhelmed by emotions. Lord Campbell! Is he saying he's Lord Campbell? When she was about to ask, Donald had already walked far away. At noon, in a private hall, Rosie, Tyrone, Oscar, Noah's lackey, and Gibbons, sat at a table. They all had grim expressions on their faces. They planned to sanction Donald, but the Sanchez family butted in and caught them off guard. "What are we going to do now? Please come up with an idea," Tyrone said. Oscar replied, "Donald has always been a nobody. Even if he successfully constructed the Dragon Fide Villa, he would still be a piece of trash. Why do you care so much?" Tyrone's face began to fill with rage.

"I want him to die!" Braxton spoke gravely. "Strictly speaking, he's still my cousin. His mother is also my aunt. Back then, his mother eloped with his father because the Irving family disagreed with their

marriage. So the Irving family tried finding ways to kill that b*stard!” “Is Laura Irving his mother?” Tyrone seemed to have suddenly remembered something. “Yes. She was initially engaged to Lord Victor,” Braxton replied. Everyone was shocked for a moment. Then, a mischievous look appeared on their faces. Who exactly is Lord Victor? Victor Youngblood, the secretary of Youngblood Group, the biological younger brother of Vincent, and the Novem Stella Warrior twenty years ago. I wonder what his status is now. Victor was infatuated with Laura and remained unmarried to this day. After Laura secretly married Donald’s father, Victor went into solitude to train in martial arts.

“I heard Victor is about to come out from his solitary training. Wouldn’t it be interesting if we told him the news of this b*stard?” Oscar asked with a smirk. Tyrone narrowed his eyes. Although Victor was in love with Laura, he was also a madman. Hardly anyone would dare to provoke him. “So, who’s going to tell the Youngblood family about this?” Tyrone asked. Braxton stood up. “I’ll do it. Laura is now confined in the Irving residence, and Victor hasn’t given up on marrying her. Haha. This is going to get interesting.”

“Then it’s settled.” Tyrone got up from his seat and left the room. Oscar watched as he left and smirked. Then, he turned toward Braxton. “The woman that was next to you looks enticing.” He was referring to Jennifer. Braxton replied, “I haven’t subdued her yet. I’ll need a few days.” “Let me have a taste too.” Oscar chuckled. Braxton shot him a look and said, “I advise you not to have any ideas. Tyrone will kill you.” Later that day, Donald didn’t join Melanie and the others for dinner. Instead, he went to the conference room with Raymond. “The plan for Dragon Fide Villa is about to begin. You’ll be facing more obstacles from now on,” Raymond said.

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Promise Donald said indifferently, “What a bunch of disgraceful clowns.” His expression was indifferent, and his eyes looked vicious. If worse came to worst, he would just kill them. He wouldn’t care if he wiped them out. “What is the source of your power?” Raymond suddenly asked. Donald glanced at Raymond and went silent for a moment. A master of the Mythical Realm must be an originator of martial arts. Take the Youngblood family as an example, which manufactures adamantium.

Combined with the Youngblood family’s martial arts, it has transformed into a unique way of cultivation. “Aether.” Donald broke the silence. Raymond narrowed his eyes. He knew about Aether. It was known

as the strongest substance in the universe. A drop of Aether could destroy almost everything. "Is it formidable against the masters of the Youngblood family?" Raymond asked. "I wouldn't know before I fight them. However, I will have to fight the masters of the Youngblood family sooner or later," Donald responded. "There's news of Victor coming out of solitary training, and the first thing he will do is propose to your mother before killing your father!" Raymond warned. "I'm aware." Donald nodded. Apart from Chiliad Avion, there was no better intelligence network than Donald's. "So what are your plans?" Raymond inquired. "Kill." Donald answered emotionlessly. Raymond suddenly felt a chill down his spine and shuddered. "As for my mother, I will visit her in the next few days to ask her about her thoughts. If she's willing to return to Pollerton with me, Irving Group won't be able to stop me. If she doesn't want to return to Pollerton, I won't mind burning the entire Irving Group to ashes. As for Lord Victor and the triplets of the Youngblood Group, I'll kill every single one of them.

Not even Vincent can stop me," Donald said harshly. Raymond fell into silence. "There's a sense of malice coming out of you," Raymond said. Donald shook his head. "You shouldn't give up on Jennifer after all. She affects you greatly and can help you become a True Dragon," Raymond said earnestly. "Promise me, don't act according to your temperament, and take the initiative to approach her. She's a woman. You just need to coax her more. It's not that big of a problem, right?" "My temper has always been the same. If I were in Quadfield, I would have killed each and every one of Jennifer's family members," Donald responded. Raymond smiled wryly, then looked straight at Donald. "Promise me. Talk to her more. Go meet her today." Donald was rendered speechless. "I'm already over eighty years old. I don't have much longer to live, so I want to see you marry Jennifer when I'm still alive." Raymond sighed heavily. This is guilt-tripping! You're guilt-tripping me!

Nonetheless, Donald also felt a sense of sorrow when he heard Raymond's words. That's right. Raymond is already over eighty years old and doesn't have much longer to live. Even if I am a legendary warrior, I can't keep him alive for that long. "Fine. I promise," Donald agreed. "Go. I'll be leaving too," Raymond said. Donald stood up and walked out while taking out his phone to call Jennifer. The call connected, and Jennifer's cold voice was heard from the other end of the phone. "What is it?"

For a moment, Donald was at a loss for words. "If you're not going to speak, then I'm hanging up," Jennifer said. "Where are you?" Donald broke the silence and asked. "Bow Street," Jennifer replied. "Wait for me." Donald immediately hung up the phone. At Bow Street, Jennifer looked confusingly at her phone. Why can't I reject his demands even after I have made up my mind to let go of Donald? She sighed softly and ruffled her hair in distress. Then, she sent a message to Donald: Donald, you punk. Come pick me up!

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Kidnapping The desires in her heart became increasingly hard to control. In fact, she was very afraid of Donald leaving her. Donald replied with a WhatsApp message: Right away. A sweet smile formed on Jennifer's face. "That's more like it." Although Donald isn't a romantic, he always has a place for me in his heart. A coquettish b*tch like Lana is no match for me. Jennifer felt contented as she thought to herself. While she was deep in her imagination, a woman approached her quietly from behind and lightly patted her shoulder. Suddenly, Jennifer felt light-headed. Her consciousness was gradually overwhelmed by darkness.

Then, like a zombie, she quickly followed the mysterious woman and left the scene. The woman took out her phone and sent a voice message. "Mr. Freedman, mission accomplished." In a private club, Oscar was having the time of his life. More than twenty delectable delicacies were served on the table, and several figures were hiding in the shadows behind him, ensuring his safety. They were the warriors of the Freedman clan. Opposite of him stood Sebastian with a terrified expression. "Oscar, I advise you not to kidnap Jennifer. It will bring a massive disaster to the Freedman clan!" The noises of munching

resounded from time to time. It was the sound of Oscar chewing. Without raising his head, he grabbed a piece of pork meat and took a bite. "As a person, I like good food and good women.

What I dislike the most are people like you." Oscar's words bear a lot of weight. With one sentence alone, he could take away Sebastian's future because he was the first in line to the Freedman Clan. "By winning Jennifer over, I can extort Tyrone for a considerable sum of money. At the same time, I can also repulse Braxton and Donald.

That's three birds with one stone. You still have much to learn." He took a moment to chew on his food and continued, "As for your claim that the Freedman Clan will be facing a huge disaster, I think you're just trying to scare me. Even the Sanchez family dare not utter such insolence! Also, about your betrayal at the Economic Work Conference and supporting Donald publicly, please give me an explanation!" Sebastian was rendered speechless for a moment. Eventually, he raised his head and muttered, "Donald... He..."

Before he could finish his words, Oscar's phone rang, and a voice was heard. "Mr. Freedman, mission accomplished." This is bad... Sebastian shuddered as he felt a sudden chill all over his body. "Bring Jennifer to me." Oscar wiped his mouth. "I'll devour her today." Sebastian was about to have goosebumps all over his body.

He could already imagine Donald in a rage. If Lord Campbell gets angry, blood will be spilled. The Freedman Clan can't handle Donald at all when he's mad! "I'll take my leave," Sebastian said. "What? Are you going to tipoff Donald?" Oscar asked emotionlessly with a cold glint in his eyes. Sebastian turned around and replied, "Oscar, it'd be better to give up and apologize to Donald. Otherwise, you will drag the entire Freedman clan into your mess!"

Oscar laughed loudly. "Making jokes won't do you any good." Sebastian gave him a cold stare and left without saying a word. Donald rushed to Bow Street. With his ability, he glanced around and realized that Jennifer wasn't at the location. However, he could feel Jennifer's lingering presence which proved that she was there. He furrowed his brows and picked up the scent of ether in the air. It was the smell of a strong hallucinogen. When he was about to find out Jennifer's location, his phone suddenly rang. It was a phone call from Sebastian. "Mr. Campbell, Oscar kidnapped Jennifer.

They are taking her to Est Montaigne, a property of the Youngblood Group. Please be careful!" Sebastian warned cautiously. The Youngblood Group was powerful. It had businesses across the globe, mainly high-end membership-based private clubs, and the annual membership fee cost more than five million per person.