

Unlimited Son-In-Law Chapter 517-520

Chapter 517

Combat Robe That was the treatment for first-level members. One could become a ninth-level member if one paid an annual membership fee of a hundred million. The places where the ninth-level members resided were called safe houses, and Youngblood Group could provide all sorts of protection measures comparable to the president's security! It could be said that the Youngblood Group's safe houses were renowned all over the world. It was also a forbidden place for countless mercenaries.

"Is Est Montaigne a safe house?" Donald asked indifferently. "No. But it's close to one. Oscar is an eighth-level member. As soon as he enters Est Montaigne, the number of people who dares to lay a finger on him in the country is no more than thirty! It's absolutely safe!" Sebastian said. "Then I'll make it unsafe!" Donald narrowed his eyes. After hanging up the phone and thinking for a long while, he called Bradley. "Bradley, fetch me my traditional clothes." Bradley was stunned for a long time before finally responding, "Roger!" Donald had a total of nine identities. Golden Lord was the first, and the chief of Azuro was the second. His combat robe was a set of traditional clothes, a black umbrella, and a bowler. Hidden in the black umbrella was the Stygianite Dragon Sword Breaker forged in Mount Konlange. It was made from stygianite, a metal known to have the world's most incredible lethality. The three greatest metals of the universe consisted of adamantium, with extreme defensive properties, the heaviest metal called jurganite, and stygianite, the metal that could produce the sharpest edge. In just ten minutes, an ordinary-looking truck stopped outside Bow Street, and Donald walked into the cabin. As soon as he entered, Bradley was down on his knees with a set of traditional clothes, a black bowler, and a glossy black umbrella behind him.

The combined umbrella's ribs and the handle were the world-renowned supreme weapon, the Stygianite Dragon Sword Breaker. Donald slowly changed into his clothes, which fitted him very well, put on the hat, and walked out of the cabin elegantly with the umbrella in his hand. "Tell Tristan he can come back to Pollerton!" Bradley became excited. On a battleship overseas, a young man was looking into the ocean's distance when his phone suddenly rang. "Lord Campbell wants me to return to Pollerton!" The young man became excited. "Eight Tribes of Azuro, follow me to Pollerton!" Behind him, eight men in traditional black clothes and hats, whose faces could not be seen clearly, stepped forward at once. Bradley informed through a message: Est Montaigne is known as the safest place in Pollerton.

The manager is Sivert from Youngblood Group, a retired Novem Stella Warrior, wildest of the wild! Also, the Youngblood Group likely took over the circus that disappeared more than a decade ago.

Lord Campbell, although Est Montaigne is not a safe house, it is the signature of Youngblood Group. Once you attack Youngblood Group's club, it will cause the reputation of Youngblood Group to drop significantly and even cause their stock prices to plummet. The dignity of Youngblood Group is essential! Donald didn't respond to him.

On Bow Street, many pedestrians were attracted by the man dressed in traditional clothes, with a black umbrella in his hand and a black hat on his head. His face was obscured by the shadow of his hat and couldn't be seen clearly. However, his aura was so exceptional that he didn't seem like an ordinary man. His destination was Est Montaigne. At about the same time, Tyrone and Braxton each received a call. "Tyrone, I have Jennifer. If you want her to live, hand over sixteen of your offshore bank accounts."

Tyrone heard an indifferent voice on the phone. He was stunned for a moment. "Who is this?" "It doesn't matter who I am. I know Jennifer can save your life. I want to see your account in Ceylon Bank changed to an unowned account within three hours." Ceylan Bank was a bank in the black market, and the information of their transactors was kept entirely confidential. The veins in Tyrone's hand holding the phone expanded. Three minutes later, Xylus said, "I found it. I've pinpointed the caller's location."

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Ten Billion Tyrone's expression turned cold. "Where is it? Burn the place to the ground!" Xylus went silent for a moment. Then, he responded bitterly, "I can't, because the caller is in Est Montaigne!" Tyrone was taken aback. He quickly stood up and kicked the table in front of him. "He's gone too far! Too far!" He knew the sort of place Est Montaigne was. Their members' information was kept confidential, and their security was impregnable. Also, their manager was utterly terrifying. Tyrone clenched his fist so hard that his fingernails almost penetrated his flesh, and his face was full of rage. Jennifer was his only hope of surviving, and someone was taking his hope away at that moment.

“Xylus, tell me, who do you think it is?” Tyrone asked. Xylus said sternly, “I’ve heard that Braxton is an insatiable greedy man. There’s a chance that he might be behind this. Also, there’s Oscar!” “The situation in Pollerton is too chaotic recently. It could be anyone, but I think Braxton, Oscar, and Gibbons are the most suspicious!” Tyrone exclaimed. “So what now?” Xylus asked. Tyrone paced around with his hands behind his back in silence. After a long period of silence, Tyrone finally spoke. “How about this? Let’s stir up a commotion!” “What do you mean?” Xylus was confused. “Announce that Jennifer has been kidnapped and was taken to Est Montaigne. That’s the signature place of Youngblood Group. Mention that Jennifer is my hope to live on. Whoever rescues Jennifer will be given the eastern production line and my sixteen offshore bank accounts with a total value of ten billion!”

Tyrone exclaimed with conviction. Xylus was shocked. He was panicking deep inside. Tyrone is crazy! If things go south, he will end up in a desperate situation. However, if he is successful, he can discover the culprit and have the heirs of other prestigious families help hunt down the culprit. Even Youngblood Group will secretly make a move. With assets worth ten billion, even the heirs of a prestigious family will be tempted. In fact, none of them are ordinary people. Tyrone has taken the offensive! “I’m on it!” Xylus exclaimed. Since the rumor that Jennifer was Tyrone’s hope to live had already been circulating, there was no longer the need to hide it. Instead, it was better to share the information. Braxton was enjoying his time with some young models when he received the news. At that moment, the smile on his face gradually vanished, and his expression became vicious. “Who did it?” Braxton immediately knew that he was about to be involved. Tyrone’s stratagem was ruthless, directly dragging Braxton into this mess. Everyone knew that Braxton was the closest to Jennifer at that time and that he was incredibly lecherous. “Where’s Rosie?”

Find Rosie! I’m going to the safe house!” Braxton couldn’t sit still anymore. If he could enter Est Montaigne, he could prove his innocence. When Kyler received the news, he was shocked. Then, he burst out in laughter. “Interesting. Tyrone is just too ruthless. He even started with his trump card. What an impressive stratagem! Honestly, ten billion worth of assets is very tempting!” Soon, even the heirs of the Yeager family and the Humboldt family were shocked when they heard the news. They were all members of Est Montaigne, and they were high-level members with access to enter the safe house.

The manager of Est Montaigne was a young man from Youngblood Group. He wasn't cut out for the martial arts of the Youngblood family, so he was sent to Pollerton to run and manage the business at Est Montaigne. Est Montaigne's grounds spanned across sixty thousand square meters. It was embellished like a palace, but it was a very quiet location. The doors were usually closed, and no one was allowed to enter.

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Security There were more than a hundred rooms there in total. The internal design was like a maze with corners and turns everywhere. Word even had it that the place was infiltrated by armed soldiers. Besides Tevin Youngblood, the general manager, there was someone else watching over the place—Sivert from Youngblood Group. His power level was only a little bit lower than Nathan's, and he was close to becoming a Novem Stella Warrior. If the image of the Freedman clan was the mausoleum, then every single high-end clubhouse and safe house would be the image of Youngblood Group.

Who would dare to stir up trouble? If any brave souls dared to cause trouble at that place, Tevin would personally take care of them. If he failed to do so, the people guarding the place would deal with the troublemakers. If they failed as well, then the regional guards would come forward. If the regional guards also failed, then guards of higher ranks would deal with them. One by one, those who come forward to fight were more powerful than the ones before. If all the guards could not take down the troublemakers, then Youngblood Group would take matters into their own hands. Who could defeat Youngblood Group? It was common knowledge that Youngblood Group had numerous terrifying Novem Stella Warriors and uncountable powerful elites. The Youngblood family was also a prestigious family with the most elites worldwide, as well as elites of the divine stage to ever exist. In this world, the powerful and the strong would be the ones whom people respected. Only with power and strength would one have authority. Meanwhile, in the clubhouse, before Oscar could meet Jennifer, he received a call from the Freedman clan. "Tyrone is truly terrifying. The moment he announced the news, all the Ten Prestigious Families acted immediately. They've all gathered in Est Montaigne!"

“D*mn.” Oscar was dumbstruck by Tyrone’s extravagant act. “He sure is desperate.” After a moment of pondering, he picked up the landline telephone and dialed a number. “Tevin, I request to use Heavenly Private Room.” “All right.” Tevin’s voice sounded from the other end of the line. Heavenly Private Room was rarely used. It might be used only once within years, or even decades, but if it was used, the client would have to pay a fee of at least fifty million. What did using the room signify? The client’s details would be a top secret, and the guards would immediately be sent out to protect the client. All the armed forces would be on duty, surveilling the room twenty-four hours a day. Would Tevin be brave enough to disclose any information? Of course not! That was a rule set by Youngblood Group. Who would still trust in the security of the safe house if the rules were to be broken?

If Tevin were to reveal anything, he would be facing the music from Youngblood Group itself. Maintaining the privacy and safety of the client had been the first rule of Youngblood Group in all the years they had operated the private clubhouses and safe houses. Because the company had kept the bottom line, it continued to be the best out of the best. Youngblood Group would not tarnish its own reputation. All the people in charge of the private clubhouses and the safe houses were direct descendants of the Youngblood family. They were all talented and intelligent with undying loyalty to Youngblood Group. “I assume you have long predicted that Tyrone would be desperate, which is why you decided to enter Est Montaigne, right?” a man asked from behind Oscar.

The man was Oscar’s bodyguard, and he was strong. “Yep. The situation in Pollerton is complicated. You can trust no one in the prestigious families. They might be smiling and friendly in your face but stabbing you behind your back. A safe house is the best option.” Oscar had entered Heavenly Private Room and was lounging lazily on the couch. The room was more than three hundred square feet and was fully furnished. The facilities inside included a pool, a couch, a private cinema, and a private karaoke room, just to name a few. There was everything one could wish for.

There were even models if one requested them. The models would be brought in wearing a hood and a blindfold, and on the next day, they would be thrown out. “I have to admit, the ancestor of the

Youngblood family who came up with the idea of operating safe houses is a genius,” commented Oscar. No one in the entire world would be able to operate safe houses successfully, nor would anyone even think about opening one. However, Youngblood Group had come up with that idea seven hundred years ago. During the middle ages, the safe house had been operated as an inn and a brothel. The safe house was established in the nineties, and it was considered a safe haven in times of war.

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The Calm Before The Storm In the present society, the safe house became a booming business and became a private clubhouse. There were more than a hundred branches all over the world. “Jennifer isn’t here yet?” asked Oscar. “She’s already in the underground parking and will be in this room in five minutes. All traces of her tracks had been wiped by Youngblood Group. Safety is guaranteed.” Oscar took a sip of his red wine and sat upright to straighten his clothing. “Are Tyrone and his gang here yet?” A man hiding in the shadows behind his back spoke up.

“Almost.” Outside Est Montaigne, Rosie raised her head to gaze at the private clubhouse and its glamorous design before sighing and entering it in a rush. At the reception, a handsome young man dressed in a suit was standing behind the counter. A pair of glasses with golden frames hung on his nose. It was Tevin Youngblood—person-in-charge of Est Montaigne and a direct descendant of Youngblood Group. “Please show your membership ID,” Tevin said with a smile. Rosie took out her phone to show the membership ID while Braxton interrupted from beside her, “I’d like to use Heavenly Private Room. Please arrange it for me.” “I’m very sorry, Mr. Irving. Heavenly Private Room is occupied.” “It’s occupied?” Braxton was stunned for a moment. Who would need more protection than me? Braxton had voluntarily gotten close to Jennifer to kill three birds with one stone. Now that Tyrone had exposed that news, it meant Braxton’s evil intentions were unveiled as well. It did not matter who had Jennifer’s back. Braxton would immediately be the first suspect. To avoid being targeted, he had planned to seek shelter in the safe house. Hence, he could not believe his ears when Tevin told him that Heavenly Private Room had been occupied. “Mr. Irving, how about I assign you Nirvana Private Room—the second-best room in Est Montaigne?” “Give me a moment to think about it.” Braxton was not a fool. By then, he had noticed something amiss.

After a moment of hesitation, he turned to Tevin. "I'm not going to stay here." "Huh?" Tevin was slightly taken aback. Someone who rushed into Est Montaigne as if their tails were on fire and asked to use Heavenly Private Room would surely have encountered some serious trouble. It was the first time Tevin had met someone who refused to stay in the safe house even after they had scanned and verified their membership ID. "Quick, Rosie. We have to get out of here fast!" Catching on to Braxton's train of thought, Rosie complied as the two left hastily. The moment they stepped into the car and drove off, Donald showed up behind them, dressed in traditional clothing. Seeing that another guest had arrived, Tevin immediately greeted Donald with a polite smile, "Welcome to Est Montaigne. Please show your membership ID." "I'm here for Oscar Freedman." Donald's words made Tevin's smile stiffen. "I'm sorry, sir, but we don't provide such services here. If the person you've mentioned is your friend, you can call him." "Let me repeat myself. I'm here for Oscar Freedman.

Which room is he staying in?" Jennifer had been abducted way too many times. Donald had lost his patience. The smile on Tevin's face disappeared when he saw that Donald was not cooperating. His expression became cold in an instant. "Looks like you're not a member of Est Montaigne. Otherwise, you wouldn't be unaware of our rules. Since you're not a member, kindly leave the compound. If not, don't blame me if things get violent."

Tevin then clapped his hands. Immediately, two young men in the hall stood up from their seats. The men's auras revealed that they were probably Quattuo Stella Warriors. If they were anywhere else, Quattuo Stella Warriors would at least be someone of importance. However, in Est Montaigne, they could only be security. "Sir, you better not cause any trouble here—" Just as one of the men stretched out his hand to pat Donald's shoulder, the latter suddenly swung the umbrella in his hand backward.