

Unlimited Son-In-Law Chapter 521-524

Chapter 521

Duel Before the man could even react, Donald had fractured his sternum. "You!" The other security quickly realized that something was horribly wrong. Just as he was about to strike, Donald was one step ahead. A beam of bright light appeared from the tip of the black umbrella. When the men returned to their senses, a red line trickled across their throats. The two Quattuor Stella Warriors fell dead in the blink of an eye. Who is this man? How is he so powerful?

Tevin reached out his hand and pressed the security alarm. Within seconds, all the doors and windows of Est Montaigne were sealed shut. The entire safe house had become like a metal box. Shooting Donald a death glare, Tevin stated, "I don't care who you are. If you dare cause trouble in Est Montaigne, then you shall not leave here alive!" "What a coincidence, because I have the same notion," remarked Donald casually. "Everyone in this safe house today shall die." At his words, strong glass walls shot up from all four sides of Tevin, encasing him within. The glass walls were so sturdy that they could withstand the bullets of a machine gun, even if they were fired in close proximity. Therefore, Tevin believed he was perfectly safe within the glass box. Just as Tevin took out his phone and was about to call Sivert, Donald raised the black umbrella in his hand and gave the glass a forceful tap.

The dull thump startled Tevin, but he quickly relaxed as a mocking smirk appeared on his face. Is this man a fool? This glass can't even be broken by a machine gun. Did he really think he can scare me with an umbrella? "Hello?" Sivert's disgruntled voice came from the other end of the line. "Mr. Sivert, someone is challenging the safe house to a duel. Please come as soon as possible." "Aren't Wayne and William there?" "They're dead. He killed them in one move." "In one move?" Sivert immediately sat up straight and frowned. Even though Wayne and William were only Quattuor Stella Warriors, as twins, they had impeccable teamwork. If they joined forces, they could even fight a Hexa Stella Warrior.

The fact that Tevin mentioned the twins were killed with one blow proved that their attacker was at least one rank above a Hexa Stella Warrior. "Interesting." Sivert was immediately intrigued by the troublemaker. On a normal day, it would be very difficult to find an elite in Pollerton. Yet, at that moment, a powerful one showed up. Sivert decided to take up the challenge. "Wait for me at the

reception. I'll head there immediately." The moment Sivert finished his sentence, the sound of something breaking sounded from Tevin's end, followed by a high-pitched scream. "What was that? Talk to me!" The call was quickly cut off after that. Sivert stared at the phone in his hand, eyes widening in disbelief. Sivert was familiar with the security system of Est Montaigne. He knew the durability of the glass wall at the reception. The sound of something breaking just now... It couldn't have been the glass wall, could it? If it really was the glass wall, the troublemaker might at least be an Octo Stella Warrior. Sivert no longer dared to waste any more time. Picking up the spear hanging on the wall, he rushed toward the reception with a dark expression. In the meantime, not only had Donald broken the glass protection as though it was nothing, but he had rested the tip of the umbrella in his hand on Tevin's right thigh. "Where is Oscar Freedman?" "I will not—" Thud!

Without a hint of hesitation, Donald pierced the pointed end of the umbrella through Tevin's thigh. Fresh blood started gushing out of the hole. "Before your savior arrives, I have at least twenty ways in mind to torture you, so much so that you would prefer to die. Would you like to have a taste?" Mr. Sivert's room is only a few hundred meters away from the reception. I just need to stall a little while longer. Just as the thought emerged in Tevin's mind, the hole in his thigh felt numb before a shooting pain flared up.

Chapter 522

Rigorous Training "Argh!" Those who could become the Youngbloods' manager in charge of the safe house had to undergo rigorous training. Yet, Tevin Youngblood felt that no punishment was as agonizing as the pain he was feeling. "I'll tell you... Oscar's in Heavenly Private Room." Tevin could not stand it anymore. The past two seconds felt like years to him. Donald nodded and began walking to Heavenly Private Room with an umbrella. Tevin then grabbed the hem of Donald's pants and pleaded in a lowly manner, "Please give me the antidote..." Donald kicked Tevin away and muttered, "This poison will only be in effect for three minutes, so enjoy it." Three minutes? Tevin could not even stand it for another second. The poison weakened every part of his body and made him unable to even end his own life. Steeling himself, Tevin then opened his mouth to bite his tongue.

Nevertheless, Donald ignored Tevin, who was bound to die, and he continued forward. A few steps after, Donald encountered Sivert, who had come with a spear in hand. As Donald was there to raze Est Montaigne to the ground, he did not bother dropping the aggressive demeanor. Sivert, who stood opposite him, readied himself for a battle. As he held the spear in front of him, he uttered, "Who are you? How dare you barge into the Youngblood family's Est Montaigne? Do you have a death wish?" "Scram." Donald continued his way, completely ignoring Sivert. What an arrogant fellow! In his fury,

Sivert shot out his spear toward Donald's throat. The tassel on the spear bloomed like a crimson flower and concealed Sivert's hand motion from Donald's vision. That way, Donald would not be able to guess where Sivert's spear was going to go next. For Sivert, speed and agility were the best parts of his spear.

He had already mulled over his next move. If his first strike were to fail, he would twist his spear and swing it downward before swiping it on the ground to force a gap between him and Donald. However, in the next second, Sivert's plan was disrupted. Normal people tend to take a step back at an incoming stab, or they would use their weapon to block the blow. Yet, the spear was like a toy to Donald, completely harmless. Donald reached out with his left hand and easily grabbed the spear. "Huh?" Sivert froze. "You're too slow." Donald continued walking forward as he bent the spear in his hand until it was out of shape. When Sivert sensed the pressure coming from his hand, he hastily took a step back and twisted the spear in an attempt to make Donald let go of it. Nevertheless, it was pointless. Donald's left hand gripped the weapon as if it was a clamp. At that, Sivert's heart lurched.

He's at least on par with a Novem Stella Warrior! I'm definitely no match for him! "Is that all you have?" Donald exerted a little more strength in his left hand and broke the head of the spear. Knowing that he was no match for Donald, Sivert fled. Donald sneered, and he flung the spear toward Sivert, stabbing his thigh. "I'm so sorry! I was a fool not to have recognized a powerful man like you! Please let me go! We bear no grudge against each other, and as long as you let me go, I'll be your servant!" The more one tasted what power was like, the more fearful of death one would become.

That was the case for Sivert. He had become a renowned fighter from an average person, and he had to put in much effort for that. Sivert did not want to die; he still wanted to continue enjoying his life, but was that a chance Donald would give him? In Heavenly Private Room, Oscar was wearing black long-sleeved nightwear with a glass of red wine in his hand. At that moment, he was studying Jennifer, who was lying horizontally on the couch.

Chapter 523

Quite Beautiful "No wonder Tyrone was willing to release news about the ten billion worth of personal assets. You're quite beautiful." As he spoke, he walked toward Jennifer. Just as he was about to touch Jennifer's face, she abruptly snapped back to her senses. "Who are you? What are you trying to do? Get away from me!" Jennifer lifted her leg to kick Oscar, but due to the lingering effects of the drug, her hit

did not kick Oscar away. Instead, he grabbed her ankle and began chuckling. "I like the way you struggle. The more you struggle, the more excited I am." "You pervert! Let go of me!

Donald won't let you off if you dare to lay a finger on me!" "Donald Campbell?" The smile on Oscar's face grew wider. As he pointed at a camera in the room, he said, "I heard that you're still a virgin. Do you see that camera over there? I'll be using a few more angles to film the process of me bedding you. Then, I'll send the video to Donald. I wonder what expression he'll have on his face when he watches the video." Jennifer was gripped by despair. She never expected Oscar to be completely unafraid of Donald. Moreover, Jennifer did not know where she was; she could not even ask Donald to save her. Am I going to be ruined by this man in front of me? I'm sorry, Donald. I'm so sorry. As tears rolled down her cheeks, she placed her hand behind her back. Right as Oscar leaned his face over, she took out a small knife from behind her and slashed Oscar's face. Then, without hesitation, she brought it down toward her neck. She would never let Oscar taint her even if it meant certain death—she would never let Donald be humiliated. However, before the knife could touch the skin of her neck, Oscar grabbed it.

In the next second, Oscar slapped Jennifer, and the force of the slap rendered Jennifer unconscious. "B*tch, know your limits!" After throwing the knife to the side, Oscar walked over to the table to grab the medical kit, about to treat his facial injury. Yet, at that moment, the sounds of someone kicking the door came out from outside the safe house. Oscar's hand on the gauze shuddered before he shouted at his bodyguard, "Gordon, take a look at what's going on outside." Oscar was in the Heavenly Private Room. As long as he did not leave the room, no one would technically come to him, let alone kick his door. Gordon thought of checking the surveillance camera outside the room, but just as he came close to the screen, he realized the signal was lost. "Boss, the camera has been destroyed, so I can't see who's outside." The kicking sounds were getting louder and louder, and Oscar could even feel the house begin to shake. At that, he started to panic. It seemed like his enemy had come, but he did not know which enemy was outside. "Don't be scared, Boss.

This is a specially-made door the Youngblood family ordered. There's no way he'll be able to kick it open." Just as he said that, they heard a loud thump. In the next moment, they saw a man-made hole in the wall beside the door. Oscar paled and turned speechless. While it was true that the door remained intact, they could not say the same for the wall. "Fire!" At that order, Gordon raised his rifle and began shooting at the figure behind the wall through the hole. It was such a narrow space, so there was no way he would miss the person. Yet, the figure was still moving even after Gordon unloaded his entire magazine. Only after the dust settled did Oscar catch a glimpse of who was there. "Donald Campbell!

How could it be you?" To his knowledge, Donald was a useless man who had foolishly forced the reactivation of the Dragon Fide Project. Hence, he could not wrap his mind around how a useless man like him managed to barge into Est Montaigne alone and how he had managed to remain unscathed despite the spray of bullets earlier.

Chapter 524

Hovering Bullets When Donald saw Jennifer, who was on the couch with a swollen red cheek, his gaze turned cold. After Donald took a step forward, Gordon and Oscar finally noticed the bullets hovering in front of him. As Donald continued walking forward, the bullets turned to face Gordon while still hovering in midair. Gordon panicked and tried to flee, but in the next second, those bullets flew toward their target at a much quicker speed. In the blink of an eye, Gordon was riddled with bullets. Gordon's blood splattered on Oscar's face as Oscar stared at Donald, who looked like a demon that had just crawled out of hell. In his fear, he fell on his buttocks and stammered out, "D-Donald, what are you trying to do? I have the Freedman clan backing me up!

The Freedmans won't let you off if you touch even one of my fingers!" Crack. Right as Oscar was done speaking, Donald's umbrella tapped on Oscar's right index finger. The blaze of pain made Oscar scream in agony. His right index finger had been bent to a strange angle, and it was a terrifying sight to behold. "I touched a finger. What will the Freedman clan do to me now?" "How dare you, Donald Campbell? The Freedman clan... The Freedman clan will never forgive you for this!" "The Freedman clan?" Donald let out a derisive snort. "How did you think I came here?" Right. How did he come here? This is the Heavenly Private Room. He couldn't have... slaughtered his entire way here, right? "That's impossible! This is the Youngblood family's safe house. How can a loser like you enter this place?" "I'm already standing in front of you, but you're still denying reality?" Donald questioned as he looked at the pathetic Oscar. "I'll let you die in peace. My name is Donald Campbell, and my territory is Quadfield."

There was nothing unique about the name Donald Campbell, for there were plenty of people whose name was Donald Campbell in the world. What frightened Oscar was how he said that his territory was Quadfield. The territory controller of Quadfield, Lord Campbell? "Y-You're Lord Campbell?" It was at that moment Oscar finally understood how Donald managed to charge all the way inside. Not even ten safe houses were safe from Lord Campbell, let alone Est Montaigne. No wonder Sebastian was adamant about being on Donald's side, even if it meant that he'd be against his family. It's because Donald is Lord Campbell! Surprisingly, Oscar calmed down upon knowing Donald's identity. He knew that he was doomed to death. "Can you... make it quick?" A cruel grin grew on Donald's face as he glanced at the

camera in the room. "Do you really think that I'll grant you a quick death?" In the meantime, other than Braxton of the Irving family, the people from the other eight prestigious families were all standing right outside Est Montaigne. The people of the eight prestigious families were baffled as they looked at the tightly shut door. "Est Montaigne has never closed since the opening of its establishment. What's going on today? Are they trying to take Mr.

Campbell's ten billion worth of assets?" The people from the eight prestigious families had been taking out all of their trump cards in an attempt to get their hands on Jennifer from Est Montaigne. Yet, they came only to be greeted by the closed doors of Est Montaigne. Wyatt Humboldt of the Humboldt family said to Gibbons, "Don't you know what kind of being the Youngblood family is? How can the Youngbloods' safe house be worth less than Mr. Campbell's ten billion worth of assets? Instead of joking about the Youngbloods here, we should be thinking about who should enter first and who should enter last."

They were all confident with the trump cards they had, and that was why the order of entrance was important. Errol Winston of the Winston family pushed the glasses on his nose bridge higher. "I'm the first to arrive, so I should be the one who enters first. Does any of you object to that?" "Rubbish! It's one thing to have an order of entrance for a bathroom trip, but that won't work here!" "Stop fighting. Why don't we draw lots? We'll decide who should enter based on that instead."