

Unlimited Son-In-Law Chapter 533-536

Chapter 533

Imitation Car Shortly after, Kevin managed to get some news. With a hint of excitement written all over his face, he told Braxton, "Mr. Irving, I've already checked with my friend. According to him, a few top-notch luxurious cars worldwide were transported from Yaleview recently. However, they are obviously from the black market without proper transport procedure." Hearing that, Linda asked in bafflement, "What do you mean by no proper transport procedure?" "It means this batch of cars is illegal. The cars can't be genuine, as they are either imitations or smuggled."

Leonard was stupefied. "There are even imitations for this type of sports car?" "Dad, I bet you never know about this. Some of those who like to show off love to have modifications for certain parts of their car frames so their cars resemble the luxurious ones. You won't spot any difference if you don't take a closer look. However, if you do so and sit in the car, you'll be able to tell if it's an imitation right away. Think about it. Has Jennifer ever been in a luxurious car before? Can she spot any difference? If Donald brags to her about his sports car, won't she believe it right away? What a despicable man.

How could he have the audacity to fool Jennifer with an imitation car? I was almost bluffed by him, too." In an instant, Braxton burst out laughing. "Kev, since it's an imitation car, I reckon it's not worth much money. Am I right?" "Yeah! How much can an imitation car cost? I bet it costs no more than a few hundred thousand." "There's six hundred thousand in this card. I want you to do something for me." Braxton took a bank card from his wallet and handed it to Kevin. Grinning ear to ear, the latter took it immediately. Ah! My future brother-in-law is undoubtedly generous! He doesn't even think twice about spending six hundred thousand! That's how we define filthy rich and generous!

"Feel free to assign me anything, Mr. Irving. I'll do the best I can!" "When we reach the parking lot later, I want you to locate his imitation car and smash it." "S-Smash it?" Linda and the others were dumbstruck. My goodness! Do the wealthy always do something like this? "Yeah. Haven't you started disliking him long ago? To me, he's a pain in the neck, too. Hence, I thought of asking you to smash his car for me. The leftover amount on this card will be your reward." His words whipped Kevin up in an instant. I only need to smash an imitation car to gain a few hundred thousand! What a golden opportunity! Rubbing his hands, Kevin convinced Braxton, "You can count on me on that, Mr. Irving." Fifteen minutes later, Braxton parked his car in the parking lot.

The moment everyone got out of his car, Donald's Apollo sports car came into view. Undeniably, the eye-catching sports car was exceptionally lavish. Even though it was parked among all the other luxurious cars in the parking lot, it did not fail to catch the other business elites' eyes. Many started surrounding it as they scrutinized and enthusiastically made comments about it. "Ah! It's certainly a top-notch luxurious car. Take a look at the hand-printed lines on the door. If I'm not mistaken, each line is different." "Look at the inner parts of this car. Oh my! The hand gear is made of pure silver, isn't it? What a lavish design!" Listening to the business elites discussing fervently, Braxton felt a rush of displeasure surging from within him. I'm always the center of attention on any occasion. How could Donald steal the limelight now? Right that instant, Braxton shot Kevin a meaningful glance.

The latter gestured to him proudly by holding a hammer. "Watch how I teach that Campbell a lesson, Mr. Irving." Braxton was not the slightest bit interested in it. After watching the latter advancing toward Donald's Apollo sports car, he headed straight toward the entrance instead. Linda and Leonard looked at Kevin before they turned to cast a look at Braxton, who was walking ahead of them. Perplexed, they were indecisive about who they should follow. "What are you waiting for? We should follow Mr. Irving."

Chapter 534

The Apollo Sports Car Is Smashed Upon hearing that, Linda furrowed her brows in uncertainty. "I hope Kevin will not be in trouble after smashing Donald's car." At her words, Leonard snapped at her, "Don't overthink it. There's nothing to be worried about. After all, money can do magic. Didn't Mr. Irving give him six hundred thousand to get the matter resolved by paying compensation? What a thoughtful son-in-law! Don't you think we should give it our way to match-make Jennifer and him soonest possible?"

What's the point of keeping an eye on Kevin?" Linda shared the same sentiments with Leonard upon hearing that. Therefore, they quickened their paces to catch up with Braxton and made their way toward the entrance of the hall. "Excuse me. Please make way." On the flip side, Kevin dragged the rich businessmen surrounding Donald's Apollo sports car away and smashed the logo to a dent without a second thought. They gaped at Kevin as though he had lost his mind. What the hell! Where did this brat come from? How could he have the gall to smash such a luxurious car? No words could describe how much Kevin enjoyed it when those businessmen had their eyes on him. He was suddenly buoyed up by his strong sense of superiority. "Why are you staring at me? It's only an imitation car, and I have plenty of money. Anything wrong if I smash it?" With that, he smashed the Apollo sports car twice again with the hammer. It shattered the rearview mirror right away and dented the hood. Kevin was overexcited as though he had taken a stimulant. Seconds later, he even climbed onto the roof of the car and swung the

hammer gleefully. At the sight, the rich businessmen whipped out their phones to take a video. Kevin even posed for them willingly.

One of them lowered his voice and asked quizzically, "Who's this brat? He's really daring." "No idea. He might be a lunatic who had just escaped from some hospital." "He's in deep trouble. I bet he'll end up rotting in jail." The more they gossiped, the more excited Kevin got. Just as he was about to smash the car window to damage the interior part of the Apollo, a burly security guard with a scar on his face dragged him down. Subsequently, he fell clumsily on the ground. "What are you doing? Don't you know who I am?" The burly security guard looked at the Apollo sports car before throwing Kevin a glare. "You sure have the guts to stir up turmoil on the turf of Azure Dragon Club, huh? Do you know who I am?" Kevin steeled himself and retorted, "How would I know a lowly nobody like you? And how dare you lay a finger on me! Just you wait! I'll ask my brother-in-law to bash your brains out!" "Hmph! You're definitely asking for trouble!" Another security guard trampled Kevin's stomach with a flying kick, causing him to fall to the ground again. Before Kevin could get to his feet, the security guard grabbed his hair to pull him up like a pet dog, pressing his head on the hood of the Apollo sports car. "He is Armando Xuereb, the third highest leader in Azure Dragon Club. You must have a death wish by getting on his nerves."

Kevin had never heard about Azure Dragon Club, let alone Armando's name. Even so, upon seeing the guards' intimidating faces, he had a gut feeling that they could be influential figures in the underworld and the legal departments. In a split second, Kevin faltered. However, when he recalled how Braxton had asked him to smash the car, he still uttered, "My brother-in-law is Braxton Irving. He's the one who asked me to smash this car. Fine, I'll just pay compensation for the damage done. I have money. There's six hundred thousand in this card." "Six hundred thousand?" Armando suddenly snatched the hammer from Kevin and smashed it onto the hood right in front of him with a loud bang. The latter was scared stiff and almost wet his pants. Everyone gasped at the scene. This guy named Armando is seemingly fearless. The hammer was barely a few inches from the brat's head. He could've been ripped apart! "This is a top-level Apollo sports car, you brat.

There are only one hundred units worldwide. Now that you have smashed it to such an extent, do you seriously think you can make it up to the owner with six hundred thousand?" "This car is fake! It's only an imitation that costs two hundred thousand at most! The price can't go any higher!" Kevin yelled confidently.

The Real Deal He even wanted to give Armando an explanation on imitation cars, but he had barely lifted his head when someone shoved it back down. "Imitation car?" With a mighty swing of the hammer, Armando smashed the window of the driver's seat to pieces and had his men shove Kevin inside. "Just this once. I'll make an exception and let you have a look inside, so make sure to get an eyeful and tell me if it's an imitation!" Being a car enthusiast, Kevin had gotten so excited when he smashed the car earlier that he did not notice if the car's exterior was authentic. It was not until he felt how soft and comfortable the seat was that the realization dawned on him. T-This car is the real deal! It's not an imitation! This is impossible! How could Donald possibly afford a fancy car like this?

Kevin swallowing nervously with his face pale was all Armando needed to know what he was thinking about. "Take this guy to our security room and teach him a lesson. After that, I want you boys to find out who this car belongs to and have him come to the security room," Armando said while patting the supercar. He then swaggered off while two of his security guards hauled Kevin out of the car and dragged him toward the security room. "Hey! Let go! You can't do this to me! Braxton is my brother-in-law!" Kevin screamed at the top of his lungs, but his cries fell on deaf ears. Meanwhile, Linda was getting her measurements taken by the staff at the Supreme Gala's dressing area. Suddenly, she had a bad feeling in her gut and glanced worriedly in the direction of the parking lot. "Honey, do I look good in this outfit?" As men's suits were relatively simpler and took a lot less time to tailor, Leonard already had his on as he stood before Linda. Linda rolled her eyes at him as she asked with a concerned expression, "Why isn't Kev back yet? He has been gone for quite a long time.

Do you think something might've happened to him?" "Nonsense! It has only been about thirty minutes! You know how mischievous Kevin can be, don't you? Mr. Irving has paid him six hundred thousand to smash up a car, so it's only natural for him to take his sweet time!" Leonard replied casually. Feeling relieved after hearing that, Linda nodded in response. "But Mr. Irving seems to have left after bringing us in here. What should we do?" Leonard did not quite understand what Linda meant. "Mr. Irving is a reputable businessman in Pollerton, so he must have a lot of friends attending this banquet. We're lucky he's willing to broaden our horizons by bringing us here! You don't expect him to stay with us the whole evening, do you?" Shooting Leonard a fierce glare, Linda snapped back at him, "How will we matchmake him and Jennifer if we can't find him? Need I remind you that we have a task to accomplish? We're not here to enjoy the party, Leonard!" "Jennifer is off fooling around with Donald as we speak.

Honestly, you should've told her to stay away from Donald for at least a year! That way, we'd have more time to set her up with Mr. Irving! What's the point of us trying to do so if Jennifer isn't even interested in Mr. Irving?" Leonard replied with a pout after being yelled at. At that, Linda's eyes lit up. "If there's a will, there's a way. All you have to do is help me find them both. I'll take care of the matchmaking part."

Leonard was not sure what she had in mind, but he had a bad feeling about it somehow. While Linda and Leonard were trying out clothes in the dressing area, Jennifer and Donald were browsing through the dressing area as well.

Chapter 536

Wynter Is Our Brand Ambassador Although the wealthy guests attending the Supreme Gala would show up in tailored clothes, many owners of small and medium-sized enterprises would bring their dates over and have their clothes tailored on the spot. When Jennifer said she did not like wearing gowns, she was actually hinting at Donald that they both had no suitable clothes for the event. After all, it was every girl's dream to look pretty when attending a grand event such as this. "Do you like those gowns? How about we go get ourselves a set of formal attire as well?" Jennifer shook her head. "Forget it. I don't look nice in a gown, so I'd rather not embarrass myself." "Says who? I think you look better than all of them, so you'd definitely look stunning in a gown." Donald then dragged Jennifer into a dressing room before she could say anything further. "Welcome! Are you two here to get your outfits tailored?" Camille Tate, the staff member on duty, greeted them the moment when they entered the dressing room that had been temporarily set up. "We'd like to see if there are any designs that suit us." "Of course.

This way, please." Camille then led them to a desk and handed them a catalog filled with options they could choose from. After browsing through the catalog, Jennifer realized the free tailoring service only offered a few simplistic designs with very cheap fabric. It'd be awkward if I run into people wearing these exact same gowns at the Supreme Gala. As for the other outfits... The cheapest men's suit would cost over seventy thousand, and the cheapest gown would cost over a hundred and twenty thousand. "Donald, how about we just attend the Supreme Gala dressed like this?" Jennifer whispered into his ear, but Camille heard what she said. The look in Camille's eyes had turned slightly disdainful, even though she still maintained a smile on her face. I don't know how this woman got herself a ticket to this event, but she's clearly just here to get a glimpse of what life is like for the wealthy! With that in mind, Camille said, "Sefoya is an international brand, so you need not worry about the quality and designs of our tailored outfits. I'm sure you'll find it satisfactory after you try it on. Many celebrities in Yorksland have made appearances on television wearing our outfits.

Just so you know, Wynter Lowe is our brand ambassador!" Holding a hand over her mouth, Jennifer exclaimed in shock, "Wynter is your brand ambassador?" Thinking Jennifer was another one of Wynter's fans, Camille added, "Yeah! She attended a film award ceremony wearing 'White Swan'! You can have that tailored here too, by the way." Jennifer's jaw dropped when she turned the page and saw how much White Swan cost. What the... Five hundred and sixty thousand just for a gown? "My goodness... Isn't this a little too pricey?" Jennifer exclaimed. "Miss, we're talking about a gown that Queen Lowe herself has worn. For your information, the feathers on this gown are genuine swan feathers. The price

is justified by the complicated production process and rarity of the materials used.” “Forget it, Donald. Let’s just attend the Supreme Gala dressed like this.” Camille frowned when her efforts at promoting the gown had been in vain. She was so displeased that she did not even bother seeing them out of the dressing room. That was when a tall woman came in with her arms wrapped around a man’s. Upon seeing Jennifer, she paused in her tracks. “Jennifer? How did you get in?”

Jennifer was equally shocked when she saw the woman in front of her. “H-Hi, Natalie...” “You two know each other?” the man asked. “Oh, Jennifer and I used to take piano lessons together at Cultural Palace. Just so you know, our teacher used to call her a genius back then. In fact, she even won quite a few prizes in the city-level competitions!” replied Natalie Quidley.