

Unlimited Son-In-Law Chapter 537-540

Chapter 537

Natalie The Bully “Really? She can play the piano better than you?” The man was a little surprised, as Natalie had risen to fame as a talented pianist in Yorksland. She would be performing live on stage at the Supreme Gala tonight. “That was the case in the past, but I’m not sure about it now. Jennifer, if I recall, you stopped taking classes at Cultural Palace after receiving those awards. I heard your family stopped you from taking piano lessons because you guys couldn’t afford it.

I can’t remember if it was the tuition fees or piano that broke the bank, though.” Piano lessons were really expensive, and Jennifer’s family was not financially doing well back then. Her parents only agreed to let her take piano lessons for a year because she kept begging them for it. Linda had never considered letting her become a pianist, as she did not think the income generated would be enough to cover the costs. A couple of trophies was all Jennifer got after winning those city-level piano competitions, so pursuing a career as a pianist did not seem very practical. Besides, Jennifer would need to practice a lot at home if she wished to take her piano skills to a higher level. Naturally, the idea of forking out a huge sum to buy a piano did not sit well with Linda. She would rather buy Kevin video games with that money than buy Jennifer a piano. Not being able to become a pianist was one of Jennifer’s biggest regrets. She never expected to run into Natalie at the Supreme Gala, let alone have the latter bring up her painful memories in front of all those people. Jennifer kept quiet with her head held low, but Natalie refused to stop there. “What are you doing here, Jennifer?

The Supreme Gala isn't some public party that anyone can just attend. How did you get your ticket?" she pressed on. Although Natalie isn't as talented as I am when it comes to playing the piano, she was able to pursue her career as a pianist thanks to the support of her family. With that in mind, Jennifer replied timidly, "Someone gave it to me. My boyfriend and I are just here to have a look around. We'll be heading home soon." "Oh, I see. You're just having a look around, huh?" Natalie broke into a grin as her gaze fell upon the open catalog on the table. "Even so, this is the Supreme Gala we're talking about. Your outfits are hardly appropriate for such a grand event. Why don't you two get yourselves a set of formal attire? They provide tailoring services here, don't they?" Having worked retail for many years, Camille was experienced enough to read the room and understand what Natalie was implying. "Ms. Wilson here thinks our outfits are too expensive. That's why they chose not to get a set tailored," she chimed in. "What? I thought you guys are offering outfits for free?" "Perhaps Ms. Wilson finds the free outfits too cheap for someone of her status." Hearing that, Natalie clicked her tongue in disapproval.

"Jennifer, I don't mean to sound rude, but why haven't you changed at all? You're always looking down on cheap stuff even though you can't afford the expensive stuff. With that attitude of yours, I'm surprised you managed to get by all these years!" Those words cut Jennifer's heart like a knife, and her eyes reddened as tears began to form. Right when Jennifer was about to cry, Donald spoke up. "It's not that we can't afford to buy them. We just find the outfits here too ugly for our liking." "Oh, now you're just being shamelessly stubborn!" Camille glared coldly at Donald as she continued, "We designed White Swan, a gown that Wynter wore when attending a formal event! Are you saying you find that gown ugly as well?" "Yeah, that's right. There wasn't anything impressive about White Swan's design. You don't actually think that gown was special, do you?" Donald replied nonchalantly while picking his ear. "Sir, White Swan is a very valuable gown, which is why it suits Wynter's elegance and status. Your statements are both ignorant and insolent!" chirped the man standing next to Natalie.

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Introducing Harold Dawson Donald shot the man an annoyed look, asking, "And who the heck are you?" This guy has been awfully quiet while Natalie and Camille were insulting Jennifer earlier. Why would he suddenly butt in after I called White Swan ugly? "This gentleman here is Harold Dawson. Mr. Dawson is the key makeup artist in Queen Lowe's team and also the one who picked out White Swan," Natalie

introduced solemnly before the man could even say anything. “Oh, that explains your strong reaction. You were the one who picked the gown for her, huh?” Donald stared at Harold seriously. “In that case, I seem to have gotten the wrong idea about Wynter. It’s not her fashion sense that needs work, but her ability to hire the right person for the job.” The look on Harold’s face turned gloomy instantly. All of Yorksland’s entertainment industry treat me with the utmost respect! Heck, even Wynter wouldn’t dare say a word about my fashion sense!

“I wasn’t planning on getting involved in your little squabble, but you questioning my taste is absolutely unacceptable. I believe White Swan is one of the best gowns out there. If you can find one that can surpass it, I will admit defeat and retire from the entertainment industry! If you can’t find a better gown, then you are to leave Supreme Gala immediately. I do not want to see you at the banquet after this!” Harold snapped back at him with a sneer. There were some gowns out there that looked better than White Swan, but Harold did not think Donald was knowledgeable enough to identify them. That was the key difference that separated professionals from non-professionals. For example, it would be near impossible for an average person to win an argument with a mechanic over which spare parts were of better quality. As if that was not challenging enough, Natalie decided to take things up a notch by saying, “Having them find a gown like that simply won’t do, Mr. Dawson! Given how advanced technology is these days, they could easily look it up on the internet! Jennifer, your boyfriend said he finds these gowns ugly, didn’t he?”

We'll admit defeat if he can present a gown that's better than White Swan." Presenting a gown and finding one were two completely different things. One simply needed to have great taste in order to find a gown better than White Swan, but to present one would first require him to own said gown. Naturally, that would cost a huge amount of money. Ha! Take that, Jennifer! You can blame your ignorant boyfriend for insulting White Swan to Harold's face! N "Sure thing. The bet is on, then! Give me fifteen minutes. I'll have someone bring the gown over." Donald then pulled up two chairs and sat Jennifer down beside him. "All right, you two have fifteen minutes to make it happen!" Natalie replied excitedly.

My family background is clearly better than Jennifer's, and yet, she somehow became the center of attention back at Cultural Palace. I've always wanted to crush her pride and ego beneath my heel and show her who's better, but she withdrew from Cultural Palace before I got the chance to. On top of that, she even stopped playing the piano altogether! Oh, Jennifer, I can't believe you'd have the audacity to attend Supreme Gala with that ignorant boyfriend of yours! Today, I shall show you just how superior I am! "Let's just get out of here, Donald. It's best if we don't cause any trouble."

Although Jennifer had no idea how powerful Harold was, she knew Natalie was from a rather wealthy family. While most other parents could only afford bicycles, Natalie had a butler drive her to and from school. Now that my family is finally able to afford a car after all these years, one can only imagine how much wealthier her family must've become.

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Blind Them With Your Beauty "I actually had a gown prepared for you, but it was supposed to be a surprise. Since they're so eager to see it, I might as well show it to them now," Donald reassured her with a pat on the hand. Even so, Jennifer could not help but worry as she had promised Linda she would attend the Supreme Gala. Therefore, leaving the venue halfway through would have a negative impact on her remarriage with Donald.

Feeling smug after seeing Jennifer's anxious expression, Natalie glanced at Camille and asked with her chin held high, "Has my White Swan arrived?" "Yes, Ms. Quidley. Please come with me to the fitting room," Camille replied as she escorted Natalie to the fitting room. The two of them even flashed Jennifer a gleeful smile before entering the fitting room. Let's see if you can afford something that costs more than five hundred and sixty thousand, Jennifer!

Harold waited until they were gone before saying, "Mr. Campbell, it's clear as day that you and I are not of the same profession. I know you were only putting up an act in front of Natalie. If you two leave now, I can pretend this never happened and call off our little bet." When Jennifer heard that, her eyes lit up. We won't have to leave the venue if he calls off the bet! "Donald..." Holding her hand, Donald motioned for her to keep quiet as he asked, "Are you scared, Harold?" Hearing the other man's question, Harold narrowed his eyes. "

What did you just say?" "You can just tell me if you're scared. I won't laugh at you or anything." "Donald, I'm simply trying to spare you and your girlfriend here from the inevitable humiliation. Did you really think I'd be scared of you?" Harold muttered through clenched teeth. "It's good to know you're not scared. Just be patient. The gown I requested for will be arriving shortly." Those words had barely left Donald's mouth when a man came in with two exquisite-looking boxes in his hands. "Here you go, Mr. Campbell!" Donald nodded and replied calmly, "Just leave it on the side." The man did as told and stepped out of the room after that. Handing Jennifer one of the boxes, Donald pointed at the other fitting room, uttering, "Go on, get changed and blind them with your beauty." Jennifer stared hesitantly at the heavy box in her hands. There will be no turning back once I put this gown on...

However, she decided to throw caution to the wind when she saw the confident look in Donald's eyes. No, I shouldn't worry about competing against others. Donald bought me this dress, so it's extremely precious. Even if it isn't better than White Swan, I'll still wear it on a date with him! No longer feeling anxious, she leaned in and gave Donald a kiss on the cheek. "Thanks for the gown. I'll go put it on for you right now." Natalie came out of her fitting room right as Jennifer entered one. Despite her nasty behavior, Natalie had a rather decent figure, and White Swan helped complement that by adding an air of elegance to her.

"Where's Jennifer? She didn't run off on her own, did she?" "Ms. Wilson has also entered the fitting room." Harold eyed her from head to toe as he added with a satisfied smile, "I knew this gown would

suit you well. You'll become the center of attention if you wear this on stage today." Receiving his compliment, Natalie felt even more confident in her appearance. She then glanced at her watch before telling Donald, "I'll be going on stage in thirty minutes. It's a shame you and Jennifer won't be around to witness me captivate the audience with my dazzling beauty." "Is that so? What if Wynter says your gown doesn't look good? Would you still wear it on stage?" Donald asked while scrolling through his phone.

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Astrea By Fernando Snow Ha! This guy must've lost his mind or something! Wynter isn't attending Supreme Gala, so there's no way she'd say that! Natalie let out a disdainful chuckle at the thought of that. Suddenly, the door to the fitting room was opened, and Jennifer stepped out in a dark purple dress. "How do I look, Donald?" she asked, her face blushing slightly. The dark purple color of the gown matched her fair skin perfectly. Jennifer looked so stunningly beautiful that everyone in the room was frozen in shock. "What the... How could a gown like this possibly exist?"

Harold exclaimed with disbelief written all over his face. He had neither seen the materials used in making the gown nor heard of its design. The gown was made up of three layers, with the outermost layer being a thin veil coated with diamonds. The diamonds helped conceal the dark-colored girdle inside and gave the gown an air of mystery. The second layer was a girdle with a dark-colored pattern that glittered and sparkled when light shone on it from different angles. The innermost layer was a figure-hugging bodice. Jennifer was not sure what material it was made of, but it was breathable and did not feel restrictive at all. "You look amazing, Jennifer! Don't you see how stunned they are?"

Donald then shifted his gaze toward Harold. "Well? What do you think? Which is better? My girlfriend's gown or White Swan?" "You win. I'll retire from the entertainment industry..." Harold muttered through clenched teeth. Harold? Retire from the entertainment industry? Natalie was instantly snapped out of her daze when she heard that. The entire entertainment industry holds Harold in high regard! My career will be ruined if they find out that he retired because of me! "Donald must've rented this gown somewhere! They can't have won just yet!" Natalie protested as she refused to admit defeat.

Harold, on the other hand, took his loss with honor. "This gown does indeed look better than White Swan, so it's undeniable that I have lost the bet. Don't lose your cool, Natalie. You still have a performance coming up," he said solemnly. Harold then walked up to Donald and asked, "Could you tell me the name of this gown? I'd like to know who made this amazing work of art." "It's Astrea by

Fernando Snow himself. It has a total of three hundred and sixty-five diamonds.” Upon hearing that, Camille and another female staff member glared enviously at Jennifer. Three hundred and sixty-five diamonds? Most people would only use one diamond when proposing to their girlfriends, but this gown has three hundred and sixty-five diamonds? This is ridiculous! Harold let out a wry chuckle as he realized he had lost fairly and squarely. Fernando is the best fashion designer in the world.

Most people can only dream of having him design an outfit for them. As Fernando only designs outfits when he has an inspiration for it, simply having lots of money isn't going to cut it. Therefore, he must've designed Astrea specially for Jennifer. Since this is no longer about money, I can confirm there's definitely more to Donald than meets the eye! Harold was able to deduce all that information from Jennifer's gown alone, but the same could not be said about Natalie. All she knew was that her gown did not look as good as Jennifer's. Consumed by envy, she shouted, “Hey, Jennifer! How much did you spend on that gown of yours? I'll pay ten times as much, so take it off and sell it to me right now! This is a great deal for you, so what do you say?”