

The Formidable Son-In-Law: The Charismatic Lucas Gray

Chapter 9: Expensive Gift List

Seth was so astonished by Lucas's aura that he involuntarily took a step backward. By the time he reacted, he was vexed and infuriated!

He was actually frightened by a good-for-nothing. Although it was only for a moment, it was a huge insult!

Karen yelled at Lucas, "Shut up! What do you know? Even if Mr. Miller made a mistake and bought the wrong thing, it definitely wasn't deliberate! What nonsense are you spouting about radioactivity? A loser like you knows nothing!"

One of the relatives with a beer belly stood up and chimed in, "Exactly! I've never heard of heinrichite before. How can a good-for-nothing like you know what it is? Don't make up a name and try to fool us with it!"

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Lucas's eyes were icy cold. Karen was Cheyenne's mother, so he couldn't humiliate her, but the other relatives were different. He walked toward the relative with a beer belly and said, "Since you're saying that I'm making up stories and that this thing is harmless, try it yourself."

Lucas handed the diamond debris over and acted like he was about to rub it on the relative with the beer belly.

"Stop, stop! Don't come over!" the relative with the beer belly immediately wailed and retreated, knocking down several chairs in the process. The people around him retreated too as they stared at the debris in his hand with fear, as if they were staring at a ferocious beast.

Chaos broke out in the hall.

“Enough!”

Amid the chaotic commotion, Cheyenne, who was currently holding her daughter in her arms silently, smashed a bowl onto the ground, giving everyone a great shock.

She took a deep breath and walked up to Seth. “I’m sorry the pendant you gave Amelia was shattered. I’ll compensate you for it.”

Seth remained gentlemanly in front of Cheyenne. Shaking his head, he said, “It’s a gift for Amelia in the first place. I didn’t expect it to turn into a joke because of my mistake. It’s good enough that you don’t blame me. How could I make you pay for it? I’ll pick out another gift for Amelia to make it up to her.”

“Thanks, but that’s not necessary,” Cheyenne politely and distantly declined.

Seth wanted to say something, but Cheyenne had already walked past him and went to Lucas’s side.

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Staring at the debris on Lucas’s palm, she glared at him in pique and questioned, “Why are you still holding onto it? Aren’t you scared that your hand will be hurt?”

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Lucas grinned and obediently followed Cheyenne to the kitchen to clean up and wash his hands.

Seth stared at the two figures with jealousy and resentment in his eyes.

At this juncture, a modified, ostentatious, and luxurious Mercedes Benz G-wagon pulled over at the entrance of the Carters’ home, followed by two cars.

Two people alighted from the car and knocked on the door loudly.

“Who is it?!” Karen was extremely frustrated because of the ruckus in the living room, and the knocking on the door just made her feel even more annoyed.

She initially thought that she had obtained a precious gemstone worth more than 150,000 dollars from Seth, but it turned out to be a counterfeit. To make things worse, it was highly radioactive too. She had touched the pendant for a long time, and at this moment, she felt extremely uncomfortable.

However, it would be embarrassing to wash her hands in front of Seth. It truly irked her.

She opened the door in frustration and chastised, “What are you knocking for...”

Before she finished speaking, she was frightened by the two bodyguards at the door, who were tall and burly like steel towers. She then fell silent.

After swallowing her saliva, she asked cautiously, “Who are you... looking for?”

“Excuse me, is this William Carter’s home?” asked a man in his fifties who looked like a butler.

“Are you looking for my husband?”

Hearing his name, William walked over from the living room. When he saw the person in front of him, he was astounded! *Isn't this old man in the black tuxedo Louis Alcott, the chief butler who often follows Ethan Sawyer, the richest man in Orange County, around?*

Cheyenne’s father hurriedly walked down the steps and bent forward with a smile. “I didn’t know it was you, Mr. Alcott. I’m sorry for not welcoming you properly.”

Just as he was about to shake the hand of this famous chief butler, someone beside him interposed abruptly and beat him to it.

Seth grinned as enthusiastically as he could. “What brings you here, Mr. Alcott? It’s a great honor to see you here. Please quickly enter.”

Louis frowned. “Who are you?”

“I’m Seth Miller, and my father is David Miller, who owns the JW Corporation. A few days ago, we...”

“I don’t know such a person!” Before Seth could report his family background, Louis retracted his hand coldly and even took out a handkerchief to wipe his hand. He didn’t bother looking at him at all.

A second-rate company like the JW Corporation was nothing compared to the Sawyer Corporation.

Seth’s face was suddenly red yet pale.

He originally thought he would be able to make some connections with a big shot. But in the end, he was insulted. He felt incredibly embarrassed, especially since it happened in front of the Carters, which he was trying to please.

Cheyenne’s father dared not speak and simply looked at Louis anxiously, wondering why this big shot was here to look for him...

“Are you William Carter?”

Cheyenne’s father nodded his head vigorously.

Louis assented and remained silent. He then took out a large wad of a gift list from his chest pocket and handed it over.

Karen’s eyes glistened. She hurriedly grabbed it to take a look.

“Moon Palace Real Estate’s Luxurious Lakeside Villa!”

“Limited-edition Lamborghini supercar!”

“Ninety percent shares of Venus Apparel!”

“Ninety percent shares of Spring Cloud Hotel!”

“One Glorious Splendor Goldsmith branch!”

“Nine stores in the Golden Wing International Commercial Building!”

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As Karen looked at the items, her breathing became heavier, and she started reading the items out agitatedly.

In the end, she exclaimed, “There’s also a betrothal gift of a million dollars! Oh my god!”

She screamed, and her face was as red as a tomato as she pinched Willam’s arm tightly. “Hubby, I’m not dreaming, am I?!”