

## The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 151

### Chapter 151

After all, Skylar and Kevin had arranged their marriage. They were also supposed to hold their wedding soon.

Rupert patted his thigh and asked, "Do you want to sit here?"

Jennifer shook her head, standing still. "Mr. Rodriguez, please just tell me that can you give me a few more days to settle that?"

Rupert broke into a laugh. "You look like you're afraid of me."

Jennifer tried to calm herself down. "No. I'm just not used to such an occasion."

Rupert lifted his arm to look at his watch. "Let me tell you clearly. You have 3 hours left until the deadline for the payment. I know you're short of money now, but it's okay. You have a lot of choices here tonight. How about I introduce them to you accordingly?"

Jennifer remained silent. Upon seeing that, Rupert continued, "I don't have to introduce Mr. Ono and Mr. Sanders to you, right? You've met them before."

Then, he pointed at the Yartran man in his suit. "This is Shima Nagakawa, the president of Pollerton Hidden Arts Association. He's powerful and rich."

Shima glanced at Jennifer coldly. It seemed like he was uninterested in greeting her.

"As for this man, he's Jim's cousin, Jay Carter." Rupert pointed at the man with a potbelly. "All the people here today are filthy rich. They are able to give you a hundred million, at least."

"So?" Jennifer asked.

"So, you have many options here. You can choose to stay by my side for a year to clear your debt. Also, you can try borrowing money from them. As long as you're capable enough, they'll be willing to help you." Rupert chuckled.

Jennifer's expression changed drastically. She had long known that they were up to no good,

With that, the men turned to look at her curiously,

Jennifer took a deep breath and said, "I'm sorry. Your conditions are too harsh for me."

Rupert continued staring at her as he put on an innocent look. "It's okay. You don't have any choices either. After midnight, I'll kill your entire family if I don't receive the payment."

Hearing that, Jennifer's face went pale.

Although one might not believe what Rupert said, Jennifer knew he was telling the truth. After all, she had watched the video of how Rupert killed and skinned a man on a USB back then.

Therefore, she did not doubt the authenticity of Rupert's words.

"Jennifer, why don't you try borrowing money from them?" Skylar asked out of the blue. A man was rubbing her back, but she remained unbothered.

"You can't rely on anyone now. We all know that Donald can't help you this time. He can't even protect himself since he's the outcast of the Campbell family. Everyone knows the attitude of the Campbell family toward the outcast," Yvette added, "He's just a piece of trash, anyway. Why don't you just borrow money from these people? That's not a big deal."

The next moment, she leaned closer to Akio's ear and whispered, "You don't know who

she is, do you? She's Donald's ex-wife. But then, Donald has never laid a finger on her, so she's still a virgin."

A glint of light flashed across Akio's eyes as soon as he heard that. He pointed at Jennifer, saying, "I don't mind lending you some."

Jennifer was stunned. She could not help but look at Akio. "Thank you very much. How much is the interest? I'll pay you back the full amount within a year."

Akio waved his hand. "I don't need any interest. I'll lend you money for a year, but you have to play a game called 'The Wheel of Fortune' with me throughout the year!"

Jennifer was puzzled. She did not understand what was that game about.

Yveule pegled cheekily before explaining it to her,

Jennifer's face turned as pale as a sheet of paper,

What? I can't believe that there's such a shameless game!

"I can also provide you with an interest-free loan. But, I want to join The Wheel of Fortune too!" Jay interrupted.

Jennifer's eyes turned teary. Just then, she felt like she was an animal being humiliated by the others.

Stark despair and utter helplessness inundated her.

However, the men fixated their eyes on her while smiling gleefully. The more helpless she looked, the more excited they were.

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Once again, Irene pouted. "Jennifer, why won't you agree to it. If you sleep with him, you'll be able to earn ten million. Don't bargain with him anymore. After all, it's not like you're worth a lot of money."

Rupert said, "How is it? Have you thought about it? There's not much time left now."

Hearing this, Jennifer immediately turned away and walked out of the room.

Suddenly, Jay's eyes hardened. He grabbed Jennifer's right arm and pulled her roughly. This caused her to smack her head against the side table. Thereafter, a trail of blood ran down her forehead.

"Don't hurt her. It wouldn't be fun if you do that," Akio hurriedly said.

"Yes, do be careful," Rupert reminded Jay.

The latter blocked the door with his foot. Then, he sized up Jennifer, who was below him. He remarked, "Leave? How dare you leave? There's only one woman in this room, which is you. You are the star of today! Aren't you happy? You get the chance to serve all nine of us here."

Thereafter, Jennifer trembled in fear and desperation. At that moment, she was simply helpless. None of the men inside the room were good people. They were all womanizers who liked it rough. To them, women were just toys.

"Mr. Rodriguez, you've been eyeing me from the start, right?" Jennifer asked. She lifted her hand and wiped away the blood from her temple.

Anastasia warned her about Rupert some time ago. After that, there was Kevin's gambling incident. Jennifer knew she had fallen into Rupert's trap.

Rupert smiled quietly in response.

After that, Jennifer continued talking. "Nigel wants you to turn me into a mere figurehead

so that another obedient and competent person could take my position, right?" Self-righteously, Rupert replied, "That's right."

Following that, Jay squatted in front of Jennifer and attempted to grab her chin. However, he was stopped by the latter who smacked his hand away.

Chuckling coldly, Jay voiced out, "Ms. Wilson, the moment you stepped foot into Fortune Bar, there was no way out for you. This is my territory. Even Lana and Charles are afraid to enter this place. Who do you think can rescue you this time?"

He added, "Fortune Bar is a prominent building in the northwest area of Pollerton. There are three hundred fully-armed bodyguards here. Moreover, there are a hundred hidden guards in the place. Jim has already made this place a fortress. Do you think you'll be able to escape today?"

As Jim was a cowardly person, he had beefed up many protective measures to keep himself safe.

In fact, his place was so heavily guarded that even Pollerton's Center Prince, Charles, would not dare to enter the area.

"Don't resist tonight. Just enjoy The Wheel of Fortune," Jay sneered.

Hearing this, Jennifer felt devastated. As she was a perfectionist, chastity was extremely important to her.

Back then, despite dating Donald for five years, she had only held hands with him. Thus, if she were to participate in The Wheel of Fortune, she would suffer a fate worse than death.

Jennifer surveyed her surroundings. She noticed that the men around her were leering at her. Hence, she could already imagine what would befall her later.

She would definitely be humiliated and her reputation would be tarnished! Catching sight of a sharp edge of the side table, she hit her head against it in desperation!

Seeing this, Akio and the other men attempted to stop her, but they were too late to do so!

Instantaneously, blood oozed out from Jennifer's head and dripped all over her face. After that, she collapsed onto the floor and fainted. The fresh blood dyed portions of her black hair a deep red.

Rupert's face darkened. Disgust was evident in his eyes as he remarked, "She's injured now. This isn't fun anymore. I hate this."

Meanwhile, Skylar and the other women were frightened. They crouched on the couch and trembled with terror. All of them fell silent.

Jay checked her pulse and said, "She isn't dead yet. What should we do now?"

Then, Rupert chuckled frostily. "Even if she dies, she'll still have to return my money to me!"

Right then, the door was pushed open. Anastasia walked in. Upon seeing the fainted Jennifer, she froze for a while. It wasn't long before she regained her composure. There was not a hint of emotion in her eyes. Following that, she approached Rupert and whispered to him, "Great Python is here. He is waiting for us at the pier."

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Rupert sucked in a deep breath, then glanced at Akio. "Let us check it out together," he

suggested.

Octavio and Akio nodded in unison. Subsequently, they glanced at Shima and asked, "What are you planning to do?"

The other man replied, "The both of you can go there. I'll stay here and play."

Thereafter, Rupert left the place with his men.

Ultimately, Jay, Jennifer, Shima, Yvette, Irene, and Rebecca were the ones left in the room.

Skylar quickly took her leave. She did not dare to remain in the room any longer.

Jay ordered those in the room, "Clean Jennifer up, then strip her naked. I'll get the camera ready and film everything that is going to happen later."

Though Yvette and the other people in the room were a little afraid, they still complied with his commands. All of them were ready to get to work.

However, at that moment, the door was pushed open once more.

Everyone saw a young man dressed in a suit. He was carrying a somber expression on his face.

It is Donald!

Lana and Yuna followed behind him.

When Donald saw the unconscious Jennifer, his gaze darkened. He walked toward her and hugged her.

Immediately, the temperature in the room immediately turned icy-cold.

"Who are you?" Jay questioned. He pointed at Donald and barked, "Scram!"

Since Donald was lowering his head to caress Jennifer's face, no one could see the expression on his face. Tenderness and remorse filled his eyes. "How could you hurt someone whom I treasure deeply?" Donald exclaimed. The tone of his voice was void of all emotion.

"If you don't leave, I'll kill you!" Jay shouted, his ferocious gaze trained on Donald.

Nevertheless, the other man ignored him. He spoke to Yuna and Lana. "Send Jennifer to the hospital. In addition, tell Kingsley to lock this place down. Let the innocent people leave. On the other hand, don't let those who hurt her escape!"

Yuna and Luna helped Jennifer up. After taking a glance at Donald, they walked out of the room.

"Idiot!" Shima yelled. He rushed toward the women, saying, "Since you're here, I'll make sure you can't leave!"

He moved with extraordinary speed like a demon. Shima hastily charged toward the entrance and tried to grab Lana.

Donald waved his fist. His hands shone and illuminated the dark room! At that moment, time appeared to slow down.

His fist shone as bright as the sun and went right for Shima's right hand.

As the two fists clashed together, Shima yelled in pain. Following that, his entire arm exploded into pieces. Blood spurted out everywhere!

Finally, Shima toppled back onto the couch. He held the wound on his right arm and he kept screaming in agony. It was a horrible sight.

Meanwhile, Donald glared at the people in the room. A murderous aura radiated from him and he looked like a demon lord. He declared, "All of you will die today!"

Jennifer was the apple of his eyes. How could someone he loved dearly be treated in such a brutal way. If not for Bradley's help, the consequences would be disastrous!

Jay's pupils contracted in shock upon witnessing how Donald attacked Shima. He knew Shima was a capable person. He was the chairperson of the Hidden Arts Association and was as agile as a monkey. Despite that, he was severely injured by Donald with just one blow!

Yvette and the other women in the room began trembling in fear.

Donald raised his head. His gaze was sharp, and he gave off a domineering aura.

Regaining his composure, Jay shouted again, "Who are you!"

"He's Donald, Jennifer's ex-husband!" Yvette said. She was shivering because she knew how horrible Donald could be.

"Donald, this has nothing to do with us," Irene replied in a shaky voice. She shrunk back in horror.

Donald seems like a stranger to us now. He is so scary.

His gaze was as empty as a corpse.

After that, Jay warned, "Donald, don't underestimate us. Shima is the chairman of Pollerton's Hidden Arts Association. In fact, he is Akio's good friend and Yartran's distinguished guest!"

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A hint of ridicule emerged on Donald's face. "Akio? I'll go kill him later!"

Taken aback, Jay froze briefly before saying coldly, "You're currently at Fortune Bar, my territory. I have hundreds of hidden guards and the most advanced security system. Have you considered the consequences?"

"Really?" Donald did not let the anger take over him. He waited patiently for a better time to kill his enemy. Sitting on the couch, he took out his phone.

Jay ordered his subordinates through the walkie-talkie, "Everyone, come to the eighth floor."

Hurried footsteps blared out just then. Clad in suits, approximately four hundred young men with various weapons in their hands stormed into the roughly thousand square-meter-wide eighth floor.

Wearing sunglasses, each of them had a ferocious look etched on their face.

Nevertheless, Donald was not at all frightened. He opened the door and looked at the myriad of men.

Jay sat on the couch leisurely, crossing his legs. "Look at what you did. How do you get out of here now after making such a silly mistake?"

Only then did Yvette and the rest feel at ease, thinking that they were saved.

Twirling her hair, Yvette said, "Donald, you're too reckless. It seems like today will be your final day."

Irene added, "That's right. Why can't you just live your life obediently? That's what you get for playing the hero."

"Don't force yourself to fight for justice. It'll only bring tragedies upon you and the others," Rebecca scorned, giving off a supercilious, self-important vibe.

Shima snarled after a painful groan, "I'll tear him into pieces!"

Casting an indifferent look, Donald said, "You still don't understand even at this point, do you?"

Jay and the rest froze, unable to fathom what he meant by that.

Before their eyes, Donald took out a phone to dial a number. "Has the independent regiment arrived?"

Independent regiment? What is he talking about?

In fact, there were three independent regiments in Pollerton, which were Pollerton 318 Regiment, Pollerton Air Force Régiment, and Pollerton Tank Regiment.

However, they would never show themselves before the public, as they would either be training or conducting night missions.

"Is he a moron?" Jay chuckled contemptuously. Even the most influential man in Pollerton, Neil, doesn't have such authority! Whoosh!

A sudden gust of wind howled out of thin air, followed by the roaring of engines and whirring of rotors.

Jay immediately jolted up from the couch and looked out of the window in sheer terror. His face went ashen.

Six military helicopters were hovering outside the window, and the army had set the machine guns.

Turning on the searchlights, they directed the dazzling light into the eighth floor. It was then that a voice rang out. "Sir, Pollerton Air Force Regiment of Pollerton at your command!"

Jay and the others instantly redirected their gazes at Donald, their eyes brimming with astonishment.

Who exactly is he? How powerful is he to be able to mobilize Pollerton Air Force Regiment in such a short time?

Despite his excruciating wound, Shima pointed at Donald. "Who the hell are you?"

To his surprise, Donald merely sat stone-still there without making any movements, just like a statue.

A fearful scream came from Jay's walkie-talkie, "Mr. Carter, this is bad! Fortune Bar has been sealed off!"

Feeling incredulous, Jay instinctively ran to the balcony and looked down, only to find out that the originally busy streets had become deserted,

Though, there were some people left.

Standing in several lines were the special forces, all clad in combat uniforms and armed with guns. Together, they stood at attention in a square formation.

Jay knew the leader of the troops.

It was a major-general in Pollerton, Ryan.

Out of the blue, orderly clatters and agonizing screams blared out from the walkie talkie. In only two minutes, hundreds of armies stormed in from the stairs on the eighth floor.

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"Put down your weapon and get down!" Holding a submachine gun, Ryan looked mighty and righteous in that form.

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Compared to Pollerton 318 Regiment, Jay's security system was far too weak.

All his subordinates tossed their weapons away without putting up any resistance. Then, they crouched down at the corner of the wall.

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Ryan walked toward Donald and bowed deferentially. "All three thousand soldiers from Pollerton 318 Regiment are at your service. Lord Campbell, we're at your command!"

Three thousand soldiers? Lord Campbell?

Dumbfounded, Jay and the others had lost the ability to think straight.

What? Donald's the legendary Lord Campbell?

Yvette and the others' faces blanched as that was the most earth-shattering piece of news they had ever heard.

The mighty Lord Campbell had made his name among the nation.

He successfully protected the border and turned the tide of the battle at Quadfield, vanquishing the enemy in the Holy War all by himself.

Never could they have imagined that Donald was the well-known Lord Campbell.

It seemed like fate had played a joke on them.

To their dismay, that was not the end of the tribulation. After a thunderous rumbling coming from the outside, the entire Fortune Bar began to quake.

Yet again, they could not help but look out of the window.

Ten huge bulldozers took their positions. Each of their wheels was as big as the entrance of the hotel.

"L-L-Lord Campbell..." Jay stumbled over his words. His knees buckled out of a sudden.

"I was ignorant! I should've known who you are!"

Shima was also nonplussed at the sight.

What's going on? I actually tried to lay my hands on Lord Campbell's wife! Still, although he's the revered Lord Campbell, isn't he taking it too far? How dare he dispatch military forces in a busy city! Isn't he afraid that Chiliad Avion would punish him? How is he going to explain tonight's situation to the citizens?

Only then did Donald crack a faint smirk. Look. Your security system is not doing its job."

A cold sweat broke out on Jay's forehead. His blood had run cold.

What kind of ordinary security system could withstand such destructive power?

"Lord Campbell, I'm wrong! I've truly realized that I'm in the wrong!" Jay trembled in unmitigated terror.

Slowly drawing closer to him, Donald pressed his right hand on top of Jay's head and said, "Jennifer's my beloved wife. You've crossed the line. Since you've committed a sin, it's only natural that you receive your punishment."

His voice sounded like Lucifer.

Unable to bear the overwhelming pressure anymore, Jay let out a roar and pulled a dagger from his pocket, lunging and aiming it at Donald's heart.

A gust of violent air gushed out from Donald's palm, instantly tearing Jay's brain into pieces.

With a thump, Jay fell onto the ground, succumbed.

Slanting against the couch, Shima yelled in desperation, "You cannot kill me! I'm a soldier from Yartran! I'm a Yartran colonel!"

Unfortunately, Donald merely cast a scornful gaze at him. "I can even take on Yartran by myself. You're just a colonel. Who do you think you are?"

Shima kept mum immediately.

He could not come up with a rebuttal, nor was it meaningful to come up with one.

"I'll send you to hell." Donald grabbed his neck and twisted it with ease. After a crisp crack, Shima was sent to the netherworld.

"It's your turn now." Donald cast his gaze upon Yvette and the other two. Hugging each other tightly, they looked at Donald in fear as though witnessing a demon before their eyes.

"You were the one who killed Harrison and assaulted Oliver, right?" Yvette asked in a quivering voice.

In response, Donald nodded.

"Can you let us off?" Irene begged pitifully.

To her dismay, Donald shook his head.

"I'll do it." A man in azure armor entered the room, holding the Azure Wyvern Blade. With an effortless slash, three heads were sliced off in a clean cut.

"Send Jay and Shima's fresh head to Akio and Rupert," Donald ordered.

"Yes, Lord Campbell," Kingsley acceded respectfully.

Only then did Donald cast his gaze upon the remaining four hundred-odd guards.

"There are four hundred and twelve in total. I'll handle them," Kingsley said.

Nodding, Donald replied, "We'll demolish Fortune Bar into a flat land."

"Yes." Kingsley displayed a loyal mien.

After Donald had exited Fortune Bar, the nine-floored, tens-of-thousands-square meter, towering building instantly tumbled down into ruins, raising a cloud of dust.

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It was a sleepless night for many people in Pollerton. Fortunc Bar had long become a key landmark in Pollerton. It was a huge symbol of Jim's power.

However, that night, it suddenly collapsed and became a pile of ruins.

When Rupert received the news, he was instantly astonished.

"What's happening?" Rupert was planning to meet Python, who was the greatest deity out of the Twelve Divine Deities, at the Supreme Meeting. Yet, his plans were disrupted by the report, and he stood up in shock.

"Someone mobilized Pollerton Air Force Regiment and Pollerton 318 Regiment?" Even though Rupert was used to witnessing huge upheavals, he could not help but feel a ripple of fear when he heard the news,

Just how powerful is that person to be capable of doing such a thing?

"Is there anyone left alive?" A young man was scated next to Rupert,

He looked extremely strange and gave people the impression of a python at first glance. A ferocious python was tattooed on his bald head. The tattoo extended to the back of his head.

He wore a silver leather jacket and a pair of leather shoes. It made him look like an energetic young lad.

However, only a handful of people knew that he was Noah's greatest assistant, Python!

An informant shook his head, "No one was left alive."

"Where's Shima and Jay?" Rupert and Akio suddenly realized a terrible truth, Jay and

Shima had yet to arrive. They were most probably dead.  
As expected, two skulls flew over from the darkness and landed at the two people's feet.  
Rupert lowered his head and took a look at them. Who else could it be but Jay and Shima?  
Akio's eyes narrowed frostily. "What on earth happened?"  
Rupert closed his eyes and replied, "A powerful person has entered Pollerton."  
His breathing quickened.  
Noah used to be a Prince of Pollerton. Now that he wished to make a comeback, he was faced with many challenges.  
Thus, he had ordered Rupert to enter Pollerton first and contact those who were allied with him.  
However, he seemed to have met a bigger set of problems.  
First, the Four-Faced Angel Bennett was killed out of the blue. Currently, one of his supporters, Jay, had also been decapitated.  
Who is behind this?  
No matter how much he racked his brains, Noah would not have been able to find a connection between Donald and the incidents.  
"We lost hundreds of people and a huge building. That's worth hundreds of millions!"  
Rupert's eyes were red with annoyance. "I have to acknowledge this person's skills!"  
Akio slammed a hand on the table. "I'll exert all my effort to investigate this!"  
The next day, the news of the collapse of Fortune Bar appeared in the headlines of many newspapers.  
The official explanation given for the collapse of the Fortune Bar was that the construction workers did shoddy work and used inferior material to build the building. There was a problem with the design that caused it to collapse overnight. As for why helicopters and Pollerton 318 Regiment appear?  
Of course, they appeared to rescue people.  
It was reported that the mobilization of military forces to rescue the people stuck in the rubble was meant as proof that they cared for the public.  
A normal person would naturally believe it.  
Yet, the elites roughly had an idea of what had transpired.  
In Nouveau Hospital, Lana followed Donald's instructions and rushed Jennifer to the patient's ward.  
Jennifer had no severe injuries. All of her injuries were superficial wounds, but she needed to recuperate for some time.  
Donald sat beside her and quietly observed her.  
Under the sunlight, Jennifer's pale face shone as her eyelashes fluttered. She was in a deep slumber, and her complexion did not look too good.  
A few minutes later, Jennifer suddenly jolted awake. –  
She was preparing to sit up when a strong and large hand pressed her shoulder. "Don't move. Rest well."  
"Donald?" Jennifer's heart clenched as tears flowed from her eyes.  
"You just fell and got injured. Nothing else happened," Donald said calmly.  
"How did I get out of the rubble?" Jennifer asked softly. She lay on the patient's bed and looked at Donald's side profile.

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The morning sun illuminated Donald's face and emphasized his clear and defined features. Jennifer felt that there was a strange unfamiliarity about him.

"Lana chanced upon you and brought you out," Donald explained.

Jennifer's face darkened instantly. She then asked softly, "Aren't I useless?"

As she was speaking, she readied herself for another round of crying.

Donald sighed. "Rest well. Don't think too much. There is fifteen million in this card. Use it."

Jennifer did not accept it. "Where did you get the money from?"

"I lent it to him." The door was pushed open, and Hannah walked in with a cold expression on her face.

She went up to Jennifer and inspected her before she said indifferently, "There are no major problems. Rest more."

Jennifer looked at Donald, then turned and glanced at Hannah with suspicion.

Did she lend him fifteen million just like this?

After checking up on Jennifer, Hannah did not exchange further greetings with them.

She walked out and shut the door behind her.

"Are you still working as a security guard for Lana?" Jennifer asked.

Donald nodded. "I'll make do with it for the time being. If there's any other suitable job in the future, I'll switch to it."

"How much does she pay you monthly?" Jennifer asked quietly as she bit her lip.

Donald thought about it and replied, "Around five thousand or eight thousand. I don't remember."

Jennifer froze,

Who doesn't remember his monthly salary?

She hesitated for a moment before saying, "I'll give you ten thousand. Why don't you be my security guard?"

Donald laughed bitterly. "What's the point?"

Jennifer sat up. "Who would reject the offer?"

"Have your parents agreed to it?" Donald stared at Jennifer seriously. His gaze met her eyes, and he continued, "Your parents and your brother wish me dead. Do you think that I can be your security guard?"

Jennifer's face fell.

"I'd told you a long time ago. Kevin will harm you sooner or later." Donald's tone grew distant. "If we had not appeared suddenly, what would have happened?"

A flicker of fear flashed through Jennifer's eyes.

"So, don't think about this anymore. After you've been discharged, find a proper job. Don't care about Kevin no matter what he does, or there will be more serious consequences," Donald told her sincerely.

He had seen many people like Kevin. No matter what, they would never change for the better.

Gamblers were not worthy of sympathy.

Silence enveloped the room. Donald turned and handed Jennifer a thermos flask. "Have some oatmeal porridge."

“Feed me.” Hope shone in Jennifer’s eyes as she looked at Donald.  
Donald agreed unflinchingly.  
He gently opened the flask and fed her.  
“It’s hot.” Jennifer let out a girlish whine.  
Donald placed the spoon in front of his lips and blew softly on it. Thereafter, he fed her the food.  
Jennifer closed her eyes happily and sighed to herself.  
How long has it been since I’ve experienced such warmth?  
Outside the ward, Lana pouted with disdain. Hannah was expressionless while Reina’s lips twitched in annoyance.  
“She’s the luckiest woman on earth. Yet, she doesn’t know how to treasure him,” Reina remarked a little jealously.  
Lana replied, “You’re right. He’s so powerful that he destroyed the Fortune Bar effortlessly. How manly. I like it so much  
“One of you is a sly seductress, while the other is an infatuated female!” Hannah scolded expressionlessly.  
Jennifer looked exceptionally beautiful as she ate the oatmeal porridge. Her pretty teeth flashed as she asked, “Grandpa’s birthday is coming up, right?”  
“It’s the day after,” Donald responded.  
“Where is the celebration going to be held?” Jennifer inquired.  
celebration  
“He doesn’t want to waste too many resources and money, so he arranged it to be held at South Bridge Restaurant.” Donald placed the bowl down and took out a napkin. He meticulously dabbed at Jennifer’s lips.  
Touched, Jennifer grasped his hand abruptly.

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Donald remained silent. He then said, “Rest well. I’ll make a move first.”  
Jennifer’s eyes welled up with tears.  
Although Donald fed her the oatmeal porridge and behaved gently toward her, she felt scared.  
The more he behaved like that, the more panicked she felt.  
That was because she felt an unexplainable distance and unfamiliarity between the both of them.  
When Donáld walked out of the room, Lana, Hannah, and Reina raised their heads to look at him.  
Donald was not in the mood to interact with them. He gave a perfunctory greeting and left.  
A common MPV was parked outside the hospital. Inside the car, Charles handed a book to Donald. “Lord Campbell, please take a look at this. It’s a very popular book and is sold out in almost all bookstores. Currently, more than five million copies have been sold. It has broken the sales record and made history in Pollerton.”  
The book had a simple black and red cover. It did not look very exquisite, but it was thick and heavy and looked rather depressing.

There were more than two hundred pages, and it was sold at a price of one hundred and seventy-eight.

The title consisted of only seven words: The Abandoned Children Of The Campbell Clan.

When Donald flipped open the book, he saw a comprehensive entry of the events and key figures surrounding the abandonment of the children of the Campbell clan.

Why was the child not accepted by the Campbell clan? What crime had he committed? Such questions were answered accompanied by pictures and detailed explanations, When Donald looked at the contents list on the first page, the 238th page's and 239th page's subtitles caught his eye. Raymond's name was written in the former, while his own name was written in the latter.

The pages described the mistakes Raymond had made when preparing the Dragon Fide Villa a decade ago, and how he had offended Tyrone.

As for Donald's part, it detailed the events that happened recently.

The author described how Donald used the Campbell clan's money to offend Sixten by bidding for the Eternal Love at a charity gala.

There was also a harsh criticism of him written in red: He vainly tries to curry favor with others and is extremely shameless. This abandoned child of the Campbell clan is like a street rat. When people see him, they'll scold him and chase him away!

The author of that page was Jack Campbell.

There were more than two hundred pages in the book, and each page detailed an independent story. The pages were written by different authors, and the book was updated yearly.

Without any expression on his face, Donald shut the book. He then laughed coldly. "Is this Tyrone's way of fighting back?"

"Do you want me to stop the bookstores from selling these books?" Charles asked carefully.

Donald shook his head. "There's no need to. I knew that this book would become popular once it was published. The common folk will naturally be interested in an aristocratic family that has centuries of history. This book had already been in the making since long ago. However, I did not expect that Jack would have the guts to mention me in the book." A glint flashed in his eyes.

Who was Jack?

Jack was his cousin!

Jack's grandfather was Raymond's biological brother!

After Raymond's failure over ten years ago, his family members had met many setbacks. Some lost their fortune overnight, while some left their native land.

However, more people squirmed out of Raymond's control and wished to return gloriously to the Campbell clan!

Such people included Jack and his immediate family.

They were swift and decisive in their actions. They directly betrayed Raymond and went to support Sixten.

Thereafter, they went all out in criticizing Raymond and tainting his name.

Donald knew that Jack was shameless, but he did not know that the latter was that shameless.

Jack dared to participate in the writing of the book, and he even mentioned Donald!

“Jack is an up-and-coming author in the country. He will hold a fan meeting in Pollerton soon.” Charles was also very infuriated. “He’s a scumbag. He’s pursuing Wynter currently, so he often goes to Donter Pictures. Do you remember Vanessa? I think she will be captivated by him soon.”

Donald replied, “He’s just a cheating clown. We don’t need to waste our energy getting rid of him.”

## The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 159

### Chapter 159

Charles bowed.

“Contact the media. Seven days later, we will announce the official approval for the land reclamation project and start it,” Donald commanded.

Charles instantly felt his blood surge with excitement.

It’s finally happening! The land reclamation project is Pollerton’s biggest project to date! Once it begins, how many people will flock over because of it? How many influential people will come to Pollerton and beg: Donald for a slice of that lucrative pie?

“Train Rafe to be the manager of a small part of the project. Contact the banks and necessary organizations stringently. Don’t work with those who harbor evil intentions!”

Charles bowed once more: “Yes, Lord Campbell!”

The next day, Donald fetched Raymond from the hospital. The older male, whose complexion improved considerably, had been discharged.

They returned to an old district.

Before he had the accident, Raymond lived alone in a small apartment. Although it was not a spacious place, it was very warm and comforting.

“Don’t hold an overly lavish celebration tomorrow. Just hold it at South Bridge Restaurant. Got it?” Raymond instructed.

Donald nodded. “I got it.”

“Have you read the book The Abandoned Children Of The Campbell Clan?” Raymond asked as he smiled.

Donald replied, “I have. The writing is not bad.”

No displeasure could be detected on Raymond’s face. “Jack’s writing skills are decent. What a pity that he’s chosen to use it in the wrong place,” he remarked.

“Do you regret that the Dragon Fide Villa could not be built?” Donald asked softly.

“It would be a lie if I say I didn’t. I put in so much effort and took a gamble in hopes of making our family become an elite aristocratic family. However, I’ve failed.” Raymond sighed.

“I will continue the construction,” Donald said.

Raymond instantly shook his head, “You better not do so. We can’t win the Campbell clan.”

Donald murmured to himself, “Really?”

On the third of April, Raymond’s eightieth birthday celebration officially started.

Donald reserved a huge hall in South Bridge Restaurant. The hall could hold thirty tables worth of people. The expenditure for each table was around one thousand. It was a common price.

At eight in the morning, Donald brought Raymond to the hall and waited for the guests

to arrive.

What they did not expect was that guests would already start to stream in at nine in the morning.

The first to arrive was Raymond's biological son and Donald's biological uncle, Michael. He arrived at the venue along with his immediate family.

Michael was around fifty years old and was rather well-kempt. His wife, Michelle Zerada, trailed after him. Behind them stood a female and a male. The man wore earphones and dressed up stylishly. The lady had an impeccable figure, and she hummed a hip-hop tune.

The man was none other than Raymond's other grandson, Derrick. He was Donald's cousin and was older than him by a month.

"Dad. I wish you a happy birthday." Michael's tone was neither warm nor cold. He handed a gift to Raymond before sitting in a corner silently.

Michelle glanced at Raymond in disdain before coldly snorting, not saying a word.

Donald's face remained cold and expressionless.

When his grandfather fell ill and urgently needed money for medical fees, he called them for help but was harshly rejected.

Raymond's two properties worth five million had also been snatched by Michael and his family.

Furthermore, when Raymond underwent surgery and was discharged, Michael and his family did not visit him. They had not even called him once.

What kind of son is he?

"Derrick. Come over and let me take a look at you." Raymond smiled and beckoned Derrick over.

Derrick rolled his eyes and hummed while shaking his head. He ignored Raymond and talked merrily with the girl beside him.

Raymond was not angry.

However, Donald could not control his anger. "Are you deaf?" he growled.

When he said that, Michael and Michelle immediately shot sharp glances at Donald.

It was especially so for Michelle. "What are you saying?" She spat, "You're merely an uncultured orphan!"

## **The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 160**

### **Chapter 160**

Derrick took off his headset and pointed at Donald. "Say that again; I dare you! What kind of act are you putting on in front of me? I can summon a hundred men to kill you with one phone call!"

The woman rolled her eyes at Donald. She said to Derrick, "This is the cousin you were talking about? He's so impolite!"

Michael slammed a hand on the table and stood up.

"You're out of line! What right do you have to criticize my son? Who do you even think you are?" Michael said brashly. His gaze was as sharp as a knife.

"You didn't teach him well, so I'll teach him for you," Donald said with a cold glint in his eyes. He walked over, grabbed Derrick by the hair, and rammed his head into the table. Immediately, Derrick's forehead swelled.

Donald hadn't even exerted his full strength. If not for the fact that it was Raymond's birthday, Donald would have gone even further.

"Donald!" Michael rushed forward, eyes full of rage.

Donald raised his head abruptly and looked at Michael indifferently.

Michael shivered as goosebumps formed on his skin. He felt like he had been dunked in cold water.

Those eyes are scary. There's no emotion in them whatsoever. It's like looking at a corpse.

Raymond slammed a hand on the table and bellowed, "That's enough! For my son and grandson to fight like this is shameful! Do you two take me for dead?"

Michael huffed coldly before going to check on Derrick's injuries.

Although Derrick's injuries weren't serious, he sat covering his head with tears streaming down his face. "I'll get back at you for this!"

"Babe, how are you?" Derrick's girlfriend hugged his arm in an exaggerated manner.

She rolled her eyes at Donald and stated, "Babe, don't worry. I'll call my uncle to deal with him later."

Michelle looked at Donald with a hateful glint in her eyes. "Don't be so arrogant! We'll see how you end up!"

How I end up?

There was a touch of mockery in Donald's eyes.

Is Michael, Raymond's son, also defecting to Sixten's side? So him coming here is not as simple as just

attending his father's birthday party then?

At this thought, Donald was not in a rush to argue with them. Instead, he waited for the situation to unfold.

Raymond's face contorted in anger.

However, Donald simply sat in his spot silently, expressionless.

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Soon after, the sound of footsteps approaching rang out, followed by a crowd of people barging into the room.

The first one to enter was a serious, white-haired old man who was about the same age as Raymond.

Although his demeanor was full of energy, his eyes were cold.

It was Gideon Campbell.

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He was Raymond's fourth brother and the original head of the Campbell family.

"Raymond," Gideon greeted cheerfully. "May you be blessed with good health!"

Raymond got up. "Thank you."

Gideon continued warmly, "I heard that you've been sick these days but have been unable to foot your medical bills. Your grandson and his wife are getting divorced as well, am I right?"

Raymond smiled as he shook his head. "There's no such thing."

Gideon looked toward Donald. "Where's Jennifer? How come she's not here?"

Although his appearance was unassuming, he had already insulted Donald immediately after he arrived. He obviously had no good intentions.

"They've already divorced. What's the point of her being here? She doesn't belong with

a poor man like him," a middle-aged woman in the back said sharply.  
She was Donald's aunt, Gideon's daughter.

"Why don't you introduce her to me?" a young man asked with a smile.

He was Gideon's grandson, Winston Campbell. Having just come back from studying in Yartran, he was currently an intern at Pollerton Translations.