

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 201

Chapter 201

Yvonne smiled coyly and said, "I'm just afraid that he's not that capable. After all, it's Pollerton Bank that we're talking about. Christian, don't worry about it too much. My husband won the bid as well. Let me just ask him to give you some of the business projects."

Christian finally returned to his arrogant self and let out a snort. "That could work. The eighth branch of the Wilson family truly works together. I can just easily find an opportunity elsewhere if I can't get one here. Even if you don't give us any business projects, we have thousands of them lining up."

"Haven't you always said you're incredible, Donald? Come on and drag me down from being the general manager of the Loan Department then! I'd like to see if you can control everything," Lily snickered.

Samuel let out a chilling laugh and said nothing else as he transfixed a gaze at Donald in an attempt to analyze the man.

However, he learned nothing.

A man let out a chortle outside the door and said, "I'm sorry. He really can control everything."

A middle-aged man entered the room. He was none other than the general manager of all departments in Pollerton Bank, Marqus Cooper! .

Even though Marcus did not understand Donald's true identity, he knew perfectly well what the man was capable of.

After all, Donald had subdued Alex and took out a premium black card in front of him. Not only that, but Donald had also gone up against powerful people like Sixten Campbell and Akio Ono.

Despite all those seemingly crazy moves, Donald was still well and alive.

On the other hand, Sixten was already dead.

Hence, Marcus dared not offend Donald.

"Mr. Cooper, why are you here?" Lily was startled at the sight of the man.

She had only managed to rise to her current position thanks to Marcus.

Marcus paid no heed to the woman. Instead, he bowed deeply at Donald before finally turning to regard Lily and said, "You are fired. Go on to HR to calculate your compensation. Just tell them it was me who gave out the order."

All colors drained from Lily's face right then.

She had paid a dear price to climb to the position, ranging from attending countless social events to sleeping with clients, not to forget her struggle when she tried to persuade her clients to bank with Pollerton Bank.

She had gone through a lot to get to where she was right then. Hence, she could not accept the fact that she had just been fired for no apparent reason.

"I'm going to sue you at the Labor Bureau!" Lily hollered.

Marcus shrugged nonchalantly. "It doesn't matter. I can afford the compensation.

Besides, I'm going to audit the accounts that you've done for the past few years."

Flabbergasted, Lily's hairs stood on their ends. "N-No... please."

"Mr. Campbell, I shall not disturb you further," Marcus said respectfully before heading out

Zayne and Daniel followed suit.
Everyone else's attention was focused on Donald.
However, there was a complicated mix of emotions and looks among them – shock, confusion, fear, and regret.
Ysabel lifted her head smugly and said, "Mom, isn't Donald great?"
Beatrice shot a frigid look at Ysabel, making the latter swallow her words immediately.
At the same time, Jennifer was looking at Donald as well.
She felt like she no longer knew the man. It was as if the man was shrouded in mystery.
However, Leonard, Linda, and Kevin still could not bring themselves to like the man.
Yvonne suddenly piped up, "Donald, you seem to exert quite an influence over other people. Are you really just a security guard?"
The others pricked up their ears as they anticipated Donald's reply.
Donald nodded and said, "Yes, that's right. I earn eight thousand a month."
Yvonne smiled and shook her head. "You may seem really calm and composed, but I know that you're just faking it. You must be really smug right now, huh? Even though I do not know how you manage to pull all these off, I would still like to warn you to tone it down in front of me. Don't get too cocky. My husband's won the bid as well. The bid's worth over two billion. We come from a construction background. I can make the eighth branch of the family return to its former glory with a single sentence. So what if we've lost five hundred renovation projects? So what if our people have been fired? It all doesn't matter. A two-billion project is enough to restore the eighth branch's former glory."
Feeling her spirits lifted, Lily exclaimed, "That's right!"
Yvonne took out a wet tissue and wiped her mouth. "So, you have nothing to brag about. The value of every single piece of clothes on you added together will not even exceed a thousand bucks. That can only mean that you're truly just a security guard. Otherwise, Jennifer will not divorce you either."

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 202

Chapter 202

She approached Donald as she talked and reached out her hand in an attempt to tap Donald's face. "Young man, you still have a long way to go. Don't be too smug and ruin yourself."

Donald's eyes flashed with a cold glint. He grabbed her right arm and slowly exerted force on it.

Yvonne let out a wail from the excruciating pain as she felt her arm almost wringing off. Donald merely eyed the woman impassively.

If it were not for him not wishing to kill someone in front of Jennifer, Yvonne would have been dead by now.

"Let her go!" Christian bellowed. He reached for a stool and hurled it at Donald.

However, the stool exploded into tiny wooden bits mid-air and scattered all over the floor.

"Jason, come over and clean up the mess," Donald uttered in an expressionless face. A middle-aged man rushed into the room right away.

He had arrived at the place much earlier, but he had been hiding outside and dared not

enter the room because Yvonne was his mistress, and his favorite one at that. But... she's offended Lord Campbell.

Jason knew his priorities and dashed over to Yvonne's side right away. He tugged at her hair and dragged her to one side to reprimand her, "You bitch! Don't pull me under the bus even if you have a death wish. How dare you touch Mr. Campbell!"

Needless to say, Yvonne was stumped.

She noticed the grim look on Jason's face as he shot a death glare in her direction. He's looking at me as if I'm a corpse!

"From now on, get yourself as far from me as possible. Otherwise, I'm going to kill you!"

Jason chided with a contorted look on his face.

Then, he turned around, and gone was the vicious look on his face. "Mr. Campbell, I am so sorry."

Yvonne and the entire Wilson family watched in stumped silence.

Jason looked like he was about to kill Yvonne with the livid look on his face.

However, when talking to Donald, Jason's attitude changed completely. He was as courteous and respectful as one could get.

One would even say that Jason was trying to butter up Donald.

"Darling, he's just a security guard," Yvonne said indignantly.

Jason wished he could strangle her alive for being impudent and ignorant. However, he dared not expose Donald's identity. He grew so exasperated that veins popped on his forehead as he bellowed, "So what if he's a security guard? I really hate women like you!"

Then, he dumped Yvonne right then and there.

Yvonne had been Jason's mistress for about five and six years, and the latter had given her more than ten million over the years. Not only that, but Jason also told Yvonne to give him some time as he promised to marry her and make her his wife.

However, everything dissipated into thin air right then, and she was left with nothing.

Gone were her dreams of living in a big mansion and driving a luxurious car.

Leonard, Linda, and Kevin narrowed their eyes at Donald as they tried to make sense of everything that was going on, especially Kevin.

A sense of regret started to fill his heart.

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It was almost instinctive.

Donald still remained impassive. It was as if he had nothing to do with anything that was happening

Christian appeared defeated as a sense of remorse washed over him.

Why did I mess with Donald? If I had not messed with him, this wouldn't be happening right now!

Samuel's hopes to secure business projects were dashed, and there was no hope of him ever gaining traction again.

Even his daughter, Lily, had been fired after having just been promoted to the position of the general manager of the Loan Department.

Yvonne, who had been Jason's mistress for years, was also chased out the door.

Yvonne's face turned pale as she pleaded, "No, Darling. Please just give me another chance. Please?"

However, Jason did not spare her another glance and shook his head. "No. No more

chances for you. You've gotten me into trouble today, and you're going to get me into more trouble in the future!"

He paused and gritted his teeth. "Get the hell out of my face right now!"

Yvonne headed outside in a dejected manner, staggering from the shocking turn of events.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Campbell" Jason bowed to Donald again before heading out.

The people left in the hall exchanged glances with each other, and all of them turned to eye Donald

Ysabel's eyes glinted with admiration for the man as she dashed over and circled Donald's arms in her own. "Donald, you're the best!"

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 203

Chapter 203

Her tone when she called him was affectionate as ever.

With a frosty look on her face, Beatrice walked over and grabbed Ysabel's right arm.

"Come back here!"

When Jennifer walked over, Ysabel immediately let go of her arms in fear. Then, she looked at Jennifer panickily, with a hint of grievance in her eyes.

"Jennifer, if you don't want him anymore, can't you give him to me?" she said softly.

Jennifer froze for a second before feeling amused and baffled by her words.

Meanwhile, Donald was speechless, too.

As Jennifer looked at Donald, she asked, "Aren't you going to give me an explanation about what happened today?"

After giving it some thought, Donald answered, "There's nothing to say anyway. You don't need to know the details."

Jennifer nodded. "They all came for the sake of Old Mr. Campbell, right? He is a fortune teller, and so far, his fortune-telling is accurate. The people that came tonight were all from the underground. They must have had their fortunes and geomancy read by Old Mr. Campbell, and they wholeheartedly trust the readings they got from Old Mr. Campbell. Am I right?"

Donald's expression remained impassive as he answered, "You can say that."

Jennifer's eyes widened as realization dawned on her. "I knew it. However, I have advice for you. Donald, you have to live your life conscientiously. Both Zayne and Jason's hands are dirty. Moreover, they're ruthless and cruel people. What if Old Mr. Campbell's readings become inaccurate one day? I'm afraid the first thing they'll do is go after you."

Donald stayed silent. He did not know how to react to her words.

Linda sneered. "I thought you have something up your sleeve, but it turns out it's just some old charlatan doing fortune-telling, and the funny thing is, they all believed it!"

Kevin mocked him too. "You're such a loser. Stay away from us, Donald. You're the abandoned one of the Campbell clan, and your story is also made into a book! If the Campbell clan had some free time on their hands, the first one they'll go for will be you!"

Leonard nodded his head as he agreed with what Kevin said. "That's right! You're already divorced from Jennifer. She's currently the CEO of Jennard Construction, and

her company won a project bid of two billion. She's in the prime of her life. Please don't sabotage her. I don't want what happened to Raymond ten years ago to happen to her!" Christian snorted. "Initially, I thought you were something, but in the end, you're just a loser! You're a good-for-nothing who relies on fortune-telling to con people."

Donald chuckled dryly.

This was human nature. It was interesting if one thought about it.

Then, he looked at Jennifer and awaited her response.

Will she defend me?

No. She won't.

Jennifer still stared at him in disappointment.

At that moment, he became listless, turned, and walked outside.

His retreating back looked exceptionally lonely and sorrowful.

Sometimes, when the path in front was dark and stormy winds hindered one's way, one would still need to walk alone. Hence, this was what Donald should do.

"Donald! Wait for me! Please wait!" Ysabel broke free from Beatrice's grip and ran after Donald

"You little brat! If you go there, don't you ever come back again!" Beatrice screamed shrilly at the back.

"Mom, I'll explain it to you later!" Ysabel turned around and waved at her mother.

Her smile was dazzling and emanated a youthful aura.

On the other side, Christian was seen talking to Jennifer. "Jennifer, let's continue where we've left off. Do you want to discuss the equity financing proposal?"

Jennifer shook her head and said, "Forget it. I suddenly don't feel like doing it anymore. I'll think of something on my own."

When Donald had just exited Rivebale Hotel, Ysabel caught up with him. "Please wait for me, Donald! Wait!"

"Why are you chasing after me?" Donald turned around to look at her.

Ysabel clung on Donald. "I want to be with you!"

Sighing, Donald replied, "Please stop messing around. Your mom told you to stay away from me."

"Hmph! She's just obstinate!" Ysabel snorted before continuing, "I still think you're the coolest and most handsome guy in the world!"

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 204

Chapter 204

Donald was speechless at her praise.

The next moment, Beatrice caught up because she was worried about her daughter. Her face darkened when she saw Ysabel hugging Donald's right arm. "Ysabel, please leave. I have something to say to Donald."

After eyeing her mother fearfully, Ysabel shook her head.

"Go on," Donald urged her along,

Obediently, Ysabel released her hold on his arm.

Beatrice sighed inwardly. She clearly values Donald over me.

"Let's find a place to chat," Beatrice said.

Although she was forty years old, she had taken great care of herself physically. She

had neat short hair and wore a pair of gold-rimmed glasses giving her an intelligent charm. Her skin was fair, and her every move exuded elegance and maturity.

“Okay,” said Donald as he nodded.

Then, he returned to Rivebale Hotel and booked a private room.

“Ysabel is only twenty this year.” Beatrice started the conversation.

“I know,” Donald answered.

“You are a divorcee, and you are currently a security guard. On the other hand, Ysabel will have her post-graduate entrance exam soon. Initially, I wanted her to study arts so that she could be a piano teacher in the future. However, she had chosen to be an architectural designer, which is different from what I envisioned her to be. Her father passed away when she was twelve, and I am the one who raised her to be what she is now. I never remarried because I want Ysabel to grow up in a good environment.”

Donald stared intently at Beatrice. “Why do you think Ysabel likes to be around me so much? That’s because she lacks fatherly love. I’m older than her by seven years. When I first met her, she was seventeen. She was at an age where one’s concept about love had just formed. So, I think you don’t need to be worried about this. After a few years, her criteria for choosing a partner will change. Also...”

Pausing, a hint of ridicule crept up Donald’s face as he continued, “Why do you think I will like her? You don’t have the right to question me.”

After finishing his sentence, he got up and left, not feeling the need to entertain her any longer.

After Donald left, Beatrice was left stunned for some time. Then, she came to her senses and slammed the table in anger. “How arrogant!”

Bang! Bang! Bang!

She slammed the table several times. “How infuriating! He’s just a lowly security guard! I wonder who gave him the confidence?”

I, Beatrice Stern, am a lecturer at Pollerton University! Who gave a mere security guard like you the right to talk to me like this?

However, Donald didn’t hear all that. Even if he did hear it, he would have ignored her. Time flew by quickly. In no time, there were only nine days left before Lilith entered the laboratory

Noah still did not show himself. He was still in hiding, and even Bradley could not find his whereabouts.

At eight o’clock in the morning, after Donald had finished his breakfast, Bradley came to him. He had dark circles under his eyes; it seemed he had pulled an all nighter. “Lord Campbell!”

“What is it?” Donald was washing his hands. He didn’t turn around to face Bradley.

“I’ve intercepted a secret message from Python,” Bradley said as he passed a name list to Donald. On the list, about a hundred names were recorded. Along with the names, their ID card number, home address, and time were included.

“This is the list of the people that Sara has contacted in the recent year. All of these contacted persons may have the flash drive,” Bradley said. “This here is the time they have contacted the little girl.”

Donald skimmed through and noticed that there were a hundred or so people. Their occupations were recorded inside too.

He was shocked to see that Jennifer was included among them.

Including Jennifer, another thirty or so people had been marked red. “These thirty-plus people who are marked red are the ones that have the highest chance of possessing the flash drive. Hence, I surmise Rupert will take action soon,” Bradley reported. “Do you need me to deploy your personal guards? Or awaken the hundred thousand Viking warriors?” Donald shook his head. “There’s no need for that. I’ll be monitoring this personally.” Bradley immediately bowed. “Yes, Lord Campbell!” Donald tore the name list into pieces, his face expressionless. Then, he made himself a new cup of coffee. As he drank, he pondered.

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 205

Chapter 205

After some consideration, Donald decided to visit Jennifer’s place himself. Pollerton Estates’ had one of the best security systems, but it was only good enough to fend off an average Joe. Although it was broad daylight, Donald managed to sneak into Jennifer’s home undetected and went to her room.

There was nobody at home at the time. Her room was decorated very cozily with a faint perfume smell.

Donald scanned the room and did not see any pinhole cameras. He then started to search around thoroughly.

Despite that, he still could not find the flash drive even after searching every corner. He even searched Kevin’s and Leonard’s rooms but did not find anything.

Suddenly, he heard the sound of the door opening. Instantly, he jumped outside the window with a frown but did not leave right away.

Through the narrow gap between the windows, Donald saw Kevin walking in first, followed by Nigel and also Skylar.

Nigel remained calm as ever. The incident at the Wilson manor did not seem to affect him.

He said in a low voice, “Looks like you guys are living a good life.”

Kevin answered in a flattering manner, “It’s all because of you, Nigell! It’s all thanks to you.”

On the other hand, Skylar gave Nigel a wink.

However, Nigel did not even bother to look at her. Only somebody as self-centered as Kevin would like a snobby woman like Skylar.

In his low voice, Nigel turned around and said, “Despite so, I still have not received anything in return. Are you aware of that?”

Kevin froze. He forced a smile, not knowing how to answer Nigel.

The latter continued, “I’m not interested in her anymore. I want the two billion worth of bid!”

Troubled, Kevin said, “But you know Jennifer’s personality.”

Nigel was only willing to exchange half a million for the entire project. Jennifer could not accept that.

Hearing that, Nigel snorted and said, “Who was the one who gave her everything that she had today?”

Kevin did not dare to answer.

As Nigel looked at Kevin expressionlessly, he crossed his fingers together and said, "I don't think I need to say anything more. If you want to continue living a wealthy life, you must do as I say. I will be taking over the position of the Tayhaven King very soon. By then, I will take back everything that is mine."

Kevin's face turned pale at those words. He immediately replied, "Nigel, please give your orders. I will do anything in my power!"

After hearing his response, Nigel was pleased with Kevin's attitude. He loved the feeling of being in control. "Isn't Jennifer in need of money? Tonight at nine, she has to be at Paramount Hotel!"

"Who else would be there?" Kevin asked as he was a little worried.

"King of Private Equity, Bryan Garcia," Nigel blurted out these few words.

Kevin was shocked. "Wow! Bryan! Isn't he Jennifer's crush? Since when he became the King of Private Equity?"

While still hiding outside the window, Donald's eyes lit up.

The reason was that he knew Bryan, who was also born with a silver spoon. They used to be best friends.

Back then, Donald was young and ignorant. When he was around sixteen years old, he always enjoyed spending time together with Bryan.

A decade after the disaster in the Campbell family, Bryan even had a meal with Donald when the latter returned to Pollerton. However, Jennifer had eventually chosen to be with Donald. Bryan was furious and had stopped contacting Donald since then, Bryan even declared in public multiple times, saying that one day, he would win Jennifer's heart again.

Kevin clenched his teeth. "Okay. Don't worry, Nigel!"

Nigel nodded in satisfaction. "I like your attitude. If you could do this well, you'll work for me in the future."

Kevin was overjoyed.

Nigel left after that.

Kevin was jumping in excitement. He hugged Skylar and gave her a few kisses, Skylar said coquettishly, "Kevin, Jennifer has scored such a huge tender. My dad said he would like to be a part of the project. Just giving him one construction team would be enough."

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 206

Chapter 206

Kevin let out a sigh. "Skye, you know the situation Jennifer is in at the moment. She doesn't have enough funding."

Skylar said, "My dad is finding ways to borrow a million to invest in Jennifer's project. However, he will need to contract a construction team."

"One million? Where is he going to borrow the money from? Is it possible to borrow such a huge sum of money?" Kevin was skeptical.

To which Skylar replied, "You don't have to worry about that. If he couldn't manage to borrow the money in the end, you still have to give him a construction team. You can consider that as my betrothal gift."

"Let me think about it. This can't be rushed," Kevin said.

At that moment, Donald left quietly. As he walked down the street, he called Charles and said, "Give me all the information you have on Paramount Hotel within one minute." After thirty seconds, all the details about Paramount Hotel were sent over to Donald. The biggest shareholder of the hotel was Daily Yield Group, which had a market value of over thirty billion.

To his surprise, the person currently managing Daily Yield Group was none other than the King of Private Equity himself, Bryan Garcia.

Private placement was a form of investment fund raised from qualified investors in the form of non-public offering to invest in stocks, equity, bonds, futures, complete funds, fund shares, and other investment targets agreed in the investment contract.

According to the information, Bryan had an outstanding resume.

His father was a senior executive in a financial institution on Windmill Street, while his mother was the editor-in-chief for a news publishing company in Moranta.

Bryan had started his career on Windmill Street five years ago. Through those five years of experience, he had grown to become a private equity tycoon in the country at the age of twenty-nine.

More importantly, Bryan was Jennifer's first boyfriend.

"How much does it cost to acquire Daily Yield Group?" Donald asked flatly.

Charles was shocked to hear the question. "Lord Campell, don't be impulsive..."

Charles was Pollerton's wealthiest man with over a hundred billion net worth. It would not be a problem for him if he were to acquire Paramount Hotel or even Daily Yield Group.

However, he was concerned about who was backing Daily Yield Group.

That person was Neil.

The most powerful and influential man, Neil Yund.

Charles was just an uncrowned Prince of Pollerton. He would not be able to handle something out of his league.

The actual Prince of Pollerton, the one widely known and accepted among the Pollertonians and even the whole state, was Neil.

Neil was a very mysterious man. Even Charles did not have many chances to meet him.

However, Neil had a loyal subordinate in Pollerton who was managing and monitoring the progress of Daily Yield Group. That person was Harvey Ward.

Harvey's position might not be as high as Joshua's, but the former's influence and power definitely surpassed the latter's.

"What are you afraid of?" Donald asked indifferently.

Suddenly, Charles had a realization and regained his senses.

That's right. What am I afraid of? No matter how powerful Harvey is, he is still no match for Lord Campbell.

"It will not cost you a dime. Don't worry." Donald hung up the phone after that.

On the other end of the line, Charles was holding his phone with his right hand, trembling

Daily Yield Group was one of the largest organizations. Within Pollerton, the only one who would be able to take them down was Donald.

It was not a monetary issue but rather a matter involving forbidden power on a different level.

"Time to get ready." Charles prepared to start the operation and made a phone call.

On the other hand, Donald sent a message. Nobody knew that a scarily powerful consortium had started its operation, causing a financial war to break out in the world at that moment.

After settling everything, Donald reorganized his thoughts.

So far, those in Pollerton included Rupert and the family, Akio and the family, Gideon and the family, and the Wilson family in Tayhaven.

If Gideon failed in the land reclamation project, Tyrone would surely head to Pollerton personally.

The Campbell clan wouldn't sit back and do nothing for such a large-scale project that was worth a hundred billion.

"The most urgent task now is to find out what Noah is up to and his current situation.

Then, we will need to guarantee the safety of Lilith in the research lab. Jennifer will need protection as well," Donald muttered to himself as he closed his laptop.

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The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 207

Chapter 207

The phone suddenly rang.

It was from Lana.

"Hello, Donald. Are you free to accompany me to Paramount Hotel tonight at nine?"

Lana's voice sounded just as charming as ever like she had just woken up from a nap. It was pleasant to the ears.

Most people would not be able to keep their composure when they heard her voice.

Donald was planning to go to Paramount Hotel too, so he agreed right away.

"I want to meet with Bryan, the King of Private Equity. He had just bought over the Pollerton Heavy Machinery Industry. The excavators that I ordered are currently stuck at the production line," Lana explained anxiously.

Donald was taken aback for a while before he narrowed his eyes. "How did Bryan manage to acquire such a large industry?"

"Maybe he had formed a joint operation with Stardew International?" Lana guessed.

"Interesting." Donald smiled coldly.

The Pollerton Heavy Machinery Industry was in charge of producing and assembling construction machinery. The excavators that they produced made up seventy percent of the shares in three states.

Their market value was more than forty billion.

Be it Reina, Lana, or Jennifer, they had all ordered a large number of excavators from Pollerton Heavy Machinery Industry in order to prepare for the land reclamation project.

At that moment, the number of excavators in stock was definitely unable to support Pollerton's land reclamation project. Moreover, they had all been acquired by Stardew International which had ties with Pollerton Translations.

If the excavators were not able to be produced within a month, the land reclamation project could not be completed within three months.

"Yes. This guy is really smart. He had cut off everyone's supply in one move!

Everyone is paying attention to the bidding and is scrambling to be the third party, but he had thought of buying over Pollerton Heavy Machinery Industry," Lana said with

slight admiration in her voice,

“What’s going on at Shawsby Mountain right now?” Donald asked.

Shawsby Mountain was the barren mountain near the west side of Pollerton. If they wanted to reclaim the land, they would have to collect the materials like dirt and sand from Shawsby Mountain.

Lana’s voice lowered as she said, “Shawsby Mountain has been taken by Nigel.”

“Looks like they both have a lot hidden up their sleeves. They know to employ some roundabout tactics and intervene from another side,” Donald replied flatly.

“Therefore, your ex-wife is currently the most anxious and the most helpless one. She doesn’t have capital, so she only managed to pay for the excavators’ deposit. To make matters worse, even the Shawsby Mountain is acquired,” Lana deduced on the other end of the phone.

“It’s Bryan’s idea to take down Shawsby Mountain, right?” Donald asked.

“Yes. That man is a business genius. He can instantly pinpoint the most essential factor with just one glance. It’s such a shame that he’s not a righteous man. All right, please pick me up at nine sharp. Bryan will be very busy tonight.”

A mocking smile crept up Donald’s face.

No matter how smart or capable Bryan was, he would never have imagined that such a grand project was established by Donald.

Donald was the actual dominant figure behind Pollerton’s land reclamation project.

“Okay. See you then,” Donald replied.

Soon, nighttime arrived.

Paramount Hotel was a luxurious hotel. Located on the second and third floors were multiple top-notch entertainment rooms and lounges.

There were currently thirty-four branches located throughout the country. Its market value was around a few ten billion.

Bryan was the general manager of Daily Yield Group. The shares that he was holding were not much. He was considered one of the smaller shareholders even though his shares were worth a few billion.

The real significant shareholders were the people that had Harvey’s support.

Neil was usually not around in Pollerton. Therefore, Harvey was in charge of reinforcing their influence.

When it was eight at night, there were already many luxurious cars parked outside Paramount Hotel’s entrance. There were bright neon lights flashing everywhere. The entire area was plunged into a bustling mess, making the town look hostile.

Large cities were always unfriendly and hostile, lacking warmth. It was the same for Pollerton, too.

The car that Lana was driving was an Aston Martin. It cost forty-eight million and was a special, custom-made model. That car was incredibly eye-catching.

However, it did not seem to mean much when she reached the hotel.

That was because there was a Lamborghini Veneno worth two hundred million and a McLaren P1 that cost one million parked right at the entrance.

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 208

Chapter 208

"The Lamborghini Veneno belongs to Bryan." Lana pointed at the said car as she exited her own.

Donald did not pay much attention to that car. He quickly got out and walked into the luxurious hotel.

There was a slender lady at the counter with a sweet smile on her face. When she noticed Lana's arrival, she bowed respectfully and said, "It's so nice to see you, Ms. Collins."

Her gaze then shifted to Donald, and her eyebrows furrowed.

She recognized Donald as the abandoned child of the Campbell clan who was a mere security guard.

The book *The Abandoned Children Of The Campbell Clan* was extremely popular in Pollerton. Even commoners wanted to have a glimpse of what was going on behind those luxurious doors which had been standing for five hundred years.

With the publication of the book, the public was given a chance to do just that.

Therefore, everyone was interested in getting a copy.

"Have you made an appointment with Mr. Garcia yet, Ms. Collins?" the lady asked.

Lana nodded in response. "Eight-thirty."

"Please, follow me." The lady at the counter brought Lana and Donald over to a meeting room. She prepared a cup of coffee for Lana.

However, there was none for Donald.

"What about him?" Lana asked.

The lady's eyes flashed with a hint of mockery but she still spoke politely. "I'm sorry, Ms. Collins. Security guards are actually not allowed to enter the meeting rooms at all. I turned a blind eye because you were the one who brought him in. Regardless, he will not be served with coffee."

"Get out," Lana ordered indifferently,

Donald snickered softly. He could not care less.

The lady looked at Donald in scorn before turning around to leave.

"You're very patient. If it were me, I would definitely have lost it by now." Lana spoke.

She could not really understand Donald's mind. He could have revealed his identity and been worshipped by the entire world's population, but he decided to continue hiding it.

"If you had gone through what I have, you would realize that this is all very childish,"

Donald explained slowly. "Furthermore, don't you think it's interesting to look at others from above as a dominator?"

Lana's pupils constricted. She could not help but look into Donald's eyes, which seemed to be warm but did not contain any emotions within.

Instead, it was filled with divinity.

To an extent, it was true. Donald would only reveal his emotions to people he cared about. When it came to strangers and enemies, he would only treat them with logic and intelligence, like he was a divine being looking down on mortal humans.

All of a sudden, a lonely glint flashed across Donald's eyes.

He had been stuck at Quadfield for five years.

People like Lana would never know what existed at Quadfield.

"What exactly is at Quadfield that needs you to guard it?" Lana's interest was suddenly piqued.

Donald shook his head. "You don't have to know. As long as I'm alive, no one would be able to get out of Quadfield"

After chatting a bit more, Lana had gotten so close to Donald that her body was literally pressing up against his. Her unique, virgin scent wafted into his nose.

When Donald cast a sideward glance at her, her fair chest and deep cleavage came into full view, One hand would not be enough to handle such lusciousness. The half round shape looked incredibly perfect as it shivered, following Lana's movements.

"Is it nice to look at?" Lana blew at Donald's ear and could not refrain from licking his earlobe.

Donald's body stiffened. "Go away."

"No." Lana became even more smug.

"You seductress!" Donald moved to the side.

Lana started giggling: "Who would've thought that a man like you is still a virgin?"

"Due to some uncontrollable reason, I am still a virgin," Donald replied with an unfazed look.

Lana rolled her eyes at him. "I have some free time tonight. I want to take your virginity away."

"I don't want to," Donald replied.

"But I want it!" Lana became even cheekier and hugged his right arm. She pressed her chest against his body, squeezing her breasts until they were out of shape.

Donald could literally feel how soft they were.

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 209

Chapter 209

"Fine, I'll stop messing with you." Lana heard the sound of footsteps and immediately sat upright. "Someone's here."

The door was pushed open, and a slender, tall, and charming man wearing a designer suit walked in.

He was young and looked about twenty-eight to twenty-nine years old.

As he walked in with his head held high, he looked dignified.

Unlike Nigel's gloomy appearance, the man looked bright and dazzling.

He was none other than Bryan Garcia, the private equity tycoon, and the manager of Daily Yield Group.

The moment he arrived, his gaze was fixed on Donald as his lips curled into a smile.

"It's been a while, Donald," Bryan greeted with a mesmerizing voice.

This was a perfect man that would make women fall head over heels for him.

Nigel was born with a frigid and majestic presence, hence, people were afraid of him.

However, it wasn't the case for Bryan. His demeanor and behavior had an air of sophistication.

"Long time no see," Donald responded, staring at Bryan.

Bryan approached and sat across from Donald. "Are you and Jennifer divorced?"

"About a month ago," Donald stated, nodding.

"Are you working as a security guard now?" Bryan didn't seem to have any intention of negotiating with Lana and kept asking Donald personal questions.

"Yeah, is there a problem with that?" Donald asked.

“No, nothing’s wrong. I just thought it was such a pity; I remember that a few years ago, you were vigorous and held your head high. But now, you’re just a security guard!” Bryan mocked, laughing. “Also, I’ve read *The Abandoned Children Of The Campbell Clan*. I can’t believe you’re an abandoned child. By the way, I heard about what happened to Jennifer; I also know that her relationship with you wasn’t real. Which is why I’m going to marry her. After all, I was her first crush.” Bryan blithered on as he waited to see Donald’s reaction.

Yet, Donald’s face remained expressionless. The look in his eyes was still as if all that had nothing to do with him.

“As long as she’s willing, I have nothing to say,” Donald stated. Nonetheless, his heart still trembled slightly.

“No, I want to hear your opinion!” Bryan demanded as his gaze slowly turned sharp. Five years ago, Bryan relentlessly pursued Jennifer for three years, but the latter never agreed.

Just when she was about to accept his pursuit, Donald appeared in Jennifer’s life. For no resolute reasons, the both of them saw eye to eye and ended up together. Once their relationship was official, they later got engaged, married, and hosted a banquet.

Meanwhile, Bryan was distressed. He felt he was just one step away from his goal, and yet he could never reach it.

Although Jennifer had an interest in Bryan, she wasn’t completely certain of her feelings for him.

Back then, when Bryan would announce Jennifer as his girlfriend to the public, the latter didn’t deny or explain herself.

Which was why Bryan thought Donald had snatched Jennifer away from him.

“You want my opinion?” Donald’s expression grew stony.

Crossing his legs that was wearing shiny leather shoes, Bryan stared at Donald and said, “That’s right!”

His face contorted viciously as he continued, “Back then, you stole her away from my hands. Now, I want you to return her back to me yourself!”

“How am I supposed to do that?” Donald asked casually, stroking the teeth mark on his wrist.

“First, I want you to call her a bitch in front of all the aristocrats tonight. Second, I want you to kneel before me and apologize. Lastly, I want you to be my groomsman for Jennifer and I’s wedding!” Bryan uttered every word, loathing Donald to the core.

“And what if I’m not willing to do any of that?” Donald sneered.

Bryan burst out laughing as if he had received good news. His laugh was so loud that it resounded in the meeting room. “If you’re not willing?”

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 210

Chapter 210

“You’re telling me you don’t want to? What right do you have to be reluctant? All you are right now is a poor, powerless security guard! As for me, I’m about to be an aristocrat in Pollerton! The land reclamation project will put me at the top. I have control over all five of them. Reina, Lana, Jennifer, Torson Construction, and Stardew International. All I

have to do is to give out the order and you'll disappear from Pollerton tonight! Do you think you'll still be unwilling, then?"

Bryan's eyes were cold as he smiled arrogantly, basking in the pleasure of having control.

Donald chortled coldly. "All I'm hearing is that your confidence only comes from the land reclamation project."

"Donald, oh Donald," Bryan jeered, shaking his head. "This is what separates you and me. I honestly don't understand what Jennifer saw in you. Is it really only because of the land reclamation project? It's because I'm the manager and a shareholder at Daily Yield Group. I'm the man that Neil and Harvey support! The market value of Daily Yield Group is worth tens of billions, and there are thirty-four branches of Paramount Hotel across the country. I'm also about to pull Paramount Hotel out as a sole entity and promote it to the Anglandur market, doubling its market value! Is that enough confidence for you?" Bryan asked.

Donald shook his head and retorted, "Sorry, it's definitely not enough."

Bryan was stunned, and a mocking smile flitted across his face. "Not enough? Don't forget you're the abandoned child of the Campbell clan. Once the Campbell clan rises again, they're going to kill you. But then again, I could also finish you on my own! So I don't know where you're getting your confidence from. Do you really think Lana can protect you?"

"Finish me on your own?" Donald scoffed. "Didn't you try to do that five years ago?"

Bryan narrowed his eyes.

Five years ago, he contacted a southwestern bandit, Seamus Leblanc, to assassinate Donald. However, the latter broke the former's neck and finished him.

Back then, Donald instantly knew Bryan was behind it.

Bryan thought Seamus had escaped and because his father had requested him to learn from Edward, the financial tycoon of Windmill Street, he paid no more what happened to Jennifer; I also know that her relationship with you wasn't real. Which is why I'm going to marry her. After all, I was her first crush." Bryan blathered on as he waited to see Donald's reaction.

Yet, Donald's face remained expressionless. The look in his eyes was still as if all that had nothing to do with him.

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