

## The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 231

Chapter 231 The Downfall Of Starlyn

The one behind it was none other than Donald.

As the helicopters landed on the ground floor of Stardew International, three people got out of it.

Starlyn recognized all of them.

They were the three most crucial shareholders of Pollerton Heavy Machinery Industry. The three of them each held a sheet of paper and walked straight to Conference Room Two. "Ms. Wilson, congratulations. Pollerton Heavy Machinery Industry is now yours," they said.

At once, Starlyn roared, "We have already signed the contract! Pollerton Heavy Machinery Industry has been fully purchased by us, hasn't it?"

One of the shareholders sneered, "Ms. Anderson, don't you know that we can always breach the contract?"

Reina, who was so confused at the moment, took the document from them. She felt as if she was in a dream.

"Besides, I have bad news for you, Ms. Anderson. The bid you won has been withdrawn because General Felton doesn't like your tactics in business."

With his one sentence, Starlyn had lost everything.

"No, this is impossible! I want to see General Felton. Let me see him!" Starlyn began to go insane.

Reina looked out of the window, then at the document in her hand. Her eyes reddened again. All of a sudden, she dashed toward Donald and wrapped her arms around his neck. Her cherry-red lips pressed onto Donald's lips without hesitation.

Donald was so surprised that he had forgotten to resist.

At that, Jennifer turned her head away. Nonetheless, a tinge of sorrow and pain covered her eyes.

A long while later, Reina rested on his chest. Her face blushed as she said shyly, "I'm sorry. I was a bit excited..."

Donald was speechless. "It's all right..."

Reina continued to feel embarrassed. "It feels good."

Donald was at a loss for words.

"I'll take responsibility for this." Reina smiled.

Starlyn gritted her teeth and glared at the two of them ferociously before turning to leave.

Since Pollerton Heavy Machinery Industry did not belong to Starlyn anymore, there was no reason for the others to stay. Therefore, the crowd began to leave as well.

Before Rupert left, he cast a meaningful glance at Donald.

Meanwhile, Gideon and the others had a bad feeling. Tyrone would surely be fuming with rage if the bid Stardew International won had truly been canceled.

He might even come to Pollerton.

If Tyrone came, the first thing he would do was to finish off Donald.

Hence, Gideon glanced at Donald sympathetically before he left.

Soon, there were only Donald, Jennifer, and Reina in the conference room.

Jennifer got to her feet and said coldly to Donald, "I want a word with Reina alone."

Upon hearing that, Donald turned and left without saying anything. He closed the door of the conference room behind him, leaving the two women inside. That was the first time Reina felt helpless in front of Jennifer because the latter was staring right into her eyes. After a long time, Jennifer sighed. "How long has it been?" Reina was stunned. "What do you mean?" Jennifer bit her lip. "How long have you been dating Donald?" Reina came to a realization and answered, "He has never accepted me. It's just my one-sided love." After a slight pause, Reina said, "Donald has always loved you, but have you ever thought of his feelings?" Reina, feeling bitter in her heart, looked directly at Jennifer. I should be trying my best to tear Jennifer and Donald apart, but why did the words that linger in my mouth become different when I said them out? Jennifer was silent for a long time before she sighed. "Let's not talk about this. Why has Pollerton Heavy Machinery Industry become yours?" "It's not just me who is behind this. It's a joint venture between Charles, Lana, and me," replied Reina. Jennifer understood instantly. Reina continued, "I will start manufacturing your machines soon, but how about your start-up capital?"

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Chapter 232 Someone Is Spying On The Laboratory  
Jennifer glanced at Reina gratefully and said, "I'll find a way to get the capital. If there are no other ways, I'll just get a loan from Cosmic Bank." Both fell silent after that. Jennifer stood up and uttered, "Please treat Donald well. I think he and I are not meant to be together." Gazing at Jennifer's back as she left, Reina let out a deep sigh and didn't speak a word. The incident that happened at Stardew International led to an uproar among the citizens of Pollerton instantly. Many luxury cars and even two fourth-generation civil helicopters were seen there. They did not expect that all these lavish assets belonged to Reina. That made a lot of people re-evaluate Reina's capability. It was amazing that an ordinary person like her was able to get to where she was now. Finally, Starlyn met Wyvern King, Kingsley Felton. Kingsley wore a white shirt. His eyes were narrow and long, and his expression was cold. It was evident that he was not someone to be messed with. "Mr. Kingsley, please give me an explanation," Starlyn said. Kingsley glanced at her indifferently. "You have messed with the wrong person. In addition, I don't like your way of doing things. Hence, our collaboration ends here. I'm very busy. Please get lost now. If you don't, I will destroy the Anderson family too." Starlyn shuddered right away at Kingsley's gaze. She then left the place as quickly as she could. Kingsley was definitely a ruthless figure. In Quadfield, he was a formidable and terrifying man.

Gideon and Starlyn talked on the phone and confirmed that the bid was canceled. In other words, he didn't complete any of the tasks that had been assigned to him by Tyrone!

After contemplating it for a long time, Gideon finally gave Tyrone a call. "Mr. Campbell, the mission has failed!"

The moment he finished his words, he held his breath apprehensively. Cold sweat beaded across his forehead.

It was because the other end of the phone was Tyrone Campbell, the Ninth Prince out of the Campbell clan's eleven Princes.

He was an amazing character from the five-hundred-year-old prominent family!

Tyrone's voice was a little weak and hoarse as he said, "I got it. I'll go to Pollerton in person soon."

After hanging up the phone, Gideon seemed to have lost all his strength. He slumped on the chair and breathed heavily.

Meanwhile, Donald arrived at the Supreme Villa of Pollerton Estates.

The obscured basement had been renovated into a huge laboratory. Various advanced instruments and LCD screens were placed all over the room, with a lot of statistics displayed on the screens.

Bradley, who wore a beige-colored suit was monitoring the statistics. He immediately saluted Donald when he saw Donald approaching. "Lord Campbell!"

Donald reached out his hands. "What's the situation now?"

"We have confirmed there is a laboratory, which is classified as S6-Grade in Pollerton. I have captured a ray of radio waves, but I couldn't locate its precise coordinates. It seems like the flash drive that Lady Jennifer holds may contain the coordinates of this S6-Grade laboratory!" Bradley said.

"Are you sure that Noah is the head of this S6-Grade laboratory?" Donald asked in a deep voice.

Bradley replied, "I'm not sure. However, what is certain is that Papillon must be involved."

"All right. I'll get the flash drive from Jennifer tonight. Monitor everything closely," Donald remarked.

While they were talking, Donald's phone rang. It was Lilith.

"Lord Campbell, please come over. Someone is spying on the laboratory." Lilith's voice sounded anxious.

Donald narrowed his eyes. What's the grade of the Rising Dragon Project's laboratory?

It's S7-Grade! It's a precision-strike system for land warfare. If it's outfitted with intercontinental missiles or some other strategic weapons, it can strike precisely throughout the world, with an accuracy of thirty centimeters. Moreover, it could be hidden from any defense system.

"Where is it?" Donald asked.

"Pollerton Road No. 81!" Lilith answered.

Donald turned around immediately. He drove an ordinary Audi S3 and headed toward Pollerton Road No. 81.

Pollerton Road No. 81 covered an area of more than thirty thousand square meters. It looked like a substation of the city council, and there was nothing special about it from its appearance.

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### Chapter 233 I Found Him

Donald had never expected that the Rising Dragon Project would be set up there. A Mercedes-Benz Brabus was parked at the door. Lilith wore a face mask and waved her hand at Donald when she saw him.

After getting into the car, Donald glanced around and asked, "Have you found anything?"

Lilith replied, "I'm about to enter the laboratory in three days. The alarm system that I set up went off just now. Someone was scanning here with cutting-edge equipment." Donald raised his head and gazed at Pollerton Road No. 81. It looked pretty old, and the wall had already peeled off. The fence was covered with iron wires and numerous electrical wires.

"Can you trace him?" Donald asked in a deep voice.

Lilith shook her head. "No, I can't. Because it could be a car, or it could even be a drone."

Her eyes were full of worry. If the substation of the city council was discovered to be an S7-Grade laboratory, it will lead to an unpredictable amount of losses. In addition, if the key data of the Rising Dragon Project are leaked, it would definitely cause a devastating blow to us!

This was because the statistics of the land warfare precision-strike system were obtained from the S9-Grade Laboratory of Quadfield. At that time, the statistics were incomplete. Lilith spent a few years completing various kinds of data. Now, the system had become the most advanced precision-strike system for land warfare in the world!

"Don't worry first. When did the alarm go off?" Donald asked.

Lilith raised her watch to check the time. "Twenty-three minutes and fifty-six seconds ago."

"I got it. This person wouldn't have gone too far, and he must be within a radius of fifteen kilometers. Whether he is driving a car, walking, or driving a motorcycle, he will be within fifteen kilometers. That's because the speed limit is forty kilometers. He will absolutely follow the traffic rules as he will not want to attract anyone's attention. Wait for me here. I'll get back to you within an hour." With that, he took out a gold mask and a gold cape from his Audi S3. Then, he vanished into the dark night.

In the dark night, Donald stood on the roof of a hundred-meter-tall building. He was hiding in the dark and staring around.

The streets were full of vehicles that constantly moved without stopping and were densely covered by pedestrian traffic that looked like ants.

"Everything is fine in the northwest direction." Bradley's voice was heard from behind the mask. It was a wireless earpiece.

"Nothing's wrong in the southeast direction too," Bradley added.

Donald's eyesight was incredibly good, and he didn't respond. After looking down for more than ten minutes, he finally uttered, "No need to look for him anymore. I saw him." In Donald's sight, there was a young man, who looked like he was in his twenties wearing a headset three kilometers away. He was carrying a travel bag and sitting on a motorcycle with his eyes closed.

There was nothing suspicious about him. He would just be an unremarkable person on

any pedestrian street. Yet, Donald found him.

With a leap, Donald jumped to another building. He stared at the young man from a distance of four or five miles away.

The young man seemed to have arrived at his destination. He paid the transport fare, then got on a bus. Lastly, he walked toward the subway station.

Ten minutes later, he alighted at the subway station and went to an ordinary residential area. He then went up to the third floor.

He opened the room door. As soon as he switched on the light, his pupils immediately constricted.

On the couch, there was a man who wore a gold mask and gold cape staring at him indifferently. His mask revealed nothing but his eyes.

“Who are you? Why did you enter my house?” the young man yelled, his face full of anger. It looked as if there was nothing out of the ordinary.

“I will break your neck right away if you keep pretending.” Donald’s baritone voice sounded cold.

“Who on earth are you? I’ll call the police if you don’t leave now,” the young man shouted.

Donald got up and gazed at the young man’s backpack. He sneered, “Since I have already arrived at your house, do you think this would happen without any reason?”

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### **Chapter 234 Kidnapped**

The young man suddenly calmed down as his face turned pale. He asked, “How did you know?”

That, in itself, was a confession.

Donald chuckled and said, “How could you be an ordinary man when you’re carrying a load weighing one hundred and fifty catties with such ease?”

The young man peered at his backpack. He relentlessly asked, “How did you catch the oddity?”

“I’ve seen this sort of cutting-edge equipment. That motorcycle’s shock absorber got compressed two centimeters shorter, so I could tell that you were different with one look,” explained Donald. All of a sudden, he reached out and pressed the young man’s neck, making the young man unconscious.

Then, he carried the young man in one arm and the backpack in the other. He was about to leave, but he put them down instead.

Two men had appeared in his line of sight.

One was buff with a bowl cut and an old-fashioned weapon in his hand.

It was a Serpent Spear. A cold ray of light reflected off it as the buff man pointed it at Donald.

Meanwhile, the other man had a gold bow and arrow aimed at Donald.

Donald thought, “Kurma under Noah, and someone from the Golden Sagittarius lineage of Papillon?” He wasn’t nervous at all.

“Let him go, and we’ll leave immediately. We’ll pretend nothing happened. In the future, we’ll also avoid any place you go. How’s that?” The hand Kurma held his spear with began to sweat.

It was not their first time facing off against Donald. Donald almost killed Crocodile Lord with one hit.

“A while ago, I noticed someone has been smuggling our people’s urine and saliva samples. Since you’re already here, don’t even think about leaving,” said Donald.

In an instant, Donald let out a burst of energy, which rose his aura to its climax.

At that moment, Donald’s entire being was glowing a golden gleam. It looked like he was a god descended from the heavens.

He was merely standing there, but the divine light from his body lit up his surroundings, and his aura permeated his surroundings. The pressure from his aura made all the dangling objects in the vicinity sway back and forth.

Kurma and the man with the bow found the light piercingly bright. They began hallucinating!

In their eyes, Donald had transformed into a giant golden dragon rising from the abyss, looking down at them with a chilly gaze.

The two immediately backed away and yelled, “This is bad!”

However, they were too late. Kurma only felt that he lost his grip on the Serpent Spear before the spear was taken away from him instantaneously. He then felt a piercing pain between his brows.

When his vision returned to him, he was appalled.

The Serpent Spear had drilled through Kurma’s forehead and pinned him on the wall!

As for the archer, he was already dead on the floor, bleeding from his forehead. His wound was also inflicted by a spear.

In other words, Donald used the spear to first pierce through the archer’s head, then pin Kurma on the wall. All in a fraction of a second!

The flow of fresh blood was unending and a horrifying sight!

Kurma’s lips twitched, then the light in his eyes began fading away into dullness as he died.

“Not a single one of them can even put up a decent fight,” complained Donald as he carried the young man and rushed toward Pollerton Road No. 81.

Half an hour later, Donald handed the young man and the backpack to Lilith. “I found him.”

Lilith’s eyes lit up as she praised, “How did you do it? Lord Campbell, you’re full of surprises.”

“When I found him, I also killed Kurma and a disciple from the Golden Sagittarius lineage of Papillon. Get Chiliad Avion to clean it up,” said Donald.

Lilith answered sweetly, “Okay. I’ll get right on it and immediately start interrogating this young one.”

Donald nodded, then a panicked tone came from the mask. It was Bradley. “Lord Campbell, something horrible has happened. I have committed an atrocious sin, Lord Campbell. Please give me the punishment I deserve!”

“Tell me!” Donald’s voice was composed as usual but loud and resounding.

“Lady Jennifer has been kidnapped!”

With that, fuming flames emerged in Donald’s eyes underneath the mask. They seemed ready to tear the world apart.

## **The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 235**



## Chapter 235 The Flash Drive

"It was my mistake. I was investigating the people spying on the laboratory," said Bradley with a tone filled with guilt.

"Send me the address!" Donald's voice was ice-cold.

Almost instantaneously, the address and information of the kidnapping were sent to Donald's phone.

It was Rupert's doing!

Jennifer was not the only one kidnapped. There were more than a hundred of them, and they had all been in contact with Sara before.

At that time, everyone was held hostage in an abandoned chemical plant in the suburbs.

Soon, Ryan also rushed over tirelessly. "Mr. Campbell..."

Donald glanced at Ryan coldly. Donald's icy eyes sent a chill down Ryan's spine.

Ryan said apologetically, "Ms. Wilson is still safe for now. However, we don't dare to enter the chemical plant in the western suburbs because countless bombs are buried there. Furthermore, there is a touch-activated bomb. It has as much firepower as three TNTs!"

"Has Rupert gone mad?" The malice in Donald's eyes was overflowing.

Ryan said, "We can't prove Rupert is behind this because he wasn't at the crime scene. The only ones there were Python and Xenos Bandit Squad from South Aploth! Taking the hostage's safety into account, we can't blindly charge in!"

There were dozens of abandoned buildings in the western suburban chemical plant.

More than one hundred people were gathered in the deepest parts of the buildings with their hands and feet tied together. Surrounding them were over thirty masked men armed with submachine guns monitoring them.

Python had a little girl in his arms. He yelled at the hostages, "Does anyone recognize this little girl?"

Some appeared to be thinking, while others had confused looks.

There were cashiers from supermarkets, toy store owners, and old ladies from the neighborhood who shared a conversation with Sara among the hundred or so hostages. Jennifer was also in the crowd.

Nonetheless, every one of the hundred or so hostages had interacted with Sara before.

They were all the most likely suspects to possess the flash drive.

Many hostages shook their heads and began crying. "I don't know her."

The look in Python's eyes turned cold. He raised the gun in his hand slightly. In a flash, he shot the crying middle-aged woman in the head.

Death!

The scene sent a chill through many of the hostages' bodies. They began trembling in fear.

Jennifer was shaking too because she had the flash drive with her!

"Come here, Sara. Tell me, who did you give the flash drive to?" Python carried Sara in his arms as he weaved through the crowd.

He lifted the chin of a middle-aged man wearing glasses and asked, "Is it him?"

A look of fear fell on Sara's face, but she shook her head and said, "No."

"Then, did you give it to her?" Python walked up to a supermarket cashier and put Sara in front of her.

Before Sara could say anything, the cashier cried out in desperation, "I really don't know anything about a flash drive! Please just let me go!"

Bang!

With the sound of another gunshot, Python fired his gun without any hesitation and killed the cashier.

Jennifer drooped her head and bit her lip.

She suddenly felt a shadow hovering above her. She looked up and saw Python put Sara down in front of her. He greeted, "We meet again, Ms. Wilson."

Jennifer's smile was forced and pale.

Python asked, "Do you have the flash drive?"

Jennifer shook her head in denial.

Python asked gently, "Sara, did you give the flash drive to this pretty lady?"

In an instant, all Jennifer could feel was her heart pounding.

Yet, Sara still shook her head. She said, "I really don't remember."

Python chuckled. He was in no rush, so he continued his questioning.

Suddenly, a tall and burly man's eyes lit up when he saw Jennifer. He said, "This chick doesn't look half bad. I need to let out some steam."

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### **Chapter 236 Bomb Threat**

That burly man was none other than Tyler Xenos, the leader of Xenos Bandit Squad from South Aploth. Ten years ago, Xenos Bandit Squad had become famous in a battle where they slaughtered two hundred private armed forces with only thirteen men. They then broke into the palace to wreak havoc. In the end, it was the emperor himself who personally drove them out. "Boss, count us in as well." A group of twelve men approached from behind as they shot lustful gazes at Jennifer. "It's been a long time since we last saw a young beauty like her!" Panic-stricken, Jennifer was in utter despair. She could see wicked desire and barbarity in the eyes of those thirteen men. Only torture and misery would be waiting for her if she fell into their hands. Python slowly turned his head and said nonchalantly, "Ms. Rodriguez will be arriving soon. You guys better not create unnecessary trouble until we get our hands on the flash drive." Tyler could not care less as he refuted, "Oh, come on. Even if Chiliad Avion of Pollerton were here, we could still manage to drive them all away!" As he finished his sentence, he walked to Jennifer and stared down at her loftily. Just as he was reaching his hand out toward her cheeks, Anastasia arrived in her high heels. "How's it? Did you get anything?" Anastasia scanned the vicinity, her gaze lingering on Jennifer for a moment. Python shook his head. "Nope." "The people from Chiliad Avion will be here at any moment. Is the bomb ready yet?" questioned Anastasia as she cast a peek out the window. Outside the chemical plant in the western suburbs, the specialized police units already had that place surrounded. Ryan announced, "I don't know what's your motive, but please don't hurt the hostages. State whatever terms you may have!" Frustrated, Anastasia shouted at Sara, "Little brat, spit it out right now! Who did you give the flash drive to?" Sara was so frightened that instantly burst into tears. She instinctively turned and looked at Jennifer, who was among the crowd. Anastasia followed her gaze only to see that the girl was gazing at Jennifer. Placing the little girl down on the floor,



Anastasia then strode over to Jennifer. "Hello, Ms. Wilson." Jennifer asked, "What you do want?" Anastasia chuckled, waving her hand. Seeing that, Python carried the little girl over to her. "Say, Sara, do you know this lady?" The little girl was shuddering as she nodded. "Y-Yes." Oh, no! Jennifer felt something was amiss at once. Caressing the little girl's head, Anastasia praised, "Good girl!" She then touched Jennifer's face slowly. "Hand it over, Ms. Wilson." "I seriously don't know what flash drive you're talking about," replied Jennifer. Anastasia pressed on, "Oh, really?" The next moment, she raised her gun and shot a man next to her directly in his forehead. That man died on the spot. "Look at that! If you don't hand it over, they're all going to die. Wouldn't your conscience hurt when so many lives are lost because of you? Now, let me ask you again. Where's the flash drive?" Her words instantly caused an uproar among the hostages. "Miss, just give it to her. Don't get us killed!" "I'm begging you!" "Yes, hand it over now! We're all innocent!" Sounds of anguished cries pierced through the air as the hostages glared at Jennifer balefully. At first, Jennifer wanted to shake her head, but she was afraid that Anastasia might kill another person. Thus, she could only keep quiet. With an icy expression on her face, Anastasia ordered, "Bring me the bomb." Tyler then cautiously brought over a bomb that connected with a bunch of entangled wires before encircling them around Jennifer's body. Jennifer was so frightened that she was trembling all over, and her entire back was drenched in sweat. "Here, hold this." Anastasia pressed both of Jennifer's hands onto the bomb. "Ms. Wilson, make sure you don't loosen your grip because this is a touch-activated bomb. Unless there's another person applying pressure on it, it'll explode the second you let it slip out of your hands. Just so you know, it's as powerful as three tonnes of TNT. You certainly wouldn't want your pretty face to be blasted into pieces, would you? If you continue to be stubborn, we could always tie your parents up with you as a family reunion." Anastasia flashed a devilish grin as she finished speaking.

## **The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 237**

### **Chapter 237 Passing The Baton**

With a wave of her hand, Anastasia made a signal to her men. About ten minutes later, Leonard and Linda were brought to the scene. On top of that, they also pushed Kevin, whose entire body was wrapped in bandages, to the scene on the hospital bed. Anastasia then activated the countdown by pushing a button on the bomb. "You only have five minutes. If you still refuse to speak, this bomb will send you and your family straight to hell!" Linda hollered straight away, "Quick, Jenny, tell her!" "I don't want to die, Jennifer! Just give it to them if you have it!" Kevin chimed in. A conflicted visage appeared on Jennifer's face before she muttered, "Okay, I'll talk. But you have to free all of them." Wearing a bright smile, Anastasia agreed, "Sure! Tyler, kill everyone except Jennifer's family!" Upon hearing her words, Jennifer yelled right away, "No! Please don't! Let them go! Otherwise, I won't tell you anything!" Slap! Anastasia landed a tight slap across Jennifer's face. "Did you actually think you have the right to bargain with me right now?" A trail of blood instantly appeared on Jennifer's fair cheek. She lifted her head and remarked obstinately, "How could you be so sure I haven't copied the content of the flash drive? And how could you be sure I haven't shown it to a third party?" "How gutsy," scoffed Anastasia coldly. "Release twenty of them first." "I want every single one

of them out of here, everyone except for me!” demanded Jennifer, looking all the more determined. She was still holding onto the bomb. There were three minutes left on the timer before the bomb would explode. Slap! Anastasia flung her palm and gave Jennifer another smack on the face. “Fine, I’ll take a final step back. They can go, but your family can’t! If I hear one more word from you, I’ll kill your parents immediately! Just let me finish checking the flash drive first, and then I’ll let you guys off!” “Okay.” Jennifer nodded. Linda began crying as she yelled, “Please, no! We want to leave this place too. Jenny, beg her for our sake! We really don’t know anything at all!” “That’s right! Plead with her, Jennifer!” urged Kevin. Leonard, too, piped up, “Say something, Jennifer!” Letting out a chortle, Anastasia uttered, “Oh, my... It seems your parents don’t really care about you, Ms. Wilson. They’d rather leave you here all alone! Tyler, get these hundred people to Building No. 9 first!” Beep! Beep! Beep! Beep! As the detonation time drew closer and closer, both Leonard and Linda cowered in terror. They could not stop themselves from retreating away from Jennifer. “The flash drive is in my coat pocket,” informed Jennifer with reddened eyes. At that moment, all she felt was utter loneliness. Dipping her hand into the pocket of Jennifer’s coat, Anastasia rummaged for the flash drive and finally found it. A bandit hurriedly fetched the laptop. “It’s password-protected. It also shows that the flash drive had been opened once, but nothing was copied out of it,” reported the bandit after a round of investigation. Clutching the flash drive in her palm, Anastasia was pleased as she instructed, “Get the chopper ready. It’s time to go.” Following that, she looked at Jennifer with an amused smirk. “My poor Jennifer, I think I ought to explain how this bomb works. Let’s see... There are less than two minutes left before it explodes, so if someone’s willing to switch places with you and place their hands on this chip, you can then escape. The timer would revert itself to five minutes, but of course, it’ll only work once.” She even gave an example to Jennifer by elaborating. “If you want to live, get your father, mother, or brother to help you with the bomb. I won’t end your life, just like I’d promised.” Anastasia was savoring the pleasure of every moment as though she was the predator torturing her prey. She came face to face with Leonard and queried softly, “Would you like to lend a hand to your precious daughter to handle the bomb, Mr. Wilson?” Leonard’s face paled to a ghastly white. He hastily shook his hand. “A-Are you kidding me?” Anastasia then paced toward Linda instead. Flashing an ever-so-evil grin, she asked, “How about you, Mrs. Wilson? Are you willing to help your daughter?”

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### **Chapter 238 Time Is Ticking**

Linda could not help but take a few steps back. “I-I—” “Switch it to Kevin instead, then!” stated Anastasia. “No way!” Four voices sounded in unison as soon as Anastasia’s words were spoken. Kevin was the first to speak. He sobbed, “No way! I’m still young. I don’t want to die! I don’t want the bomb! Please, I don’t want it!” Then Linda spoke. “No! Kevin is my only son. We need him to continue our family’s lineage! But Jennifer doesn’t matter that much. She’s expendable.” The third one who spoke was Leonard. “No way! Kev is my son. I don’t want to attend my own son’s funeral!” The last one to speak was Jennifer. “Forget it. Let them go, Ms. Rodriguez.” Jennifer’s tears were flowing freely down her cheeks. She was really questioning what human nature meant. At present,

both Leonard and Linda vividly demonstrated the dark side of human nature. She wondered why Kevin and herself received different treatment although they were both the children of Leonard and Linda. Leonard and Linda's mindsets had always made them value their son over their daughter. Jennifer was aware of that, but she had never spoken it out loud. After all, she was clear that despite their bias, they were still her parents who had raised her. A bitter feeling arose in her heart. To protect her family, she had completely separated herself from Donald. Is this even worth it for these people? Well, I guess it isn't. "Ms. Rodriguez, I beg you. Please let them go." Jennifer's eyes darkened as she fell to her knees. The time bomb continued to tick, and the displayed time showed that there was only one minute left before the explosion. Linda and the rest knelt on the ground as well. "Yeah, right! Please release us now!" However, Anastasia burst into laughter. "This is pathetic! Look at you, Jennifer. I must say that I sympathize with you at this moment!" Jennifer remained silent as tears continued rolling silently down her cheeks. "Let's go!" Linda glanced at the countdown timer. Pushing Kevin's bed away, she was ready to run without another backward glance. Leonard followed her, staggering as he broke into a light sprint. Jennifer watched the three of them leave the place. They left with such resolution and without the slightest hint of hesitation. Seeing that, she closed her eyes in agony. "So long, Ms. Wilson." Anastasia waved the flash drive in her hand and then lifted the submachine gun in her hand, aiming it at Linda, Leonardo, and Kevin who were about to run away. She was about to take all of them down. Just then, a golden flash shone before their eyes. A man in a golden cloak and golden mask appeared and instantly wrapped his fingers around Anastasia's neck, lifting her in the air as he strangled her. "Golden Lord!" Anastasia shrieked loudly as terror filled her eyes. With his left hand, Donald dislocated Anastasia's shoulders. The submachine gun in her hand instantly dropped to the ground, and the flash drive fell into his hand. Beep! Beep! Beep! It was ten seconds before the bomb exploded. "Run, Ms. Rodriguez!" Tyler rushed forward and immediately spotted Donald. Momentarily stunned, he then yelled, "Careful!" Tyler had spent most of his time in South Aploth. Hence, he knew a thing or two about the Golden Lord being a notorious killer. Jennifer opened her eyes, and she shuddered violently. Why are those eyes so familiar? Then a name popped up in her mind—Donald! Donald turned around and approached Jennifer. He took the time bomb in his hand and pressed on the chip. "Everything's fine now." Jennifer looked up. As she met the eyes of the masked man, she found herself stunned again. He's Donald! Those eyes could only be Donald's! Besides, this man is willing to switch the bomb to himself for my sake. Who else could he be other than Donald? "Y-You—" Jennifer stuttered in agitation. "Give me the bomb now! It's going to explode soon! Come on!" Beep! The countdown timer was reset to five minutes.

## **The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 239**

Chapter 239 Lord Campbell

Donald turned to Anastasia. "You deserve to die, as does Noah!" "We hold no grudges against each other, Golden Lord. I'll give you five hundred million. No, I'll give you two billion! And you leave Pollerton now. How does that sound?" Anastasia gazed at him somewhat sinisterly. Tyler returned to Building No. 9. He gathered around thirty armed

masked men and regained control of the hostages. He glanced at their surroundings and suddenly realized something was wrong. A few men in green armor had appeared, looking much like soldiers of the ancient armies. They were deactivating the bombs with quick motions as they swiftly approached Building No. 9. "It's the Horizon Group!" Tyler instantly felt an intense sense of doom as he yelled, "Stop right there! If you come forward, then there are more than a hundred hostages here who will go down with us!" As expected, the Horizon Group stopped in their footsteps. They raised their heads and looked at Tyler with cold glints in their eyes. Meanwhile, Donald was teasing Anastasia. "Was the death of Four-Faced Angel not enough as a warning for you?" As he spoke, he roared at Jennifer, "Go now!" "The bomb is exploding soon!" Jennifer looked at Donald anxiously. She kept staring at his eyes, as she wanted to take a closer look at his face, but she still failed to do so. "Go to Building No. 3! Your presence here will only make things even more difficult for me!" Donald stated coldly. Jennifer stood up at once upon hearing his words. "What about the bomb?" "Get lost!" Donald was getting impatient. With that, Jennifer left for Building No. 3, glancing backward several times as she went. At this moment, Ryan was in charge of Building No. 3, which was a few hundred meters away from Donald's location. Anastasia smiled miserably. "I guess there is no way out for me, huh?" "You're right," Donald said as he took off his mask. After she got a good look at Donald's face, her pupils constricted. "It's you! I never expect you to be the Golden Lord! How is this possible?" No one would expect Donald, the man everyone overlooked, to be the Golden Lord. However, what happened next made Anastasia even more flabbergasted. Kingsley walked out from the shadows and knelt on one knee before Donald. "Lord Campbell, please pass me the bomb!" Lying on the ground, Anastasia was so shocked that she even forgot how to breathe. "Lord Campbell? You're Lord Campbell as well, and Lord Campbell is the same person as Golden Lord?" she exclaimed. No one would have thought that Donald, the man everyone looked down upon, was Golden Lord. What was more shocking was that the notorious Golden Lord was Lord Campbell himself. He's both Lord Campbell and Golden Lord? Anastasia could not think straight, as she was overwhelmed by the secret that was being unveiled before her eyes. Donald put on his mask again. "Not only you, but your brother, Rupert, and your father, Noah, will be dead, too. My mission is to eliminate Noah!" "Ahhh! I will finish you off! I will take your life now!" Anastasia shrieked shrilly. "You're the one who caused the injury on Jennifer's face, aren't you?" Donald fixed his gaze on her right hand. The next moment, he leaped and stomped on it. Crack! As a loud cracking sound rang out, Anastasia let out a piercing scream. "Search for Python's location. I will go after him later!" Donald instructed. Kingsley left immediately. Beep! Beep! The sound of the bomb counting down rang out again. Anastasia laughed. "You won't survive this either! The bomb will explode in thirty seconds! Who would have thought that I could take Lord Campbell with me in my moment of death? I guess my death is worthwhile, then!" Donald looked at her and mocked, "This bomb equals three tonnes of TNT bombs. Didn't your father ever tell you how I once came out of his exploding armory unharmed?" Anastasia instantly shouted, "No!" Boom! The bomb exploded. In an instant, the entire building was reduced to ruins while smoke and dust filled the air. The aftershock made the ground tremble. Donald, who was holding the bomb, remained at his spot, utterly unharmed.

## The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 240

### Chapter 240 Eliminated

A faint golden light was emanating from his body, and he had managed to suppress the explosion in a small area.

As the smoke and dust swirled around him, he muttered to himself, "My power is getting weak. Back then, I could contain the explosion within my palm."

With a sigh, he made his way out of the place and headed toward Building No. 9.

Jennifer heard the sound of an explosion and saw the mushroom cloud in the sky. Her eyes instantly darkened as she rushed outside the building in panic. "Donald?"

She came to the ruins but found nothing within it.

"Ms. Wilson, for safety purposes, it's better that we go back." Ryan ran toward her.

"Tell me the truth. Is the man behind the golden mask Donald?" Jennifer gazed at Ryan anxiously.

Ryan did not know how to respond to her question. He said, "I have no idea, but I guess not?"

"Lend me your phone!" Jennifer requested.

Ryan passed his phone to her, and Jennifer made a phone call to Donald. "Donald, I'm Jennifer. Where are you now?"

Donald picked up the phone as he made his way to Building No. 9. "I'm driving now and am on the way back to the office. What's the matter?"

"N-Nothing much." Jennifer sighed and hung up the phone. She had indeed heard sounds coming from the other side of the phone, which seemed to be the sounds of a car's engine.

Besides, the man in the golden mask should be dead by now. A human being couldn't possibly stay alive after holding a bomb that exploded in his hands. But why would that man save me?

Jennifer pondered for a moment, but she still felt an uneasiness. With that, she requested, "Please send me to Rivebale Hotel, Lana's company."

Ryan smiled wryly. Despite that, he still proceeded with the arrangement to send her there.

In Building No. 9, Python, Tyler, and the rest heard the explosion as well.

"Ms. Rodriguez is dead, and Golden Lord should be dead too. I saw him holding the bomb in his hands with my own eyes," Tyler stated.

Python's face turned pale. "No, that's impossible. He once blew up Mr. Rodriguez's armory in Golden Triangle but came out unharmed. He is not a human."

The next moment, Python saw Donald entering and approaching them.

"Stop right there, Golden Lord. I will kill these hostages if you come closer," Python threatened.

Donald remained silent as his body turned into a beam of golden light and penetrated Python's body with lightning speed.

When he stopped, he was holding Python's head in his hand!

The members of Xenos Bandit Squad were instantly shocked to the core.

What kind of power is that? Python is one of the Twelve Divine Deities! Yet, this man had managed to rip off his head before he could even fight back?

"Golden Lord, please let us go. We promise not to step foot in Yorksland ever again!"



Tyler begged.

“Haven’t you ever heard that mercenaries are prohibited in Yorksland?” Donald spoke indifferently and then lifted his hand slowly. “Finish them off!”

In the next instant, In the next instant, he stepped down lightly with his right foot.

With that, over a dozen pebbles flew into the air and pierced through the foreheads of the members of Xenos Bandit Squad faster than the speed of bullets.

The Xenos Bandit Squad instantly fell dead.

The remaining thirty masked men were eliminated by Kingsley instead. He was so fast that even the hostages did not see him move.

“Go home now, all of you,” Donald instructed.

“Thank you, sir. Thank you so much!” the hostages thanked Donald profusely, gazing at him with gratitude in their eyes.

Then Ryan approached Donald and whispered in his ears, “Ms. Wilson went to Lana’s place to look for you.”

Meanwhile, when Jennifer arrived at Rivebale Hotel, she saw Donald, Lana, and Reina sitting together, chatting and laughing cheerily.

Jennifer observed that as she stood by the door, and a sense of relief appeared in her eyes.

Then she slowly approached them and looked at Donald. In a gentle voice, she asked, “Donald, are you... all right?”