

The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 7

Chapter 7

Meanwhile, Keith's face turned as pale as a sheet. If he had not offended Donald, with his shares and status in Stardust Corporation, he would have had a net worth of more than ten million. Now that he was being kicked out of the company, he felt dejected and finally realized that Donald had always had control over his life and death. *I must be out of my mind to poach his employees and offend him. Why did I look down on him?* If it was someone else who said that, he would have thought that the person was joking. However, the man who said that was Zayne, the subordinate of the richest man in Pollerton. "Get lost," uttered Zayne flatly. Keith immediately got down on his knees and begged for forgiveness, "Mr. Campbell, it's my fault for not knowing any better. I was wrong and shouldn't have angered you. Please forgive me and give me another chance." Seeing that, Hank instantly kneeled as well and cried, "Mr. Campbell, I must have gone insane. Please consider giving me another chance. I've worked for Old Mr. Campbell for over ten years and also contributed a lot after you took over the company five years ago. You should at least give me some credit for all the effort I have put in. I'll become your most faithful servant and do whatever you want me to do." "Be my servant? You're not good enough!" Donald cast a downward glance toward Hank and Keith. Furious, Zayne kicked Hank and asked, "Do you think you are capable of being Mr. Campbell's servant? Only I can become his servant. His wish is my command. Who do you think you are?" Once he finished speaking, everyone gasped in disbelief and had the same thought on their mind. *You're Zayne Yates. Not only are you the subordinate of the richest man in Pollerton, but you're also the owner of Primordial Tower. How can you say that you're willing to become Donald's servant in such a high-sounding manner? Where's your pride and dignity?* They became even more frightened and wondered what Donald's true identity was. Casting a brief look at the crowd, Donald piped up, "That's my final decision. By the way, let's keep what happened today to ourselves. Don't make it public." An obsequious smile crept on Zayne's face as he responded, "Mr. Campbell, don't worry. I understand." Donald believed that Zayne would solve the problem perfectly. With Zayne in charge, he would not need to worry about anything. Before he received any mission, he wanted to live his life in peace for as long as possible because once he was assigned a mission, he would lose his freedom. "Dan, you can do it. Ask Zayne if you have any questions." With that, Donald patted Daniel's shoulder. The situation was so surreal that Daniel felt as if he was dreaming. "I will, Mr. Campbell." Ignoring Keith and Hank's bloodcurdling screams, Donald left Primordial Tower. Just as he left the building, he received two text messages. The first one was from an unknown number: *I'll be holding a small concert at Pollerton Opera House tonight. You must come. If you don't show up, I'll put on another large-scale concert for two hundred thousand people and declare to everyone that you're the man who captivated my heart. I'm Wynter, who loves you.* After reading it, he deleted the text message

expressionlessly. The second message was also from an unknown number: *I'm Hannah Nixon. Let's have dinner together tonight.* She was aloof and a woman of few words. However, Donald was colder than her, so he only replied: *I'm busy.* After that, there was no more response from her. All of a sudden, Donald furrowed his brows as he sensed that something was amiss. Lifting his head, he glanced around his surroundings and finally fixated his gaze on a van that appeared to be rather ordinary. Instantaneously, he narrowed his eyes. Although the silver van looked ordinary, he still noticed something special about it. The Anglandurn customized bulletproof glass could withstand an impact force of one ton, while the twelve-cylinder modified engine had incredible horsepower. Even though the car plate number seemed to be real, he could see that it was an illegal license plate. At first glance, the driver appeared to be a delivery man, but there was a butterfly tattoo on his wrist. "Papillon..." Donald muttered to himself. It was one of the world's largest and most mysterious organizations and was mainly active in West Epea. He did not expect them to appear in Pollerton. Immediately, he picked up a shared bike and followed behind the van. The van traveled at a speed of thirty kilometers per hour. Since it was not too fast, he could keep up with it. Slowly, they left the downtown area and arrived at a secluded road an hour and a half later. The van in front of him stopped, and the driver alighted from it. Staring at Donald coldly, he questioned, "Why are you following me?" "How long has Papillon been in Pollerton?" Donald asked. As soon as he finished asking, the driver narrowed his eyes and said with a sinister grin, "Since you know about Papillon, you must not be a simple person. In that case, I mustn't keep you alive." Having said that, he strode toward Donald with steady and powerful footsteps. The man had a strong and stable lower body. It was apparent that he was a skilled fighter. At that moment, the van's door was opened from the inside, and a man with long hair and sunken eyes emerged from the vehicle. He was barefooted, wearing a robe, and had tattoos all over his body. With only one glance, Donald knew that the long-haired man was a kickboxing expert. The moment the door opened, he saw what was inside the car. Inside was a beautiful woman. She was tied up and was whimpering. He had seen her on major media outlets. She was the most eminent businesswoman in Pollerton, Lana Collins, with a net worth of more than ten billion. In fact, he had no interest in saving the woman, but he despised Papillon. That organization recruited members in an unusual way, mainly by posting seemingly meaningless codes and images on the internet. However, they actually contained a new type of human linguistics, cryptography, and genetic research. Those who could decipher them were geniuses among geniuses. Back then, one of his friends deciphered the code and tragically died at home the next day. His entire family was murdered. Since then, Donald had felt a sense of repugnance toward Papillon. "Take this woman away first," ordered the kickboxer. The next moment, a man climbed into the driver's seat from the backseat and wanted to drive away. At the same time, the kickboxer and the previous driver sandwiched Donald from both directions. In an instant, Donald's aura had changed. After returning to Pollerton for five years, it was the first time he showed his murderous intent. It was as if he was an awakened primordial beast. Looking at the two men approaching him, he took a step forward. He covered more than twenty meters in just one step, leaving behind a series of afterimages. Passing by the two

men, he stopped in front of the van and punched the hood. With a bang, the back of the van was lifted, shattering the windows in the process. The driver was in shock and had no idea what was going on. *What kind of power is this?* Thinking of that, he gulped in horror. The van was heavily upgraded with glass that could withstand the impact of a rocket, but it was destroyed by a punch from a man who appeared to be in his late twenties.