

# The Son-In-Law Shot to Fame Chapter 8

## Chapter 8

*Who is he?* Through the broken rear-view mirror, the man saw the kickboxer and the previous driver covering their necks and crouching on the ground. Their whole bodies were twitching, and they eventually fell to their deaths. No one saw how Donald killed them. *What the hell?* Holding the steering wheel with both hands, he stared at Donald in disbelief. *With such strength, he must be one of the strongest men in the world!* "Where's your stronghold?" Like a killer, Donald stretched out his hand expressionlessly and grabbed the man's neck, dragging him out of the van. However, blood began to gush out from the latter's facial orifices, and he died in an instant. Frowning, Donald threw him on the ground and examined his body. "Cyanide." Meanwhile, the woman with her hands and feet tied struggled and stared at Donald with a forlorn expression. Glancing at her, he flicked his fingers, and a shard of glass flew out, severing the rope around her body. Subsequently, he searched for useful information in the van, but he found nothing. It was too clean. "Why did they kidnap you?" He looked at the woman, only to see her removing the towel stuck in her mouth. Then, she gasped a couple of times and stretched lazily. "Who knows?" In response, Donald shot her an intense glance. *If she doesn't want to tell me, then forget it.* Instantaneously, he got out of the van and removed all his scents and traces. Not only that, but he also arranged for someone to remove all the surveillance footage along the way. Moments later, Lana jumped off the vehicle. Even though she looked a bit disheveled, she was still stunning and beautiful. Her bright red dress accentuated her elegance, and her crystal-clear eyes were sparkling with an exquisite gleam. She was as charming as Hannah and Jennifer. However, Jennifer was gentle and virtuous, while Hannah was cold and had an unapproachable demeanor. Wynter was a graceful and sophisticated woman. On the contrary, Lana was sexy and alluring. She had a perfect body figure and was every man's dream girl. "I'm Lana Collins." Shortly afterward, she approached him and stretched out her slender hand. Donald did not shake her hand. "We only met each other by chance. It's better to forget me and forget everything you see today." With that, he hopped on the shared bike and was about to leave. "Hey, how could you leave me here alone? What if they kidnap me again?" Anxious, she stomped her foot, and her breasts started to jiggle. Supposedly, such a slim figure should not be that busty. "With your status, I believe someone will pick you up soon," he answered. "No, you must take me with you. Those people are useless. How can they let these abductors kidnap me right under their noses? I don't trust them anymore. I only have faith in you," said Lana. A look of impatience appeared on his face as he stated, "I don't have time for this." His words caught her by surprise. *What's wrong with him? Does he not know how many people in Pollerton want to get in my favor?* "How dense of you! The men who are in love with me could line up from here and all the way to Ferropene, but now, I'm giving you a chance to pursue me. I'm capable of anything." As she said that, she licked her lips like a seductress. Donald sneered,

"Then, kindly ask the men who were lining up in Ferropene to send me a bottle of red wine." In an instant, she was bereft of speech. "I'll pay you one million. Bring me back." It was the first time she wanted to beat someone up. "Pay in cash and write me a receipt as the proof of payment," he responded. *One million just to bring her back? This is such a huge bargain. It's a good chance to earn money. Besides, if I can show Jennifer the proof of payment, it will save me a lot of trouble. For instance, I can explain how I manage to get so much money in such a short amount of time. Jennifer loves me, and I love her too. For the time being, I don't want her to enter my world. Her world is peaceful, but mine is dark and dangerous.* Puzzled, Lana asked, "Someone will pick me up in the downtown area, and I'll pay you one million in cash when we're there. Why do I need to write a receipt?" Immediately, Donald's expression softened. "To show it to my wife. Otherwise, she might think I earned the money illegally. She'll be anxious." Once Lana heard that, sorrow was written all over her face. "You're married? I'm sad and heartbroken," she commented while pursing her lips. The next moment, Donald let out a sarcastic laugh. Her words could only deceive those innocent young men as well as those wealthy men who were overwhelmed by lust. "What should I write?" Lana rolled her eyes. "Just write that I've saved you today, and you're very grateful to me. Hence, you're paying me a large sum of money to show your appreciation. Then, sign your name below." Hearing that, she twitched her lips in disdain and reached for her lipstick and a piece of tissue from her bag. "Don't use lipstick," uttered Donald. The rage within her instantly imploded. "Take it or leave it!" "Fine." Left with no choice, he could only nod. After she finished writing, she got on the bicycle. Fortunately, the bicycle had a back seat and was designed for two people. Otherwise, it would be impossible for him to bring her along. Crossing her legs, Lana sat in the rear seat and wrapped one of her arms around his waist. Her cheeks were slightly reddened. As night fell, the street lights lit up. She seemed to be a little tired, tilting her head and leaning on his back. She flushed when she heard his strong heartbeat and smelled the subtle scent of tobacco on his body. Lifting her head, she narrowed her eyes and watched as the street lights faded from view. As a gentle breeze brushed across her face, she perked up. It was the first time someone had given her a ride on a bicycle. "Donald, don't you think that this is such a heartwarming scene?" she murmured. "I don't know," the man in front replied. Her face lit up with a smile. After some deliberation, she quickly fished out her phone, wrapped her arm around his waist, leaned on his back, and shot a selfie after putting on a blissful expression. Then, she posted it on Instagram and wrote: *A rare heartwarming moment. I wish time could stop so that this could go on forever.* Within a minute, there were a lot of comments on her post. One of the wealthy men commented: *My queen, I'm sorry that I was late. I shall take my leave now.* Behind the words was a crying emoticon. Immediately, Lana replied: *How pretentious! Where did you learn these idiotic lines? I'm blacklisting you!* Subsequently, she blocked the man on Instagram. Another wealthy man wrote: *Goddess, who is this man? We can only see his back. Please show us his face. I bet he must be very poor. He's dressed so lowly.* Moments later, she responded: *I don't need my man to be rich because no one is wealthier than me. You'll be added to the blacklist as well.* Most of the comments were: *Damn. I'm so upset that my goddess has a boyfriend. Goddess, please tell us who he is! Goddess, when will you show*

*him to us?* In the meantime, Wynter, who was at Pollerton Opera House, also happened to see Lana's Instagram post. Instantaneously, she grew suspicious and zoomed in on the photo. *Why does this back look so familiar?*