

## Read Novel Son In Law Madness Chapter 631

Son In Law Madness Chapter 631-More importantly, Donald's demeanor was nothing like a boss, let alone a multi-millionaire.

He appeared very lazy and casual, just like the low-level employees Amelia had seen.

"Mr. Campbell—"

Donald glanced at her and said, "Please, don't. Samson has no choice but to call me that because we are on the same level. However, I was assigned by the headquarters to assist you, and my position is none other than a manager. Therefore, you can tone the respect down a little."

Amelia flashed him a wry smile.

How can I go casual with you when you're indeed the vice president of the company?

"There's something I don't understand, Mr. Campbell. May I ask?"

"Go ahead."

"What's so special about Atlas Residence? Why would the headquarters send you here to help me out?"

Amelia had been working in the industry for years and had encountered many bizarre things.

She was worried that there might be a special reason why Donald was appointed to work with her on the project.

A battle between the gods would make ordinary humans suffer. I'm just a small fry in the company and don't want to be implicated if anything happens.

Donald seemed to be able to read Amelia's mind. He scratched his face and replied, "There's nothing special about it. Perhaps I have had too much free time recently, so they sent me here to help you. Don't overthink things, and just focus on your job. By the way, don't reveal my identity to others."

Amelia nodded. While the two were chatting, they had already arrived at the unit undergoing renovation.

Although Amelia was the nominal leader of the renovation team, it was actually led by Chester Horsecraft, her subordinate.

He took advantage of the fact that the workers were trained by him and refused to heed Amelia's orders in most matters.

As a project manager, Amelia could only give suggestions instead of exercising her full authority as the rightful supervisor.

Anyhow, she was used to it by now because she had faced the same issue in almost all of the projects she had worked on.

If this were during ancient times, she would be regarded as the army overseer, a marionette who took instructions from the headquarters and had no actual power.

On the other hand, a person like Chester would serve as the general.

These workers are like his soldiers, so why would they not listen to him?

As soon as Donald and Amelia entered the unit, they saw Chester with a cigarette tucked behind his ear, playing cards with a group of workers.

The entire room was filled with smoke, and there was also a broken beer bottle on the floor.

It was not the first time Amelia was greeted by such a scene.

Immediately, she told Chester, "Mr. Horsecraft, the proposal has been approved, so we can start the renovations now."

"Wait a second, let me finish this round," Chester responded half-heartedly without turning his head.

Amelia was slightly embarrassed, especially when Donald was standing right beside her. She was worried that Donald would have a bad impression of her afterward.

Amelia cleared her throat and proceeded to make a second attempt. "Mr. Horsecraft, the construction progress today is super urgent. Why don't you stop for a while and let us discuss the details?"

"D\*mn it! Didn't I ask you to wait a moment? Why do you keep talking?"

Then, Chester chucked his cards aside and bellowed, "You dare tell me that today's progress is urgent? We agreed to come at ten and commence work at eleven. Take a look at the time now! What time is it? Huh?"

"We were delayed because the client had some problems with the proposal. Nobody wanted that to happen, and we've tried our best to resolve it."

“A problem came up on your side, but how does that have anything to do with me? It speaks volumes about your capability.”

## **Read Novel Son In Law Madness Chapter 632**

Son In Law Madness Chapter 632-Chester threw a receipt at Amelia before arrogantly saying, “This is the bill for our lunch. Use this to make your claim.”

“Two thousand and three hundred?” Amelia was livid to see the amount on the receipt.

I don’t even spend more than twenty for a meal, so how did these workers end up spending two thousand and three hundred for a meal?

“What did you even eat? How did you end up with such a hefty bill?”

“Hey, Ms. Ellis, mind what you say. A meal is a meal. What do you mean by what did we even eat? Everything we ordered is listed on the bill. Don’t you know how to check it yourself?”

Suppressing her anger, Amelia uttered, “What I mean is, why did you eat such expensive food? You could’ve ordered some simple dishes, and you’d be equally full!”

Chester sneered. “Equally full? We’re currently working for you, Ms. Ellis. Moreover, you left us hanging for such a long time in the morning. Isn’t it normal for us to eat something better? Cut the nonsense and be frank with me. Can I claim this?”

Amelia wanted to tell him no at first.

However, when she thought about how she needed Chester’s team for the project’s renovation, she realized things would be difficult to deal with if she were to make the relationship between them tense now.

Thus, she gritted her teeth and said, “Yes, but this is the only time. There won’t be a next time.”

“That’s good, then.” At that, Chester gave a smug look to the other workers, silently boasting to them about how impressive he was.

Right as Amelia was about to put the bill into her bag, Donald snatched it from her and shredded the receipt in front of the people.

His actions froze the smile on Chester’s face.

“What is the meaning of this?” Chester questioned.

Donald had destroyed their receipt, so even if Amelia wanted to make a claim for them, she would not be able to do so.

In other words, it was highly likely that they would have to foot the bill themselves.

Therefore, what Donald had shredded was not merely their bill; he was shredding their money as well.

“Nothing. I just think that you won’t be able to make a claim for this bill.”

“Who do you think you are to presume that?”

One of the more short-tempered workers picked up a wooden board and swung it toward Donald.

The wooden board was thin, and it would not cause injuries even if someone were to hit another person with it.

Nevertheless, the resulting sound would be loud and frightening.

The worker only wanted to scare Donald into submission.

Any sane person would dodge a wooden board that was aimed at their head.

However, not only did Donald not move away from it, but he even punched the board.

The board shattered, and the worker who swung it was frightened instead.

This guy’s gutsy, huh? He’s actually counterattacking at a time like this?

Promptly, the other workers stood up.

It did not seem fair for a group to go up against one person, was what the workers thought at first, but since Donald was starting to fight back, they saw no qualms in attacking together.

“What’s the matter? Do you need some exercise after your meal? Sure. Come on. Let me see how great you are.”

Chester was not a rash man, or else he would not have been able to take advantage of Amelia.

When he noticed how fearless Donald was, he instantly realized that Donald had to have some kind of powerful background.

“Ms. Ellis, who is he? You brought him here, so I’m sure you can give us an explanation.”

Of course, Amelia was not going to tell him that Donald was the vice president of Dragon Fide Corporation.

## **Read Novel Son In Law Madness Chapter 633**

Son In Law Madness Chapter 633-Amelia cleared her throat before saying, “I didn’t get to introduce him earlier, but this is Mr. Donald Campbell, a manager that the headquarters have sent to supervise our work. Hierarchy-wise, Mr. Campbell has a higher rank than me. Therefore, Mr. Campbell has the right to deal with your reimbursement of food expenses.”

At that, Donald glanced at Amelia, thinking, She’s quite sly, isn’t she? We’re both supposed to be of the same rank, but why am I suddenly a rank higher than her here? It looks like she’s about to redirect Chester’s hatred toward me. That way, she’ll get to sit at the side and watch the show unfold instead.

Donald had figured out what Amelia was trying to do, but he did not say anything about it.

First of all, he quite enjoyed Amelia’s little tricks. Secondly, he did not like Chester either, so he did not mind helping her teach the man a lesson.

Yet, Chester stopped after hearing Amelia’s introduction of who Donald was.

“Since he’s a higher-up from the headquarters, let’s forget about making the claim then. Boys, greet Mr. Campbell.”

Chester’s swift change of attitude made Donald look at him in a new light.

Hm? Seems like Chester has a brain.

The workers then greeted Donald, who did not mind and went to take a seat in a corner.

Regardless of whatever transpired before the start of work, Amelia seemed like a completely different person once they started work. She was particularly professional as she made arrangements for Chester and his men.

In fact, Amelia would even supervise certain parts of the renovation.

Although Chester did not think that Amelia was impressive, he knew well the kind of character she had.

Therefore, as long as Amelia's request was not too outrageous, he would make amendments according to her requests. In a way, the two of them were working in tandem.

Not only did they not fall behind with the renovating process, but the renovations were done in excellent quality as well. They were basically an exact copy of what was in the proposal.

It was then Donald finally understood why Jennifer told him that Amelia was a capable woman and why she asked him to help her out.

In the blink of an eye, a day went by.

As it was only basic work that day, Donald made no suggestions for anything and left work on the dot. It was as if he was only there because he had to be there.

Chester was annoyed by Donald's demeanor, but Amelia seemed to have come to terms with it.

After all, the vice president had already spent the entire day at the scene with them. She was not expecting any more from him.

Right as Donald left the room, a worker named Kurt Parson walked over to Chester's side and asked, "Chester, should we teach that young man a lesson? He's too arrogant for his own good."

Chester narrowed his eyes and said, "Bring a few of the boys over first and wait for my call. I'll contact my cousin and find out who he really is. We'll only lay a finger on him if we find out that he's harmless. It's a safer option."

Kurt nodded and went after Donald with three other workers.

Amelia saw their sneaky actions, but she made no move to tell Donald about it.

While Donald would thank her if she were to send him a warning message, his gratitude was worthless to her. What could she gain from tipping him off?

On the other hand, things would get entertaining if Chester really did manage to beat Donald up.

With Donald's status, Chester would be doomed for the worst.

By then, the company would send another team for the renovation, and she would be able to take charge for once.

Chester had no idea what was going through Amelia's mind as he took out his phone to call his cousin, Huey Horseraft.

"Huey, we have someone called Donald Campbell from the headquarters who came today. Help me find out what his background is."

## **Read Novel Son In Law Madness Chapter 634**

Son In Law Madness Chapter 634-Huey worked in the HR department, so once he received Chester's call, he started checking the list of employees, but he could not find someone named Donald Campbell.

"Are you sure his name is Donald Campbell? There's no one with that name in the company."

"No one?" Chester froze. "No way. Isn't he from the headquarters? Why don't you go through it again?"

At that, Huey went through the list of transfers again and replied confidently, "I went through it again, and there isn't anyone who has been transferred to your project for the past month. Say, that guy can't be a scammer, right?"

Confidence swelled in Chester's chest once he received Huey's confirmation.

What? How dare that young man lie in my face? And he even shredded that hefty bill!

"Got it, Huey. My phone's about to run out of battery, so I'll end the call first."

With that, Chester ended the call. Huey was unperturbed by the conversation, knowing that someone was going to be in trouble soon.

Right then, his coworker, Larena York, placed a document on his table.

"Huey, this is the draft for the new year's greetings from the CEO's office. Check it through and upload it on the company website if there aren't any mistakes."

Huey frowned and muttered, "Shouldn't this be the operations department's work? Why am I doing this again?"

"Their office isn't done yet, so do lend them a helping hand."

When Huey opened the file, he realized it was the typical new year's greetings.

However, he froze when he saw the signatures.

Jennifer Wilson, CEO. Donald Campbell, vice president.

Huey broke out in a cold sweat immediately.

What was the name of the guy Chester told me about earlier? Was it Donald Campbell?

Instantly, Huey fervently called Chester to find out if the man Chester said he wanted to teach a lesson was really called Donald Campbell.

Alas, no matter how many calls he made, the robotic voice at the other end of the line always told him that Chester had switched off his phone.

F\*ck! He can go and wake the sleeping bear if he wants to, but he better not drag me along with him into the cave!

Huey, who failed to reach Chester via the phone, hastily left the company and took a cab to Atlas Residence.

In the meantime, Chester had no idea Huey was on the verge of losing his mind.

After finding out that Donald was a nobody, all Chester could think about was how he was going to teach Donald a lesson.

Right as he stepped out of the residential area, he spotted Kurt behind a tree.

“Where is he?”

Kurt pointed at the bus station up front and frowned. “Chester, he doesn’t seem like a manager. Dragon Fide Corporation’s a rather rich company, and I remember that managers get to have cars of their own, so why is he waiting for the bus?”

“That’s because he’s a fraud.”

Chester grabbed an arm-thick wooden rod from the side of the road and led Kurt toward Donald.

Initially, Chester wanted to take a swing at Donald’s back, but it seemed like the latter was rather aware of his surroundings. Right as Chester came close to him, Donald turned around.

“What are you trying to do?” Donald flatly asked.

“What am I trying to do? I’m trying to do your mom!”

With that, Chester lifted the rod in his hand and brought it down on Donald.

Chester was livid, so he had deliberately picked a rod with nails on it.



Pain would be an understatement for what a person would feel if a rod with nails were to hit them.

No human would not scream in agony when nails stabbed into their skin.

Therefore, Chester was certain that Donald was going to be screwed once he hit him.

To his shock, Donald grabbed the middle of the rod with his left hand.

## **Read Novel Son In Law Madness Chapter 635**

Son In Law Madness Chapter 635-As if his hand was a clamp, Chester could not budge the rod at all.

Before he could start cursing at Donald, Donald lifted his right hand to slap Chester.

The loud slap stunned Chester, and his mind went blank for a long while.

Donald then tossed the wooden rod aside before saying, "The last person who spoke to me like that is six feet under by now."

"Sh\*t, he just hit Chester! Get him!"

If there was one good trait about Kurt, it would be loyalty. The moment he saw Chester getting hit, he instantly called the rest of the workers to go after Donald.

Donald wanted to teach them a simple lesson, for they were only ordinary people.

However, since they seemed to have put aside their fear of death, Donald decided that he would be a fool not to teach them an unforgettable lesson instead.

Right as Huey came down from the cab, he heard the screams of pain coming from a distance away.

When he went closer, he also heard the alarming sounds of bones breaking.

Oh no, Chester can't have crippled Mr. Campbell, can he?

With that thought in mind, Huey hastened his footsteps. However, the sight that greeted him when he turned around the corner dumbfounded him.

Chester and the other workers were all lying on the ground with swollen faces.

On the other hand, Donald was pulling their arms up and breaking them with his legs as if he was merely playing with toys. The strange angles their arms were in made Huey gulp in fear.

No one said Mr. Campbell knows martial arts. Isn't he a little too harsh on them?

Once Donald broke the last pair of arms, he turned to look at Huey.

"Are you here to teach me a lesson as well?"

"No, no, Mr. Campbell! You're mistaken. I rushed over here, worried that Chester would do something to you."

"Who are you?"

"I'm Huey Horseraft from the HR department, but I've always been on bad terms with Chester. When I heard that he was going to mess with you, I hurried over."

Donald figured something out the second he heard that Huey was from the HR department.

He smiled and glanced at Chester. "I was wondering why you changed your attitude so quickly after exiting the residential area even though you seemed rather polite with me earlier. So, it's because you looked into me."

Even though Chester had two broken arms, he still refused to admit defeat.

"Donald Campbell, how dare you do this to me? I'm telling you this now—either you kill me today, or I'm going to get someone to kill you in the next two days. Make your choice!"

When Huey heard Chester still threatening Donald, he roared, "Are you out of your mind? This man here is Mr. Donald Campbell, the vice president of Dragon Fide Corporation! Who in the world are you trying to kill? Who do you think you can kill?"

The vice president?

Everyone was stunned, and a look of disbelief manifested on their faces.

Shouldn't vice presidents drive expensive cars and wear luxury watches? Why is someone like Donald, who takes the bus, a vice president too?

However, Chester knew that Huey would not lie to him. After a moment of silence, Chester still gritted out, "I don't care who you are. If you don't kill me today, I'll definitely get someone to kill you instead!"

Huey smacked his forehead, speechless at Chester's idiocy.

Why do I have a cousin like him? Does he not think through his words before saying them out loud?

“Very well,” Donald muttered. “I’ll be coming here for work tomorrow, so you can’t say that I haven’t given you any opportunities to carry out your plan. I’d like to see who you’re going to get to kill me.”

“Mr. Campbell, that isn’t what Chester meant...” Huey tried to explain, but Donald was no longer interested in the conversation.

Once Donald was gone, Huey walked over to Chester and slapped him.

## **Read Novel Son In Law Madness Chapter 636**

Son In Law Madness Chapter 636-“Chester, have you lost your f\*cking mind? You talk about killing him despite my having told you that he is the vice president of Dragon Fide Corporation. What gives you the right?”

Chester, who had been beaten up within an inch of his life, sneered at Huey, “Would I have been so impulsive if you hadn’t told me there wasn’t such a person in the company? He not only beat me up but also broke both of my hands. You know my hands are my livelihood, and now he has messed it up. So, do you still think it’s heinous to want him dead?”

Seeing that he was being serious, Huey shot to his feet and exclaimed, “You’ve gone crazy. You’ve really gone crazy! Fine, then I don’t care how you get even with Donald, and I won’t interfere in any case.”

“Are you sure, Huey?” Chester said mildly. “We are minnows in Dragon Fide Corporation and don’t stand a chance against Donald, the vice president, but Mr. Moore should do the trick, no? We have done so much for him throughout the years. It’s time for him to return the favor now.”

“Are you threatening me?”

Dragon Fide Corporation was a large conglomerate consisting of dozens of subsidiaries. Thus, chaos wouldn’t begin to describe the top management in the company.

The subsidiaries would have fallen apart if the chief executives hadn’t had unconditional trust in Donald.

The aforementioned Mr. Moore was Winslow Moore, the director of an interior designing and construction company under Dragon Fide Corporation.

Outwardly, he appeared competent, but only Chester and a few others who knew the inner workings were aware that seventy percent of the money pocketed from the projects was funneled into Winslow’s pocket.

“I’m insignificant and would never dare threaten you and Mr. Moore, but I can’t shrug off Donald’s humiliation.”

Huey studied Chester with narrowed eyes for a moment.

“This matter isn’t up to me. I’ll have to confer with Mr. Moore.”

“Fine by me. I’m not in a hurry. You have one more day anyway.”

Donald had provoked Chester this time, and Chester was willing to go to any lengths for revenge, including threatening Winslow.

Huey waited until Chester had taken everyone to the hospital for treatment before giving Winslow a detailed report.

Winslow responded over the phone, “Humans aren’t spineless. It’s natural to want vengeance after being beaten.”

“But, Mr. Moore, it’s Donald we’re talking about.”

“What about it? He’s still mortal and can bleed and die like the rest of us, right?” Winslow’s sinister words rang clear, causing goosebumps to pebble over Huey’s skin.

“What are you saying, Mr. Moore?”

“If Chester’s willing to give his life to exact revenge, let’s give him what he wants. After all, we can’t really stop someone with a death wish, can we?”

Huey instantly understood his words. “I got it, Mr. Moore. I’ll handle this immediately.”

Donald disregarded Chester’s proclamation to take revenge on him. Instead, he headed straight to the TV station after getting off work.

After all, he was still responsible for training the newcomers, and ignoring Evelyn and the others at the TV station wasn’t an option.

Weston was putting together a program for the day after tomorrow when Donald arrived at the studio.

Evelyn and Zoey were the main newcomers being trained by Dragon Fide Corporation, and they would be assigned to the VIPs attending the ceremony to piggyback on their popularity.

“Are you filming, Mr. Tanner?”

## **Read Novel Son In Law Madness Chapter 637**

Son In Law Madness Chapter 637-Weston stood up from his director's chair when he noticed Donald standing in front of him.

"Mr. Campbell, why didn't you notify us before visiting?"

"Well, I didn't want to interrupt your work. How are things going for them?"

Weston didn't answer Donald immediately, instead coughing lightly to signal the assistant standing nearby to check on some props.

He waited until they were alone before replying, "Evelyn's stage presence isn't as strong as Zoey's. She seems rigid and tense too. Mr. Campbell, you said to focus more on Evelyn, but I believe it will be difficult. The audience prefers female celebrities who are more outgoing and spirited. Zoey stands out more than Evelyn in that case."

Weston gave a frank explanation as Donald observed the subjects of their conversation rehearsing on stage.

Evelyn wore a modest white dress that covered as much skin as possible while concealing her curvy figure beneath the unflattering fit.

On the contrary, Zoey had her hair pulled back in a high ponytail and was dressed in a sailor costume.

The top was short, and the hem of her skirt hung even shorter, putting her in danger of revealing parts she shouldn't and drawing everyone's attention.

Evelyn wasn't inferior compared to Zoey, but she wouldn't compromise on her stance of refusing to wear revealing outfits on stage, so the exhibited effect was less potent compared to Zoey's.

"I will still maintain you continue to spare no effort in training Evelyn while respecting her wishes."

"Huh?" Weston was taken aback. "Spare no effort? And respect her wishes?"

At this point, he was beginning to doubt Donald's professional judgment.

The manager was responsible for not only assisting the girls in finding jobs but also for their schedules and managing their daily lives. More importantly, they had to map out a debut strategy for the female idols according to their strengths.

It was one of the reasons why actresses in the seventies and eighties didn't want to be adult film stars but ended up becoming so anyway. They were pushed into it to achieve fame.

Therefore, Donald's words about respecting Evelyn's wishes while having her rise to fame were a joke.

"Did I not make myself clear?"

A sheen of sweat formed on Weston's brows when Donald pinned him with a glare. "Very clear, crystal clear..."

"In that case, tweak the plans for her. I wish to see her going viral after two weeks."

Donald clapped Weston on the shoulder and was about to leave the studio when several bodyguards in shades surrounding a woman walked in.

"Who is the person in charge around here?" The woman with delicate features and a slim build spoke out.

It was obvious her professionally applied makeup set her apart from other women and demanded that she be noticed.

Other ladies would show their sexy, flirtatious side or their gentler characteristics.

However, she had the air of a shrewd businesswoman who made her own rules and was always the center of attention.

Weston stood up. "I'm the lead director here. What's wrong?"

She walked to him and said evenly, "I'm Mila Zurlo, head of Zurlo Corporation. I believe my brother, Zack, came here yesterday. Where is he?"

In response, Weston scratched his chin, bewildered. "Excuse me, Ms. Zurlo. Your brother did show up here yesterday, but I'm not sure where he went after that. He was already gone when I regained consciousness after passing out."

## **Read Novel Son In Law Madness Chapter 638**

Son In Law Madness Chapter 638-"He never went back?"

Mila stared intently at Weston for a long time before finally determining that he was not lying to deceive her.

"Very well. Let me change the question. Why did my brother come here?"

Weston opened his mouth, but no words came out. However, he instinctively glanced at Donald.

Seeing that, Mila immediately turned to Donald and asked with a seductive gaze, "I don't suppose you also passed out when my brother came yesterday, did you?"

Since he had complete faith in Billy's ability to tie up loose ends, the latter was confident that, as long as he claimed that he had also fainted, Mila would not be able to locate any evidence, even if she had any suspicions.

However, for some reason, when Donald met Mila's gaze, he had the impression that she was not there to exact revenge on him.

That was because there was not even a tinge of grief or anxiety in her eyes.

At that thought, he deliberately looked down at her cleavage and said lewdly, "Of course I didn't faint, but if you want to know what happened, why don't we talk about it somewhere private?"

Weston, who was observing from the side, thought Donald was insane.

This woman from the Zurlo family obviously came here to confront you, yet you still want to talk to her somewhere private? Aren't you courting death?

"I'm impressed by your boldness."

With that, Mila beckoned Donald to follow her with a smile.

When they left the studio and arrived at the entrance of the TV station, the woman wearing a black, form-fitting dress with a side slit got into the car. She then told the driver to get out and wait for her outside.

Once Donald entered, Mila closed the car door, knocked on the glass, and said, "This car window is bulletproof and completely soundproof. Now tell me. Where is my younger brother?"

The man did not answer her question immediately but stared at her with a smirk.

"Is Zack truly your brother? How's your relationship with him? Good?"

Mila arched an eyebrow. "Does this have anything to do with the question I just asked?" she queried.

"Of course it does," Donald answered while sitting with a commanding posture. "I'll have to consider an escape plan if you get along well with him. Should I hold you hostage and leave, or should I kill you first, then kill the bodyguards outside? But if it's the reverse, I believe we can share a dinner later before going to a hotel to explore the meaning of life."

“Are you saying that Zack is dead?” Mila excitedly questioned after hearing his words.

Even though he clicked his tongue and said nothing, his expression had already given away the answer.

“That’s impossible.” She continued with a frown, “Zack is accompanied by two Septet Stella Warriors. How could you possibly be a threat to him? Tell me the truth. Where exactly is he?”

Donald answered while picking his ear, “I’m only responsible for killing him, not for tying up loose ends. If you want to find your brother’s body and bring it back, don’t bother. You probably won’t find it.”

“How can I believe that what you say is true?”

“It’s up to you whether you believe it or not.”

Mila fell silent at his words.

I’m just an ordinary woman from the Zurlo family. I have no special skills, nor do I have any experts protecting me like Zack, so I have no means of evaluating Donald’s formidability.

However, she could tell by the look in Donald’s eyes that he had probably not lied to her.

Does this mean that Zack is truly dead? How strong must the man before me be if he did kill Zack as he claims to have done?

It only took Mila one minute to make up her mind.

## **Read Novel Son In Law Madness Chapter 639**

Son In Law Madness Chapter 639-She took out a bank card and handed it to Donald. “Let’s get acquainted all over again. I’m Mila Zurlo, and the Zurlo family sent me to Pollerton to temporarily take over Zack’s position. I’m also his biological elder sister.”

After the introduction, she continued, “However, if you did kill Zack, we’ll be friends from now on. This card has five million on it. Please accept it as a token of my gratitude.”

Mila’s words left Donald entirely baffled.

“I killed your biological brother, yet you still give me five million? Are you kidding me?”

She explained to him calmly, “My dad is the eldest son of the seventh wife of the Zurlo family, and since Zack is my dad’s only son, I’ll never be able to inherit my father’s



fortune or grow my power as long as he is alive. Now that he is dead, of course, I must thank you. What is a mere five million?"

Despite Mila explaining it matter-of-factly, Donald could hear the bitterness and hatred in her voice.

The more prestigious the family, the more extreme their patriarchal mindset.

He even knew that some prestigious families used women as a resource, marrying them off among themselves or sending them to entertain others for benefits.

Undoubtedly, Mila was born into such a family. That's why after Zack went missing, she came to the studio immediately, wanting to ascertain whether or not he was still alive.

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Donald threw the bank card onto her thigh.

"I'm not short of money."

Hearing that, Mila took a deep breath before saying to him, "Although you helped me kill my brother, it doesn't mean you can get me. Do you understand what I mean? I don't want to be any man's plaything."

For some reason, when she said that, instead of elevating her in his eyes, they only fueled his desire to subjugate her.

"I'm not lacking women either."

His words stunned Mila. "Then what exactly do you want?"

Donald pondered for a moment before replying, "Just now, you mentioned that your dad is the eldest son of the seventh wife of the Zurlo family, that is to say, the most unpopular one, right?"

"That's right."

"Then, is there a possibility for you to become the head of the Zurlo family?"

Mila's beautiful eyes widened, and she stared at him as if he was a fool.

"Are you kidding me? Why should they allow me to be the head of the Zurlo family when there are so many other candidates? My family will never choose a woman as the family head."

Donald could hear the resentment in her tone and said to her with a smile, "What if I help you become the head of the Zurlo family?"

Although Mila believed that he was building castles in the air, something about the look in his eyes made her think he was being serious.

Her heartbeat could not help but speed up at that thought.

Indeed. Isn't it the Zurlo family that I despise? Would those Zurlo family members still dare to look down on me if I managed to become the family head?

"Who are you exactly? What do you want from me?" she asked.

Donald took out his phone and waved it in front of her. "Just accept my friend request. You need not care about anything else. I only need one thing from you, and that's an immediate update on any news of the Ten Prestigious Families in Pollerton. Likewise, if you run into any trouble, I'll also help you solve it right away. Let me first give you something to reassure you as proof of my sincerity."

He then took out an emerald pendant inscribed with the word "Zurlo."

She immediately recognized it as Zack's heirloom pendant, which he had always worn.

Zack really is dead!

After getting out of Mila's car, Donald walked toward his company contentedly.

## **Read Novel Son In Law Madness Chapter 640**

Son In Law Madness Chapter 640-With Donald's capabilities, he didn't take the Zurlo family seriously. However, he was annoyed that all these prestigious families kept sending their men to find fault with him, much like irritating flies.

If he could help the one he had high hopes of to become the head of the Zurlo family, he'd have an insider in the Ten Prestigious Families.

Not only could he instantly know every one of their moves, but Mila could also play some tricks on them at his behest.

When Donald arrived at the entrance of the company, he noticed that security had stopped two people from entering.

"I've already told you. If you want to meet with Ms. Wilson, you will have to make an appointment. If you don't have one, then I'm sorry, I can't let you in."

"My name is Linda Stern, and I'm Jennifer Wilson's mother. Why should I need to make an appointment to meet my own daughter? Call Jennifer here. Then you'll know that I'm telling the truth."

Glen, the security guard, sneered and said coldly, "Oh, you're Ms. Wilson's mother? How come you don't have her personal phone number, then? How about this? You give her a call; if she comes to meet you, I will definitely let you in."

"You! What's your name? When I meet with my daughter later, I'll definitely ask her to fire you!"

"My name is Glen Reed, and it's written big and clear on my name tag here. I've got no comment if Ms. Wilson wants to fire me, but I've still got to do my job now!"

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Seeing how bullheaded Glen was, Linda was so angry that words eluded her.

Leonard tugged at Linda and whispered, "Forget it. Jenny has cut all ties with us, so what's the point of coming here now?"

"What do you mean by cutting all ties? She is the daughter that I carried for nine months in my womb, and we share the same blood. How can you actually cut ties with your own blood-related mother? Leonard, it's bad enough that you've been a coward for your whole life, but now your son has been kidnapped! Tell me, you useless good-for-nothing, what can you do for me?"

Leonard was infuriated by Linda's words.

Just as he was about to explode, Donald showed up in front of them.

"Oh, hello! Why are you two here at our company? What's the matter? Is it because you guys don't have any money to spend already, huh?"

"Donald?" Linda was stunned for a moment before grabbing Donald's hand and saying, "Quick, you've got to tell this security guard that I'm Jennifer's mother!"

Glen was nervous and stammered, "M-Mr. Campbell..."

Donald shrugged off Linda's hand and dusted his shirt, which Linda had rumpled.

"Mrs. Wilson, you've such a bad memory. Jennifer has already cut ties with you. How shameless of you to show your face here and say that you're her mother! When did she have such a thick-skinned mother?"

Donald's words left Linda feeling extremely embarrassed.

Leonard furrowed his brows and said, "Donald, watch what you say! We're not here to ask for money. Kevin has been kidnapped. As his sister, shouldn't Jennifer show her concern?"

"Kevin has been abducted, but what does that have to do with Jennifer? If I remember correctly, she cut ties with him as well. Am I right? Besides, Jennifer is not the one who kidnapped him, so why are you here for her? She's not the police either."

Linda hurriedly chimed in, "The one who kidnapped Kevin said that we need to pay five million as ransom. If they don't receive the money by nine o'clock tonight, they'll kill him."

Donald shot Linda a cold look and said, "In the end, it's still about money. Five million? Do you think money falls from the sky?"

Linda found no words to retort.

If she were confronting Jennifer, she would be much more confident.

Jennifer was her daughter, after all. Furthermore, she had been obedient for the past twenty-over years. Linda thought that her words still carried some weight in Jennifer's heart.