

Unlimited Son-In-Law Chapter 11 -

Chapter 11 | Love You

There were no private rooms left in the theater, so Jennifer, Harrison, and the others were forced to sit in the audience seats.

Although their seats were far away from the stage, Jennifer was still excited as she could finally see Wynter up close.

Jennifer idolized Wynter greatly, and she adored all of the latter's songs.

While waiting for Wynter to make an entrance, Harrison's gaze was fixed on Heavenly Private Room.

All this while, the lights in that particular private room never lit up, but things were different today.

When Harrison noticed the lights, disbelief filled his heart. "Wow! Someone's using Heavenly Private Room!" he exclaimed.

Kevin then asked cautiously, "What about Heavenly Private Room?"

"How do I explain it? Well, let's put it this way. Even the richest man in Pollerton, Charles Langford, is not qualified to use that particular room!" Harrison was beyond excited. He squinted his eyes, trying to get a glimpse of the man inside the room.

However, the private room was designed in a way to ensure privacy. Though the person inside could see the situation outside, no one could get a glimpse of what was inside from the outside. After all, the one-way mirror in the room was made with high-tech materials.

Many audiences at the theater noticed that the Heavenly Private Room was occupied, and they just could not stop talking about it, wanting to know the person who occupied it.

Heavenly Private Room also caught the attention of the people occupying the other private rooms.

"Interesting. Do check who is occupying Heavenly Private Room now," said Lana.

Charles, who was inside Private Room No. 2, subconsciously tapped the table in front of him. After taking a sip of his tea, he said, "Lord Campbell is here."

“I want you to investigate the identity of the person occupying the room now!”

“Has a big shot come to Pollerton?”

Many were racking their brains to find out the identity of the person using the private room.

Kevin was jealous of the man. “Amazing! I wonder when I can sit in such a private room.”

“Watch your words,” Harrison warned in a low voice.

Kevin flinched when he heard the warning. He immediately swallowed his words and stopped talking.

Realizing that Jennifer was unhappy, Harrison assumed that it was because he reprimanded her brother. Hence, he quickly apologized, “I’m sorry, Jenny.”

Jennifer thought for a moment and said, “That room has the best view of the stage and is closer to Wynter. The same goes for the other private rooms too.”

Harrison understood her meaning, but at the same time, he knew that he could not do anything about it.

The people who occupied the private rooms were big shots. Even Harrison’s dad would try to avoid pissing them off.

“Let me think of something. I’ll try to get you into one of the private rooms.” With that, Harrison took out his phone and called his father. “Hey, Dad. I would like to have one of the private rooms in Pollerton Opera House.”

“Do you have a death wish?” A furious roar could be heard from the other side of the phone, and the call immediately ended.

“I’ve called my dad. Let’s wait for a while,” said Harrison in a natural voice, hiding the truth from Jennifer.

Jennifer had heard the furious roar coming from the other end of the phone, but she merely sighed and remained silent.

Just then, a lady approached Jennifer and gave her an invitation card that was made of pure gold. “Miss, here is your private room number, 28. Please head in as soon as possible.”

Jennifer’s eyes widened as she stared at the invitation card with shock.

Harrison was stunned as well.

Who is behind this?

“You’re amazing, Harrison! I couldn’t believe that you could get us a private room!” Kevin took the invitation card.

Harrison smiled reservedly and said, “It’s nothing.”

Skylar’s eyes gleamed with admiration when she looked at Harrison.

“But it’s only for two-person.” Kevin was disappointed when he read through the content of the invitation card.

Harrison then stood up and said, “Kev, you stay here with Skylar. I’ll go with your sister. You’re okay with this, right?”

Actually, Kevin longed to enter the private room, so that he could show off to others.

However, he knew it was not wise to piss off his “source of income.” Hence, he said, “Yeah. I’m fine with it.”

“Let’s go, Jenny,” Harrison invited with a smile.

However, Jennifer shook her head and said, “Skye, I want you to come with me.”

With that, she stood up, grabbed Skylar’s hand, and prepared to head toward Private Room No. 28.

Harrison, Kevin, and Skylar were dumbfounded by what she said.

Harrison’s expression darkened. He then tried to change Jennifer’s mind. “Jenny, I think…”

“I’ve made up my mind,” Jennifer said in determination.

Harrison’s gaze became terrifying as he watched Jennifer leave. Kevin, who was frightened, dared not say anything.

At the same time, Harrison could not stop wondering, Who is the one pulling the strings exactly? Whoever he is, his influence must be terrifying. I bet only people like Charles could arrange for a private room right before the show started.

After entering the private room, a couple of usherettes began serving the two tea and providing them with warm towels.

Jennifer then asked one of them, "May I know who arranged this private room for us?"

The usherette replied, "I'm sorry. I have no idea."

Jennifer wanted to ask more, but before she could do so, the lights dimmed, which meant Wynter was about to make an entrance.

The truth was, Donald, who was in Heavenly Private Room, was the one who made such an arrangement for Jennifer.

The interior of the private room was lavish. There was a couch, a bed, a coffee table, a guest room telephone, and a sound amplifier that could change a person's voice.

Privacy was absolute in the private room as there was no waiter around.

The spotlights beamed on the stage. Slowly, a figure who looked like a mystical fairy appeared on stage.

The entire theater became silent, and all eyes were on the stage.

The woman wore a sexy long black dress with her hair in a bun, revealing her neck and her lovely collarbones. Her flawless face made her look as if she was a character in a painting. Her beauty took everyone's breath away.

That woman was Wynter, a well-known international celebrity.

"Hello, everyone. I'm Wynter." Wynter spoke.

Her voice was angelic, captivating, and soft like a gentle spring breeze.

In an instant, the entire place was in an uproar.

"Wynter!"

"Wynter! I love you!"

"Wynter!"

Kevin, along with the crowd, yelled Wynter's name out loud. He was so excited that his entire body trembled.

Jennifer was equally excited. She even stood up.

Skylar, on the other hand, was full of hatred and envy when she saw Wynter.

Skylar had always been jealous of those who looked better than her, were more capable than her, and were wealthier than her. For example, Lana, Hannah, and Wynter.

For her, it was only fair that all women had equal footing.

“My first song today is dedicated to the gentleman in Heavenly Private Room. If it weren’t for him, I wouldn’t be where I am today.” Wynter shifted her gaze toward Heavenly Private Room.

At that moment, everyone followed her gaze and looked at Heavenly Private Room. Everyone was dying to know who was inside that room.

“The song I’m going to perform is I Love You,” Wynter continued.

After a moment of silence, the crowd erupted.

What’s going on? The song is a love song! Does this mean Wynter is in love with the person inside Heavenly Private Room? Wynter is the diva! Who could possibly steal her heart away? This is unbelievable! Everyone shared the same thought.

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Chapter 12 Pathetic Diva

Wynter started her performance without minding what others thought about what she had said.

It was undeniable that Wynter’s singing was exceptional. She had a wide vocal range and large lung capacity. Other than that, her tune was spot-on, and her voice flowed ethereally.

She sang, “I must be crazy now, maybe I dream too much. But when I think of you, I long to feel your touch, to whisper in your ear. Words that are old as time, words only you would hear if only you were mine. I wish I could go back to the very first day I saw you. Should’ve made my move when you looked in my eyes. Cause by now I know that you’d feel the way that I do. And I’d whisper these words as you’d lie here by my side, I love you. Please say you love me too. These three words, they could change our lives forever. And I promise you that we will always be together till the end of time.”

Soon, the song ended. No one else said anything, and Wynter looked over at Heavenly Private Room.

Every single sentence she sang was her whisper of love.

The audience was stunned when they realized that the man in Heavenly Private Room was Wynter's beloved, the love of her life.

Although the song was filled with deep love, the lyrics sounded pitiful.

Wynter then bowed at Heavenly Private Room and sang the last part of the song.

The lyrics of the song were the confession of her love for him.

Please say you love me too. That sentence meant she was pleading for his love pitifully.

Many men who were present stared at Heavenly Private Room with jealousy. They wanted to know who was the man that made their diva confess her love in such a lowly manner.

"The man must be exceptional enough to make the diva fall in love with him so deeply," said Jennifer softly with her voice filled with sadness. She felt sorry for Wynter.

"I bet he's rich," said Skylar, curling her lips.

Skylar was a pretty woman, but she was always full of negative energy. Hence, it was not surprising that she would make such a shallow statement.

"Come out and meet Queen Lowe! How can you be so heartless?" someone yelled all of a sudden.

Upon hearing that, the others came back to their senses and yelled, "If you're a man, come out now!"

Donald, who was sitting on the couch, was toying with the bracelet on his wrist expressionlessly. The bracelet was a gift from Jennifer.

Wynter suddenly laughed and said, "Guys, please stop that. He's very busy."

Only then did everyone stop demanding for the mysterious man to show himself. At the same time, they felt it was a pity that they were not able to see the man's face.

After that, Wynter sang a few other songs. Then, it was time for autographs. The entire process lasted for more than an hour.

"Thank you all for coming today. I hope that we will meet again soon." After saying goodbye to the audience, Wynter headed backstage.

The crowd then started to leave the theater. Jennifer also came out of the private room with Skylar.

“Jenny, how are things inside?” Harrison asked with a smile when they met.

Jennifer nodded in reply. “Everything’s good. Thank you, Harrison.”

Harrison quickly waved his hand. “You’re welcome.”

He then glanced at his watch. “It’s eleven o’clock now. It’s late.”

Kevin then butted in, “Jennifer, why don’t you go get a room with Harry tonight? Since it’s late now, there’s no point in going home.”

Harrison almost hugged Kevin with joy when he heard that.

Jennifer, however, scolded, “What nonsense are you talking about?” Her expression turned cold.

Skylar then said, “What’s the big deal? It’s going to happen eventually.”

Kevin kicked the gunny sack by his feet and said, “Honestly, it doesn’t matter who you sleep with. What is so good about Donald? He’s full of crap. Look at this sack. How could he say there’s one million... Oh, shit!”

Kevin might have kicked the gunny sack with too much force and caused it to break, revealing the content inside. There were wads of cash notes.

“There really is cash inside!” Kevin immediately squatted down and opened the sack. He was shocked to see all the cash inside.

Harrison was stunned, and so was Jennifer when they saw the contents inside.

As for Skylar, her eyes lit up when she saw the handsome amount of money.

One million of cash, after all, could have an enormous visual impact on many.

“How could it be cash?” Harrison’s expression became serious as he could not figure out where Donald got the money.

“How did Donald manage to gather so much money?” Jennifer was so confused, and she soon became irritated. “I have to go home now and ask him what’s going on!”

She walked away but soon returned a few seconds later. “Harrison, I’ll return six hundred thousand to you,” she said.

With that, she calculated six hundred thousand for Harrison, kept the remaining four hundred thousand, and left hurriedly.

“Jenny, I’ll send you home.” Harrison then said to Kevin, “Kevin, do help me to keep the money.”

With that, he left Kevin, Skylar, and the six hundred thousand cash behind.

Greed clouded Skylar’s eyes when she looked at the cash. She then proposed, “Kevin, let’s keep them for ourselves.”

“No, they belong to Harrison,” Kevin refused.

Skylar continued her persuasion, “It’s okay, Kevin. Six hundred thousand means nothing to him. Plus, once he gets your sister to sleep with him, I bet he would even give you six million if you ask for it, let alone six hundred thousand.”

“Okay.” Moved by the suggestion, Kevin finally agreed to it.

When Harrison exited the theater, Jennifer had already gotten into a taxi and left.

Harrison’s expression turned grim as he watched her leave. After a moment of consideration, he decided to follow her with his car.

Inside Heavenly Private Room, Wynter finally got to meet Donald.

She was so excited, and her eyes sparkled when she looked at Donald. Her eyes were filled with so much happiness and love that they were about to burst at any time.

Then, she noticed something was wrong when she saw Donald’s back and the weird logo behind him.

How dare you, Lana? How dare you ask Don to give you a ride and even post it on Instagram?

Noticing Wynter’s glare, the hairs on the back of Donald’s neck stood. “What’s wrong?”

“Is it fun riding the bike with Lana?” Wynter asked unhappily.

Donald was baffled. “How do you know about that?”

“Instagram.” Wynter then tapped open her Instagram and showed it to Donald.

At that moment, Donald wanted to strangle Lana to death.

“Anyway, this proves how charming you are!” Wynter chuckled.

She was aware of the fact that Donald was married and knew that he would never become hers, but she just could not stop loving him. As for Jennifer's thoughts on this, Wynter never cared about it. It was none of her business.

"I want you to give me a ride, too," Wynter said.

"Are you kidding me? Your performance tonight will be on the news first thing tomorrow morning. If the paparazzi get a hold of the photo of you riding on a bike with me, you can kiss your bright future goodbye," said Donald.

"I don't care about that. I want you to take me on a ride." Wynter hugged Donald's arm and pleaded coquettishly.

"You're choosing a bike over a Rolls-Royce?" Donald was speechless over Wynter's perseverance.

"That's because I'm with you." Wynter then used her breast to rub Donald's arm.

Donald stole a subconscious glance at her cleavage and fair skin.

Pleased with Donald's reaction, Wynter felt quite good about herself.

"My wife likes you very much. Mind giving me an autograph as an exchange?" Donald then asked helplessly.

"Deal."

Half an hour later, Wynter posted the same picture Lana posted on her Instagram.

Unlimited Son-In-Law Chapter 13 -

Chapter 13 Did You Bring Your ID Card

Charles woke Zayne up after seeing the posts on Instagram and showed them to him. "Look at this! Now, this is called professional! It's incredible how he can win over two women on the same day. First, Lana. Then, Wynter."

Zayne's hair was a mess, and he was so sleepy his eyes could barely open. "Mr. Langford, you woke me up in the middle of the night for this?" he asked cautiously.

Charles nodded in reply. "Yes, is there anything more important than this?"

His reply rendered Zayne speechless.

How have I never noticed that Pollerton's richest man loves to gossip? Zayne thought.

Charles suddenly straightened his body and excitedly asked, "Zay, do you think that Lord Campbell and Wynter have slept together?"

Seriously? You've asked me if Donald slept with Lana previously. You didn't like my response and chided me for talking nonsense. Zayne complained silently.

If so, let me change my answer. Let's see if you will be happy with it.

"I guess so." Zayne nodded with a straight face and said, "I'm sure that they have slept together."

The answer, however, did not get the reaction Zayne hoped for. Charles was not pleased with it. "How can you be so sure about it? I doubt that they will tell you about it if they did sleep together. Stop talking nonsense."

Zayne did not know how to respond to that.

Come on! You're a seventy-year-old man! Do you really think it's suitable for you to talk about such a topic? Zayne protested in his heart.

He then said, "Erm... Mr. Langford, I have other things to do. I have to go now."

"Get lost!" Charles waved him off.

Zayne walked out of the door miserably.

He was a light sleeper, and just when he was sleeping soundly, Charles woke him up with a call, making him think that an emergency had happened.

Meanwhile, underneath the dimmed street light, Wynter wrapped both of her arms around Donald's waist and pressed her face against Donald's back. "Don, I've established a film production company in Pollerton, and Mr. Langford will be collaborating with us. You're the largest shareholder. Please come over to have a look in a few days. I named it Donter Pictures and invested a hundred million in it. The company will sign contracts with a handful of artists in the next two days. I might need your help with evaluating the artists."

Stunned, Donald nodded and agreed, "Sure."

After a moment of pause, he said, "Actually, you're going to have to handle most of the things yourself. I don't have time to spare for this."

Wynter glared at him seductively. As the diva, every single move and every facial expression she made was captivating. She then pulled Donald's hand and said, "Thank you for saving me back then, Don. If it weren't for you, I'd be dead a long time ago."

Donald retracted his hand and replied in an indifferent voice, "It's nothing."

"I didn't expect you to be married when I meet you again. Why didn't you think of me back then? I'm more than willing to marry you." Wynter teared up all of a sudden.

Donald replied, "Do you think your father would agree with it? He despises me."

Wynter then began to sob. "He's already apologized."

Donald remained silent.

Wynter would not stop weeping. Donald had no idea how to console her, so he kept quiet. After some time, Wynter spoke. "What kind of person is she? I bet she must be amazing enough to catch your eyes."

The person Wynter was referring to was, of course, Jennifer.

Wynter dared not investigate Jennifer. Honestly, no one dared to investigate the wife of the famous Lord Campbell unless they had a death wish.

A gentle and warm smile then appeared on Donald's face, which hurt Wynter's heart.

"Well, she's gentle, elegant, smart, opinionated, independent, and capable. Most importantly, she is calm and collected." Donald slowly listed out all of Jennifer's good qualities.

Wynter responded in a faint voice, "Is she that good?"

"She's not perfect. One downside of hers is that she cares for her family too much. She cares about them more than she cares for me sometimes. I hate this the most." Donald sighed.

He wondered if he and Jennifer would be in love with each other more if the latter did not dote on her brother too much.

"Do you love her?" Wynter queried.

Donald froze for a moment, and a smile subconsciously formed on his face. "Yes, I do. She suits me the best."

The light in Wynter's eyes dimmed in an instant, and sadness filled her heart. She then sighed. After a moment, she blushed, and a shy look appeared on her face when she turned her gaze toward Donald. "Don, are you going home tonight? It's late now."

Donald was confused. "What do you mean?"

"I brought my ID card with me," said Wynter in a timid voice, and her face was scarlet. She lifted her head and stared at Donald hopefully. The love in her eyes was going to burst anytime soon.

"ID card? What do you need that for?" Donald still could not understand what she meant.

Wynter gritted her teeth and said, "I'm asking you to go to the hotel with me..."

Finally understanding her meaning, Donald was tempted to say yes.

Wynter was, after all, an elegant and pretty lady. Any man would fall for her, including Donald.

However, he thought it would be unfair to both Jennifer and Wynter if he said yes. Hence, he replied, "That's impossible. Let's go home."

Wynter was aggrieved by his answer.

Then, Donald's phone suddenly rang. It was a call from Jennifer.

"I have to go home now," Donald announced.

Wynter nodded and let out a long sigh.

A taxi then went past them. Both Kevin and Skylar were in it. Skylar stared at the figures underneath the dimmed streetlight and asked dubiously, "Why does that man look like Donald?"

"You're right," Kevin agreed with her. He then took out his phone and snapped a photo. "The lady has a good figure."

Unfortunately, it was too dark, so he could not see the lady's face clearly.

Skylar curled her lips with disdain and said, "Most of the time, ladies with such good figures are prostitutes."

Donald finally returned home when the clock was about to strike twelve. When approached his residential area, he saw Jennifer standing there with Harrison.

Upon spotting Donald, Jennifer hurried to his side and asked, "Where did you get the one million cash?"

Donald, however, glared at Harrison coldly. "This is the last warning from me. Stay away from my wife!"

His eyes were filled with murderous intent when he glowered at Harrison.

Harrison, on the other hand, merely smiled and shrugged.

"Here." Donald then passed the contract he signed with Lana to Jennifer.

Jennifer took a look at it, and her jaw dropped. "You saved Lana?"

"Yes. She was about to drown, and I saved her when I passed by. She didn't know how to swim." Donald then continued, "She gave me the money as a token of appreciation."

After knowing that the money did not come from an illicit source, Jennifer let out a sigh of relief. "You shouldn't accept it next time. It's too much."

Donald nodded. "Her life is worth that much."

After pondering for some time, Jennifer thought that Donald was right. Lana was a multi-billionaire. So, one million meant nothing to her. After a moment of hesitation, Jennifer asked, "Have you thought of the type of job you're going to search for?"

"No." Donald shook his head. "I'll set that aside for now."

Jennifer instantly became agitated. "No, you should look for a job!"

Harrison then interjected, "Why don't you come to work at my company? You can be a salesperson. The yearly income is about a hundred thousand."

Jennifer looked at Harrison gratefully and turned to Donald. She sincerely hoped that Donald would accept the offer.