

Unlimited Son-In-Law Chapter 21 -

Chapter 21

“All right, let’s move on from that.” Lana continued, “Since you don’t have a job right now, would you be interested in becoming my personal bodyguard?”

Donald was speechless for a moment after hearing that. He then chuckled. “You appear to have everything planned out.”

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Everyone, especially the conglomerates from North Epea, would be terrified if they learned that Lord Campbell had been hired as a woman’s personal bodyguard.

“I understand how much you love your wife, but you can’t live without a proper job, can you? I don’t care what your other identity is, but you have to explain yourself to her, am I right?” she said.

Donald responded, “I must say, you’re a good talker.”

“Five thousand a month, with eight hours of work per day.” With her lips pursed, she looked at him.

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“It’s a deal.” With that, Donald stood up. In fact, Lana was right about the money Jennifer did wish for him to have a proper job, and a personal bodyguard was, indeed, a proper job.

“Oh, that’s right. I’ve got another question for you,” Lana said as she tilted her head.

Her silky hairs hid her soft, gentle face. She was incredibly beautiful when the sunlight shone on her face.

“What is it?” Donald turned around to look at her.

“Do you know Wynter Lowe?” Lana queried.

“No.” Donald shook his head in response.

“But I noticed the figure of a man on her Instagram account, and he looks exactly like you.” Lana added, “He was riding on a bike with her.”

Hearing that, Donald replied, “Ms. Collins, you must be joking. There’s no such thing.”

Lana asked in disbelief, "Really? But his back is strikingly similar to yours."

Donald laughed and opened the door, leaving Lana, who was in a daze, alone.

After Donald left, Lana massaged her temples. "He isn't as straightforward as he appears to be. Despite the fact that I have all of his information, I still know nothing about him."

On the esteemed ninth floor, Donald could hear the laughter of the crowd.

When he pushed open the door and walked in, he noticed that the crowd, particularly Rebecca and Irene, were heavily inebriated. They were often seen giving toasts to Oliver together. Despite the fact that they were all aware that Donald had entered, none of them greeted him.

Irene and Rebecca did not even bother to look at him.

Meanwhile, Rafe sat alone in the corner wearing a sad face.

Donald looked at Oliver and said, "Something came up and I need to leave now. You must pay Rafe's commission regardless of whether you buy the house or not. You'll have to deal with the consequences if you don't."

Upon hearing that, Oliver jumped up from his seat and slammed his fist onto the table. "Donald Campbell, who do you think you are!"

"Donald Campbell, do you have a death wish?" Irene yelled.

"What a disrespectful guy." Rebecca was infuriated as well.

Who does he think he is? Is he under the impression that just because he spoke with Lana, he has the right to be arrogant?

"It seems like you will only learn your lesson in the face of death." Donald snorted as he prepared himself to finish Oliver off.

However, his phone rang at that precise moment. When he took out his phone, he discovered that Jennifer had called him.

"Something happened to Kev, Donald." On the other end of the line, Jennifer's sobbing could be heard.

Donald immediately frowned, "Don't panic. Can you tell me what happened?"

"He gambled away the six hundred thousand you paid to Harrison, as well as the two million that you intended to pay for the property. Even worse, he's currently one million

in debt and is being held up. They threatened to cut off one of his arms if he didn't pay the one million in three days," Jennifer explained.

Donald was in a fit of rage upon hearing that.

This man would never change!

"Can you tell me where he's being held?" In the end, Donald managed to keep his rage under control.

"The Blade Alliance has him imprisoned at Paragon Building," Jennifer responded.

"All right, I'll take care of it." Donald continued, "Kevin really doesn't change."

"Donald, I've made a mistake by calling you. I should have known better than to call you!" From the other end of the line, Jennifer's sad voice could be heard.

"Where are you right now?" Donald inquired.

"That's none of your business!" With that, Jennifer hung up the call.

Donald had a dangerous look in his eyes despite his expressionless face.

Then, he gave Oliver and the others a cold stare before turning away to dial a number. "Bradley, find out Jennifer's current location for me."

Donald's subordinates gradually gathered at Pollerton after the Polaris System was activated, waiting for his command. Bradley Brown, the administrator of the Polaris System, was the first to arrive. He was the best hacker in the world, as well as a fantastic tracker.

When Lana was investigating Donald, he discovered it in less than thirty seconds.

"Mrs. Campbell is on her way to Pollerton Pharma," Bradley replied.

Donald's face darkened when he heard that.

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Harrison is the owner of Pollerton Pharma. Jennifer appears to be planning to seek assistance from Harrison.

"Keep an eye on her at all times." He borrowed a car from Lana shortly after saying that. It was Bentley's limited edition four-seater that cost six million.

The moment he got into the car, he received a message on his other phone. When he picked up his phone, he saw that it was Kevin's wife, Skylar, who had left him a message. The text message read: Hi, wealthy man, I'm in serious trouble right now. Would you mind assisting me?

After a brief pause, Donald responded to the message: Speak up.

Then, she replied: Is it possible for you to lend me some money? For me, it's a lot, but for you, it's nothing at all. I'll agree to all of your conditions as long as you can lend me the money. The text message was accompanied by her selfie that had been photoshopped countless times with a sad emoticon,

Donald typed: How much do you need?

She wrote: I need one million. Is that okay? Behind the message was a crying emoticon.

In the end, Donald agreed to lend her the money.

If the problem could be solved with money, he would not bother dealing with it any further.

Even though he was well-known around the world, he kept a low profile and only a few people had seen him.

With that thought in mind, he transferred a million over to her with a message: You're on your own.

Inside Paragon Hotel, Skylar was idly staring at her phone. Suddenly, her phone rang with a notification: One million has been transferred to your Paypal!

In an instant, Skylar jumped up excitedly. "Oh my goodness! What a rich man!"

Kevin, who was hanging his head beside her dejectedly, leaped from his chair and inquired, "Who transferred those funds to you?"

Skylar gave him a quick glance before stowing her phone away, preventing him from seeing it. "I'm not sure. Perhaps it was Harrison."

She had no intention of telling Harrison that she had hooked up with a wealthy man.

He transferred me a million after seeing two of my photos, despite the fact that he didn't know who I was. I guess I'm still quite appealing. Maybe it's time for me to start looking for this wealthy man and ask him out. Excited, she ruffled her hair and used the phone's black screen as a mirror to take a good look at herself.

"I'll kick that poor bastard, Kevin, out when that wealthy man becomes my sugar daddy!" Skylar was brimming with joy.

Kevin was ecstatic as well, believing Harrison was the one who had transferred the funds to her. "I knew it. Harrison will undoubtedly be of great assistance to us at this crucial time. In the end, he was the only one who was willing to assist me. On the other hand, Donald didn't even make an attempt to assist me! I'm going to ask Jennifer to divorce him when I get back!"

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Skylar pursed her lips in disdain when someone mentioned Donald. "Is your sister is blind or something? How can she fall in love with someone like Donald and even register for a marriage certificate with him?"

Kevin answered, "Let's not talk about it anymore. He's a piece of worthless trash!"

"That's true. Oh, whatever. We should hurry and pay back the money so that we can leave. Our recent luck has been so freaking bad." Skylar spoke in distress as they had lost three hundred thousand in each match. That one night cost them almost three million.

"As long as my sister marries Harrison, he'll undoubtedly pay for our losses. To him, three million is nothing. He'll help us even if we racked up a loss that's worth ten million," Kevin exclaimed.

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Meanwhile, Jennifer got off a taxi in front of Pollerton Pharma. She took a deep breath while looking at the tall, thirty-three-floor building before her. Then, she dialed Harrison's number.

"Jenny, what's up? Why did you suddenly call me?" Harrison's gentle voice spoke through the phone. One could easily guess that he was delighted and anxious upon receiving Jennifer's call.

"I need to borrow one million from you. Something happened to Kev," Jennifer answered in a low voice.

A silence ensued before Harrison finally answered, "Where are you now? Let's meet up to discuss the details."

"I'm in front of Pollerton Pharma."

Excitement coursed through Harrison upon hearing that. He then responded, "Okay. Could you wait for me there? I'll come over to pick you up now."

"Okay," Jennifer agreed after a short moment of hesitation.

It was not long before Harrison exited the building and noticed Jennifer.

Infatuation flashed in his eyes as he ogled her.

Jennifer donned a slim-fitting white top that successfully accentuated her slim waist and a pair of skinny jeans, revealing her long, alluring legs. An air of elegance and gentleness emitted from her.

"Jenny," Harrison called out while gazing at her intently. At that moment, his lust for her overwhelmed his senses.

Although Donald had never slept with Jennifer, she was still married to him and was legally his wife.

Harrison got excited when that thought struck him as he enjoyed getting involved in intense and complicated entanglements.

He suggested, "Jenny, why don't we talk in my office?"

After a moment of contemplation, Jennifer nodded to agree.

She soon sat on a couch when they reached Harrison's office. Then, the latter handed her a cup of coffee before sitting beside her.

Jennifer was so nervous that she shifted to create some space between her and Harrison,

That did not offend Harrison. Instead, he flashed her an amused smile and asked, "What's the matter?"

A frown crept up to his face the next second when Jennifer briefly recounted what had happened to Kevin.

Harrison knew about Blade Alliance; The head of their organization was Mark White, who was infamous for being a brute. Garrett had even warned Harrison countless times not to have any ties with Blade Alliance.

"One million is not a big deal. However, it won't be easy for me to retrieve Kevin and his friend," Harrison stated.

Jennifer's expression quickly soured.

Harrison continued smilingly, "Jenny, I'm not sure if I should tell you something."

"Go ahead."

Harrison sized the woman up before fixing his gaze on her delicate face. Then, he stifled a sigh at the thought of her being in love with Donald.

"One million in addition to six hundred thousand... How many years will it take you to earn that sum and repay me?" he cast a suggestive look as he spoke.

Jennifer froze, lowered her head, and muttered, "I swear I'll return the money to you. In five, or maybe ten years, I'll be able to give it all back."

At the same time, I'll pay you interest according to the market price." Harrison chuckled, "Need I remind you that Donald doesn't have a job now? Plus, Kevin is marrying a girl soon, and you need to take care of your parents. Considering your annual salary is about 100 thousand, it will take many more years before you can pay back the sum you owe me."

A moment passed before Jennifer replied, "Okay, I see. Thank you for your time."

She was about to get up from her seat to leave.

However, Harrison sat closer to her and suggested in a gentle voice, "There are other ways for you to repay me that won't involve money." That perplexed Jennifer. Her brows furrowed as she stared at Harrison, who gazed at her intensely.

He elaborated, "I don't need you to divorce Donald. Instead, all you have to do is accompany me at times. Drop by my place whenever you receive a call from me, and I'll pay you a fifty thousand monthly allowance. Does that sound good to you?"

With that said, he was about to put his arm around Jennifer's waist. Jennifer's expression drastically paled at that. Her body trembled as she stood, distanced herself, and clarified, "I see you as a friend, Harrison, nothing more. Besides, I'm a married woman. Please show some respect to me."

It was then that Harrison finally exposed his real intention. "I don't mind. In fact, the thought of sleeping with someone else's woman excites me."

He knew well of her circumstances; Jennifer's parents could not give her the help she needed, and her brother, Kevin, was a hopeless and incompetent fool. Then there was Kevin's soon-to-be wife, Skylar, who was a money-hungry woman.

Thus, there was no doubt the one million and six hundred thousand debt would be a massive burden to her family.

Tears and redness appeared in Jennifer's as she felt humiliated by Harrison's words. Despite her trembling voice, she expressed, "Harrison, thank you for your offer, but I won't accept it. I'll return your six hundred thousand as soon as possible." As she finished, she pulled open the door and was about to leave Harrison's office.

Sull ogling her slender figure, Harrison reminded, "Do not forget that

your brother Kevin is still with Blade Alliance. He might lose his hand if you fail to gather one million in three days."

Jennifer's face became as pale as a ghost, and even her bones trembled with disgust.

"I can rescue him. All it takes is a phone call from me, and he'll be free. But whether I do that depends on your decision now." Harrison patted the couch before continuing, "I hear your virginity is still intact. So, why don't we--"

Bang!

Jennifer flung the door open and stormed out of the room before he could finish his sentence.

A sarcastic scoff came from Harrison before he sipped on his coffee, unbothered by how he had offended her.

He did not notice that his words and actions were recorded and sent to Donald.

Elsewhere, Donald had a frosty expression the moment he received the video,

"Lord Campbell, shall I get rid of Harrison?" Bradley Brown, one of Donald's most competent subordinates, seethed. At the same time, he mused, "Does Harrison have a death wish? How dare he try to take advantage of Lord Campbell's wife?"

"I'll do it myself." Donald drove to Blade Alliance in a hurry while adding, "Also, get a subordinate to join me at Blade Alliance. I'll retrieve the two idiots in 10 minutes."

"Shall I send Tyson over?" Bradley inquired gingerly.

Tyson Quirk, also known as Tiger, was the head of an organization named Mount Sea Sect that operated similarly to Blade Alliance.

However, Mount Sea Sect was inferior to Blade Alliance, so they had always steered clear of the latter organization and its owner, Mark.

"I'm leaving the decision to you." Donald ended the call.

In the car, his darkened expression was so terrifying that no one knew what murderous intent he had in his mind.

Kevin and Skylar, who had just paid back one million, sat anxiously in the guest's room.

Blade Alliance was not easy to deal with. Although Kevin and Skylar had paid back the money, it seemed like the organization was not planning

to let the two leave anytime soon.

"I hope Harrison helps us out. If not, it seems impossible for us to get out of here," Skylar said.

Kevin was confident in saying, "Don't worry. Harrison won't leave us to suffer here."

After a while, the previously ill-mannered butler entered the room and said respectfully, "Things would have been a lot easier if you had told us that you're acquaintances with Mr. Qu--"

"We are indeed close with him." Kevin cleared his throat while wearing a cocky smile, thinking that the butler meant to say "Mr. Queen," Harrison's last name.

On the other hand, the butler misread the situation and assumed that Kevin was a close associate of Tyson, whose last name was "Mr. Quirk." He bowed and said, "I'm sorry if I offended you earlier."

A smug look crept up Kevin's face. He then strode out of the building with Skylar while saying, "See? Harrison is indeed a capable man."

It was then that a Bentley Continental pulled over before him just as he and Skylar left the building. The car window rolled down to reveal

Donald, who coldly instructed, "Get in." **Unlimited Son-In-Law**
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Immediately Kevin turned with eyes wide open and stared at Donald in disbelief. "Wow, a Bentley Continental GT costs more than six million. Did you win the lottery or something?"

Skylar touched the side of the car reverently, envy blazing in her eyes.

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"Get in," Donald repeated with a frown.

Kevin hurriedly opened the door to the passenger seat and slid in, his fingertips grazing every detail of the vehicle's plush interior as he made awed noises.

"Keep your hands to yourself. The money you lost is nearly sufficient to purchase this car," Donald ordered in a deadpanned voice.

That made Kevin stiffen at once. "I wasn't the only one who lost the money..."

Donald didn't respond.

"How did you get this car?" Skylar piped up.

"I borrowed it."

Kevin pouted. "Who would be so rich to lend you a luxury car?"

"Lana Collins," Donald replied.

Upon hearing that, Skylar's eyes rounded with shock. "What's your relationship with her? Why would she loan this car to you?"

"I'm her bodyguard."

Skylar promptly lost interest after hearing that nugget of information and sagged in her seat. A look of distaste showed on her face as she snidely commented, "So you're a bodyguard now?"

A sigh came from Kevin. "I don't want to meddle, but isn't there nothing left between you and Jennifer? Why don't you let her go? If you love her, you should do free her from your marriage. She will only suffer being with you. Besides, Harrison likes her, and more importantly, he's rich enough to provide her with a better life."

Donald shot an inscrutable glance at Kevin.

Instantly, Kevin felt chills run down his spine as he stopped talking altogether. What's with Donald? He's devoid of emotions like a zombie. At the same time, it seems like he's arrogant and looks down on others.

With a mocking sigh, Skylar added, "It's not a good idea to make comparisons. After all, Harrison is the heir to Pollerton Pharma while you're merely a bodyguard."

At the same time, she held back from uttering her thoughts. Besides, Harry gave me a million without even asking me why I needed the money. See how generous he is? How can you compare to him?

"One more word from you, and I'll kick you out of the car," Donald warned coldly.

Skylar gave a condescending chuckle and started taking selfies with her phone. Then, she typed up a message that read, Harry, thank you for today. We should meet up when you're free. I'll give you anything you desire.

A heavily edited selfie that had gone through several rounds of filters was attached before she sent the message to Harrison.

Ten seconds later, the phone in Donald's pocket chirped with an incoming notification, and he narrowed his eyes.

Skylar's gaze instantly snapped over to him as she eyed him warily. Suspicion flashed across her mind for a second before she dismissed it. It must be a coincidence.

Soon after, they arrived in front of Pollerton Pharma to find Jennifer on her knees, her eyes red and swollen. She had clearly been crying for some time now.

Donald got out of the car and handed her a tissue while soothing her, "Everything's okay now. Don't cry."

She raised her head, and joy shone in her eyes before she dissolved into more tears. She sprang to her feet, lept into his arms, and buried her face against his chest. "Why am I being subjected to such humiliation? Harrison was right. A poor couple can never be happy. I wouldn't have to put up with this if you were a little more accomplished than you are now."

Tears and snot ran down her face as she held on tightly to Donald's waist.

Meanwhile, Donald inhaled the fragrance of her hair and ran his fingers through the silky strands. "It's all over now. I got Kevin and Skylar back."

"Really? Where?" She exclaimed in wonder. "How did you do it?" Kevin stepped out of the car at that moment and supplied, "How else? Of course it was with Harrison's help. He helped us pay a million and probably beat up Blade Alliance's butler, Jerald Hill."

His expression became more animated, and spittle flew from his mouth. "Jennifer, you have no idea how terse and aggressive Jerald was with me. When Harrison rescued us, Jerald immediately improved his behavior and bowed to me. Let me tell you. That felt great!"

"Yeah, we had to rely on someone capable for help in that critical moment. It seems some people are just born useless," Skylar followed suit, making sure to make a snide remark about Donald.

Jennifer swiveled her head to look at the former, guilt about Harrison creeping up on her. Despite how she had treated him, he was still willing to help her.

At that thought, she sent a short text to Harrison: Thank you.

Donald observed them without offering a single comment. He had already decided to obliterate Pollerton Pharma today to get even with Harrison for harassing his wife.

Jennifer was Donald's Achilles' heel, after all.

“Let’s go home,” Jennifer suggested. She then peered over Donald’s shoulder and saw the sleek car behind him. “Where did that come from?”

“Someone obviously lent it to him. Do you think he can afford such a car?” Kevin said with a contemptuous smirk.

“He’s made it now, though, as Lana’s bodyguard. So, his monthly pay should increase.” A cynical, mocking tone coated every dry word Skylar uttered.

Jennifer’s brows knitted as she lifted her gaze back to Donald. “Is it true?”

He gave her a nod.

At that moment, Jennifer’s heart sank. She didn’t like any form of association between her husband and Lana. Lana has given Donald a million for saving her, and now she’s offering him a position as her bodyguard. What will happen in the future if they start spending more time together?

“Can you resign?” Jennifer asked, her frown deepening.

Who wouldn’t wish to see their husband succeed and make a name for themselves? Although Donald’s not wealthy, he still leads a relatively comfortable life. Still, it’s not good for his image if he works as a bodyguard for another woman. If everyone finds out that he’s working as a bodyguard, he’ll become a laughingstock!

Donald replied, “Didn’t you want me to get a stable job?”

“Well, I didn’t say you had to be a bodyguard. If people find out about it…” she trailed off.

“It would be embarrassing?” He finished with a derisive sneer.

“I’m not discriminating against the job. It’s just that you’re too ambitious to work as a bodyguard,” she explained.

Donald’s lips twisted into a sardonic smile. “How about this? We’ll go with this job for now and table this discussion for the future.”

Jennifer’s anger skyrocketed. Her husband’s flippant mindset and lack of ambition grated on her nerves.

She liked him for his stable outlook on life and steely resolve. However, disappointment swamped her that life’s trials seemed to have bent and strained his backbone of steel.

“I’m tired. Let’s go home.” She released a long sigh and turned, walking in the opposite direction and raising her hand to hail a cab.

Kevin's smug gaze flitted to Donald as he went after her.

"I suggest you start making plans to divorce Jennifer." Skylar tipped her chin at him before turning to leave.

Donald watched their retreating backs and swiveled on his heels to face the skyscraper, something dangerous flickering in the depths of his eyes.

When he was about to decimate Pollerton Pharma, his burner phone rang with a call. Bradley's voice reported from the other end of the line, "Lord Campbell, we've received a task from Chiliad Avion."

Donald stilled. He squeezed his eyes shut, inhaling a deep and centering breath. When he opened his eyes again, they were cold and blank.

This call was a turning point that marked the last moments where his life was still peaceful.

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Chapter 24

"Arrange for me to meet with the messenger," said Donald.

"All right. He'll be waiting for you at Highplane Curve," replied Bradley.

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Donald ended the call after confirming the meeting. He then started his car, revved up the engine, and disappeared.

A little over ten minutes later, he arrived at Highplane Curve. It was a famous curved road among racers for its ninety degrees turn. At that moment, there were two modified luxury cars racing each other.

One was a Lamborghini, while the other was an Audi RS7. Both slowed down when they were approaching the ninety degrees turn, as one might fall off the cliff if they were not careful at the turn.

However, Donald boldly drifted at the ninety degrees turn without slowing down.

"Damn!" The drivers from the other two cars exclaimed in shock, impressed by the mad skills Donald had.

They even felt that he could surpass Zaden Dunn, the king of car racing

By the time the two drivers completed the turn, Donald's Bentley Continental was long gone.

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Donald got out of the car when he arrived at the top of a mountain. A car was already waiting a distance away. In front of it was a young man in a military uniform. The man excitedly bowed upon seeing Donald.

It turned out that the man was Hannah's older brother, Ryan Nixon.

He was the youngest major-general in all of Pollerton and an outstanding figure among the younger generations of the Nixon family.

"Lord Campbell," Ryan respectfully and enthusiastically greeted. This man is the legendary Lord Campbell! He fought in the Holy War, where he singlehandedly turned the tables and became victorious!

"Please rise," said Donald.

Ryan did as told before announcing with a cautious tone, "Chiliad Avion contacted me to deploy your mission."

Donald nodded. Ever since he activated Polaris System, he knew his peaceful life was over and had already prepared himself for the worst.

Ryan brought over a stack of documents and said, "The Parasite has returned to Pollerton. To think that he had fled like a coward back then, but it turned out he had left some of his men here in Pollerton. As soon as he's back, these men will rise again. Lilith Snowden, also known as Professor Snowden, will be in Lab No. 1 at this crucial time to work on the final stage of her experiment. Thus, Chiliad Avion would like us to protect Lilith so that she can complete the experiment and eradicate the Parasite and all of his men that are hiding in the dark."

"Okay. I'm guessing Mark is one of the Parasite's men?" Donald asked as he took the documents from Ryan.

Ryan was a little taken aback but quickly answered, "Yes. However, Mark has since pledged his allegiance to the Collins family."

"We'll start with him then," said Donald as he flipped through the documents.

From the pages, Donald learned that Lilith was in her thirties and was about to enter Pollerton soon to carry out a military scientific research project as the chief engineer. Besides that, Donald also discovered that the Parasite fled fifteen years ago after suffering from a huge blow. He had since been hiding outside of the borders. Now that he was back in Pollerton, trouble was bound to happen.

If the Parasite had remained in Pollerton all this while, Charles and Lana would not have become who they were today. Instead, Parasite himself would have been the uncrowned king of Pollerton.

“The mission is simple. Protect Ms. Snowden and get rid of Parasite, is that right?” asked Donald.

Ryan bitterly smiled as he replied, “Yes. The Parasite’s identity is rather sensitive. It’s a little difficult for us to step in.”

Donald nodded. “I get it. Tell Chiliad Avion to leave it to me.”

Subsequently, Ryan saluted and answered, “Yes, Lord Campbell.”

With all of that sorted, Donald departed in his expensive car. Relief washed over Ryan as he watched the former drive away. Lord Campbell might look friendly, but he emits an overwhelming and pressuring aura to people around him. Even though he’s younger than me, there’s a weariness in his gaze that shows he has experienced many things. When Ryan first stood in front of Donald earlier, he initially felt honored to get graced by the latter’s presence. However, that feeling soon turned to pressure as he wanted to do well before the latter.

Meanwhile, Donald had arrived back at the building where Lana was to return her

“Can you accompany me to see someone?” Lana asked with a smile when she saw

Donald looked at the time and thought of the dinner date he had arranged with Hannah in the morning. He estimated that there were another four to five hours to go since it was only one o’clock at the time.

“Sure. But I need to leave at five,” replied Donald.

“Okay,” said Lana.

“Ms. Collins, do you need me to join you?” asked Mark.

He was looking down, yet a flicker of bloodlust flashed in his eyes as he side-eyed Donald

Lana shook her head. “I’ll be fine with Donald.”

“You’re a high-profile figure. Plus, things in Pollerton have been in a state of disorder lately, so it’s best for me to accompany you,” Mark insisted.

Lana’s gaze turned cold instantly at his words. “Get lost now!”

Finally, Mark backed down and left. The whole time, Donald was watching with amusement. He could not help but think that there must be a reason why both Mark and Blade Alliance, which once worked for the Parasite, suddenly pledged their allegiance to the Collins family.

“The person we’re meeting today is a world-renowned luxury designer. The necklace named Eternal Love is one of her creations,” said Lana.

Donald had heard about Eternal Love before.

Not only was Eternal Love from a top luxury designer brand, but it was currently selling at a staggering ten million as there were only two of its kind in the whole world. One was in South Epea, while the other in the hands of the designer herself. “Her name is Lilith Snowden,” Lana added.

Donald’s eyes narrowed at the mention of that name.

It struck him that Lilith was the same person he had gotten assigned to protect. Lilith had two identities; She was more commonly known as a world-renowned luxury designer. However, her true identity was the chief engineer of Rising Dragon Project.

Meanwhile, Harrison was flipping through his phone when he noticed Jennifer had sent him a thank you text.

Although clueless as to why she had sent that, he did not bother about it. Instead, he planned to strike while the iron was hot and tackle Jennifer that day. He was going to get her into bed with him. He felt that things would be easier once he went all the way. After all, what was done could not be undone.

He pondered with that thought for a moment before he finally called Kevin.

“Hey, Harrison,” Kevin answered the call excitedly.

Harrison was shocked to hear the former’s voice. Did he make it out alive? Who got him out of Blade Alliance’s captivity?

“You made it out?” asked Harrison.

“Yeah. All thanks to you. There’s no saying what I’d have suffered if it wasn’t for that one million you provided and the firm reminder to that nasty Jerald,” explained Kevin.

Again, Harrison was stunned.

He was confused as he had not given Kevin and Skylar a million, much less remind Jerald anything.

After all, Jerald was a nasty guy. Even if Harrison's father, Garrett, had stepped in, there was still no guarantee that Jerald would give in.

"What did Jerald say?" asked Harrison with a frown.

"He said he would have let me go if I had just told him that I was Mr. Queen's acquaintance. I've got to say. You're quite incredible, Harrison," Kevin recounted and laughed.

On the other hand, Harrison's brows furrowed deeper. At that moment, he could sense that something was amiss, yet he could not pinpoint what exactly. He quickly dismissed those thoughts and asked, "When are you returning the money you owe me?"

Kevin paused for a moment on the other end of the call. Then, he stuttered, "W-Well, you see..."

"It's alright if you don't pay. However, you haven't exactly shown any gratitude, despite me buying you all those luxury goods," Harrison stated as he narrowed his eyes.

Kevin was not as naive as Jennifer. Hence, he immediately understood what Harrison was implying and replied, "Give me a time, and I'll get it done, Harrison."

"In an hour." Harrison was thrilled.

"No problem. Come to my house in 10 minutes. I've already prepared the sleeping pills, so it'll undoubtedly be the best time of your life."

Unlimited Son-In-Law Chapter 25 -

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As soon as Kevin hung up his phone, he looked over at the couch across from him where Jennifer spoke to their mother, Linda Stern.

"Is Donald really working as a bodyguard?" asked Linda.

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Jennifer nodded.

Instantly, Linda snarled through gritted teeth, "That loser! He even closed down his company because of his damned grandfather. This won't do. The two of you must file a divorce at once!"

Jennifer retorted helplessly, "Mom, I'm already married to him. How can you ask me to divorce him so easily?"

"I must have been blind back then for letting you marry a loser like him. He doesn't stand a chance when compared to Harrison! The latter has money, power, and social connections. Look at Donald! What does he have? I don't know why you married him! Ugh, I'm so pissed!" complained Linda with her hands on her waist.

All Jennifer could manage was a sigh.

"Jennifer, I have something to tell you," Kevin said suddenly. He had his back facing Jennifer while he poured a cup of water and dropped in a white sleeping pill that dissolved instantly. Then, he walked over and handed the water to her.

After sighing once more, Jennifer spoke to him. "Kev, promise me that you'll work hard from here on. Stop gambling, okay?"

Kevin flashed a stern expression and responded, "I promise you, Jennifer. Now, have some water. I have something important to tell you."

Jennifer was a little confused but still drank half of the water in the cup without noticing anything wrong.

She then asked, "What's up?"

"Donald might be cheating on you," said Kevin seriously.

Jennifer's face darkened as soon as she heard that. "Impossible. I know him well enough to know that he would never do that."

Then, Kevin pulled out his phone and showed her a picture of Donald standing beside Wynter a few days ago. The picture was a little blurry as it got taken from a distance with bad lighting. Wynter's face seemed blurry, but Jennifer could recognize Donald's face anywhere.

Right away, a lump formed in her throat as tears trickled down her cheeks. She held the cup in her hands and sunk into the couch. "How can he do this to me? I like him so much. How can this be?"

She felt so helpless at that moment. Soon, her head began to spin while her eyelids felt heavy

“Mom, how could he do this to me?” she cried out between sobs.

Linda looked at Jennifer with a pained look and consoled, “It’s okay, Jennifer. Stop crying. He’s a cheater. Just go and get a divorce with him tomorrow.”

“Jennifer, Donald is not the man for you. Divorcing him would be wiser, and it’s best for everyone,” Kevin chimed in.

At that moment, Jennifer felt dizzy, and her whole body was weak. It was as though all her strength had drained.

“Jenny, what’s wrong. Don’t scare me!” Linda was shocked to see Jennifer in that state, so she quickly rushed to support the latter.

However, Kevin stepped in and held Linda back.

Linda looked over at him with confusion and saw him smiling eerily. He eventually admitted, “I did it. Harrison is on his way.”

Linda was stunned, but she understood what was going on immediately. She hesitated for a moment, but she stayed rooted to the spot in the end.

Meanwhile, Jennifer could barely keep her eyes open anymore. “Kev, w-what did you give me?”

She looked behind her with difficulty and saw the door was open. Then, Harrison entered in a white suit while he stared at Jennifer with a predatory gaze.

“Mom, Ms. Sawyer invited you for a game of poker. You should get Dad too,” said Kevin as he looked at his mother.

Linda knew immediately what was going on. She hesitated again but clenched her teeth in the end and looked at Harrison. “Be nice and gentle with my daughter. Don’t hurt her.”

“Don’t worry, Mrs. Wilson. I will,” Harrison answered with a smile.

He was pleased with her reaction,

On the couch, Jennifer had a rough idea of their conversation. She started screaming as soon as she realized what was happening. “No! Mom, don’t go! No, H-Harrison! I

beg you. Kev, don’t go!”

“We’ll be back at five, so the two of you can have some privacy,” said Kevin.

Harrison raised his hand and looked at the Patek Philippe watch on his wrist. There were three hours until five. That’ll be plenty of time for me to enjoy her.

“Mom, let’s go.” Kevin tugged on Linda’s sleeve.

Linda was still hesitating and could not help but look at Harrison. However, when she met his profound gaze, she clenched her teeth and left.

“Mom, please!” Jennifer began to cry again as she started to feel the darkness engulfing her.

Harrison approached her and said gently, “Go to sleep. Everything will be fine when you wake up.”

Bam!

The door had closed.

Jennifer was hopeless when she heard that sound. Before she passed out, tears flowed down her cheeks as she mumbled, “Donald, I’m sorry.”

She and Harrison were the only two left in the house.

Harrison perversely ogled her curvy figure and slender legs that got emphasized by her denim jeans. His breathing slowly picked up.

“Jennifer, you have no idea how much effort I put in to have you to myself.” He spoke with a greasy smile while slowly taking off his shirt.

The unconscious Jennifer was still shaking her head as tears kept flowing. She looked utterly pitiful at that moment. Still, she was undoubtedly an attractive woman with her fair skin and curvy figure.

After all, Donald was a man with exquisite taste. It was no wonder that he only associated himself with exceedingly gorgeous women.

“Your husband hasn’t even touched you yet. That means I’ll be the first to lay claim on your virginity.” Harrison had taken off his jacket as he eyed Jennifer lustily. He then reached out to take off her blouse.

All of a sudden, there was a loud bang, and the metal door flung open. There was even a one-inch-deep imprint of a fist on the door.

A tall figure soon walked in on the two.

It was Donald.

He entered with a murderous aura and glared daggers at Harrison, hinting that the latter was a dead man.

Donald's eyes were devoid of any emotion, and it even seemed as though there was a flicker of bloodlust in his orbs. Harrison must die!

"You've got some nerve, Harrison!". Donald walked over one step at a time. It was as though the devil inside of him had been awakened. Harrison felt as though the entire house was trembling from fear.

No one in the world could imagine how furious Donald was at that moment.

After all, Jennifer was his only weakness, and Harrison had dared to lay hands upon her.

Harrison felt a shiver down his spine as he looked at Donald. That was the first time he had ever seen Donald behave so terrifyingly. He staggered backward but quickly calmed himself and shouted, "Donald, are you trying to start a fight? Don't forget that I'm the heir to Pollerton Pharma. My dad is Garrett Queen, and my grandpa is Louis Queen. You have no idea how powerful my family and I are!"

"How dare you speak of power in front of me." Donald walked over to the couch and looked at Jennifer with a pained expression. He then took a nearby blanket and put it on her.

"Would you believe me if I said I can end your existence with one call?" Harrison threatened.

Why should I be scared? I'm the heir to Pollerton Pharma! I'm a big deal, while Donald's merely a vagrant.

With that thought in mind, he regained his composure and said in a relaxed manner, "Donald, there's no way you can go against me head-to-head."