

Unlimited Son-In-Law Chapter 461 -

Chapter 461 Nathan Is Cornered Bradley spoke hesitatingly. “The warzone at the northern border is in a state of an emergency. Nathan might not be able to hold it anymore. I think he’s severely injured and is surrounded by people in warzone number six. More than ten thousand battle-arrays went to rescue him, but they were all wiped out.” Donald’s eyebrows furrowed immediately. Nathan was a part of the Collins family, Lana’s distant relative, and one of the four Novem Stella Warriors. His nickname was Northern Border Warrior. Twenty years ago, he surpassed the million power level mark.

Though he never attended any rating competitions, many people believed he was as powerful as the Golden Lord, Donald. “What about the enemy’s forces?” asked Donald. “No idea. They just appeared out of nowhere, but I’m certain it’s the four Novem Stella Warriors who are cornering him,” Bradley informed. “When did this happen?” Donald’s tone turned cold. “Three days ago.” “D*mn it!” Donald’s eyes glinted with fury as he looked at Bradley. His horrifying aura permeated the room, causing the atmosphere to be tense. “This is such a serious matter. Why are you only telling me about it now?” Located at the northern border warzone was an S8-Grade laboratory, which was the base for Yorksland’s research on the nano-grade lithography machine. If the place was taken over by the enemies, all the experimental data would be leaked and the territory—the lifeline of the lithography machine will be seized. “It’s because of Ms. Wilson.

I was worried I’d get in the way of the biggest events in your life.” Bradley fell to his knees. Donald pulled out his phone and glanced at the time. It would take ten hours to travel to the northern border by flight. There would not be enough time to rush back. However, it would be sufficient if he relied on his speed. In fact, he could arrive at the northern border in just five hours. “Where’s my jurganite halberd?” asked Donald. Bradley answered, “It’s in the Lord Campbell Mountain Villa.” “Wait here for me. I’ll rush back to Pollerton tomorrow at ten o’clock in the morning,” Donald informed, disappearing from the room in a flash. Bradley stood up and smiled bitterly. “Lord Campbell is so loyal to the country.” The northern border warzone was a vast primeval forest. It was also one of the world’s biggest no man’s land, which covered over three hundred miles of uninhibited land. Behind the no man’s land was the S8-Grade laboratory, a high-end laboratory used to research and develop the lithography machine. A tall man dressed in a white suit was munching on fruit in the no man’s land with an indifferent expression. At the same time, there was a Serpent Spear in his right hand. That man was Nathan, the Northern Border Warrior, and one of the four Novem Stella Warriors of Yorksland. He was forced into the no man’s land for three days already, and he knew there were at least four Novem Stella Warriors hunting him. Recently, the country dispatched many troops to rescue him.

However, they vanished as soon as they entered the no man’s land. He would be dead meat if his presence was sensed. Hence, he slowed down his breaths to the minimum, not daring to make his breathing sound heard. Even his phone was turned off for fear of

the enemy detecting the energy waves. The night slowly approached. As he lifted his head, he saw the sky filled with stars. It was a beautiful sight. However, the more beautiful it was, the more terrified he felt. Apart from the four Novem Stella Warriors, there should be a few thousand men from the special forces who came as well. Otherwise, they wouldn't have eliminated the troops so discreetly. Nathan was very clear about the situation. As he was thinking about it, he suddenly felt all the hairs on his body standing on end. Without thinking twice, he leaped to his feet and fled from his spot. Boom! The spot he was at earlier exploded into pieces. A cross-shaped sword could be seen stuck in the ground, glinting with a silvery light. Following that, Nathan saw a man appearing with a golden retriever mask. Only the latter's eyes were revealed, and they stared icily at Nathan. It was one of the foreign Novem Stella Warriors, Beerus Spargo. He was as powerful as Nathan, with a power level of over millions. Gripping the Serpent Spear in his hand, Nathan looked to the side, and his heart sank once again. Another masked man with deep blue eyes walked out with a scepter in his hand.

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Chapter 462 The Massacre It was Pharaoh, also one of the Novem Stella Warriors. Without a moment of hesitation, Nathan fled deeper into the forest. Seeing that, Beerus launched into action, slashing his cross-shaped sword in the direction Nathan vanished. Nathan, who was running, felt a sharp pain in his back. He was wounded by the attack, and blood flowed down his skin. I can't keep battling. I'll definitely die if I do that. "He can't get away. The captain is already tracking him down. We'll be able to locate him in at most three hours," Pharaoh informed Beerus in a foreign language. After a moment of silence, Beerus suddenly glanced at the edge of the no man's land and said, "There's a foreign army approaching! Kill them all!" On the edge of the forest was an army dressed in black special forces uniforms.

They belonged to the Collins family. The Collins family, one of the Ten Prestigious Families, had sent out their elites to rescue Nathan. The leader of the troop was Finnley Collins, an Octo Stella Warrior, and also Lana's elder brother. The Collins family was weak and was in danger of being removed from their position as one of the Ten Prestigious Families. If it was not for Nathan and Finnley who guarded the northern border, their family would have fallen ten years ago. That was why Nathan must not die. Finnley led a troop consisting of three thousand and two hundred elites from the Collins family into the no man's land to rescue Nathan. However, he felt as if he and his men were being targeted by a beast as soon as they entered the forest. When he looked up, he saw the moonlight shining on a man who stood on top of the tree, watching the former like a ghost. It was Pharaoh, a Novem Stella Warrior. Finnley immediately sensed something was amiss. If it were a different Novem Stella Warrior, Finnley might be able to negotiate.

With Pharaoh, Finnley would not even have the chance to do so. Pharaoh was a cruel, heartless, and bloodthirsty man who disregarded human lives. He was even in the top ten of the International Ranking of Assassins. Moreover, he was one of the figures on Yorksland's bounty list. His head alone was worth one hundred million. "Retreat!" Finnley roared. Alas, the order came too late. Before the three thousand and two hundred men could even react, Pharaoh had revealed the most horrifying side of him. A black steel wire shot out from his back, twisting and curling in the air like a snake. Immediately after that, it unfolded. It was impossible to tell how long it was. With a whoosh, the black steel wire straightened and started attacking the elites. Swoosh! That marked the beginning of the massacre.

The steel wire was a few thousand meters long. It drilled through the heads of the Collins family's elites one by one as if putting pieces of meat on a skewer. Finally, over three thousand people were strung together on the wire and floated in mid-air. Finnley's eyes turned bloodshot at the sight, and his body trembled. More than three thousand people... over three thousand lives. All of them were private armed forces trained by the Collins family. And now, they were murdered in the blink of an eye. After completing his mission, Pharaoh let out a creepy laugh and waved his right hand. Immediately, Finnley felt an excruciating pain in both of his legs. He lowered his head to find out the cause of the pain. Before he could even react, his knees were already pierced with the steel wire. He fell heavily to his knees and bellowed, "Kill me if you dare!" Despite that, Pharaoh merely smiled, stretched out his arms like a bird stretching its wings, and disappeared into the distance. Finnley glanced at the aftermath around him and started bursting into tears.

He understood what Pharaoh's actions meant. The latter wanted Finnley to continue bringing people over for him to kill. Pharaoh wanted to turn that place into a hell on earth. At that thought, Finnley turned on his phone and yelled into it, "I'm Finnley Collins from the northern border. We've just entered the warzone and were wiped out as soon as we encountered Pharaoh. Everyone is to stop the rescue! I repeat, stop the rescue! Don't send any more people into the northern border warzone. I'm afraid all the odds are against Nathan now. If Pharaoh's here, then Beerus must be here too."

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Chapter 463 The Irving Family Helps Once that was done, Finnley took out the medical kit on him and started bandaging his legs. When the pillar of the Collins family received the news, his eyes reddened, and he smashed the cup in front of him. "Is our family going to end like this?" Once Nathan and Finnley died in the battle, the Collins family would be suppressed or even annexed by the other prominent families. Lana, who had received the news, went pale as well. Are all battles at the borders this intense? I can't believe even Nathan might die fighting. The head of the Collins family hurriedly called Chiliad Avion and begged for their help. "Get ready to summon the elites of Novem Stella Warrior," ordered the leader of Chiliad Avion. "There's no need for that. Lord

Campbell is already on his way to the northern border,” Ryan informed. Chiliad Avion did not respond after that. Soon, midnight arrived.

A figure slowly walked through the barren mountains. With a single leap, he could fly several kilometers forward. Standing on the mountaintop was Donald, who placed a golden mask over his face again. He carried a gold rectangular box behind him which resembled a coffin. The box contained his jurganite halberd. Staring into the distance, he made another leap and landed on another mountaintop, causing a loud rumble. The entire mountain shook. He took out his phone and checked the time, muttering, “I’ll arrive at the northern border warzone in another hour. Hang in there, Nathan!” The news about Nathan being in danger soon spread throughout the country. Some floated, while some felt sorry for him. The people who were the most delighted were the Winston family and the Jenkins family of Jipsdale. Truth was, the Jenkins family could have been one of the Ten Prestigious Families long ago. However, with Nathan and Finnley guarding the northern border warzone, the Jenkins family could do nothing about it. Therefore, the Collins family’s position would be in danger once something happened to Nathan and Finnley.

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Meanwhile, the patriarch of the Collins family had gone mad from panicking and went around looking for allies. First, he went to meet the Winston family. “Please send your family’s noble swordsmen and capable fighters to rescue Nathan at the warzone. Let’s form an alliance and support each other,” said the patriarch of the Collins family. To his dismay, the Winston family rejected him without any hesitation, “There are four Novem Stella Warriors hunting Nathan. It’s basically hopeless to stop them.” Kyler said, “No way. Lana and I were arranged to be married since young, but she broke off the agreement and humiliated me. I won’t agree to your request!” Hence, the Collins family went looking for the Irving family. The Irving family was ranked third among the Ten Prestigious Families. It was also the family of Donald’s mother.

The most powerful family was the Youngblood family, which had countless fighters. The Irving family was slightly hesitant. Suddenly, the patriarch of the Collins family offered, “As long as your family is willing to send out Rosie to rescue them, I’ll give your family the production line in the northern borders.” The northern borders’ production line specialized in the foreign tribal phone business. Their production of low-end and mid-range phones occupied ninety percent of the foreign tribal market. Its annual profit was worth over five hundred billion. It showed how valuable a Novem Stella Warrior was. The Irving family agreed. They immediately got onto a private plane and rushed to the northern border warzone. It would take them three hours to arrive at the northern border. Soon, it was three o’clock in the morning at the northern border warzone. With severely injured knees, Finnley struggled to his feet and looked into the distance. A

strong energy fluctuation traveled from that direction. Fear appeared in his eyes. It was obvious that Nathan's position was exposed. "Nathan's position is exposed. He's been found. A battle is breaking out now!"

Finnley sent the news to the country. Members of the Collins family felt their hearts skip a beat. Boom! A deafening sound filled the air. A blinding flame shot from the forest into the dark sky, and a huge mushroom cloud could be seen rising into the air. Immediately afterward, Finnley saw a figure dressed in white approaching swiftly and landing beside him. Seeing it was Nathan, Finnley asked with relief, "Nathan, are you okay?"

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Chapter 464 Besieged Nathan was silent. A trace of wet blood stained his mouth on his pale face. As for his hand, his pulicue was cracked and it bled so much that his Serpent Spear was dyed red. "We should go," he whispered in a low voice. Then, he carried Finnley and fled in another direction. Clinging to Nathan's back, Finnley asked nervously, "What's happening?" "Four Novem Stella Warriors—Pharaoh, Beerus, Erskine, and Hobarton—are here to claim my life.

The whole no man's land is already sealed off. Anyone who enters dies." Finnley was shocked. Erskine was a warrior who came to fame seventy years ago. He was a hundred and fifty years old, but because he had been injected with a certain serum, he became eternally ageless and abnormally powerful. Meanwhile, Hobarton—the King of Plagues—was acquainted with the use of poison. "There are at least thirteen private military forces in no man's land, totaling at thirty thousand men. These are special forces soldiers. There are even many from Angel Alliance who joined in! They gathered because our laboratory successfully created a two-nanometer lithography machine," Nathan informed. A lithography machine was an integral facility in fabricating integrated circuits. Its manufacturing and maintenance required a solid foundation in optics and electronics. There were only a few companies worldwide that had the know-how to pull off a highly precise seven-nanometer lithography process. That was why it took the world by storm when they scored a two-nanometer precision domestically. The war to acquire that technology did not pale in comparison to the battle in Pollerton over the Rising Dragon Project. "Do you remember how the Golden Lord sacrificed himself protecting the Rising Dragon Project? I guess I will be following in his footsteps," Nathan exclaimed.

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“All the data and lithography machines are already transported elsewhere, so they want to use me as a bargaining chip against Chiliad Avion.” “Will Chiliad Avion agree to a deal?” Finnley was skeptical. “They already did, but I will not let that happen,” Nathan replied. Finnley did not say another word. Suddenly, Nathan stopped walking. There was a man whose face did not betray any emotions blocking in front of them. The handsome man seemed to be in his twenties. His right arm was the most striking part of his body, outshining his unusual eye and hair color. It looked robotic and metallic, and behind him was a multitude of people. With a closer look, one could recognize that the group was the special forces. All the soldiers looked as if they were ready for deadly combat. Soon enough, red dots covered the whole of Nathan’s body. Snipers! When Finnley saw the assembly, he realized that there were at least five to six thousand men who were armed with modern weapons, and the man at the forefront was none other than Erskine from Angel Alliance, one of the Novem Stella Warriors. “There’s no escape, Nathan Collins!” the warrior stated.

Despite his young appearance, his voice was hoarse like a dying man. The truth was, he had lived for a hundred and fifty years. It meant that he was even older than Randy Rodriguez. Swoosh! Three shadows sped forward. Before one could even blink, Pharaoh and Beerus had assumed their positions, surrounding Nathan. The last man to appear was a white-haired warrior dressed in a long white robe. It was Hobarton, the King of Plagues, another one of the Novem Stella Warriors.

“Yield, and we will spare you,” Pharaoh commanded. The scepter in his hand shone in a cold glimmer. Nathan put Finnley down and wiped away the dried trace of blood on his mouth. “I am a man of war. Do you think I will succumb without putting up a fight?” Erskine flashed a savage smile. “Nathan Collins. I’ve heard attacking is your forte and that you’re third in the whole world. It’s time I see it for myself.” “No. I will take him,” Beerus interrupted. Beerus was an attacker as well. He was known for his ability to kill with just a single strike. “No. Leave him to me,” Pharaoh volunteered instead. It was as if none of them considered Nathan a worthy opponent.