

Chapter 676 Courting Death

“It's okay. I'm also a bad-tempered person. Just ask him to come,” said Donald, insisting.

Hayleigh turned and called out to Bobby, who had been waiting at the reception desk, “Bobby, this gentleman is asking for you.”

Bobby's face twitched. He walked over with a toothpick in his mouth and a towel around his neck. Although Bobby wasn't a muscular person, the bald and burly man did not look like someone to be trifled with.

He glanced at the dishes on the table and said to Donald arrogantly, “What's wrong? Are you not satisfied with the food? Why are there so many leftovers? Are you planning to take all these home to feed the dogs?”

Donald smirked and pointed at the food on the table.

“Yes, I'm going to feed the dog. If you finish the rest of the food, I'll pay for it.”

Bobby narrowed his eyes, and his tone became sharp. “What did you say?”

It's one thing to compare me to a dog, but he wants me to eat his leftovers?

Bobby took out the kitchen knife he had strapped to his waist and struck it on the table with a loud

clang, embedding the blade into the table.

“Brat, have you heard of Trislash?”

Donald didn't even glance at the knife as he replied calmly, “No.”

Bobby lifted half of his shirt, revealing the three knife scars on his stomach.

“I got these three knife scars when I was twelve years old. I got into a fight with someone, and he left me with three scars on my stomach. Do you know what I did to the person?”

“No, I don't.”

Bobby licked his lips and uttered viciously, “I left him with one hand. Everyone in this area knows me as Trislash. I'm notorious for being fearless and not afraid of death. How dare you try to get a free meal at my restaurant today! Are you courting death?”

Bobby didn't take Donald seriously at all since the latter didn't seem like someone trained in combat and appeared calm.

He thought Donald would be scared out of his wits after he revealed his identity.

Yet, Donald continued to point at the dishes. “I'll repeat my words. If you can finish all the food on this table, then I'll pay.”

“D*mn! You really are courting death!”

Needless to say, Trislash didn't have the gall to use the kitchen knife to attack Donald, so he tried

to slap the latter in the face.

As his slap was fast and hard, he thought Donald wouldn't be able to react in time.

He had used this method to intimidate others many times before.

Not only was it easy to stun someone with a slap, but it was also an insulting gesture, albeit it wasn't very brutal.

Unfortunately, Bobby had misjudged the situation this time.

Before he could even slap Donald, Donald's left hand had blocked his right hand.

Then, Donald grabbed the kitchen knife from the table and slashed at Bobby's stomach.

“Bobby!”

Hayleigh, who was standing beside them, covered her mouth in shock. Bobby stumbled backward in pain before falling to the ground on his buttocks. Blood flowed down his stomach, and Bobby quickly tried to cover the wound with his hand. He glared at Donald.

How dare he use a knife on me! He's a ruthless person!

“Brat, just you wait! I'll get people to deal with you!”

Bobby took out his phone to call for backup while Donald smirked and replied, “Sure, I'll wait right here, but the food is getting cold. I advise you to eat it while it's still warm.”

“F*ck off!” Bobby yelled. He stood up as if he was about to attack, but Donald suddenly swung the kitchen knife downward with great force. Although he didn't actually hit Bobby, the strength of his swing was no joke.

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If Bobby had taken one more step forward, wouldn't he have made contact with the knife?

Bobby realized that although Donald might not seem trained in combat, the latter was definitely someone who dared to kill someone.

Less than five minutes after making the call, over thirty people from the Davidson family strode toward them with various weapons.

Even if not all of them intended to fight Donald, the mere sight of them could frighten many people.

A muscular man leading the group walked into the restaurant.

He glanced at Bobby, who was on the ground, before looking at Donald.

“What's going on here? You let a foreigner beat you?”

Seeing his family members, Bobby suddenly felt confident.

He gritted his teeth and told Jacques Davidson, “Jacques, this brat is ruthless and ready to fight. You have to be careful.”

“Ruthless and ready to fight?” Jacques scoffed before continuing, “I have more than thirty people behind me, all of whom are ready to fight. What can he do? How many of us can he take down?”

Donald remained silent, calmly watching Jacques. Thinking he had scared Donald out of his wits, Jacques stepped forward and took off his shirt. He pointed at his neck and mocked, “Come on. I thought you were ready to fight. If you're brave enough—”

Before Jacques could finish his sentence, Donald swung the knife at Jacques' neck.

Jacques instinctively managed to dodge it. The knife missed his throat and instead made a long gash from his shoulder to his chest.

“F*ck! You really slashed at me!”

Jacques' tears streamed down his face from the pain.

Is he fearless and doesn't care about the consequences, or is he really not afraid of taking a life?

Feeling the sting of his wound, Jacques turned to the people behind him and yelled, "Kill him! I'll take responsibility if anything goes wrong!"

The Davidson family was known for their quick tempers. Moreover, Donald was the one who started the fight, so they had no qualms about fighting back.

However, just as they were about to charge into the restaurant, a gunshot rang out, stopping them in their tracks.

Edmund and his special police unit got out of their vehicles. With their shields, they were able to take control of the situation quickly.

"This is armed assault in public spaces. Arrest all of them," Riley said as he emerged from behind Edmund. He was arresting all the villagers based on this reason.

Bobby was upset upon hearing this. "Are you blind, Riley? Who is the one committing armed assault here? Can't you see that I'm the one who's injured now? I'm losing too much blood! You'd better arrest this punk instantly!"

Like Ezekiel, Bobby held no respect for Riley.

Everyone in the Mirror Lake tourist area knew Riley was a useless police captain. They were wondering how he dared to arrest them based on this excuse.

Riley walked toward Bobby and pretended to be surprised. "Oh. You really got cut badly. It seems like a serious injury."

"Stop spewing nonsense and arrest him!"

Riley smiled at Bobby and replied, "I apologize, but it's your own fault for getting injured. I saw everything clearly from outside the restaurant. It was you who started it."

Bobby was taken aback. "Even if I started it, he was the one who slashed me first!"

"Did he really swing the knife? I didn't see it. Do you have any evidence that he was the first to use the knife on you?" Riley asked, refuting Bobby's argument. Bobby finally understood the situation.

"I see. You were waiting for this to happen. Arrest me, then. Let's see whether my grandfather will come with reinforcements to deal with you," he threatened Riley.

Riley slapped Bobby hard. He towered over Bobby and uttered, "I've already razed the Brown family to the ground. Do you think I'd be afraid of the Davidson family? Call your grandfather now and ask him to bring as many people as he can to save you."

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Chapter 678 Have Mercy On Us

The Brown family's been razed to the ground?

“That's impossible! There's no way the Brown family's ruined!”

Bobby's first reaction was that Riley was lying to him.

After all, the Brown family was known to be more brutal than the Davidson family, and the police meant nothing to them.

Those of the Brown family who had a milder temperament would spit at the police station when they passed by, while those with a more violent nature would have no problem relieving themselves right in front of the police station, for they knew the police could do nothing to them—at least, that had always been the norm for the past few decades. But now, Riley's saying the Brown family has fallen? He must be joking!

“I'm loving the reaction you're giving right now,” Riley uttered before throwing his phone in front of Bobby. He then said, “Here. I'm giving you a chance to give your grandpa a call. Let's see if he'll come guns blazing to save you.”

Seeing how confident Riley was, Bobby became hesitant.

He didn't dare to pick up the phone.

On the contrary, Jacques, who had been slashed, had no such reserve as he snatched the phone up to dial Jared Davidson's number.

Soon, Jared's deep voice rang out from the other end of the line, asking, "Who is it?"

"Grandpa, it's me, Jacques. We're currently in Bobby's shop, and we met a b*stard who didn't want to pay for his food. He seems to be from a powerful family. So much so that Riley and a bunch of police officers are standing on his side," came Jacques' reply.

He then added, "The b*stard injured Bobby with a knife and slashed me too. Please come save us, Grandpa!"

Although Jacques seemed like an uncouth man, he spoke clearly and sounded rather cultured.

Normally, Jared would have already sent all his available men to his grandsons' aid if he heard Jacques saying they were in danger.

This time, however, he simply asked flatly, "Where did the knife come from?"

"Huh?" Jacques was taken aback.

Your grandsons are in a desperate situation, and you're asking where did the knife come from?

"I'm not going to ask the same question twice."

Sensing the anger in Jared's tone, Jacques came clean immediately. "The knife belongs to us, but

it's not like we were going to use it on him. We just wanted to scare him, that's all."

Jared sighed. "All right. I got it."

Jacques asked, "Are you coming to save us, Grandpa? Remember to bring more men since Riley brought a lot of officers, and they're currently standing guard outside."

"Save you?" Jared snorted and added, "Do your best to change your behaviors when you guys are in jail. This way, you might be able to get released earlier."

Upon saying that, he ended the call.

Meanwhile, Jacques stood rooted to the ground with the phone in his hand, baffled.

What the h*ll just happened? What did he mean when he said to change our behavior so that we could get released earlier?

"Are you done with your call?" Riley stood at the side, staring at Jacques as if the latter was an idiot.

He asked, "So, how many men will your grandfather bring to destroy us?"

If Jacques still hasn't realized that what I said was the truth, then he is nothing but a fool.

Seemingly starting to panic, Jacques rubbed his neck and stammered, "Sir, we were ignorant fools for offending you, so I hope you won't hold it against us. Please spare us buffoons some mercy."

In response, Donald pointed at the dishes on the table and said, "Sure, I can spare you. As long as this guy finishes all the food on this table, I'll let this incident slide."

That's a whole table of food, and he's asking Bobby to finish everything?

Despite knowing that Donald's request was an unfeasible task, Jacques knew this was their only chance.

He said to Bobby, "Didn't you hear him? Hurry up and dig in!"

Bobby clenched his teeth and stared at Donald before muttering, "I hope you're a man of your word. Otherwise, I'll haunt you even in death."

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Chapter 679 Crossing The Line

Hearing that, Donald questioned plainly, "You can't even do anything to me when you're alive, so what can you do in death?"

The last shred of Bobby's dignity withered away at his words.

Bobby endured the flaring pain in his stomach as he walked toward the table and started eating.

At first, he didn't feel like the task was impossible. After all, he was eating food that he cooked himself. Even though the dishes were a bit unpleasant, he was used to them.

However, things started getting harder for him when he was halfway through the meal.

Not only was the amount of food too much, but Bobby was having problems digesting it as well. Besides, the fact that those dishes got saltier the more he ate and that they had already cooled didn't make it easier for him.

Just when he was halfway through eating the pork, he couldn't bear it anymore and spit the food back out.

Donald glanced at the puke on the ground and stated, "I said to finish all the dishes, so you'll have to eat up the food you vomited as well."

Bobby saw red when he heard that. He's being too much! He's definitely crossing the line!

Upon that thought, he picked up the kitchen knife on the ground and slashed at Donald while the latter's guard was down.

He roared, "D*mn you! I'm going to kill you!"

Unexpectedly, the knife came to a stop three inches in front of Donald's forehead.

It wasn't because Bobby suddenly had a change of heart but because Donald caught the knife with two of his fingers.

Riley was completely stunned upon seeing that. Oh my goodness! What kind of move is that? Is Donald a legendary expert or something? Donald proceeded to give Bobby a hard slap to the face, causing the man to lose a few of his teeth.

Subsequently, two police officers rushed forward to pin Bobby down.

Staring at Bobby, Donald said coolly, "You're not worthy enough to make a move against me."

Unlike the Brown family, Jared of the Davidson family was a well-informed man. After finding out the Brown family had been leveled, he didn't dare make any reckless moves and decided to keep an eye on the situation to see how it would pan out.

As such, it was rather regrettable that Riley didn't manage to completely eliminate the problem that was the Davidson family.

Nonetheless, news of the incident traveled fast. Donald and the others did not encounter any trouble along the way to Mirror Lake. In fact, he could clearly feel that many vendors were avoiding them.

After returning to Pollerton from Mirror Lake, Donald went to work as usual early the next morning after a day's rest.

Perhaps it was because Leonard and Linda's issues had been resolved that Jennifer was able to adjust her state of mind rather quickly and immerse herself into work after she got back to the company.

On the other hand, Donald could be seen doing nothing, wandering around with a magazine in hand.

After beating Chester into a pulp, Atlas Group decided to put together a new construction team for Amelia to command. This meant that he no longer needed to worry about the Atlas Project for the time being.

He did not need to worry about the TV station as well.

Ever since he took care of the Zurlo family, the film crew now viewed him in a different light.

As such, he reckoned they wouldn't dare cause trouble for Evelyn and Zoey.

Hmm, should I go for a massage?

Donald rolled his shoulders and felt that it was time for him to relax.

Because Dragon Fide Corporation was located in a busy area, even a massage parlor was decorated lavishly.

He didn't understand why there was a need to make these massage parlors so fancy.

To him, a massage parlor was simply a place for massages and nothing more. Besides, it wasn't like the quality of a massage would improve by turning the parlor into a luxurious hotel.

Soon, Donald randomly chose a massage parlor named New Garden.

As soon as he opened the door, he was greeted by a female staff in a pink work uniform.

“Hello, mister. Are you here for a massage?”

Donald nodded, but there was a hint of unease flashing in his eyes.

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Chapter 680 Yeshua

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Even though what the female employee had on was a work uniform, it looked more like a nurse's outfit but with a deep V-neck design.

Any newcomer would be taken aback by the sight of the sheer beauty of the female employees' sexy bodies.

When Xandra Snyder noticed Donald was looking at her chest, she beamed at him instead of getting upset. “Is this your first time here, mister?”

“Yes,” replied Donald.

“Then allow me to show you our price list.” She glanced at the receptionist, spurring the latter to pull out a price list from the drawer.

Just as Xandra showed the price list, Donald's eyes glinted because every item on the list was accompanied by a high-resolution picture of a gorgeous woman.

The Thymion-style massage on the menu was attached with a picture of a woman in Thymion clothing. She was smiling at the camera while holding a bottle of white massage oil in her hand.

When Donald saw that picture, he asked, “Are you sure this is a legitimate massage parlor?”

Xandra's smile froze. “What do you mean by that, sir? Of course, our establishment is legitimate.

All masseurs here have a license.”

“Good to know. In that case, I want someone skilled at massaging shoulders. No special services, please.”

Upon hearing that, she lost interest in Donald. “I'll make the arrangements right away, sir.”

After she returned the list to the receptionist, she asked another employee to bring him to the lobby to wait there.

I must say, a premium massage parlor sure is different. Even the waiting area has a comfortable recliner and a fancy television. It's a great way to ease customers' frustrations. Just as Donald sat

down, he noticed a man with glasses staring at him. Promptly, he turned toward the man. "What are you looking at?"

The man in glasses smiled awkwardly. "You're an employee of Dragon Fide Corporation, right? I work at Glory Group. It's next to your company's building."

"You know me?"

"I see you walking around with a magazine every day. So, yes. Let me introduce myself. I'm Yeshua Channing, and I work in the business department of my company. What's your name?"

In response, Donald smiled. "Is making new friends in massage parlors a new trendy thing people do now?"

"Don't say that, man. It's always better to have more friends in the same line of work. After all, we stand to gain more opportunities and learn more from each other. I noticed you didn't chat for long with Xandra earlier. You didn't go to the second floor, did you?"

"Second floor?" Donald was confounded.

"This floor is for massages, but the second floor is where heaven lies. In this parlor, if you pay enough money, there's nothing you can't enjoy." Originally, Donald had no interest in that sort of thing.

However, seeing how familiar Yeshua seemed to be with the establishment's operations, he thought he could listen to what the latter had to say, considering he had nothing to do.

“I'm Donald Campbell, and I work in the same department as you at my company. Since you know so much about this place, how about you give me a detailed rundown of what I can expect?”

Yeshua grinned. “No problem. Just don't forget to think about me when you come across something nice in the future.”

Then he cleared his throat and uttered seriously, “New Garden has the best women compared to other establishments in this district. Among them, four are head and shoulders above the others. They're known as the Golden Flowers.”

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