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Son-In-Law Madness Chapter 429

Chapter 429 Precarious Situation

However, that didn't stop him from showing off wherever he went.

Raymond seemed to have aged over a few days. His surgery and the lack of news about Donald had thrown the old man into an abyss of darkness and despair.

I'm already eighty years old. I won't have much time to live. Despite that, Silas still doesn't want to let me go. It isn't just Silas. Even the Campbell clan still holds their grudge against me.

At that moment, the care worker had just helped Raymond finish his breakfast when a couple of tall, burly men in golden suits showed up in his room.

The care worker didn't dare to move or even breathe loudly.

On the other hand, Raymond wasn't the slightest bit anxious. He took a sip of his coffee and said, "What's coming will come. I know the Campbell clan won't let me die peacefully. They'll want to humiliate and make me suffer thoroughly before letting me take my last breath."

The eight men in golden suits didn't respond and merely stared at Raymond with keen gazes.

The Campbell clan wouldn't allow themselves to be disgraced.

"But the Campbell clan thinks too highly of me. They actually sent eight Golden Sentinels to fight against an old man like me," Raymond said in a self-deprecating tone.

Each Golden Sentinel is an elite with a two-hundred-thousand power level. Only the Campbell clan can form such a team.

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"How lively." Before the eight men could say something, a voice came from the other side of the door.

Soon, eighteen bald men walked through the door.

They were the Eighteen Copper Men of Crimson Dust Order, with Francesco as their leader. Silas must have sent them. Their powers are on par with the Golden Sentinels.

Donald beating up Brandon in public was humiliating to Silas, so Silas had been looking for Donald for a long time and finally received confirmation of his death. However, a ruthless man like Silas won't let the matter slide unless he spills some blood. He won't consider Donald's death as blood spilled, so he'll switch his target to me. Silas thinks the only way he can earn his dignity back is through killing me.

Raymond still kept his composure despite knowing his end was near. His calm-filled eyes showed he wasn't afraid of death.

"The Eighteen Copper Men of Crimson Dust Order and the Golden Sentinels of the Campbell clan need a lot of money and resources to train." Raymond lifted his head.

The Eighteen Copper Men were bald and had copper-colored skin. Rumor had it these men practiced close-quarters martial arts, training their bodies to be tough as nails that no weapon could pierce through them.

The men soon occupied every available space of the small room, with over a dozen of them squeezed into it.

The leader of the Golden Sentinels said, "Mr. Tyrone said he could let you live, but your life would be worse than death. But now, Mr. Tyrone has changed his mind and said he wanted to watch you die in his hands."

Raymond smiled as a flash of gloat crossed his face. "He's the one that's going to die soon. I'm afraid he might die even earlier than I will."

The eight Golden Sentinels' expressions turned murderous.

Why would Raymond offend Tyrone in the first place?

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That was because Raymond did some fortune-telling for Tyrone, claiming that Tyrone would not live over thirty years of age.

Tyrone was twenty-nine at the moment.

No one knew if Raymond was telling the truth or if his fortune-telling was believable.

The fact was he spoke the truth. Otherwise, Tyrone wouldn't have been so furious as to borrow the Prince's power to form a crushing force to defeat Raymond's Golden Beast.

With untreatable congenital heart disease, Tyrone had been consulting every doctor and searching for a suitable heart donor over the recent years, yet it was all in vain. He couldn't find even one suitable donor.

However, there was, in fact, one suitable donor. That person was Tyrone's older brother.

As Tyrone's older brother was more respected and capable than Tyrone, a man like him would never be willing to donate his heart to Tyrone.

"How presumptuous!" the Golden Sentinels barked. "Raymond Campbell, it looks like you haven't suffered enough under the Campbell clan's oppression. We'll just have to crush you to death then."

"Are you guys taking him down or letting us have the honor?" One of the Eighteen Copper Men licked his lips with a bloodthirsty expression on his face. "Francesco ordered us to take Raymond's head back to him."

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Son-In-Law Madness Chapter 430

Chapter 430 Donald Is Alive

The Golden Sentinels said, "Let's take him down together. We get half his head each."

Chills ran down the care worker's spine at the threat.

How can there still be such cruel people in this time and age?

Raymond smiled without a flicker of fear in his eyes. "It looks like Tyrone doesn't have much time left. As for Francesco, I've seen him lately. He will have a catastrophe befall him recently, too."

Bang!

A member of the Eighteen Copper Men smashed the marble desk in front of him before charging toward Raymond and grabbing his neck.

Raymond's breathing turned rapid, but he merely shut his eyes.

Ever since he heard about Donald's death, his willpower had died along with Donald.

His consciousness began to fade as he slowly gave up on struggling.

As he gradually fell into darkness, he suddenly sensed a faint golden glow appear in front of him.

He was stunned by what he saw when he opened his eyes.

A tall, lean figure with shoulder-length hair was standing in the room. The man's dark, lush mane had obscured his face.

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The Eighteen Copper Men were stunned to their core. The man with a chokehold on Raymond's neck frantically released him, letting Raymond slump to the ground as he rushed back to his team to get into formation, preparing themselves to attack.

Meanwhile, the Golden Sentinels were thunderstruck. It was as though a lightning bolt had struck their preconceived notions into smithereens.

All members of the Campbell clan had evaluation glasses on. They could access the power level of the man standing in front of them and saw that the man possessed a power level of five million.

Through the evaluation glasses, they could only see a wall of red.

Their glasses weren't for evaluating the power level of humans. Instead, the glasses' purpose was to measure the power level of assault weapons, such as nuclear bombs, aircraft carriers, and intercontinental missiles.

The power level of assault weapons ranged from three to five million, but the glasses measured a five-million power level on a human.

It was horrifying.

The man before them was practically unrivaled.

"Who are you?" A member of the Golden Sentinels felt a mix of emotions surging within his heart.

Donald stood there motionlessly and merely stared at Raymond dazedly.

When he saw the fingerprint on Raymond's neck and his flushed face from shortness of breath, murderous intent stirred within him.

"All of you... have to die!" he declared with a hoarse voice.

Raymond gasped as agitation filled him. I know this voice!

The next moment, tears filled his eyes.

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Donald had slowly raised his head, and his hair parted to each side of his face to reveal his features.

He had a handsome face. It was fair without a beard. His gaze was abnormally sharp. One could even see a faint golden glow gleaming within his eyes.

It's Donald!

"Donald!" The Eighteen Copper Men and the Golden Sentinels were familiar with Donald's face. They could recognize him from a glimpse.

After the initial shock, chills ran down their spines as comprehension dawned on them.

Donald was the one who defeated Javon from the overseas Order of the Infinite with one strike. He was also the one who crushed Leviathan's destroyer with a stomp of his foot. He has a five-million power level!

The men merely stood there, not daring to move even a single muscle.

A member of the Golden Sentinels wanted to send the information to the Campbell clan but realized something was blocking his signal.

It was Donald. His body was exuding some kind of radiation that could jam signals.

At that moment, Donald was still staring at Raymond. The tangled mess in his mind began to unravel. Memories about Raymond were starting to unfold and filled every corner of his brain.

"Grandpa," Donald called out with a hoarse voice.

He still had a lot of blank spaces in his memories that he needed to scour for and fill in. His memories would only fully recover if he saw the person in question with his own eyes. Especially Jennifer.

Tears began streaking down Raymond's cheeks. "It's good to have you back!"

A member of the Eighteen Copper Men couldn't stand the pressure Donald exuded and chose to attack him first. With clenched fists, he charged toward Donald.

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The sound of something slashing through the air echoed across the room.

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