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Son-In-Law Madness Chapter 435

Chapter 435 Insolence

Donald, standing there without any movement, was shrouded in mystery. No one could tell what his intention or goal was.

Before Arnaldo and Reina could leave, a thundering roar was heard. "Do you actually think you can escape now?"

Turning around, Arnaldo felt his heart sink when he saw who it was.

Francesco Faraday! He actually came! Is he somehow connected to Crabface?

Francesco didn't come alone, as his entourage comprised at least thirty men. Given their bulging muscles, it was evident all of them were elite martial artists.

It was clear that he was in a bad mood, for the Eighteen Copper Men he sent to kill Raymond had disappeared without a trace. In fact, there was no sign of them in Pollerton at all.

Nonetheless, the good news was that Silas had promised him half the spoils if he had succeeded in taking over Scarlet Swan Villa.

That alone would amount to more than a hundred million.

Arnaldo questioned grimly, "Francesco, you're a distinguished figure from overseas. Don't tell me that even you are coveting the wealth of a young lady?"

Francesco simply threw Arnaldo an indifferent glance before shifting his attention to Reina.

Despite her petite stature, she, with curves in all the right places, was an excellent feminine specimen.

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The organization he founded was named the Crimson Dust Order. Just from its name alone, one could tell that Francesco wasn't someone that was bound by any rules.

As expected, he licked his lips. "Is this young lady your daughter? She truly is a sweet young thing."

After a brief pause, he continued, "Come, spend a night with me, and I'll reconsider my plans."

Reina glowered at Francesco. "Get lost!"

"Oh? She's a feisty one, exactly right up my alley." Francesco sniggered lecherously before disappearing in a flash. The moment he reappeared, he was standing beside Reina with a hand on her shoulder.

Arnaldo couldn't pull her back in time, as Francesco was one step ahead of him.

Raising his hand, Francesco swung it at Arnaldo's cheeks and gave him a forceful slap.

The instant a loud slap rang out, Arnaldo was thrown to the ground. The impact caused his cheeks to be badly swollen and blood to ooze out the corner of his lips. He was, after all, an ordinary person.

Arnaldo warned, "Francesco, if you dare touch her, I'll go all out to make sure you never leave Pollerton unscathed."

"Are you threatening me?" Filled with contempt, Francesco reached out his hand to caress Reina's face. "Even Yolanda doesn't dare to talk to me that way."

"In that case, is Terrence Lowe qualified?" Arnaldo stared daggers at him.

Terrence, who was superior to Randy, was the anchor of the Lowe family. He was a distant uncle of Wynter's and was currently in the army.

"Even though I can't defeat him, there's someone else who can." Francesco snorted in laughter. "That person is my senior, Jeffery Lysle!"

Arnaldo gasped. "Is Jeffery already in Terrandya?"

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"To be precise, he is technically in Pollerton. Where else do you think Silas obtained the courage to act with such impunity?" Stroking Reina's face, Francesco prepared to execute his next move.

However, Reina slapped his right hand away.

The audacity!

As an icy glint flashed across his eyes, Francesco grabbed Reina by her hair and pinned her to the ground. "Kneel!"

Subsequently, he began to unbuckle his belt in an attempt to show his manhood. "Lick it!"

Unfortunately, Arnaldo could only look on helplessly with rage burning in his eyes.

As for Reina, she scrambled backward in absolute despair but was prevented from escaping by Francesco's grip on her hair.

No sooner had Francesco unzipped his pants than he noticed Donald bearing down on him.

Even though they were separated by a distance of thirty meters, Donald closed the gap in a single step.

"Do you have a death wish?" Francesco thundered while unleashing a palm strike at Donald.

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Son-In-Law Madness Chapter 436

Chapter 436 Mercy

With his hand raised up high, Donald countered by stabbing the center of Francesco's palm with two of his fingers.

"Argh!" When Donald's fingers pierced through his palm, Francesco howled in excruciating pain as he recoiled from the attack.

The moment he got a clear glimpse of Donald's face, Francesco froze at his feet, as if he was struck by lightning. The look on his face gradually transitioned from bewilderment to panic.

Crabface. Why is he here?

As Donald pulled Reina back to her feet, he gave her a puzzled look as if the memory shards in his mind were raging turbulently.

Reina, too, stared at him through the hair that covered his face with an equally baffled expression. Despite the familiarity of his clean-cut face, she was unable to recognize him still.

When the shattered memories in Donald's mind gradually rearranged themselves, scenes from the past began to emerge.

That was the reason why he kept his distance earlier. And now, he had fully regained his memories of Reina.

"Good sir... please don't interfere!" Francesco called out.

Donald, who didn't even bother to give him a look, focused his attention on Reina. Sweeping his fringes aside to reveal his face completely, he whispered, "I'm sorry I'm late."

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Jolted by his words, Reina stared at him in disbelief. The initial shock on her face was soon replaced by an ecstatic expression.

Subsequently, her eyes began to redden as she stared at Donald with a mix of smiles and tears.

He's alive! He's really back!

Looking at him longingly, Reina could feel the sorrow that had accumulated within her for the past year being washed away.

Arnaldo was briefly stunned before wild delight filled his eyes.

It looks like Reina is acquainted with Crabface!

As for Francesco, a sense of dread began to overwhelm him, for he was well aware that Crabface's power level was five million, similar to that of a humanized assault weapon.

After letting down his hair to cover his face, Donald gradually turned around to face Francesco.

Staggering back in fear, Francesco apologized, "Mister, I'm sorry—"

"You must be the one who sent the eighteen Golden Shield Technique practitioners." Donald, with heavy footsteps, approached him in an intimidating manner, as if he was the devil himself.

With his disheveled hair, towering figure, and sharp suit, he looked harmless. In fact, one could be forgiven for thinking that he was a male model strutting down the catwalk

Nonetheless, Francesco could feel the beastly aura Donald exuded alongside his approach. It was the same kind of aura that he felt from Jeffery's body.

"My senior overseas, Jeffery, has not demonstrated his power in thirty years. Hence, you had better weigh the consequences of your actions!" Francesco barked despite the terror welling up inside him.

Sh*t, he's the one who killed the Eighteen Copper Men. Who in the world is he?

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Unfazed by the threats, Donald continued to bear down on Francesco.

“Die!” Francesco’s subordinates exchanged glances before letting out a battle cry. Armed with a myriad of prohibited blades, all of them charged at Donald from behind.

Even though Donald didn’t bother to turn around, Reina and Arnaldo’s hearts sank at the fearsome sight.

All these men are elites who, when placed in the context of war, are considered members of the Special Operation Force.

Faced with the swarm of vicious attackers, Donald gently raised his right hand and pressed an imaginary button.

Buzz!

Suddenly, the approaching enemies flew into the sky and disintegrated into dust.

Francesco’s face lost all color as his pupils constricted.

Despite the knowledge that Donald was powerful, he wasn’t aware of the true extent of the former’s power.

More than ten members of the Special Operation Force were turned into dust without being able to react at all.

Such a horrifying method made Donald look as if he wielded the power of the gods.

This was the second time Francesco felt that his life was threatened. The first was during the Zodiac Challenge when he was almost killed by a single move from Golden Lord.

“Please spare me! Please! I’m sorry!” Francesco, with his egg-like bald head, dropped to his knees while his body trembled uncontrollably.

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