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Son-In-Law Madness Chapter 439

Chapter 439 Trapped

Shaking her head, Lana sneered, "That's all I wanted to say. I wish you a blissful marriage."

Upon finishing her sentence, Lana gave Jennifer an earnest look before leaving.

Watching her silhouette disappear, a cold glint emerged in Tyrone's eyes.

"You should go home. I'm tired," Jennifer suggested to him.

Tyrone nodded and didn't insist on staying.

Jennifer walked out of the mall dejectedly and looked up at the sky. All of a sudden, she felt a mysterious chill envelope her.

Back at Scarlet Swan Villa, Donald looked at Reina, who stuck to him like glue, and said, "I have to go now."

Reina didn't insist on him staying despite the reluctance in her eyes, for she knew that he had plenty on his plate now that he was back.

Meanwhile, at Pollerton University, Ysabel had clearly lost a lot of weight over the past year. Her mother, Beatrice, continued to lecture on campus.

At that moment, inside the basement storage room of their house, a man and a woman were lying on the ground, their faces pale. The woman, in particular, was coughing blood, a symptom of the grievous injury she had suffered.

They were Holton, one of the three Lords of the Terrandya Underground, and Yolanda.

When Silas decided to bury Arnaldo and Holton in Pollerton forever, Yolanda came to Holton's rescue and escaped with him to Pollerton University where they hid.

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"Holton, I'm done for." Yolanda's face had lost all color as she stared at Holton, her eyes brimming with affection. "Francesco almost blew up my heart with a single palm strike."

Tears welled in Holton's eyes. "You'll be fine. I'm sure of it. We just have to hide for a while."

But for how long? The men Francesco and Silas sent have already arrived at Pollerton University and are sniffing out our tracks. They will be on to us very soon!

Just when Holton was about to speak, Yolanda suddenly covered his mouth. "Someone's coming."

As both of them lay low, they slowed down their breath to the minimum.

After the door to the storage room opened with a creak, it was followed by a flashlight being turned on to illuminate the inside. All of a sudden, a loud shriek was heard. "Ah!"

Bam!

Yolanda had gathered what was left of her strength to spring forward and cover the mouth of the person who just entered before closing the door behind them.

"Girl, don't be afraid. Please listen to what I have to say, all right?" Yolanda asked in a weak voice.

Ysabel nodded while staring at Holton and Yolanda in fear.

"Both of us are injured, and there are men out there trying to kill us. As long as you're willing to help us out of this situation, I'll pay you ten million as a reward," Yolanda proposed, her condition deteriorating as fresh blood oozed out of her mouth.

Probably motivated by the handsome reward and sympathizing with the pitiful-looking Yolanda, Ysabel agreed to help them.

Upon obtaining Ysabel's cooperation, Yolanda sighed in relief before collapsing to the ground and clutching her chest while desperately gasping for air.

Holton's eyes reddened intensely. "Yolanda, how are you feeling?"

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"Holton, please live well!" Yolanda's voice weakened.

Ysabel, who was suddenly reminded of Donald, teared up as well. "Don't worry. Just stay here while I prepare some food for you."

As she was speaking, the heavy door was ripped open. With the help of the dim light, Ysabel could see twenty men standing outside the storage room. All of them were dressed sharply in black suits and were staring coldly in their direction.

Silas' men!

Yolanda let out a wry laugh. "That's quick!"

A towering man in a suit who measured two meters tall stood forward. With bulging muscles and tanned skin, he looked as if he was made of bronze.

He was none other than Brutus.

Before Francesco came to Pollerton, he was in charge of protecting Silas and was known for his impregnable body and Herculean strength.

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Chapter 440 No Escape

"Look, there's just no escape for you," Brutus remarked with a devious smile as he stared at Holton and Yolanda.

Subsequently, he turned his attention to Ysabel. Tsk-tsking, he asked grimly, "Girl, were you hiding them?"

When Ysabel backpedaled in fear, Holton thundered, "Brutus, this has nothing to do with her!"

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Brutus responded with a ruthless expression, "I don't care about that. But for hiding both of you here, I must demonstrate my prowess to her."

The men behind him broke into hearty laughter, causing Isabel's face to lose all color.

As Brutus lumbered into the storage room, his giant figure alone seemed to fill the entire space.

Summoning what was left of her strength, Yolanda drew her broken blade with a flash and stabbed it at Brutus' head.

Unexpectedly, he didn't bother to dodge or evade at all.

In the midst of his insidious smile, a long clang rang out when the blade made contact with his skin. Unexpectedly, sparks flew out as if Yolanda's blade had struck cold-hard steel.

Yolanda narrowed her eyes and swiftly backed off when she realized the dangerous situation they were in.

Unfortunately, it was already too late, for Brutus' punch, launched with tremendous force, had landed right in the center of her chest.

When her ribs shattered with a thunderous crack, Yolanda, with her eyes widened in shock, coughed out mouthfuls of blood.

Screaming in horror, Ysabel covered her eyes and didn't dare watch any further.

"You piece of thrash!" Brutus threw Yolanda aside as if she was garbage before stomping on her abdomen.

Seized by thunderous rage, Holton threw himself forward to shield the woman.

By then, a listless look descended upon Yolanda's eyes while her breath became so shallow that it felt as if she could die at any moment.

"What are you screaming for? You're such a nuisance!" Just like catching a bird, Brutus grabbed Ysabel by the neck and flung her to the side. When her hips crashed onto the door frame, the pain that ensued immobilized her on the ground.

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He had no intention of holding back just because she was a woman.

“Come on, you’re one of the three Lords of the Terrandya Underground. If you had just stayed there, Mr. Doyle wouldn’t have had the opportunity to take you out. However, why did you decide to come to Pollerton?” Brutus lamented.

“Terrandya’s Hunter Golding is the bedrock of the city and maintains the balance between the three families there. And yet, you insist on dying in Pollerton.” Walking up to Holton, Brutus looked down at him.

If they had stayed in the Terrandya Provincial Center, Silas wouldn’t have had the guts to behave so audaciously.

Holton was in no mood to chat with Brutus. Instead, he wiped the corners of Yolanda’s mouth attentively.

From his experience, he could tell that she didn’t have much time left. The knowledge of her impending death filled him with anguish.

Even though Yolanda was his bodyguard, she was first and foremost his wife. After surviving many a crisis together, he was naturally devastated by the prospect of her losing her life soon.

“This is true love indeed. Let me send both of you on your way.” Brutus clicked his tongue at the tragic scene.

Walking up to Holton, Brutus grabbed him by the hair and lifted his body off the ground.

Holton’s eyes were filled with murderous intent, but other than staring daggers at Brutus, there was little else he could do.

Just when Brutus was about to end Holton’s life, a phantom-like figure slipped into the narrow storage room.

Even though a flashlight was shone on this body, the flaring light from behind his back continued to cast a shadow on his face.

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Brutus might have a power level of more than two hundred thousand, this was the first time he felt a sense of dread with his back against the enemy.

Thus, he gradually turned around to face the figure.

With his vision still distorted, all he could see was a man with disheveled hair standing beside Ysabel, looking down at how she was grimacing in pain.

Suddenly, Brutus' heart skipped a beat when he was struck by an ominous premonition.

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