

Son-In-Law Madness Chapter 345

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Son-In-Law Madness Chapter 345 Public Apology

As expected of a young and popular idol!

Julian set up the phone and gave Donald a bitter look. Then, he officially entered the broadcast room and appeared in front of the camera.

According to the statistics, Julian had over thirty million fans across the internet.

At that moment, there were more than three million fans in the live broadcast lobby, as well as all kinds of media and agencies.

Dazzling notifications of donations popped up on the screen. The first and second were brand endorsements that were constantly promoting the live stream.

Only a popular celebrity like Julian could enjoy this kind of treatment!

However, Julian was not happy at all.

One of the fans commented: Jules, why is there a shoe mark on your face?"

Another one posted: Jules, why aren't you smiling?

Many of them even wrote: I love you, Jules!

At the same time, Jennifer and her family also tuned into the live stream.

The Stern family was also watching. Mason, in particular, looked full of joy.

Jennifer could not bear it and called Wynter to ask if it was possible to do damage control.

"It's too late. Julian is a very popular idol. His fame isn't inferior to mine," said Wynter.

Jennifer asked, "Is there really nothing we can do?"

Wynter replied, "No, this happened too suddenly. I didn't know that Julian would go so far. He actually began a live stream just an hour after the announcement. I can say that no company in the country would be able to handle the PR for this."

Jennifer sighed, hung up the phone, and stared at the live stream blankly.

Linda curled her lips in disdain. "Let nature take its course. It'll be good to humble Beatrice as well."

Jennifer did not want to say anything.

Meanwhile, Julian could not help but look at Donald.

When he saw Donald looking at him expressionlessly, he wanted to cry.

After a long silence, he finally said, "Thank you all for coming. Now, I'd like to announce a few things."

Everyone pricked up their ears, waiting for him to continue.

"First, I have to sincerely apologize to Ms. Ysabel Zimmerman and Ms. Beatrice Stern. What I said before was untrue and defamatory. I sincerely apologize!"

As soon as he said that, everyone watching the broadcast froze.

Then, the comments section exploded.

One netizen commented: What's going on?

Another one replied: Holy crap. Why's he suddenly going back on his word?

Some fans demanded: Julian, explain yourself!

Jennifer was also stunned. Then, she looked solemn.

This is very weird.

Wynter contemplated and thought of a possibility.

There must be a super big shot acting behind the scenes, and there's only one such person in Pollerton—Donald Campbell! It's Lord Campbell!

"I'll explain. My uncle, Adam Harper, is the director of Pollerton University. He was infatuated with Ms. Stern and..."

Julian explained in detail.

"I made everything up for my uncle's selfish desires. For that, I sincerely apologize!" His eyes tinged red.

The comment section went crazy. Many people began to scold Adam for his conduct.

"Afterward, I will post an apology letter on the company website and send it in the name of the company," he continued.

Ysabel held Donald's hand tightly.

Outside, Beatrice also entered the studio, watching this scene in disbelief. She felt gratitude from the bottom of her heart.

However, she was grateful to Klay. She thought that this was all thanks to Klay.

“Secondly, as an apology, I’ve decided to pay one hundred million to compensate for Ms. Stern’s and Ms. Zimmerman’s mental damages. I will transfer the money on the spot!”

Then, he took out another phone and showed everyone the entire process of him transferring the money live.

When Linda saw this, she immediately exclaimed, “Woah, one hundred million! What a blessing in disguise.”

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The crowd of spectators still did not understand what was happening and began to clamor.

The number of comments had reached as many as ten million and was still increasing.

The top and second donators were stunned and stopped promoting him. They started to call Julian’s phone.

The management agency also called to ask what was going on.

However, Julian rejected all calls.

“Thirdly, a person has to take responsibility for doing something wrong, so I hereby announce that I will quit the entertainment industry for good!”

His teeth gnashed and creaked as he said that.

He was extremely reluctant.

"Fourthly, the fan club will be fully disbanded. Fifth, I'm willing to be banned by the industry!"

He finished saying everything in one breath and almost collapsed in front of the camera, breathing heavily.

The audience was really stunned, and comments began to pour in the live streaming.

A netizen posted: Julian, can you tell us what the h*ll is going on?

Someone else chimed in: Give us an explanation!

Some fans cursed: What the f*ck is happening?

Combined with the shoe print on his face, many already guessed that he was most likely forced.

"I'm sorry." After Julien finished speaking, he stood up and left the camera frame.

Donald suddenly said to Ethan, "Go and apologize too!"

The latter froze and furrowed his brows, but he went up to the camera.

"Hello, everyone. My name is Ethan Lynch. I barged into Pollerton University today. I apologize for my reckless behavior, and I apologize to the thousands of students of Pollerton University!" he said.

Countless people were stunned. People outside of Pollerton did not know who Ethan was.

However, everyone in Pollerton knew.

Ethan was one of the emerging bigshots in Pollerton. He was the lucky of Freedman Group!

Furthermore, everyone heard Donald ordering him to apologize.

However, since Donald's voice was a little low and muffled, some people couldn't hear clearly.

Nevertheless, everyone understood the situation.

There was someone backing up Ysabel and Beatrice!

It was this mysterious bigshot who directed all of this that day. This person forced Julian to apologize and be banned by the industry and forced Ethan to bow his head and apologize!

A netizen posted: Holy crap, what a powerful person!

Someone else wrote: Turn the camera around. Let us see who that person is!

Another person posted: That person is amazing!

However, the live stream simply ended. Julian and the others slumped on the floor blankly.

Ethan's expression was bitter.

On the other hand, Klay lowered his head, not saying a word.

"Send them to Derport Prison." Donald pointed at Julian and Adam.

Klay began to make the arrangements and walked out of the room.

Moments later, only Donald, Ysabel, and Klay were left in the room.

Klay stood in front of Donald and looked at him with amazement shining in his eyes.

He's only twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old, but he's already ahead of all of his peers. Moreover, he's known as the epitome of the great strength of human beings! How does he do it?

"Go back to work," said Donald.

Klay nodded and turned to walk out of the room.

When Beatrice saw the principal walk out, she immediately went forward excitedly. "Thank you, Mr. Yund."

Klay was stunned but then immediately understood and nodded. "Don't mention it."

Beatrice then entered the room, looked at Ysabel, and said angrily, "If not for Mr. Yund, we'd both be finished today!"

Ysabel smiled and said, "It's considered a blessing in disguise. We even earned one hundred million."

Beatrice frowned. "I don't want the one hundred million. I'll donate it to the poor mountainous areas."

Taken aback, Donald glanced at Beatrice.

She was just about to say something, but her phone suddenly rang. It was from the Stern family.

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Son-In-Law Madness Chapter 347 The Miracle Doctor Of Pollerton

The person who called was none other than Adrian, who was responsible for the business of a dozen toll stations.

"Who helped you out?" he asked.

Beatrice responded, "Mr. Yund of Pollerton University."

"Oh, I see. That's fine. It's also fortunate that Ethan broke into Pollerton University today and got caught. Otherwise, you'd be finished." Adrian hung up the phone after saying that.

I know about Klay's power. After all, he also works for the Stern family. I thought that Beatrice and Ysabel built connections with some bigshot. If so, I wanted to curry favor with that person as well. However, since Beatrice said that it was solved by Mr. Yund, there's no need to do that.

In Adrian's view, Julian and Ethan were defeated because Ethan barged into Pollerton University and crossed the line with Klay.

Beatrice thought the same.

The internet went into a frenzy. Julian's apology letter was officially published, and there was no more news from him whatsoever.

Several brands he endorsed also closed down because of quality problems.

The internet was split between two viewpoints.

The first one was that Julian had provoked the incredibly powerful principal of Pollerton University and was banned by the industry as a result.

The second was that there was a super bigshot who liked Ysabel. That person stood up for her and took down Julian and Ethan.

However, the majority were more inclined to the first viewpoint.

Only a few people, such as Wynter, knew that it was Donald's doing.

This kind of flashy method was very in line with Donald's style.

Donald received a few messages: Lord Campbell, the equipment transporter will pass the toll station tonight.

Another one read: Lord Campbell Mountain Villa has started construction and will be completed in a month.

He replied to the messages one by one and coughed a few times, finding it slightly difficult to breathe.

I have to hurry it up. My time is running out.

After walking out of Pollerton University, he felt a chill.

Snowflakes suddenly fell from the sky.

How long has it been since it snowed in Pollerton? I don't remember anymore.

"Adrian is hosting a banquet at nine o'clock tonight. Come with me." Ysabel bounced over, full of youthfulness.

She did not put on makeup, and her face was not powdered, but she looked incomparably innocent. She was definitely the type that geeks would revere.

Donald was silent for a moment and asked, "Is Jennifer going?"

Ysabel pouted. "You still like Jennifer, don't you?"

He remained silent.

She said, "Yes, she's going."

At the same time, Jennifer went through many contacts and finally got in touch with James, the Miracle Doctor of Pollerton. She made an appointment with him at a cafe. To her surprise, James was still very young, only in his thirties. He wore a pair of glasses and a fitting suit, looking charming and elegant.

However, she did not like him as soon as she saw him.

That was because his eyes exuded a sinister aura. They were narrow and sharp.

Nevertheless, she endured her discomfort in order to seek treatment for Donald.

James said, "You've been very popular lately, Ms. Wilson."

"I've heard of your reputation as the Miracle Doctor of Pollerton," Jennifer also said elegantly.

"Who do you want me to treat, Ms. Wilson?" he asked.

"My ex-husband. He's suffering from two kinds of cancer. The cancer cells have metastasized all over his body, so there's no point in him undergoing surgical treatment anymore." Her mood instantly plummeted as she spoke.

James said, "I've heard of him. He's the abandoned child of the Campbell Clan."

Jennifer suddenly frowned.

He said, "Don't mind me. I'm just saying it as it is. I have a good relationship with the Wilson family in Tayhaven as well as Yund Group. I've also treated members of these influential families before, so I'm a little well informed."

"Is there hope for him?" Jennifer asked hopefully.

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Son-In-Law Madness Chapter 348 I Want You To Marry Me

James said, "I'll tell you what, I'm eighty percent sure I can cure him, but the payment—"

"Name your price." Jennifer was overjoyed.

A cold light flashed in his eyes. "Firstly, I want a one hundred million diagnosis fee. Secondly, I want you to marry me."

Jennifer was dressed very fashionably that night. She wore a long pink coat, revealing the round-necked undershirt, and knee-high boots that emphasized her long and slender legs.

Her temperament was very gentle, and she looked like a girl from the sunny south.

Donald had good taste, and he was drawn to charming women like Jennifer.

A woman who could catch Donald's eye must be most men's dream girl.

Thus, James took a liking to Jennifer at first sight.

Her expression changed, and she immediately stood up. "Mr. Weiss, please have some self-respect. A hundred million for the consultation is no problem, but don't talk about anything else!"

James was not angry at all and said indifferently, "In that case, find someone else. However, I'll tell you that no one in Pollerton can save Donald except me. In other words, except for a handful of people in this world, there's no one else you can go to for help."

Jennifer's body trembled with anger. She directly settled the bill and left.

He was not annoyed. Instead, he took a small sip of his coffee as he watched her back, his gaze lingering on her legs for a long time.

Then, he took out his phone. "Hey, Bert, I have my eye on a woman. Think of a way. I want her."

"Leave it to me. I'll deliver her to you within three days."

After hanging up the phone, a sneer appeared on his face.

Strictly speaking, neither the Freedman clan nor Yund family was willing to offend him.

Who would be willing to casually offend a miracle doctor?

Winter made the night come early, and the sky was already pitch black by seven o'clock.

At that moment, Pollerton looked unusually prosperous, with lights lit up and heavy traffic everywhere.

Ysabel hugged Donald's arm as they walked along the road, allowing snowflakes to fall on their shoulders. No one brought an umbrella.

She raised her head, looking at the snowflakes falling under the streetlight, and a dreamy look flittered in her eyes. "Donald, it's so beautiful tonight."

As a man who lacked social tact, Donald was not the kind to say corny words. "I guess."

She said, "It'll be nice if it snowed a little more."

He was stunned. "Why?"

"That way, I can walk with you until our hair turns white." She looked at him solemnly.

Donald uttered, "I'm your brother-in-law."

"I don't care. You already divorced Jennifer. Besides, I'm free to marry whoever I want. My mom can't control me," she huffed.

"But I'm your brother-in-law," he emphasized.

"I'm younger than Jennifer, I like you more than her, and I know you more than she does." She grew a little upset.

"But I'm still your brother-in-law."

Ysabel was speechless.

She was on the verge of an outburst. "Can you stop repeating that?"

"I'm still your brother-in-law," he said seriously.

She could not help but tug at her hair. "You're such a woodblock!"

The two walked and swayed and soon arrived outside the hotel.

Inside a taxi, Jennifer saw the duo and immediately gnashed her teeth.

I'm traveling all around to find a doctor for you, but you're flirting with my cousin!

Donald looked up at the hotel and was a little surprised.

The name was very unconventional. It was called Grand Myer Hotel, and its owner was none other than Donald himself!

Charles' superior, Tristan, developed a lot of industries in Pollerton before leaving for West Epea. Part of them was left to Donald's name, and part was under Charles' name.

Thus, Charles became the richest man in Pollerton.

Grand Myer Hotel was exceptionally luxurious and decorated. It was the most opulent hotel in Pollerton!

Son-In-Law Madness Chapter 349 The Most Valuable Hotel

The lobby was approximately seven meters in height and resplendently decorated with a variety of crystal chandeliers.

"Wow! Each of the diamond-encrusted chandeliers would cost over a million!"

Ysabel raised her head to look at the crystal chandeliers on the ceiling. Stupefied by the lavish interior of the hotel, her eyes widened in astonishment. There are more than twenty chandeliers which means that would be worth a total of tens of millions! Not to mention those expensive antique artworks hung on the wall.

They're all genuine!

Ysabel added, "I can't believe there's such an affluent hotel in Pollerton!"

Before Donald could respond, Jennifer's voice rang out from behind. "According to Charles, the owner of this hotel is a young man who treats it like his toy.

Moreover, it's the most valuable hotel in Pollerton."

As Donald turned around, he saw Jennifer while behind her were Linda, Leonard,

Kevin, and Skylar.

Kevin stared at Donald with a face full of resentment. His gaze looked as though he wanted the latter to die.

On the other hand, Linda pulled Jennifer behind her and shot Donald a look of disdain. "What are you looking at, you short-lived b*stard?"

Leonard said solemnly, "Keep the distance! Stay away!"

Kevin pointed at Donald. "A pauper like you shouldn't come in here. Even the floor tile is worth more than you!"

Meanwhile, Skylar rolled her eyes and let out a girlish whine before she uttered sarcastically, "You're such a toy boy. At first, you're hitting on Jennifer, and now you're flirting with Ysabel."

Upon hearing that, Ysabel could not remain calm anymore.

As she had a bad temper, she pointed at Skylar and scolded, "Who do you think you are? Aren't you extorting money from Jennifer as well?"

"I want her money, but you're trying to get her man. Who's more shameless?"

Skylar retorted.

Her remark was indeed crude.

Frowning, Jennifer was displeased by Skylar's words.

Donald lifted his head and fixed his sharp gaze on Skylar. "More nonsense from you, and I'll make you vanish from the surface of the earth."

Skylar patted her chest in a flash. "Ooh, I'm so scared, but I'm not the type to feel threatened easily."

"F*ck you!" Kevin was infuriated by the rude way Donald spoke to Skylar, so he dashed at the latter.

Since he had almost fully recovered from the injury, he finally could walk. Even though his movement was not too smooth, he still rushed forward without a second thought.

Donald's gaze turned steely as he raised his foot to throw Kevin a kick.

Crack!

A loud crack echoed. Kevin instantly fell to his knees and hit his head on the ground.

"Ah!" At that instant, Linda had gone mad and was about to lunge at Donald.

Leonard was also furious. He rolled up his sleeves, ready to teach Donald a lesson.

Seeing that, the security guards in the lobby rushed over. "No one is allowed to behave impudently in Grand Myer Hotel!"

Instantly, Leonard and Linda dared not move a muscle and just stared at Donald. "You're doomed, Donald! You're not getting away that easily! Once you leave the hotel, I'll teach you a lesson!"

Letting out a long sigh, Jennifer helped Kevin up and realized that he did not seem to have any severe injury. "Donald, why do you always hit people?" she asked with a gloomy face.

Donald answered, "Since he's allowed to point fingers and scold me, why can't I fight back?"

A weary look appeared on Jennifer's face. "Let's go in."

Donald remained silent as he lost interest in talking.

Meanwhile, Ysabel pulled on Donald's sleeve worriedly and queried, "What's wrong?"

Donald shook his head in response.

The banquet was situated at Prosperity Hall, which could accommodate about a hundred people. Before even stepping foot inside, endless compliments could be heard.

People seemed to be cheering, "Adrian and Jeremiah are the pride of the Stern family."

Stepping into Prosperity Hall, one could see that it was even more luxurious than the lobby. On the left of the entrance, there was a huge aquarium with the expensive Arapaima fish in it. In fact, the price for an Arapaima fish would be tens of thousands to hundreds of thousands. Son-In-Law Madness Chapter 350 The Banquet Of The Stern Family

More importantly, there was an autograph from the top international glass factory's CEO on the aquarium.

The aquarium alone would cost more than two hundred thousand with a high collection value.

On the other hand, there was a pure gold statue the size of a human head on the right. It had a market price of over a million.

However, Donald was a little speechless at the sight of it. As Tristan likes to be high-profile, he would pay money to enjoy an extravagant lifestyle.

"Dad, Ysabel is here!" An angry voice rang out.

Looking in the direction of the voice, Donald saw a well-groomed young man, and he was none other than the son of Adrian, Mason.

When the latter saw Ysabel holding Donald's hand, he was so jealous that his eyes turned red.

Deathly silence abruptly engulfed the space. Everyone's eyes fell on Ysabel and Donald. In the meantime, Beatrice had also arrived and hurried over. She shot the duo a glare and whispered, "Don't ever talk if Adrian says anything later!"

Ysabel nodded obediently in response.

Since Adrian worked with the Yund family as a professional manager to manage the toll stations, his capabilities practically had no limits, and he knew people from all walks of life.

Meanwhile, Jeremiah was in charge of several service areas, and his hidden abilities were extremely strong.

Although the duo kept a low profile, they were not any weaker than Zayne. In fact, they might even be more powerful than him.

A man in his fifties with slicked-back hair slowly got up, dressed in an expensive suit. He was holding a cigar with his fingers as he narrowed his eyes to stare at Donald.

The latter was looking at him as well.

As a matter of fact, that man was Adrian.

When Bryan, the private equity tycoon, had taken the drastic move, Adrian was the one who obstructed the traffic and prohibited the import of foreign machinery and equipment.

While Adrian strode toward Donald and Ysabel, the hall was filled with pin-drop silence, and the only thing one could hear was the sound of his footsteps.

"You're the Campbell clan's outcast, Donald?" Adrian questioned as he puffed out a smoke ring. His tone was calm and emotionless.

Donald raised his head, and his lips curled into a smirk. "Yes, I am."

Adrian nodded. "You've got some nerves as you dare to attend the Stern family's banquet."

Donald did not show any signs of fear. "What's wrong with that?"

Stunned for a second, Adrian then laughed aloud. "Do you not know who I am? People from all walks of life in Pollerton would show me respect. How dare you talk to me like that, you brat?"

"If I can't speak that way, what should I say then?" Donald asked sarcastically. I'm here to get even with you tonight. Since you dared to abuse your power to obstruct the traffic, I would have a valid reason to finish you off.

Hearing his reply, Adrian was amused. Taking a puff of his cigar, he chuckled and shook his head. "I've reserved ten tables for tonight's banquet. Everyone needs to take their seat according to their net worth."

He then pointed at the first table. "All of them seated at this table are billionaires. He's Jeremiah. The second table is for millionaires... Which table do you think you, Ysabel, and her family should be seated at?" A look of mockery appeared on Adrian's face as he finished his sentence.

Mason guffawed before exclaiming, "What kind of family background could they have? Just sit at the corner!"

Some bootlickers began to chime in, "That's right. Beatrice is only a university teacher. She could only earn two to three hundred thousand a year."

"It's better for them to sit at the entrance. Haha!"

Without saying a word, Jennifer sat at the side and furrowed her brows.

On the contrary, Beatrice's face flushed scarlet. In fact, she was unwilling to attend the banquet, but it was her family's banquet. Thus, it was a little unreasonable for her to be absent.

Ysabel looked upset as well because she felt deeply embarrassed.

All of a sudden, Donald piped up, "In that case, may I know which table it is for someone with a net worth of one hundred billion?"

As soon as he said that, everyone was momentarily stunned. The next second, the entire hall erupted with laughter.

Son-In-Law Madness Chapter 351 That Useless Fool

Everyone looked at Donald as if he was an idiot.

Donald was asking for a person with hundreds of billion net worth.

They wondered if he was mentally sound.

Even Adrian and Jeremiah, who had monopolized various industries for so many years, did not dare claim that they were worth one hundred billion.

"Are you an idiot?" Adrian guffawed.

"He's a certified idiot!" Kevin laughed out loud from the back and kept smacking

his thighs.

It was evident that he was very happy to see Donald being put in a tough spot. Jennifer lowered her head and held her forehead. She felt a little helpless. When Donald and I were together, he was very calm and collected. Why does he want to hold onto his last strand of dignity when arguing with Ysabel next to him? Moreover, he needs to know that there are limits to how much he can brag about!

Jennifer knew that Donald did not lack money. She saw Chiliad Avion giving him five million as a reward, after all.

However, that was all.

Linda said to Jennifer in a serious tone, "You have to keep your distance from him. He's acting like he has nothing to lose right now!"

Leonard stated, "Jennifer, your mom is right. Donald is currently giving up on himself!"

Ysabel's mother, Beatrice, stared at Donald. Then, she lowered her head, feeling deeply embarrassed for him. As a result, the expression on her face was gloomy. Ysabel was also at a loss for words.

Donald said, "I really have a net worth of a hundred billion."

Donald had spoken in a very serious tone. How much money does Horizon Group have at the moment? I don't know. What I do know, though, is that I definitely have a net worth of one hundred billion. I haven't counted the exact number, of course. Money is just a number to me, anyway. If I can successfully make controlled fusion technology available for commercial use next, I'll be able to become the world's richest man within two or three years. I'll be at the top spot for decades or even over a hundred years!

"Tell me, which spot do you think I should take since I have a net worth of one hundred billion?" Donald asked, narrowing his eyes at Adrian.

The latter's smile slowly disappeared as a blank expression took over his face.

"Are you still adamant about that?"

Donald pondered for a bit before replying, "Yes."

Jeremiah, who was at the back, also stood up. He was a middle-aged man with an average body figure.

At first glance, he looked like someone who had a lot of experience. He controlled a number of service areas. Businesspeople from all walks of life knew

him very well.

"Who gave you the rights to behave so atrociously here today?" Jeremiah asked. As he said that, he looked at Ysabel and Beatrice. "Tell me; why did the two of you bring this stranger here? This is the family dinner of the Stern family, after all! By the way, if Julian's predicament hadn't been solved by Mr. Yund, you guys would've become the laughing stock of the whole world! And since you're a widow, Beatrice, you have to know your place!"

Jeremiah did not beat around the bush. His words caused the color to drain from Beatrice's face, and her body shook slightly.

There was a reason why Beatrice had not remarried after all these years.

The reason was that she was afraid that other people would start gossiping about her.

She had been celibate for so many years as she feared that others would say that she had no self-respect.

Beatrice already had tears in her eyes as she faced Jeremiah's accusation.

"Jeremiah, please let me explain!"

"There's nothing to explain! I want him to leave!" Jeremiah pointed toward the exit.

Everyone stood back up even though they had already taken their seats. They all looked at Donald coldly.

The latter suddenly had a mocking expression on his face. He looked at Adrian and Jeremiah.

Then, Jeremiah stood up. He thought to himself for a bit before saying, "It seems like a young man like you haven't experienced anything tough in life."

Jennifer could not take it anymore. She got up and stated, "Uncle Jeremiah, don't be so rash."

The man turned his head. When he saw that it was Jennifer who said that, his expression softened a little.

Jennifer was part of the Stern family, after all. Other than Adrian and Jeremiah, Jennifer was the one who performed the best in the Stern family.

"He's my ex-husband," Jennifer stated.

Jeremiah nodded. "I know, but you guys have already divorced. So you don't have to interfere in this matter now."

Jennifer wanted to say something, but she was pulled back by Linda. Her mother

exclaimed, "What are you doing? Mind your own business! Forget about that useless idiot!"

Son-In-Law Madness Chapter 352 Mason Was Enraged

"Get lost! If you don't leave, then I'll beat you senseless!" Kevin slammed the table and looked at Donald aggressively.

When the others saw Kevin taking the lead, they all started slamming the table. Donald scanned his surroundings. In the end, his gaze landed upon Kevin. "You're nothing but a piece of trash."

Kevin could no longer stay calm after hearing what Donald said.

"Who are you calling trash?" Kevin erupted in anger. He was nearly about to climb up the table and glare at Donald.

The latter replied, "I wasn't talking about you."

Kevin's expression softened a bit. He felt that Donald was chickening out, so he said in a mocking tone, "I knew you wouldn't have the guts to say that."

However, what Donald said next would infuriate everyone.

"What I meant to say was that everyone here is trash!" he stated.

Gasp!

Everyone was shocked. Then, they were filled with rage. If Adrian and Jeremiah had given their commands, they would rush up to beat Donald up at that moment.

Mason was especially enraged. The woman he loved got snatched away, and he was also called a piece of trash.

Mason was the first who snapped. He immediately grabbed an expensive bottle of red wine from the table and threw it at Donald and Ysabel.

His throw was very strong.

Although Donald was weak, he still had quick reflexes. He pulled Ysabel and Beatrice, dodging the bottle by stepping to the side.

They were coincidentally standing in front of an expensive fish tank when they entered the room earlier.

The bottle of red wine moved at lightning speed. It directly crashed against the fish tank.

Crack!

The fish tank shattered as soon as the cracking sound was heard. All the water inside gushed out violently, and the ground was covered with glass shards.

A plump Arapaima fish, which was swimming in the fish tank well and alive, felt its home disappearing in an instant. Then, it fell to the ground and was pierced by the glass shards. Blood began to ooze from its body.

Other than that, the most horrifying thing was that the red wine had splattered all over the wall after the bottle broke.

There was a calligraphy painting made by a famous calligrapher in the middle ages hanging on the wall. It was auctioned for a high price of five million three years ago.

Money was not an issue, though. The problem was that the genuine work of art was handed down from the royal family of West Epea. Tristan loved it very much. The painting even had his autograph.

Adrian and Jeremiah instantly had an ominous feeling. They retracted their gaze. As they looked around their surroundings, they felt chills running down their spines.

The reason was that they noticed there were surveillance cameras with flickering red lights all over the place.

There was also the fact that an alarm went off when the fish tank got broken. The surveillance cameras automatically adjusted their lenses and moved to record the scene.

Mason was at a loss for words. He instantly turned pale. "It wasn't me! It wasn't me! If you want to blame someone, then blame it on Donald! He's the one who did it! Yeah! He's the one who broke it!"

When everyone was walking into Grand Myer Hotel, Adrian and Jeremiah had told them that they were not allowed to touch anything in the hotel. The fish tank and the famous calligraphy painting were especially off-limits.

Everyone was very obedient and did not touch anything.

No one would have thought that Mason would break the fish tank. He also ruined the calligraphy painting, which was made by a famous calligrapher in the middle ages.

Adrian and Jeremiah could still afford to pay five million.

However, Tristan's autograph was ruined.

Tristan was an extremely narcissistic person who liked to inscribe his name onto

everything.

If the current owner of Grand Myer Hotel knew that Tristan's autograph was ruined, Adrian and Jeremiah would definitely not be left unpunished.

"Yeah! It was Donald!" someone shouted.

"It's Donald's fault!" another person exclaimed.

Kevin had a comparatively shallower understanding. He asked in a low voice, "Are that fish tank and painting very valuable?"

Jennifer responded, "They cost at least a few million. A small amount that Uncle Adrian and Uncle Jeremiah can afford to pay, though. However, this is Grand Myer Hotel. The person who runs the place is Simon Cook, and it'll be hard to get through him!"

"What?" Kevin instantly widened his eyes. His heart also started beating rapidly. He knew who Simon was.

Before the rise of Tyson, Lucas, Jim, and Zayne, Simon and Noah were the rulers of the underground world of Pollerton.

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Noah was expelled from Pollerton after that and went out of the country. Simon, on the other hand, retired early.

Zaync and the rest then emerged and became the new force in Pollerton.

About five to six years ago, Simon returned and was hired to run Grand Myer Hotel, shocking the people at Pollerton.

That gave a new perspective to the crowd about Grand Myer Hotel. The big boss behind the hotel had to be someone with horrifying power to be able to hire Simon

– the former Prince of Pollerton-lo run the hotel.

"What should we do now?" Bcatrice paced around anxiously.

Even though it was not Ysabel and she who did it, it would not have happened if Ysabel did not bring Donald over today.

Now, the entire Stern family would push the responsibility on her and Ysabel for sure!

Beatrice had heard about Simon before. It was because of Simon, who ran Grand Myer Hotel, that the hotel had never encountered any missing valuable items or vandalism throughout the years of its operation.

From the sound of the shattering of the fishbowl to the sound of footsteps ringing out behind the door, it only took thirty seconds.

Over a hundred of security guards in uniform showed up at the door with electric batons in their hands as they looked inside the hall coldly.

One could tell that those security guards were skillful in combat arts, given their well-built physiques.

Right after that, they split themselves and lined up in two rows, making a clear path in between them. The next second, a man in his fifties showed himself.

He was none other than Simon Cook.

Donning a full suit, he looked like a big shot. Despite being in his fifties, he walked in with the support of a cane.

With a frigid expression, he glanced at the fishbowl and the dead Arapaima fish in a pool of blood. An impending storm seemed to intensify within his eyes.

When he noticed at the famous painting hanging on the wall, his pupils contracted instantly

Then, he turned around slowly and looked in Mason's direction. "You did it. I've checked from the footage of the surveillance cameras earlier."

Mason's face turned pale instantly, and he shook his head fervently. "No, no. It wasn't me. I didn't do in..."

He could not speak coherently anymore. Quickly, he ran toward Adrian and hid behind the latter. "Dad, save me..."

It was evident he had heard about Simon.

That person was a horrifyingly powerful man who had fought from the west dock of Pollerton to Pollerton Estates.

Adrian had no choice but to approach Simon, saying, "Nice to meet you, Mr. Cook. My name is Adrian Stern. I'm the manager of Yund Group who is in charge of the toll stations."

He knew that he could not settle that matter on his own. Hence, he brought Yund Group to the table.

To him, even if Simon paid no respect to him, the former would at least consider Yund Group's reputation.

Sure enough, Simon's expression softened slightly at the mention of Yund Group. "Ah, so you're Adrian. I've heard of you. You're quite skillful."

A hint of delight crept onto Adrian's face. Secretly, he patted Mason, who was petrified behind him. "I'm flattered. Mr. Cook. I'm just keeping up throughout these years."

Simon nodded in response, but he changed the topic abruptly. "However, do you know how much all these are worth?"

As he spoke, he pointed at the famous painting on the wall, the shattered fishbowl, and the dead body of the Arapaima fish.

Adrian replied, "I know it roughly."

Smiling Soon shook his head No You don't

Scared Adrian did not know what that statement meant

Simon continued. Mr Instan Lanc got the famous painting from the royal family of West peaback then Maybe to you for of 113 million is acceptable However, you won't be able to take it for the price of the fishbowl and the Arapaima fish

Adnan heart sank to the bottom at his words "Please elaborate."

The autograph on the fishbowl was personally signed by the one who made it Back in their day when Mr Lane brought the fishbowl from outside the country, he had been on three battlefields and was shot right through the chest Yrt, he had never given up on the fishbowl As for the fish, it was also brought from the bauleheld outside the country by Mr Lane. So, tell me, aren't they priceless

Narrowing his eyes. Simon continued. "I forgot to tell you, Mr Lane is my superior He is also the boss of Charles Langford, the richest man in Pollerton"

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Realizing that Adrian and Jeremiah, who had been through a lot, had goosebumps all over their bodies

It was because they could tell that Sumon feared Tristan so much from his tone alone

Moreover, he sounded as though Tristan was an elite warrior.

The latter had to be an extremely powerful person, as he could make someone like Sumon pledge allegiance to him

Therefore, the fishbowl and the fish were truly priceless!

"Mr Cook, as the manager of Yund Group, please tell me if there's anything I can do to turn this situation around," Adnan said respectfully. "I'm willing to pay any amount of money for it!"

Simon let out a sigh. "You don't get it. If things can be solved by money, I won't show up here"

He continued. That fish is Mr. Lane's favorite. John saw him talking to the fish, so he must have loved it. However, it's dead now, and I'll have to report to Mr. Lane about what has happened. Hence—

"Mr. Cook. it's all his fault. He's the one who did it!" Mason was so petrified that he almost wet his pants.

Though Simon talked nonchalantly, anyone could make out the murderous intent in his tone

As such, Mason decided to put the blame on Donald.

"That's right. He's the one who did it! Mr. Cook, you have to investigate the matter carefully!" Jeremiah chimed in.

At that moment, Donald was crouching and staring at the barely breathing Arapaima fish with a thoughtful expression.

Upon hearing those words, Simon looked in Donald's direction. Then, he commanded slowly "Lift your head up."

Donald did as he was told and met Simon's gaze

Seeing that he was a young man, Simon smiled, losing interest in talking with Donald.

Turning around, he looked at Adrian and Jeremiah. Slowly, he stated, "Thirty million, and I'll get this solved for you guys."

Adrian was stunned. "How do you plan to get it solved?"

Simon pointed at Donald immediately. "He did it."

Then, he waved his hand. "Danny, are the surveillance cameras turned off?"

A security guard responded, "Yes."

Everyone was confused when they heard him, not understanding what that meant.

"Give me thirty million, and he's the one who smashed the fishbowl!" uttered Simon.

Adrian and Jeremiah exchanged glances before the former asked, "Mr. Cook, is twenty million fine?"

Simon mulled over it for a while before replying, "Sure!"

He then turned in Donald's direction again, looking down at the latter arrogantly.

Stand up."

A hint of sarcasm crept across the corner of Donald's lips. Slowly getting to his feet, he kicked the Arapaima fish. "Hey, what do you suggest to make this fish into a delicious dish?"

What the hell? This young brat!

Delighted, Mason suppressed his urge to hop with joy.

Looking frigid, Simon questioned, "Young brat, are you not aware of what is going on

now?"

Donald replied, "The surveillance cameras have recorded everything. I didn't smash the fishbowl, did I?"

"This is Grand Myer Hotel." Simon chuckled. "If I say you did it, then you did it."

With that said, he turned to speak to another security guard. "Turn on the surveillance cameras again."

Then, he swept a glance at everyone at the site. He pointed at an elderly from the Stern family first. "Come, tell me, who smashed the fishbowl?"

Without any hesitation, the elderly replied, "Donald."

"Good. You may sit down. What about you?" Simon pointed at another person this time. "Who smashed the fishbowl?"

"Donald did."

Soon, he had already asked every single person there and finally came to Linda. "Miss, your answer, please."

Linda rose to her feet and said without hesitation, "Donald is the one who smashed

"Yeah, I saw Donald smash the fishbowl with my own eyes," Kevin concurred. "He also stained the famous painting!"

Skylar chimed in, "It has to be Donald. Who else would do that if not him?"