

Son-In-Law Madness Chapter 355 -

Ysabel trembled with rage upon seeing how those people twisted the truth shamelessly

Simon then looked at Jennifer. "Come, tell us what you saw."

Expressionless, Jennifer stood up. "I saw it with my own eyes that Mason did it!"

Hearing her, Mason, Adrian, and the rest glowered at Jennifer in unison.

Shaking his head, Simon smiled before pointing in Ysabel's direction. "What about your answer? Who did it?"

Ysabel and Beatrice responded simultaneously, "Mason did. Don't you have the evidence from the footage? Look into it if you have the guts!"

Simon's gaze became frigid gradually. He had never expected that someone dared to retort his words after so many years of quivering the underworld.

He piped up slowly, "I'm the one who makes the final call in Grand Myer Hotel!"

Suddenly, Donald uttered, "Twenty million, right? If I pay you thirty million, will you say Mason's the one who did it?"

Upon hearing that, Simon was stunned. What? For real?

Adrian sneered, "Don't listen to him, Mr. Cook. I'll admit defeat if he could even take out ten thousand!"

"I've heard about you, the abandoned child of the Campbell clan!" A hint of amusement showed on Simon's face. "Firstly, you are the abandoned child of the Campbell clan. The Campbell clan will be delighted if I give you a hard time. Secondly, I don't want to offend Yund Group. Thus, sorry for you!"

He then added plainly, "I'll report to Mr. Lane everything that you've done. Just you wait. No one can save you when he gets angry!"

"Aren't you afraid that Tristan will check the footage?" Donald's tone became cold as well.

Tristan had cultivated Charles and hired Simon to run Grand Myer Hotel. It seems Tristan has a bad vision.

He had no sway over someone like Simon.

Hearing that, Simon sneered and stared at him mockingly. "Check the footage? I'll just explain there was a power outage when you smashed the fishbowl. Also, there are witnesses who are going to confirm that you're the one who did it. As for those who side with you, I'll find a way to make them disappear."

Simon's tone was icy, sounding unscrupulous.

Donald did not expect that the man would be so shameless to that extent. Letting out a sigh, he remarked, "I have thought of keeping you, but it seems it's unnecessary now."

"How dare you still be so stubborn on the verge of death!" Kevin shouted. "Mr. Cook, why don't you end his life now?"

"Shut up!" Jennifer glowered at Kevin.

Glancing at Donald arrogantly, Simon spoke to Adrian and the rest. "Transfer twenty million to my personal account. I want it now!"

Adrian nodded in response and transferred the money immediately.

When the notification of the successful transfer sounded, ruthlessness crept across Simon's face as he moved closer to Donald.

Still, the latter looked fearless as he stared at the Arapaima fish with his head lowered. "Hey, what do you think will happen if I eat the fish?"

He ignored Simon completely.

Everyone felt a chill down their spine when they heard him.

That's Tristan's favorite Arapaima fish, and Donald wants to eat it?

The Stern family has paid twenty million for the fish, yet he wants to eat it?

"Are those words recorded?" Simon asked.

A security guard responded, "We've already recorded the complete video. He has said similar sentences twice."

Simon nodded. "Bring it over."

The security guard handed him a customized phone and edited the audio recording,

Taking it over, Simon sent it directly to Tristan. "I've already sent the video to Mr. Lane."

Jennifer gazed at Donald anxiously while Ysabel held Donald's arm with her body trembling

Beatrice looked pale.

It had never crossed their minds that they would get themselves into trouble with Simon by attending a dinner banquet.

Of course, it was not Simon whom they were afraid of. Rather, it was Tristan.

3

Son-In-Law Madness Chapter 356 -

"All right. I've sent all the evidence to Mr. Lane, and now, I can send you off. You are the one who smashed the fishbowl and stained the famous painting. You have a motive for doing so, to eat the Arapaima fish." Simon felt satisfied with his cleverness. "Now, I can send you off. Only a corpse can keep a secret."

It was effortless for him to earn twenty million while making everyone think he was still a powerful man. That was hitting two birds with one stone.

A storm seemed to be brewing in Donald's eyes. One could feel his hazardous aura exuding when he opened his eyes.

Just when Simon was about to approach Donald, his phone suddenly rang at an ear piercing volume.

He looked at the caller on the screen and was shocked. Flustered, he answered the call gingerly, "Hello, Mr. Lane!"

Everyone held their breath instantly, knowing that it was Tristan who called.

"Kncel before Mr. Campbell now! Do it right now!" Tristan roared furiously at the other end of the phone.

Startled, Simon was unable to respond as though he had gotten struck by lightning.

Tristan added, "And prepare a few Arapaima dishes for him. Do you hear me?" .

Once Tristan received the footage, he instantly figured out what had happened and wished he could return from West Epea to get rid of Simon right away.

“W-What’s going on?” Simon asked, unable to speak coherently. A cold sweat broke out on his forehead.

“He’s someone with the most distinguished status!” Tristan uttered in a low voice.

Upon hearing that, Simon knew he was in deep trouble.

He was well aware of Tristan’s background as the leader of the Azuro force outside the country. That was the most powerful underground force that would send chills down everyone’s spine.

The chief of the Azuro force went by the code name “Dynasto.”

Rumors had it that the chief of the force was only twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old. Six years ago, he ended the war with his power alone and surprised the whole world.

“C-Could he be Dy...” Simon felt engulfed by a huge shadow, and his body became icy cold.

Before he received any response, Donald snatched his phone away and spoke to Tristan. “I’ll handle it myself.”

Upon ending the call, Donald stared at Simon coldly.

Trembling in fear, the latter dropped to his knees immediately and pleaded for mercy, “Mr. Campbell, I’m sorry. You may punish me!”

Seeing Simon kneeling before Donald, everyone was stunned as they stared at the two, their pupils constricted.

After all, Simon was the former Prince of Pollerton. In terms of power, he could rival Noah Rodriguez

Though he had retired, he still possessed some power. Otherwise, Tristan would not have hired him to run Grand Myer Hotel.

However, that man was now kneeling before Donald.

Widening her eyes, Jennifer gazed at Donald in disbelief. Even though she knew, Donald was Golden Lord, she assumed he was simply a skillful lighter. She had no idea he was actually Lord Campbell.

After all, Lord Campbell was an astounding figure. He was the leader of the young generation in the whole world and led the way for the other important figures of the same era. He was known as the undefeatable man.

Simon's body shivered in horror. He knew how terrifying Tristan was.

A year ago when he headed to West Epea, he had witnessed Tristan's power with his own eyes. That man was almost insurmountable. Nonetheless, he was also aware that there was a chief in the Azuro force that went by the name "Dynasto."

The only man that could make Tristan on tenterhooks was no one but Dynasto!

"Mr. Campbell, I'm sorry. I sincerely apologize for my mistake. Please forgive me!" Simon repeated himself.

Chapter 350

12

+10 years

Jeremiah and Adrian stumbled backward at that sight. Incredulity filled their faces.

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In their eyes, Simon was someone who could not be offended. Yet, the same person was kneeling before Donald right now. What the heck is happening?

* Jennifer's mother, Linda, also stared at the scene in disbelief.

She was afraid that Donald was powerful and influential, but at the same time, she could not bring herself to believe the latter could be this terrific.

Even Kevin was so dumbfounded that countless questions filled his mind.

2

Son-In-Law Madness Chapter 357 Calling My Bluff

Now that Simon was kneeling in front of Donald, being utterly humiliated by the latter, how would they explain such a bizarre turn of events?

Donald stared at Simon, who was still kneeling on the floor, and went over to him, saying, "Raise your head."

Simon did as he was told.

His face had turned as pale as a sheet, and beads of sweat clung to his forehead. "Can I have this fish?" Donald asked.

Simon nodded profusely to him. "S-Sure you can! I'll get someone to cook it for you!"

"How many more expensive and rare fish are there in Grand Myer Hotel?" Donald queried.

Simon froze. "There's more than a dozen of them."

"I'd like to have all of them. Can I?"

When he heard Donald's request, Simon's body shuddered, and he felt goosebumps all over him. What kind of fetish does this man have?

Despite what he had in mind, he merely nodded. "Yes, of course."

With that, Simon bellowed, "Slaughter all the expensive and rare fish we have in the hotel and cook all of them right away!"

Everyone in the hall was utterly dumbfounded.

Beatrice was also in shock at that moment. This Donald Campbell seems to be quite a mystery to me!

"Slap yourself now," Donald ordered calmly.

Hearing that, Simon did as told. He did not even dare to ask how many times he was supposed to slap himself as he smacked his face continuously and ruthlessly. After dozens of slaps, Simon's face was red and swollen. The corner of his mouth was bleeding as well. Even though his eyes were filled with humiliation and disgrace, Simon did not dare to speak up for himself.

"All right. That'll do," Donald uttered.

Simon eventually stopped, forcing an ugly and pathetic smile as he stared at Donald eagerly.

"Get lost."

Relief washed over Simon as he got up and fled the room immediately.

Once he was out of the hall, Simon leaned against the wall, panting heavily.

Everyone in the hall turned to look at Donald, trying to figure out what had just happened.

Beatrice asked, "What exactly is going on here?"

Seeing that Beatrice had a decent personality, Donald replied seriously, "Tristan is actually my subordinate."

If Donald had kept his identity a secret, everyone would still find him mysterious. However, since he came clean about his true status, the others thought he was bluffing instead.

It was because Tristan was no ordinary man.

Before he went to West Epea, he was an extremely influential figure in the

underground world in the country.

The most incredible thing Tristan had done was when a wealthy heir from the nearby island state entered Pollerton with his cruise ship, throwing his weight around and humiliating Zayne and the others with his arrogant attitude, Tristan had destroyed the wealthy heir's cruise ship, which was worth over two billion. The people of Pollerton were not only shocked by this incident, but they also learned how frightening and powerful Tristan was.

Yet, Donald had just claimed he knew Tristan.

Everyone thought he was joking around.

"Be serious!" Beatrice glared at Donald, rendering the latter speechless.

Why won't they believe me? I'm only telling the truth here!

Therefore, he could only say to them, "Fine. I was just going to record Simon's words and actions and then give them to Lana so she can send them to Tristan instead."

As he spoke, Donald pretended to wave the phone in his hand.

"Tristan is that kind of person who couldn't tolerate anyone who defied him.

Everything Simon did was against Tristan's management regulations, so he wanted to punish Simon," Donald explained.

Everyone immediately understood what was going on.

Smiling, Adrian shook his head. "You scared me! I thought you were really so powerful! It turns out that you're just pretending to be one."

Mason, too, heaved a sigh of relief. "So that's how it is. I was still wondering what exactly happened."

"Turns out he's still a loser." Linda rolled her eyes in disdain.

Meanwhile, Kevin said in a sarcastic tone, "You're quite a bluffer, aren't you?

Telling us you're acquainted with Tristan. What a joke indeed!"

Skylar chimed in, "That's right! How shameless you are!"

As he witnessed the true nature of those people before him, Donald found himself at a loss for words.

When I told the truth, none of you believed me. And when I lied, you mocked and ridiculed me! Humans are so complicated.

It was not long before a waiter wheeled a food cart into the room, loaded with piping hot, expensive, and rare ornamental fish.

Everyone stared at the dozens of fish on the food cart, feeling speechless and stunned.

Son-In-Law Madness Chapter 358 Unworthy To Be Here

All the expensive ornamental fish have been slaughtered...

"Everyone, you can have the fish here. My treat," stated Donald.

However, Adrian spoke up. "Hey, why are you still here? Shouldn't you scam by now?"

Confused, Donald rebuked, "I haven't even tasted any of the fish. Why should I leave?"

"Get lost! You're not welcome here! Don't expect me to think highly of you after putting on an act just now. You're still unworthy of sitting here!" Adrian remarked with a frown.

Mason also called out, "That's right! Get the heck out of here! Who do you think you are, anyway?"

"What should I do to be considered worthy, then?" Donald's expression grew cold once again.

Adrian said sarcastically and in annoyance, "I call the shots in the Stern family! As the manager of Yund Group in charge of more than a dozen of toll stations, not only in Pollerton, but I have authority in Xendale and Tayhaven as well. What gives you, an immature snot-nosed brat, the right to speak to me?"

Suddenly, Donald snickered. "In that case, does that mean you have a say in Pollerton's traffic regulations?"

"That's right! I'll let whoever I want in, and I'll keep whoever I want out from Pollerton!" Adrian spoke confidently.

Truth be told, Adrian was truly capable of doing so.

Lowering his head, Donald fiddled his arm as he approached Adrian, uttering in a low voice, "Hmm. So when Bryan set up roadblocks all around Pollerton that time, refusing to let foreign machinery and equipment into the city, that was also your doing?"

Since this was not a secret anymore, Adrian replied without hesitation, "Yes!"

As he spoke, Adrian looked at Donald, noticing the latter's cold, unrelenting eyes.

"Very well, that's the exact reason I'm here for!" As Donald gazed at Adrian, his

eyes were blazing with wrath—sharp and piercing.

Adrian was startled, not knowing what Donald meant. Staring at the latter with hostility and malice, he taunted, "Why? Are you going to finish me off? You're not worthy of doing that yet! Even Mr. Yund isn't worthy of doing so either! Unless it's Mr. Neil Yund we're talking about!"

With that, he looked at Donald haughtily and sneered, "You better scram! Otherwise, I'll break both your legs!"

Despite his words, Donald pulled out a chair and sat down, staring at Adrian indifferently. "So you think it's possible to set up roadblocks in Pollerton by exercising your authority and relying on your status as the manager of Yund Group?"

"Of course. What are you going to do about it?" Adrian felt bold and confident with his answer.

A faint smile appeared on Donald's cold face. "Very well, then. I forgot to mention that more than a dozen toll stations will be demolished simultaneously. In other words, you're going to be out of work soon."

As soon as his words fell, Adrian stared at him as if he was looking at an idiot and laughed. "You're being ridiculous. More than a dozen toll stations being demolished simultaneously? What nonsense are you talking about?"

Panicked, Jennifer stood up immediately. "Don't make a fool of yourself here, Donald! Please just go back."

She was already staring pleadingly at Donald at the end of her sentence.

Anyone with common sense would know it was impossible to demolish over a dozen toll stations, let alone have them torn down all at once.

As this was one of Yund Group's main sources of income, the company would never agree to demolish any of the toll stations.

Moreover, no one would have the audacity to remove any of them.

After all, Yund Group belonged to one of the Ten Prestigious Families.

"When I said to tear them down, he's going to do what I say," Donald replied casually.

Upon hearing his remarks, Mason roared, "That's enough, Donald! You're just an outcast of the Campbell clan. What kind of nonsense are you spewing here?"

He then shouted with all his might, "Ysabel is a witch, you're a loser, while Beatrice is a widow. All three of you are truly a match made in heaven!"

Before Beatrice or Ysabel could say anything, Donald glared icily at Mason with his sharp and menacing eyes.

Mason was instantly shocked by Donald's terrifying glare.

Retracting his gaze, Donald stated, "You'll receive a phone call in five minutes."

Adrian laughed in exasperation. "Fine. I'll wait for it, then. I'd like to see what you can do to persuade Mr. Yund!"

Son-In-Law Madness Chapter 359 Cannot Afford To Offend

After that, Adrian pulled out a chair and sat down.

The aura in the hall soon turned bizarre as the people became divided into two factions.

Donald, Beatrice, and Ysabel stayed with each other while they faced up against the many people from the Stern family.

Beatrice and Ysabel's palms were sweating nervously, but there was no visible sign of anxiousness on Donald's face.

Tugging at Ysabel's shirt, Beatrice remarked, "Ysabel, get Donald to leave. Now!"

Ysabel pondered about it before replying, "Mom, let's trust Donald this time."

Although she was frustrated, Beatrice sighed inwardly. She sides with Donald more than she sides with me. I wonder what's so unique about Donald that Ysabel would trust him unconditionally?

Adrian announced, "I'm going to break your legs in five minutes!"

Time ticked by slowly. Just as the five minutes were about to pass, Adrian's phone rang.

Everyone was collectively frightened by the ringtone.

Peering at Donald, Adrian noticed the former was still sitting in the same spot with no expression on his face. He instantly had a bad feeling about it.

When he picked up his phone, Adrian noticed it was a call from Maisey, a managerial-level staff working for him.

"Bad news, Mr. Stern!" The panicked voice of Maisey sounded through the phone.

"Calm down. What happened?" Adrian replied in a low voice.

Maisey replied, "A colossal truck approaching the toll station has blocked three lanes. Since the vehicle can't head to Pollerton because the tolls are blocking its way, they are trying to demolish toll station number five."

Gravely shaken by Maisey's words, Adrian stood up abruptly from his seat.

"What?" Then, he turned to look at Donald again.

Donald remained indifferent to his gaze.

"Where are the security guards?" Adrian asked anxiously.

"They're injured. Tens of men in ancient armor descended from the truck and are currently demolishing the toll!"

"What is the truck transporting? Why didn't anyone inform me of this truck's appearance?"

"They are transporting some high-tech devices. I have no idea what those are," Maisey reported in a trembling voice.

"All right. I got it." Adrian hung up before turning to look at Donald. "Did you do this?"

"Don't panic. This is only the first of the many to come."

Adrian's heart sank, while the others widened their eyes in astonishment at Donald's words.

Pondering for a moment, Adrian called the person in charge of the highway surveillance cameras.

His voice was humble and respectful when he spoke. "Mr. Stevens, why didn't you notify me about the truck that had entered Pollerton's highway?"

"Don't ask. You can't afford to offend the person behind this," Mr. Stevens answered impatiently.

With that, he ended the call.

Adrian was shocked.

Can't afford to offend? I can't mess with Donald? Does he really have a hidden identity as an influential figure?

While Adrian was blanking out, his phone rang once again. It was a call from another toll supervisor.

"Mr. Stern! Toll station number two is about to be demolished." The caller's voice traveled into everyone's ears.

The others could no longer sit still as they landed their gaze on Donald, having the same thoughts in mind.

Is Donald really behind all these?

Jennifer doubted herself as well. She wondered whether she had ever understood the man before her.

Disconnecting the call, Adrian muttered, "Don't panic. We have Mr. Yund supporting us."

With that, he dialed Neil's number. "Mr. Yund, I apologize for bothering you at this time of the night. I wonder whether you were aware of the demolition of those toll stations?"

"I'm aware. Don't probe into this matter any further. You can't afford to offend him, and neither do I. After the demolition, we will rebuild the toll stations, but you're fired. You've upset Mr. Campbell when you ordered a lockdown on Pollerton's transportation."

I made Mr. Campbell unhappy? Oh, no!

Adrian was on the verge of a breakdown as if someone had detonated a bomb in his brain.

Son-In-Law Madness Chapter 360 Sacking Jeremiah

Wait, Mr. Campbell? Isn't that Donald?

"Who the hell are you?" questioned Adrian as his hands trembled.

Jennifer and the rest of the family narrowed their eyes as they stared at Donald. Kevin refused to move his gaze away from Donald. He had a mix of emotions as his curiosity about Donald's identity grew.

Maybe I misjudged Donald? Is he really some kind of big shot? But that's impossible.

The sharp ringing of Adrian's phone continued. In the end, he was numbed by the unfolding chaos.

By the end of the ordeal, Adrian had been made aware that the demolition of the thirteen toll stations he was in charge of was currently underway.

At a loss for words, he raised his wrist to look at the time on the watch.

Five minutes! It really only took five minutes!

Adrian's body went cold the moment he glanced at Donald.

How powerful is he to be capable of doing such a thing? If they sacked me, I would lose the protection provided by Yund Group. What if my enemies want to get even with me? Wait! I think I still have a chance. I was informed they'll rebuild the toll stations after the demolition. If I beg Donald now, I still have a chance to return to Yund Group.

Hence, with a loud thump, he kneeled before Donald.

The other members of the Stern family were stunned by Adrian's action.

Beatrice covered her mouth in immense shock as she looked at the scene before her, for the arrogant Adrian had chosen to kneel before Donald.

Even though Donald appeared to be mild-mannered and calm, his eyes showed a noticeable streak of rebellion as he stared at Adrian condescendingly.

Startled, Jennifer stood up from her seat abruptly. Her heart was thumping uncontrollably as she studied Donald, trying to find clues about the latter's identity from his micro-expressions.

However, her effort ended up being futile.

No one was more surprised than Kevin and the rest of the Stern family.

For a long moment, the whole place went quiet.

Mason's face paled as he lost his balance. In the end, he had to steady himself with a chair. His terrified and shocked expression could not be concealed.

"This is impossible!" Linda's face turned menacing.

"Please forgive me!" Adrian begged painfully.

Yes, the toll stations are being demolished now, but I know they will rebuild it. If Yund Group stops employing me, I will fall from the altar. My life will be in danger.

Donald remained indifferent to Adrian, who was kneeling on the ground.

After a while, he spoke. "How dare you lock down this city's transportation just to prevent these devices from entering Pollerton?"

"I'm sorry!" Adrian trembled in fear.

That time, Bryan was the one who had looked for him. The man gave Adrian ten million, requesting him to seal off all toll stations and send the trucks back to where they came from if they had these devices in their possessions. When Donald found out about this, he was ready to confront Adrian. However, incidents happened, and they delayed his schedule.

One of the main reasons Donald came looking for Adrian today was to settle the score with him.

On the flip side, Jeremiah felt humiliated by Adrian's decision to kneel before Donald. "Adrian, don't you dare kneel in front of him!" he roared. "You are Adrian Stern. Even if Yund Group fires you, we still have business in a few service areas. Even though the profits of managing those service areas were not as high as the

toll stations, it provided them with many opportunities to exploit the company's funds.

This was also Jeremiah's backup.

Then, he continued, "Come and work for me. I'll let you manage a few of those service areas. I don't think he's powerful enough to ask Neil to fire me too!"

As Jeremiah spoke, a sardonic expression appeared on his face.

Why should I kneel before a man who is about to die? Not to mention he's an abandoned child of the Campbell clan!

Lifting his head, Donald peered at Jeremiah. "All right. Those are your words. I've long wanted to teach you a lesson, anyway."

At that moment, Donald radiated an intimidating aura as he landed his gaze on Jeremiah.

With that, he fished out his phone and gave a call to Neil. "Fire Jeremiah. Take a look into the account."

Son-In-Law Madness Chapter 361 Maybe He Is Lord Campbell

Neil hummed in response before hanging up.

Jeremiah taunted brazenly, "Let me see whether you're powerful or not!"

Around five minutes later, Jeremiah's phone rang. When he noticed the caller, blood drained from his face.

It's Neil!

Neil explained, "You've offended Mr. Campbell too. Starting from tomorrow, you don't have to come to work anymore. Other than that, you've also embezzled funds from the company and forced consumers to make purchases from the service areas. I will make sure to get down to the bottom of the whole incident."

Thud!

Jeremiah's phone fell to the floor. As though struck by a bolt of lightning, he froze. Feeling a coldness creep from his feet to his whole body, the man started shaking.

Donald... truly did it!

"Y-Y-You..." Jeremiah sputtered. He then coughed uncontrollably, feeling as though blood was about to come out of his throat.

Shortly after, the door was pushed open by three righteous-looking men. They

declared, "Jeremiah Stern, you are under arrest for your involvement in multiple occupational crimes."

Jeremiah was not a public official but had opened a restaurant in the service areas during his stint. Working with the transportation company, they forced people who stopped by the service areas to make unwanted purchases while raising the price of a plate of pasta to fifty each.

If one were unwilling to eat it, they would throw the person at the service areas. Worse still, they would beat the person up as well.

Donald had already investigated this matter.

As though strength had drained from his body, Jeremiah let the policemen drag him out of the room.

The room fell into silence once again. This time around, the silence had a sense of confusion to it.

Everyone had their eyes on Donald while Adrian was still kneeling on the ground, his hair drenched with sweat.

Suddenly, a thought flashed through Adrian's mind as he turned toward Ysabel and Beatrice abruptly, pleading, "Ysabel, albeit I'm a distant relative, I'm still your uncle. Please ask Mr. Campbell to let me off the hook."

A look of pity appeared on Ysabel's face as she pulled on Donald's sleeve gently. Even so, Donald remained unfazed.

"Beatrice, my dear sister. Please help me out!" Adrian cajoled anxiously.

Stepping forward, Beatrice uttered gently, "Donald, don't be too harsh on him."

Donald chuckled in response. "Why are you begging me? It's not like it was my request to demolish the toll stations."

Everyone was baffled, not quite understanding Donald's words.

Adrian was dazed as well. However, before long, his phone rang again. "Mr. Stern, we found some useful information. The one behind the demolition is none other than Lord Campbell himself! He wants to build a Lord Campbell Mountain Villa and an S7-Grade laboratory. Those trucks were transporting his devices," Maisey informed.

What the hell?

Stupefied, Adrian looked at Donald. "You're not the Mr. Campbell that Neil mentioned? It's Lord Campbell?"

He continued, "Lord Campbell's the one who dislikes my behavior and not you?"

Did you pretend to be him so you could scare and threaten me?"

"Yep," Donald replied. To him, the conversation had taken an interesting turn. Hearing that, Adrian got up from the ground immediately. His voice was cold as he remarked, "So, you're telling me these were Lord Campbell's doings instead of yours?"

After giving it some thought, Donald answered, "What if I told you I'm Lord Campbell?"

"Bullsh*t! If you're Lord Campbell, then I'm Dynasto!" Adrian fumed.

It's a misunderstanding! I kneeled before the wrong man!

Adrian reverted to his cold, hard self.

In an instant, everyone burst into an uproar as they started chattering.

"What on earth is this? Did he pretend to be Lord Campbell so he could act cool?"

"I knew it. How would a loser like him be this capable?"

"What a waste of my time." Skylar pouted unhappily.

Kevin and Linda breathed a sigh of relief. "Oh, so it was Lord Campbell's all along. I truly thought Donald was a capable man. What a hopeless piece of scumbag!"

Son-In-Law Madness Chapter 362 Teach Them A Lesson

Glaring at Donald, Mason roared, "I'm seriously going to wreck you!"

"Wait, what about Jeremiah, then?" Beatrice questioned with a frown.

"Well, nobody liked the way Jeremiah handled his matters," Donald replied.

Realization dawned on the crowd. It's an unlucky day for Jeremiah. Adrian was the one who offended Lord Campbell, yet Donald got rid of Adrian and Jeremiah at the same time.

At least, that was what they all thought. Nobody believed in Donald's confession to being Lord Campbell, as the truth was hard to digest.

After all, Lord Campbell was too big a shot.

"I'm going to kill you!" Adrian thundered, grabbing a wine bottle and rushing toward Donald. "How dare you make me kneel for so long!"

Just as he took a step forward, the wine bottle in his hand shattered.

"Adrian, come with me," ordered Yves Yund, an expert from Yund Group, as he walked into the room. He was one of the men from Neil's inner circle.

Yves did not dare to look at Donald.

Upon seeing him, Adrian turned pale, and his body quivered. "M-Mr. Yves..."

"It's not a big deal when you tried to stop Lord Campbell from passing through the toll stations. But did you know that you nearly delayed Lord Campbell's work progress when you ordered a lockdown on Pollerton's transportation? That was your worst mistake!" Yves remarked.

Lord Campbell again? I regret everything that I did. That time, Bryan told me Lord Campbell wouldn't hold me accountable for the lockdown and that Lord Campbell wouldn't dare to square up against Yund Group. I trusted him because I have Yund Group backing me up! But now what? Even Yund Group is afraid of Lord Campbell!

As Adrian tried to say something, Yves knocked him out by hitting his neck. Then, Yves dragged the passed-out Adrian out of the hall immediately.

He did not utter a word to anyone else during the whole process. More importantly, he did not look at Donald as Yves knew who the latter was because Neil had explained it to him.

With Jeremiah and Adrian gone, the Stern family had lost their leaders.

Some began to mock Donald, saying he was using Lord Campbell's name to brag and show off.

"Let's go," Donald said.

Since he had gotten what he came for, Donald found no reason to stay around any longer.

He was a man with high moral standards, so he could not bear to see people using dirty tricks. His primary purpose for showing up was to teach Jeremiah and Adrian a lesson, and he had achieved that.

"Let me see you off," Ysabel offered as she stood up.

Beatrice grumbled, "Ysabel, stay! We have things to discuss!"

Since Jeremiah and Adrian had been stripped of their power, the Stern family had to devise a new plan. They had to either go on their separate ways in the future or continued to stay together.

Hearing that, Ysabel stopped right in her tracks, her eyes shifting to Beatrice.

"Mom, I'm an adult."

"Yes, you're an adult. I don't care about the things you do, but he's your brother-in-law!"

"Ex-brother-in-law," Ysabel stressed while she stole a glance at Donald. The man had already turned and left.

"Even so!"

Meanwhile, Jennifer remained expressionless as she stared at Ysabel.

The latter stomped her feet on the ground anxiously. "Donald is getting farther away! I'll talk to you when return!"

With that, she shook free from Beatrice's grasp and ran outward.

By the time she hurried outside, Donald was on a sidewalk opposite Ysabel.

"Wait for me, Donald!" she shouted. "Wait!" Jumping up and down, she waved her right hand, seeming as though she were happy.

Turning around, Donald narrowed his eyes. "Watch out!"

Blended into a crowd was a man wearing a cap. He approached Ysabel silently from behind before raising his right hand.

Bang!

Gunshots rattled across the air.

"Ahh!"

Almost immediately, the panicked crowd started screaming.

Ysabel collapsed to the ground on her back with blood oozing out of her wound.

In the meantime, Beatrice had just arrived at the ground floor of Grand Myer Hotel. As she saw the scene before her, her eyes widened, and she yelled in shock, "Ysabel!"

Son-In-Law Madness Chapter 363 Ysabel Got Shot

Dashing toward Ysabel as if she had gone mad, she pulled Ysabel into her embrace.

At the sound of the gunshot, Jennifer and the others ran downstairs, only to find Ysabel covered in blood.

"Capture him!" With a frosty expression, Donald waved his hand.

Although the man with a cap had disappeared, Bradley had been keeping an eye on the man, so he immediately started tracking the latter down.

Striding toward Ysabel, Donald started ringing Hannah's phone.

"Help! Call an ambulance right now!" Tears streamed down Beatrice's face as she scanned the surroundings hysterically.

"Ysabel!" When Jennifer noticed Ysabel's profuse bleeding, her eyes brimmed in tears.

The bullet had Ysabel's back, causing her to fall flat onto her back and suffer from an injury on the back of her head.

Members of the Stern family appeared one after another as they gathered around.

As Donald's gaze swept across the surroundings, he noticed Mason hiding among the crowd, watching the scene coldly.

Very soon, the ambulance arrived, and the paramedics carried Ysabel into the ambulance.

Just as Donald was about to follow the ambulance, Beatrice whirled around and pointed at him, fuming, "You're a jinx. This is all your fault. Things wouldn't have turned out this way if Ysabel didn't try chasing after you! If anything happens to Ysabel, I'll definitely not let you off the hook!"

With bloodshot eyes, Jennifer also reprimanded, "Donald, you're older than Ysabel by seven years. Why are you entangling with her?"

Linda chimed in, "I'm sure he's trying to live off her. Although Beatrice is merely a university lecturer, she earns a minimum annual salary of over two hundred thousand, which is much more than a jobless man like him has!"

"He's a jinx for sure," Kevin supported. "Look at how my sister prospers right after getting a divorce from him!"

Lifting her head, Skylar gazed at the sky. "During a stormy weather, we must distance ourselves from this type of people, as we might get struck!"

Someone from the Stern family added, "It's all your fault!"

With a darkened expression, Donald remained silent.

He then turned around and left.

Without wasting any more time, Jennifer and the others quickly made their way to the hospital.

Ten minutes later, Donald appeared in an MPV, making a call to Bradley. "Where's the target?"

"East City Machine Factory. There are more than a hundred people in there!"

Bradley filled him in with some useful information. "That assassin has quite an interesting identity. I believe he's hired by Mason, but somehow, he's also related to a good friend of James—Miracle Doctor of Pollerton. His friend is Albert

Winston, otherwise known as Bert, and he's from the Winston family of Pollerton."

The Winston family was the second most powerful family in Pollerton.

Known as both a patriarchal and patrilineal clan, the Winston family was much more of a hassle to deal with than the underground influences, even though they were not an underground force. This was because they stuck together and showed unity. An election would be held every three years to select the most capable and ruthless man as their leader to develop their family further.

For this cycle, the leader of the Winston family was Albert's father.

As for the identity of the assassin, he was Albert's cousin.

Even when Zayne, Tyson, and the others were in control of the underground in Pollerton, they dared not offend the patrilineal clans.

This was because not only were the clans difficult to deal with, but they were also extremely united. Although they were usually busy with their own affairs, they would gather at critical moments and unleash their extraordinary powers.

Twenty years ago, the Winston family made a record of defeating thirteen big corporations within a year.

To put it in simpler terms, they achieved that by causing trouble. For instance, hundreds of people would gather at the entrance of a corporation and set up a mourning hall, gifting things like wreaths.

Worse, it was difficult to rectify them, as they would spread out immediately.

"A clan?" Donald's gaze turned terrifyingly cold. "How dare this miracle doctor mess with me when I've done nothing?"

Bradley asked, "So what now?"

A hint of anger flashed through Donald's eyes. "We shall see what Ysabel's condition is like first before I deal with this clan. I don't need any official support to bully him. Transfer the guard team members from Terrandya, Tudela's Special Operations Force, as well as the other guard team members from Horizon Group here. This time, I shall intimidate these clans!"

Son-In-Law Madness Chapter 364 A Plan

"Copy, Lord Campbell!"

Kingsley then drove Donald to Pollerton General Hospital to check out Ysabel's

condition.

Meanwhile, James and Albert were meeting the assassin at East City Machine Factory.

Despite being in his thirties, James' gaze was as merciless as a venomous snake. Dressed in an Armani suit while wearing an expensive watch, Jeremy seemed tall and muscular.

"Bert, how did it go?" James queried.

He was still thinking about Jennifer, whose figure had been on his mind for the past few days. A lady who owned a graceful temperament like her was rare.

With a gleeful smile, Albert reassured, "Rest assured. Someone will be looking for you within three days."

James asked, "Oh? What tactic have you employed?"

Albert pulled over the man in a cap. "This is my cousin, Andrew Winston."

Lifting his head, Andrew revealed a ferocious scar across his face as he stared at James.

While waiting for Albert to continue speaking, James briefly nodded.

Albert went on, "Jennifer's ex-husband is Donald, the abandoned child of the Campbell clan. After they had gotten a divorce, Ysabel—Jennifer's cousin—fell in love with Donald and began pestering him. However, everyone from the Stern family, especially Beatrice—Ysabel's mother—strongly disapproves of it."

"What does that have to do with my plan of obtaining Jennifer?" questioned James.

Albert smiled faintly. "Calm down, James. Hear me out first. I've sent Andrew to land a severe injury on Ysabel tonight. The bullet is covered in the ecstasy medicine you've formulated. Didn't you mention that you're the only one who's able to detoxify this poison? Now that Ysabel has been shot with it, there's no way Pollerton General Hospital and Nouveau Hospital are able to treat her."

With a smug look, he continued excitedly, "If you suddenly appear when everyone is in great despair and manage to rescue Ysabel with a mere needle, isn't that a chance for you to display your exceptional medical skills and level up your reputation? After all, Jennifer is someone ordinary who doesn't have any foundation. Everything that she currently owns is fostered by the Wilson family of Tayhaven. However, the Wilson family and Jennifer are currently on bad terms. If you show up while demonstrating your impressive capability, would the Wilson

family agree to it if you openly express your love for Jennifer and hope that she would marry you? Or should I say... Would the Stern family agree to it?"

When James heard that, his eyes sparkled with excitement as he gave Albert a thumbs-up. "Impressive! Once everything is resolved, Andrew and you will receive a reward of three million each!"

At that, Andrew felt over the moon.

Regaining his composure, James asked, "Are you sure it's fine to fire shots publicly?"

With a mask of complacency, Albert reassured, "My father is the head of the Winston family for this cycle, and the Winston family is currently the second most influential clan of Pollerton. Although we currently only have around a hundred members, my dad is able to gather ten thousand strong laborers from the Winstons all around Pollerton within three hours by making a single phone call! With such power, Zayne means nothing. Besides, my mother comes from the Denzel family, which is the most influential clan in Pollerton!"

James nodded. "Okay then. Let's figure out what we should do next."

Meanwhile, Donald was in an alley outside the hospital. Amid the darkness, a dense cluster of Azure Wyvern guards could be seen standing behind him. Kingsley, who was also known as Wyvern King, along with Bradley, stood behind Donald, remaining silent and motionless as they were aware that Donald was currently infuriated.

Once Donald was furious, he would turn the world upside down.

Bradley remarked, "The Winston family currently has more than ten thousand strong laborers registered, so it's quite a hassle to deal with them. Even Neil dares not mess with them. Usually, they would be busy with their own work in different areas such as farming or running businesses. However, under the clan leader's command, they would gather within a short period of time. Besides, the wife of the current leader of the Winston family is from the Denzel family—Pollerton's most influential family—with seventy thousand strong laborers registered!"