

Son-In-Law Madness Chapter 451

Chapter 451 At Nine The second the guard receive the token, he got out of the car straightaway and hustled off to the airport. Xylus spoke with lingering dread once the power level readings on his own evaluation glasses returned to normal, "With a power level of five million, he's simply not human. Maybe even Nathan himself would not be a match for him." Having already surpassed the million power level mark ten years ago, Nathan Long was a legend on the battlefield. Tyrone shook his head.

"Perhaps we had been mistaken." Xylus was taken aback. "How so?" "The working principle behind the evaluation glasses is the detection of fluctuations. A reading of five million could only be found on assault weapons that are usually nuclear powered. In other words, only nuclear power could produce that sort of energy value. Do you think he could be wearing some gear on him that is powered by nuclear energy?" Tyrone asked. Initially taken aback, Xylus then shook his head. "Impossible. Nuclear-powered devices like the Tokamak toroidal devices are way too large. They are as big as a mansion and could possibly weigh up to several tons... Unless you mean to say that Tokamak devices could be developed using controlled fusion technology?" Could it be like Iron Man's? In the Marvel movies, Iron Man's armor is powered by a Tokamak toroidal device. If Lord Campbell really produce such a device, he could change the world! Tyrone closed his eyes and nodded. "It'd be an unbelievable business opportunity, the ability to shrink a nuclear reactor that is originally as huge as a pyramid into the size of a fist. It will be a complete game changer!" Mind blown, Xylus remained stupefied for a while before he spoke up again. "That makes a lot more sense. Seeing that there's no way any mere mortal could possess such immense power, it makes the presence of a Tokamak device the only plausible explanation." When he developed the Anti Golden Lord Device, Rupert had to expend enough power to light a few dozen streets before he could get it started up. In spite of it, he had never actually managed to deploy it more than ten times.

Were he to power it using this Tokamak device, he may very well be able to activate it more than a hundred times! On the twenty-third, the engagement date

between Jennifer and Tyrone was just three days away. The situation was unfolding in Pollerton quickly and in increasingly unpredictable ways. Countless corporate representatives and top-class, as well as second-tier tycoons, ceaselessly flocked into town without pause in preparation to extend their own congratulations to Tyrone and Jennifer. It was a rare sight and a true spectacle for the ages. Jennifer's relatives and friends were so envious that they were in no short supply of commentary to present about it. "You're so lucky, Jennifer!" "The engagement date itself hasn't even arrived, and already, so many have come to Pollerton!" "Yeah. The last time you married Donald, it didn't even come anywhere close to this. In the end, only his grandfather came, and none of his other relatives even bothered to show up!" Relatives of the Wilson family were all engaged in discussions galore. The Wilson family from Tayhaven had sent representatives, and Sylvia had personally come to Pollerton herself to suck up to the mighty Campbell clan. By nine in the morning, Rivebale Hotel had become fully occupied. It was around the same time that Silas arrived, stepping out the moment his Maybach rolled to a halt. With his piercing gaze, he cut an imposing character. Walking alongside him, was a man who was in his sixties. Dressed in a tunic suit, the latter had both hands held behind his own back. That was Jeffery Lisle. "Ms. Collins." Silas scrutinized Lana from head to toe with eyes narrowed when he saw her. Hmm... that face and that sort of figure.

Her reputation as the most beautiful woman in Jadeborough is unquestionably well-earned. Lana merely nodded politely. "Everything is ready on the ninth floor." "Excellent." Silas then walked toward the elevator. Conversely, Jeffery's eyes were fixated upon Lana. Remarking off the cuff without reservations about whether Lana could hear him, he said, "This woman doesn't look too bad. I really got to figure out a way to bed her, at least once!" Another car cruised in shortly after. Out stepped a rotund middle-aged man. Wearing a mink coat, a thick gold chain, and clutching a branded bag, he looked every bit like a member of the nouveau riche. It was Henry Moore, known to others as Mr. Henry! In the past year, Henry had been riding on a high. Merely a small-time ruffian previously, he also used to be one of Ethan's henchmen.

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Chapter 452 Someone Important But being the first to pledge his allegiance to Silas after the latter arrived in Pollerton and by offering up all of his own assets in the process, he won the favor of Silas who went on to appoint him as his first vanguard. Sooner or later, Silas will have to leave Pollerton, and in the latter's absence, Henry would rise up to become the true master of Pollerton. Thus, it had to be said that he had chosen wisely. "Bring me a chair. I have to take a good look at the faces of all those bigwigs in Pollerton from before, just to see whether they would shit themselves," Henry said. A henchman with a fancifully colored mane immediately ran over and set a chair down. Henry then sat boldly and uninhibitedly by the doorway with his legs crossed and eyes narrowed.

"Oh, Herman. You're here too?" Not bothering to set himself upright, Donald offered up a boisterous greeting when he saw a man alight. Herman merely eyeballed Donald coldly before he went straight inside the hall. "Remember that you have to hand over the shop in Southwood E-commerce District today. Hahaha..." laughed Henry after him. "Hmm. Isn't that Crow? You are really early. Mr. Doyle's waiting for you already." Henry was on a roll. He was really looking forward to seeing how Ethan, Charles, and the others would react. Coming up to ten in the morning, Henry was starting to get a little impatient when Charles and the others had yet to arrive. Thus, he gave Ethan a call. "Yo, what's with the hold-up? You've kept Mr. Doyle waiting for almost an hour already. You should know that there's going to be consequences if you don't show yourself soon, so don't say that I didn't warn you!" "Let him carry on waiting then," Ethan's nonchalant voice rang out. Taken aback, Henry then broke into a tirade. "It seems to me that you've grown tired of living. Wait till I repeat what you've just said to Mr. Doyle!" "Whatever." Ethan's reply was equally pointed. Being no fool himself, Henry said ambiguously, "Sounds like you found yourself some kind of backer."

Disinterested in tattling on with his counterpart, Ethan casually hung up. The snorting Henry was unconvinced of Ethan's ability to secure any kind of formidable backing. Even Neil was reluctant to get involved in all that. With the guests continuing to stream in, Henry psyched himself up upon seeing a couple approach. It's Arnaldo Wilson and his daughter Reina! Henry finally got to his feet. "You're late, Arnaldo, and Mr. Doyle is very displeased!" Arnaldo only regarded him blandly. "Really." "Aren't you afraid that Mr. Doyle would have your head?" said Henry in an attempt to demand some respect for himself. Arnaldo's gaze gradually turned frosty. "Why is a cur like you even trying to issue threats around here?" Stunned, Henry then roared, "You're a dead man. You're never getting out of Pollerton alive!" Arnaldo went on to ignore him and led Reina inside. Holton and Yolanda arrived shortly after, but Henry made no attempt to taunt them, for he knew that Holton was no pushover, and Yolanda, especially, had a reputation for being ruthless. At eleven sharp, Henry finally spotted Charles, Zayne, Tyson, and Ethan arrive in concert. Returning to his post on the chair, Henry smiled broadly at the lot of them. He then lifted his wrist to check the time.

"Late for almost two hours. Boy, you lot are in trouble now!" Coming up to him, Charles towered over him before sending a backhand across the latter's face. "Mind your own damned business!" Taken by surprise, Henry felt the impetus to blow his top. But at the sight of the considerable number of bodyguards behind Charles, he could only muster up a sneer. "You won't be cocky for much longer. From this day on, you'll no longer be the richest man in Pollerton!" Charles could not be bothered with him. His crew quietly waited in the lift lobby, as though they were awaiting the arrival of someone important. Shortly after, a man dressed in a suit with his hair pulled back into a ponytail appeared outside of the glass door. The shell-shocked Henry exclaimed, "You're alive, Donald Campbell. To think that you'd dare show yourself around here. Mr. Doyle has been looking everywhere for you!"

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Chapter 453 Back Up Silas had been searching high and low for Donald in Pollerton. He had raised Donald's bounty up to a million and had also seen his photo before. Hence, Silas' had a deep impression of Donald. "I want to call Mr. Doyle now!" With that said, Henry grabbed his phone to make the call. As he fished out his phone, his phone started to burn unexpectedly. Meanwhile, Donald walked in and ignored him completely. "Catch him!" Henry roared. The next second, he dashed forward to Donald with eight of his lackeys, and some of them even whipped out their batons. Donald did not turn around and merely tapped his foot on the ground. Instantly, a layer of white wave could be seen. Its impact was huge, and it spread across the place like a surge. About seven to eight men let out a scream as all of them flew backward and smashed against the glass door. Clang! The glass door broke and shattered into shards.

"There's a pool table on the ninth floor. Do you want to have a match later, Mr. Campbell?" Charles and the rest were shocked upon witnessing Donald's move. Nonetheless, he kept his cool and asked in an ingratiating manner. Donald was momentarily stunned. "Okay." He nodded. Soon, they took the elevator and arrived on the ninth floor. The place was packed with big shots and powerful people. Akio, the president of Pollerton Translations, was also there. At that time, he was playing pool with Silas. There were three pool tables there. By the time they arrived, there was only one table left. The other two tables were occupied by some other players. Thump! Silas hit the ball accurately and successfully pocketed a ball. Seeing that, Akio clapped his hands and laughed. "You have great skills, Mr. Doyle!" Silas shot a glance at Jeffery, who was at the table beside him and said, "Mr. Lysle has better skills than me. He can score all the points effortlessly." The gangster who was having a match with him did his best to butter Silas up. In the distance, Holton, Arnaldo, and the rest were sitting by the window while playing with their phones nonchalantly. Ding! Hearing the elevator's sound, Silas halted his movement and looked out the door. Charles walked out of the elevator while Ethan and his men followed closely behind. "Finally, he's here." A wicked smile appeared on Silas' face. Nevertheless, he was startled when he saw someone following behind. It was Donald. Silas glowered at him and asked,

"Donald, do you have a death wish by coming here? What's the matter? Are you here to plead for mercy?"

Leaning on his cue stick, Silas narrowed his eyes at Donald. Instant silence filled the room as everyone there watched the situation unfold at the side. However, Jeffery was the only exception. He gave Donald a glance and was disinterested in him. Other than his good looks, I find nothing special about Donald. He doesn't have a strong presence, and his aura is pretty weak to me. Unimpressed, Jeffery played pool by himself. Meanwhile, Charles glanced at him with the cane in his hand. "Silas, go ahead and spit it all out. I'm a busy man. I don't have time to waste with you." The bigwigs there were overwhelmed with shock to hear that. Could it be that someone is backing Charles up? Otherwise, how dare he speak so brazenly? Silas chuckled. A cold glint flashed across his eyes as he gazed at Donald sinisterly. "I'll get down to business first. After that, I'll kill you." Walking to another pool table, Charles said to Donald, "Do you want to have a match?" Donald walked over to the table and picked a cue stick randomly. Then, both of them started playing together. Silas watched everything at the side with his eyes narrowed and started to ponder inwardly. Could it be that both of them have someone powerful to back them up? Why are they so arrogant? In fact, the big shots there shared the same thought too. Nonetheless, Holton and Arnaldo exchanged a smile, seeing the gloating look in each other's eyes. Poor Silas, do you even have any idea who are you facing? It was at that moment Silas abruptly let out a laugh. He asked, "Tell me, Charles. Who is backing you up? The Yund family? The Campbell clan? Or is it the Freedman clan? Who is it?"

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Chapter 454 Obey Silas paused for a brief moment and suddenly thought of a possibility. "Could it be that Tristan is back?" Upon hearing that, everyone was startled. Tristan is back? Well, that explains Charles' arrogance, but why is Donald behaving that way too? Charles smiled faintly and did not deny anything. "Yes, I have someone in high places," uttered Charles. True enough, Tristan is back! Following that, Silas could feel his heart sink slightly. He turned to look at Donald and scoffed, "Donald, a loser like you manage to curry favor with Tristan too?" Donald voiced eventually, "Do you think I need to do that?" What an arrogant and condescending man! Silas shot Donald with a bloodthirsty gaze, thinking about how to finish him off. Jeffery leaned on the pool table, preparing to hit the ball. As he made his move, he pocketed a ball effortlessly and voiced out of the blue, "So what if Tristan returns? What's with the snobbiness? Tristan is a loser anyway." As he spoke, it was as if he was talking about a trivial matter. His words shocked almost everyone present there, nonetheless. How could he not know anything about Tristan? Tristan is well known as the leader of Azuro. Back then, he had a high rating of power level. His power level had been close to eight hundred thousand! Jeffery sounds like he's not a tad bit afraid of Tristan. If so, he must be someone more powerful than Tristan!

Hearing Tristan's words, Silas stopped worrying and giggled out loud. "It seems like you have no one to back you up anymore, Charles!" Charles said impatiently, "Cut to the chase!" Instantly, Silas dropped the nonsense and glanced around with a grim expression. He scanned Holton, Arnaldo, Charles, Zayne, Tyson, and the rest before he uttered aloofly, "Holton, sign on the share transfer agreement immediately. I want all of your properties!" Next, he shifted his attention to Arnaldo and said, "Arnaldo, I want the three of your sports complexes in Terrandya!" He continued, "Zayne, I want eighty percent of the shares in Pollerton Opera House!" "Ethan, I want to own your Southwood E-commerce District!" As soon as he spoke, everyone saw his greedy intention. The properties that Silas had just asked for cost roughly three hundred billion. At that moment, the one

thousand square meters large floor fell into an eerie silence. Standing up, Jeffery glanced around with a cold expression. Whoever dares to disobey will be killed first! One of Pollerton's big shots stood up and stammered, "Mr. Doyle, you're asking for all of my shares. Isn't it too..." As a matter of fact, the man had made a name for himself locally by being the pioneer to set up a casino in Pollerton.

Not only that, but he had also retired long ago. Being one of the influential people in Pollerton, his net worth was up to twenty billion. Regardless, he had never expected himself to be on Silas' list. Before he could finish his sentence, a cue stick howled in the air, flying across the room speedily. The tremendous impact nailed him right on his chest and hung his body onto the wall. His blood dribbled down the wall uncontrollably. Promptly, ear-piercing screams resonated the entire floor. "Who else has a second voice?" Jeffery grabbed another cue stick and asked coldly. Witnessing that, everyone was beyond terrified, except for Donald. His eyes gradually turned cold as he observed. How could he kill people because of their non-acceptance? You're going too far, Jeffery. Have you forgotten about Yorksland's system? In the meantime, the other big shots trembled in fear, and their face went as white as a sheet. Jeffery is no different from Francesco. They make people feel an overwhelming sense of powerlessness. The air became tense. It was at that moment an explosion blared out of thin air unanticipatedly. Immediately afterward, the floor-to-ceiling window shattered into pieces. All of them were too frightened to react to the incident. Meanwhile, Jeffery bellowed in a low voice and turned around to point his cue stick at the window. Instantly, the cue stick in his hand bent and sparks flew all around the place.

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Chapter 455 An Assassination In an instant, the crowd knew what was going on. A sniper is trying to kill Jeffery! Ding! Jeffery successfully hit the sniper with the cue stick. He then looked out the window and uttered flatly, "Is he trying to kill me by just using a sniper rifle and armor-piercing bullets?" The crowd looked out the window as well. That was when they saw a sniper on a balcony a few hundred meters away. The sniper realized he had been spotted, and he was escaping. Silas was infuriated. "F*ck! An assassination? I'll get people to surround the building!" Jeffery shook his head slightly. "That's not necessary. Watch me kill him!" How is he going to kill him? The assassin is so far away! At first, the crowd didn't understand what Jeffery meant. However, they were going to find out soon. Jeffery raised a cue stick into the air, took aim, and threw it out. Whoosh! The cue stick made a crisp sound in the air the moment it was thrown out. The sniper knew he was in trouble, so he leaped and tried to hide. However, there was no point.

The cue stick reached him within seconds. The impact didn't cause any explosion, but the crowd could see the sniper's body blowing up into pieces. He blocked an armor-piercing bullet with a cue stick and killed the experienced assassin a few hundred meters away with another cue stick! That's frightening! "All right. Now, let's find out who the sniper was working for." Jeffery flashed a faint smile before dashing away like a ghost. He then appeared in front of one of the big shots and grabbed him by his collar. He was too fast for the naked eyes. In a blink of an eye, he had already jumped past a pool table and a dozen chairs and tables to arrive in front of the big shot. The big shot was a man in his fifties. At that moment, he was already peeing his pants when he pleaded, "This has nothing to do with me..." Jeffery grabbed him by the neck and asked, "You have a strong smell of gunpowder on your body. Let me guess. Are you involved in arms deals?" The big shot's face went pale immediately. "I'm sorry! I was wrong!" He was sobbing inconsolably, and his pants were soaked in urine. With a cold gaze, Jeffery held him up by his neck and threw him out the window. "Goodbye!" "Ahhh!" Most of the big shots were getting anxious, and their faces had all gone pale. At the same time, their hearts were pounding because they were once again

frightened by Jeffery's ruthlessness. Silas burst out laughing. "All right! Give your answers now! We're busy!" "I'll do it!" "I'll give you my smuggling business!"

"I'll hand over my arms deals!" A lot of the big shots had agreed to give up their deals and fortune in order to stay alive. Henry was watching in utter excitement. Once again, he thought he was really smart to get into Silas' good book. Seeing that most of the big shots had given up, Silas turned toward Holton and asked, "How about you?" Standing behind Holton, Yolanda was all tensed up. She was afraid that Jeffery would attack them. The power this man has shown is terrifying! He is as strong as what a human could possibly be. I doubt a commoner would be able to hold him off. Holton slowly stood up and looked at Silas. "I'm not giving up anything!" What? He's not? The crowd gasped at his words simultaneously. Silas' gaze suddenly turned cold, and he was staring at Holton as if he was already a dead man. "No worries. I would like to see how many people are still not convinced. I'll deal with all of them later!" Jeffery uttered expressionlessly before potting a ball accurately. "Arnaldo, how about you?" Silas asked. Arnaldo laughed. "Me? I'm not giving up anything, of course!" Another person had refused to surrender their wealth.

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Chapter 456 The Abandoned Child Silas' expression was turning ferocious because he felt that he had been challenged. "How about you, Mr. Lynch?" Silas turned toward the gangster from Pollerton. Ethan laughed out loud and replied, "I'm not giving up sh*t either!" He didn't look nervous at all when he said that. In fact, he was picking his teeth casually. Silas could feel that something was wrong. These people are obviously working together. However, who's giving them the courage to act so brazenly? Silas kept sizing them up. "I'm not giving up anything as well!" Zayne voiced. Suddenly, the atmosphere got awkward. Even Jeffery had stopped what he was doing. He stood up straight with a cue stick in his hand before walking toward the crowd. "Interesting. In that case—" Before he

could finish his sentence, the sound of pool balls colliding with each other messed up his train of thought. He frowned and turned around to see a man in a suit with a ponytail. The man was bending down and concentrating on making his shot on the pool table. Why would someone still dare to play pool at this tense moment? Is he not afraid to die, or is he someone capable? Henry roared, "Donald! Are you courting death?" While he spoke, he grabbed a pool ball and threw it at Donald.

Donald casually swung his cue stick and struck the pool ball as if he was playing baseball. The pool ball smashed into Henry's forehead, and blood was gushing out. Henry held his forehead and shrieked in pain before falling to the ground. Donald didn't even use his strength when he struck the ball. If he had used his full strength, he could've shattered Henry's head. Silas immediately turned around and stared at Donald. "Hey, the abandoned child of the Campbell clan. How dare you disrespect Mr. Lysle?" Not only did Donald not show Silas and Jeffery any respect, but he was also totally looking down on them. Donald calmly bent down again and uttered flatly, "Jeffery? Who is he?" Silas and all the other big shots grew anxious upon hearing that. Who's Jeffery? He's the strongest fighter abroad, and he's Francesco's master! No one but Francesco could stand against him! As expected, the crowd was starting to have difficulty breathing because Jeffery was exuding a strong and overwhelming wave of aura.

At that moment, the crowd felt like they were trapped in a vacuumed atmosphere. The weaker individuals had even fallen to the ground, and they were gasping heavily. Besides, they were drenched in sweat. Jeffery's presence was undeniably horrifying. He was like a beast ready to slaughter its prey. Donald, however, was still concentrating on making the shots. Jeffery gradually approached him and stood twenty-odd meters away from him. With a cold gaze, he said, "The abandoned child of the Campbell clan, you've been hiding for a year, right? Are you acting brazenly just because you think you've found yourself a backer?" "Tell me who's backing you! I don't care who he is, but I'm killing you today!" Jeffery was pissed off. Donald finally lifted his head, and he said in a serious tone. "No one's backing me. I back myself!"

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Chapter 457 Revealing Crabface Silas thought Donald sounded absurd because he had already looked into Donald. His mother's family was one of the Ten Prestigious Families, the Irving family. His father is a dispirited instructor at a driving school. His grandfather, Raymond, isn't an ordinary man. It seems like he knows someone powerful in Jadeborough. However, that powerful individual didn't provide him with much help. More than a decade ago, that powerful individual was not even willing to help Raymond when he was banished by the Campbell clan. Donald himself is just a bodyguard working for Lana. Before this, he was managing Raymond's renovation company. He's nothing but a nobody. What gives a small fry like him the confidence to act so brazenly? This is ridiculous! "You're Lana's bodyguard, right? Do you think she will be able to protect you?" Jeffery asked. Donald smiled and shook his head. With a disdainful expression, Jeffery mocked, "It seems like you don't know how to behave. It's okay.

I'll teach you some lessons!" Boom! Jeffery released his full strength, and Donald could feel a strong wave of energy creeping up on him. On the ninth floor, all the tables, chairs, and windows were shaking. At first, the crowd thought they were experiencing an earthquake. As strong as Yolanda was, she had also slumped to the ground. With her pale face, she murmured, "Jeffery is too strong. He's too strong!" Holton gritted his teeth. "How strong is he?" "He's as strong as Nathan!" When Yolanda saw Nathan for the first time, she was shocked. However, she didn't expect Jeffery to be that strong as well. "Kneel!" Jeffery roared while staring at Donald. His voice was thunderous and deafening. Ethan and the others felt as though there were mountains pressing them down on their shoulders. Their knees began to tremble, and they couldn't help but kneel. Jeffery was like a demon with a domineering aura and a devilish appearance. However, Donald was unfazed. He was still leaning on the pool table and trying to make his shot. "If you leave now, you might still live. If you wait any longer, you'll just die." "You must be joking!" Jeffery fumed. He smacked the table in front of him and shouted, "Mark

my words! I'm killing you today! Not even God can save you!" Crack! The table shattered into pieces. The pieces of wood then formed into a small whirlwind, and it was quickly moving toward Donald. The gust of energy was so strong that Donald's suit was all messed up.

Donald raised his head slightly and glared at Silas menacingly. Silas was startled upon seeing that. Snap! A soft snapping sound had gotten everyone's attention. The leather band Donald used to tie his hair with had snapped because it could no longer withstand the strong wave of energy coming from Jeffery. When his hair fell, it covered his face. Right then, Donald slowly straightened his body and asked, "Are you happy now?" Everyone at the scene was petrified, and their minds went blank. Everyone knew what Crabface looked like. Crabface wears suits, right? He has hair covering his face, and his eyes shine with gold sparks. The most notable feature of his is that he has a power level of five million! Donald looks exactly like Crabface! Behind his messy hair, they could see how sparks of gold shone from his eyes. Silas' mind was devoid of thought, and he felt like he had just been struck by a lightning. He looked at Donald in disbelief and stammered, "Y-You... Y-You..." With his messy hair, Donald raised his head slightly and glared at Silas and Jeffery.

"As I said, I am my strongest backup." However, Jeffery yelled, "Are you done with your tricks? Do you really think you can scare us?" Jeffery didn't feel any strong aura from Donald's body, so he was certain that the young man had disguised himself as Crabface. Upon hearing that, the other big shots thought the same way, too. That's right. If Donald were Crabface, why did he need to hide for a year when Silas was looking for him? As Jeffery spoke, he was dashing toward Donald. His body was glowing, and he was about to punch Donald. Donald merely

glanced at him before leaning over the pool table to strike the black eight-ball with his cue stick.

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Chapter 458 A Hole In The Chest Clack! Right then, a deafening sound rang out like thunder. The black eight-ball was glowing. Like a flash of black thunder, it was shooting toward Jeffery. Jeffery's expression changed dramatically. When he felt the terrifying wave of energy the black eight-ball had in it, he immediately turned around and stood on a pool table ten meters away. He held his hands up and placed them on his chest. With that, a bright screen was formed in front of his body. That was none other than Golden Shield Technique. Although it could block a bullet, it didn't stand a chance against the eight-ball. With a bang, the sound of glass shattering rang out.

The eight-ball had shattered his Golden Shield Technique and punched him in the chest. "Pfft!" Jeffery flew out and crashed into the wall. After that, he was coughing out mouthfuls of blood. Upon a closer look, the eight-ball had actually pierced through his chest. Jeffery slid off the wall and fell to the ground on his knees. At that point, he was still coughing blood continuously. When he raised his head, he looked horrified. One step at a time, Donald approached him. With every step he took, his aura got stronger and stronger. In the end, he looked like True Dragon when he looked down at Jeffery indifferently. Jeffery felt an enormous force crushing down on him, and he could feel his bones trembling. When Jeffery looked out the window, he felt a huge wave of nausea in his chest. Beyond the ninth floor, a huge spiral dark cloud appeared over the Rivebale Hotel. Jeffery was dumbfounded. Can a human really affect the weather with his power? Isn't that just a legend? How strong is Donald, exactly? "Have mercy, Mr. Campbell! Spare my life!" Jeffery was indeed a capable fighter. Although he had a hole in his chest,

he was still alive, and even shout and beg for mercy. Silas was stunned. Most of the big shots at the scene were stunned. Henry was stunned as well.

Arnaldo lowered his head, sipped on his coffee, and tried to conceal his fear. Holton was staring at the scene with adoration in his eyes. Yolanda, on the other hand, was looking at Donald with the utmost respect. Ethan's face was filled with excitement and joy. This is freaking awesome! At that moment, everyone's attention was on Donald. The supposedly undefeatable Jeffery had just killed an assassin a few hundred meters away with a cue stick. How did he end up having a pool ball piercing through his chest? Donald had done it so effortlessly. This is ridiculous! Is this a dream? Indeed, only a few could fathom the fact that Donald was standing in front of Jeffery, while the latter was on his knees, begging for mercy. In the meantime, Silas' face was as pale as a sheet. He was telling the truth! He is his own cavalry, and his confidence comes from his power! Donald lowered his gaze to look at Jeffery, and he said, "Pollerton was lively and full of vitality before you guys got here. You guys have messed up the order and peace in the city. I've been wanting to teach you guys a lesson!" Jeffery merely shouted, "Forgive me, Mr. Campbell. Spare my life! I know I was wrong!"

"Francesco is dead. The Eighteen Copper Men are dead. Brutus is dead too. I've killed all of them," Donald said. Hearing that, Jeffery and Silas felt utterly hopeless. Jeffery lowered his head and suddenly jumped out of the building through the floor-to-ceiling window. With just a leap, he flew out a hundred

meters, and he was gliding in the air. Donald tied his hair up and revealed his face once again. At that moment, disdain was written all over his face. He then gradually lifted his head and gently formed a fist with his hand in the direction Jeffery had just made his escape. Meanwhile, Jeffery had just landed on top of a building five hundred meters away. He was holding his chest when he turned his head to see if Donald was chasing after him.

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Chapter 459 My Greatest Backup Before he could heave a sigh of relief, he vaguely saw something approaching him. His pupils instantly narrowed upon realizing what it was. They were ten snooker balls. Swoosh! Jeffery was blasted into ashes before he could even scream. He died on the spot, and not a single fabric from his clothes remained. Everyone was in shock, and they gaped at the scene. Is this the strength a human could have? With the cue stick in his hand, Donald walked toward Silas. "I heard you've been searching for me for a year. Is that right?" Silas backed away instinctively as beads of sweat rolled down his forehead. "Did you come here to avenge Brandon and Peterson?"

Arriving before Silas, Donald stood about fifty centimeters away from the former and fixed his eyes on the lord of Terrandya Provincial Center. "My wife is from the Winston family—a wealthy family that has a history of five hundred years," Silas muttered with difficulty, finally putting the Winston family's name to use and hoping it would instill fear in Donald. Upon hearing that, Donald put on a more mocking smile. "The Winston family? What's so great about them?" Silas took a few more steps backward, saying, "On what terms will you let me go?" "I heard you've met my grandpa, Reina, and all my acquaintances." Donald's gaze gradually turned frosty. Silas trembled violently, and his face was full of horror. "M-Mr. Campbell, I..." Donald gently placed the tip of the cue stick between Silas' eyebrows. "I hate people who use my friends and family to threaten me. Especially when they use the people I care about." Silas shivered with fear and fell to his knees. "I'm sorry. Please don't kill me. I beg of you!" "Then, be a good person in your next life," said Donald.

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Silas was about to say something when he felt a sharp pain on his forehead. Powerful energy rushed into his head, and darkness followed as he fell unconscious. With that came the tragic end of the Lord of Underground in Terrandya Provincial Center in Pollerton. All the big shots who witnessed the incident felt that they were in deep trouble. There were millions of people who would stand up for Silas now that he was dead. The big shots, however, were the

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last to meet Silas. Even if Donald spared their lives that day, Silas' supporters would never let them off. Thud! Suddenly, the sound of something falling to the ground could be heard. Everyone turned over and saw a pale Henry slumped to the ground, looking at Donald in horror. Ethan let out a sigh of relief. He felt as if he was finally free of all the depressing incidents he had suffered for the past year. Slowly, he walked to Henry, lowered himself, and pinched the latter's chin. "Are you going to continue boasting?" Henry shook his head. He was so frightened that even beads of sweat appeared on his nose. "Mr. Lynch..." Ethan shot him a mocking glance.

"Do you think following Silas was the right choice? Mr. Campbell is my greatest backer. Do you understand that?" Henry nodded hastily. In the meantime, many big shots gaped at Ethan, Zayne, and the others with envy. He's so powerful! He actually killed Jeffery with just one blow! With such abilities, he can basically do whatever he wants in this world. No one will dare to go against him! Clang! Donald threw the cue stick onto the ground and tied his hair up. Reina approached him. Like an obedient wife, she tiptoed and fixed Donald's clothes, saying gently, "Your hair needs a trim." Donald said, "I'll get it done when I'm free." "Okay." Reina nodded. Her cheeks were flushed red, and her eyes were filled with a gentle gaze. Holton pouted as he stared at Arnaldo with envy. Meanwhile, Arnaldo straightened himself, feeling excited by what he had witnessed. Once I get back to Terrandya, I'm going to teach those people over there a lesson. "Clean this up." Donald looked at Ethan and Zayne. Ethan licked his lips. "Okay, Mr. Campbell." With that settled, Donald set off to look for Raymond.

Son-In-Law Madness Chapter 460

Chapter 460 Quentin Is Alive Raymond looked much better compared to the past. As he stood beside Donald, the former could feel his body getting warm. Little did he know that Donald was quietly instilling pure energy into the former. "I'm planning to restart the Dragon Fide Villa project." Donald sat opposite Raymond. "When?" Raymond narrowed his eyes. "The twenty-sixth," Donald said casually. It was also the date for Jennifer and Tyrone's wedding. During that day, the Campbell clan would definitely go all out and invite the entire city to the event, including the Ten Prestigious Families. Of course, Donald would be present as well. Once Jennifer wanted to leave with Donald, it would bring humiliation to the Campbell clan. A fight was inevitable. In fact, it would be an irreconcilable issue to no end.

Raymond sighed. "Are you sure? That old man in Jadeborough is going to die any time. You'll be on the passive side of things if you're an enemy of the Campbell clan." Donald shook his head. "It's just the Campbell clan. There's nothing to be afraid of." Hearing that, Raymond fell silent instantly. After exchanging a few more words with Raymond, Donald left. The date that day was the twenty-fifth. There was still one day left for Tyrone and Jennifer's engagement. Pollerton was evidently in a lively state. Occasionally, a convoy of luxury cars that cost tens of millions could be seen driving through the streets of Pollerton and pulling up in front of the five-star hotel. Gideon and his clan had been very busy over a period of time. Even so, all of them were smiling brightly. They were in charge of planning the entire wedding.

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6 Uncommon Tips For Building A Healthy Relationship

These Strange Ways Will Keep Your Relationship Strong Day To Day

The first stop of the wedding was set at Rivebale Hotel. Donald's uncle, Michael, also known as Raymond's eldest son, had come to help. His family of three worked extremely hard. They had been doing great for the past year, ever since they decided to suck up to the Campbell clan. They managed to have all their construction projects running in an orderly manner. Suddenly, Michael's son, Colt, who was putting up the decorations on the stage, froze.

He spotted a suspicious man dressed in a black suit walk past him. "Why does he look like Donald?" Then, a bad feeling rose in his heart. He was well aware of Jennifer's feelings toward Donald. Tomorrow is Tyrone and Jennifer's engagement. Will Jennifer change her mind if Donald shows up? However, Colt simply laughed at himself and shoved the thought out of his mind. Tyrone and

Donald are of totally different statuses. What's there to worry about? He shook his head and continued focusing on decorating the stage. In the meantime, Donald met Wyvern King, Chelonian King, and the others in Lana's office. "Lord Campbell, three hundred thousand members of Horizon Group have gathered in Pollerton. They will take their positions tomorrow," reported Kingsley respectfully. Donald nodded in acknowledgment. "Quentin and over three thousand soldiers of Campbell Clan's Army have entered Pollerton," Bradley chimed in. Campbell Clan's Army was a troop equipped with Quadfield's latest weapons and was on par with Horizon Group.

Sadly, they lacked the murderous intent of Horizon Group. After all, Horizon Group had fought through countless gruesome battles. "Quentin? He's alive?" Donald was stunned. Just like Randy, Quentin was an experienced fighter. Hence, he would be over a hundred years old if he were still alive. "He's alive. He joined the Campbell clan and became their guest of honor." Hatred was written all over Bradley's face. Quentin was notorious for slaughtering an entire town of ordinary people on a single night. Unfortunately, Bradley's family died in that event. "Leave it to me. I'll avenge the insult on your behalf," said Donald. "Thank you, Lord Campbell," Bradley was all emotional and thanked him. This is truly Lord Campbell. Not only is he willing to hear our grief, but he is also very protective of us. "There's one more thing..." Bradley uttered with difficulty. "What is it? Just tell me." Donald's tone was very calm.