

Son-In-Law Madness Chapter 461

Chapter 461 Nathan Is Cornered Bradley spoke hesitatingly. "The warzone at the northern border is in a state of an emergency. Nathan might not be able to hold it anymore. I think he's severely injured and is surrounded by people in warzone number six. More than ten thousand battle-arrays went to rescue him, but they were all wiped out." Donald's eyebrows furrowed immediately. Nathan was a part of the Collins family, Lana's distant relative, and one of the four Novem Stella Warriors. His nickname was Northern Border Warrior. Twenty years ago, he surpassed the million power level mark.

Though he never attended any rating competitions, many people believed he was as powerful as the Golden Lord, Donald. "What about the enemy's forces?" asked Donald. "No idea. They just appeared out of nowhere, but I'm certain it's the four Novem Stella Warriors who are cornering him," Bradley informed. "When did this happen?" Donald's tone turned cold. "Three days ago." "D*mn it!" Donald's eyes glinted with fury as he looked at Bradley. His horrifying aura permeated the room, causing the atmosphere to be tense. "This is such a serious matter. Why are you only telling me about it now?" Located at the northern border warzone was an S8-Grade laboratory, which was the base for Yorksland's research on the nano-grade lithography machine. If the place was taken over by the enemies, all the experimental data would be leaked and the territory—the lifeline of the lithography machine will be seized. "It's because of Ms. Wilson.

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I was worried I'd get in the way of the biggest events in your life." Bradley fell to his knees. Donald pulled out his phone and glanced at the time. It would take ten hours to travel to the northern border by flight. There would not be enough time to rush back. However, it would be sufficient if he relied on his speed. In fact, he could arrive at the northern border in just five hours. "Where's my jurganite halberd?" asked Donald. Bradley answered, "It's in the Lord Campbell Mountain Villa." "Wait here for me. I'll rush back to Pollerton tomorrow at ten o'clock in the morning," Donald informed, disappearing from the room in a flash. Bradley stood up and smiled bitterly. "Lord Campbell is so loyal to the country." The northern border warzone was a vast primeval forest. It was also one of the world's biggest no man's land, which covered over three hundred miles of uninhibited land. Behind the no man's land was the S8-Grade laboratory, a high-end laboratory used to research and develop the lithography machine. A tall man dressed in a white suit was munching on fruit in the no man's land with an indifferent expression. At the same time, there was a Serpent Spear in his right hand. That man was Nathan, the Northern Border Warrior, and one of the four Novem Stella Warriors of Yorksland. He was forced into the no man's land for three days already, and he knew there were at least four Novem Stella Warriors hunting him. Recently, the country dispatched many troops to rescue him.

However, they vanished as soon as they entered the no man's land. He would be dead meat if his presence was sensed. Hence, he slowed down his breaths to the minimum, not daring to make his breathing sound heard. Even his phone was

turned off for fear of the enemy detecting the energy waves. The night slowly approached. As he lifted his head, he saw the sky filled with stars. It was a beautiful sight. However, the more beautiful it was, the more terrified he felt. Apart from the four Novem Stella Warriors, there should be a few thousand men from the special forces who came as well. Otherwise, they wouldn't have eliminated the troops so discreetly. Nathan was very clear about the situation. As he was thinking about it, he suddenly felt all the hairs on his body standing on end. Without thinking twice, he leaped to his feet and fled from his spot. Boom! The spot he was at earlier exploded into pieces. A cross-shaped sword could be seen stuck in the ground, glinting with a silvery light. Following that, Nathan saw a man appearing with a golden retriever mask. Only the latter's eyes were revealed, and they stared icily at Nathan. It was one of the foreign Novem Stella Warriors, Beerus Spargo. He was as powerful as Nathan, with a power level of over millions. Gripping the Serpent Spear in his hand, Nathan looked to the side, and his heart sank once again. Another masked man with deep blue eyes walked out with a scepter in his hand.

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Chapter 462 The Massacre It was Pharaoh, also one of the Novem Stella Warriors. Without a moment of hesitation, Nathan fled deeper into the forest. Seeing that, Beerus launched into action, slashing his cross-shaped sword in the direction Nathan vanished. Nathan, who was running, felt a sharp pain in his back. He was wounded by the attack, and blood flowed down his skin. I can't keep battling. I'll definitely die if I do that. "He can't get away. The captain is already tracking him down. We'll be able to locate him in at most three hours," Pharaoh informed Beerus in a foreign language. After a moment of silence, Beerus suddenly glanced at the edge of the no man's land and said, "There's a foreign army approaching! Kill them all!" On the edge of the forest was an army dressed in black special forces uniforms.

They belonged to the Collins family. The Collins family, one of the Ten Prestigious Families, had sent out their elites to rescue Nathan. The leader of the troop was Finnley Collins, an Octo Stella Warrior, and also Lana's elder brother. The Collins family was weak and was in danger of being removed from their position as one of the Ten Prestigious Families. If it was not for Nathan and Finnley who guarded the northern border, their family would have fallen ten years ago. That was why Nathan must not die. Finnley led a troop consisting of three thousand and two hundred elites from the Collins family into the no man's land to rescue Nathan. However, he felt as if he and his men were being targeted by a beast as soon as they entered the forest. When he looked up, he saw the moonlight shining on a man who stood on top of the tree, watching the former like a ghost. It was Pharaoh, a Novem Stella Warrior. Finnley immediately sensed something was amiss. If it were a different Novem Stella Warrior, Finnley might be able to negotiate.

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With Pharoah, Finnley would not even have the chance to do so. Pharoah was a cruel, heartless, and bloodthirsty man who disregarded human lives. He was even in the top ten of the International Ranking of Assassins. Moreover, he was one of the figures on Yorksland's bounty list. His head alone was worth one hundred million. "Retreat!" Finnley roared. Alas, the order came too late. Before the three thousand and two hundred men could even react, Pharaoh had revealed the most horrifying side of him. A black steel wire shot out from his back, twisting and curling in the air like a snake. Immediately after that, it unfolded. It was impossible to tell how long it was. With a whoosh, the black steel wire straightened and started attacking the elites. Swoosh! That marked the beginning of the massacre.

The steel wire was a few thousand meters long. It drilled through the heads of the Collins family's elites one by one as if putting pieces of meat on a skewer. Finally, over three thousand people were strung together on the wire and floated in mid-air. Finnley's eyes turned bloodshot at the sight, and his body trembled. More than three thousand people... over three thousand lives. All of them were private armed forces trained by the Collins family. And now, they were murdered in the blink of an eye. After completing his mission, Pharaoh let out a creepy laugh and waved his right hand. Immediately, Finnley felt an excruciating pain in both of his legs. He lowered his head to find out the cause of the pain. Before he could even react, his knees were already pierced with the steel wire. He fell heavily to his knees and bellowed, "Kill me if you dare!" Despite that, Pharaoh merely smiled, stretched out his arms like a bird stretching its wings, and disappeared into the distance. Finnley glanced at the aftermath around him and started bursting into tears.

He understood what Pharaoh's actions meant. The latter wanted Finnley to continue bringing people over for him to kill. Pharaoh wanted to turn that place into a hell on earth. At that thought, Finnley turned on his phone and yelled into it, "I'm Finnley Collins from the northern border. We've just entered the warzone and were wiped out as soon as we encountered Pharaoh. Everyone is to stop the rescue! I repeat, stop the rescue! Don't send any more people into the northern border warzone. I'm afraid all the odds are against Nathan now. If Pharaoh's here, then Beerus must be here too."

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Chapter 463 The Irving Family Helps Once that was done, Finnley took out the medical kit on him and started bandaging his legs. When the pillar of the Collins family received the news, his eyes reddened, and he smashed the cup in front of him. "Is our family going to end like this?" Once Nathan and Finnley died in the battle, the Collins family would be suppressed or even annexed by the other prominent families. Lana, who had received the news, went pale as well. Are all battles at the borders this intense? I can't believe even Nathan might die fighting. The head of the Collins family hurriedly called Chiliad Avion and begged for their help. "Get ready to summon the elites of Novem Stella Warrior," ordered the leader of Chiliad Avion. "There's no need for that. Lord Campbell is already on his way to the northern border," Ryan informed. Chiliad Avion did not respond after that. Soon, midnight arrived.

A figure slowly walked through the barren mountains. With a single leap, he could fly several kilometers forward. Standing on the mountaintop was Donald, who placed a golden mask over his face again. He carried a gold rectangular box behind him which resembled a coffin. The box contained his jurganite halberd.

Staring into the distance, he made another leap and landed on another mountaintop, causing a loud rumble. The entire mountain shook. He took out his phone and checked the time, muttering, "I'll arrive at the northern border warzone in another hour. Hang in there, Nathan!" The news about Nathan being in danger soon spread throughout the country. Some floated, while some felt sorry for him. The people who were the most delighted were the Winston family and the Jenkins family of Jipsdale. Truth was, the Jenkins family could have been one of the Ten Prestigious Families long ago. However, with Nathan and Finnley guarding the northern border warzone, the Jenkins family could do nothing about it. Therefore, the Collins family's position would be in danger once something happened to Nathan and Finnley.

Meanwhile, the patriarch of the Collins family had gone mad from panicking and went around looking for allies. First, he went to meet the Winston family. "Please send your family's noble swordsmen and capable fighters to rescue Nathan at the warzone. Let's form an alliance and support each other," said the patriarch of the Collins family. To his dismay, the Winston family rejected him without any hesitation, "There are four Novem Stella Warriors hunting Nathan. It's basically hopeless to stop them." Kyler said, "No way. Lana and I were arranged to be married since young, but she broke off the agreement and humiliated me. I won't agree to your request!" Hence, the Collins family went looking for the Irving family. The Irving family was ranked third among the Ten Prestigious Families. It was also the family of Donald's mother.

The most powerful family was the Youngblood family, which had countless fighters. The Irving family was slightly hesitant. Suddenly, the patriarch of the Collins family offered, "As long as your family is willing to send out Rosie to rescue them, I'll give your family the production line in the northern borders." The northern borders' production line specialized in the foreign tribal phone business. Their production of low-end and mid-range phones occupied ninety percent of the foreign tribal market. Its annual profit was worth over five hundred billion. It showed how valuable a Novem Stella Warrior was. The Irving family agreed. They immediately got onto a private plane and rushed to the northern border warzone. It would take them three hours to arrive at the northern border. Soon, it was three o'clock in the morning at the northern border warzone. With severely injured

knees, Finnley struggled to his feet and looked into the distance. A strong energy fluctuation traveled from that direction. Fear appeared in his eyes. It was obvious that Nathan's position was exposed. "Nathan's position is exposed. He's been found. A battle is breaking out now!"

Finnley sent the news to the country. Members of the Collins family felt their hearts skip a beat. Boom! A deafening sound filled the air. A blinding flame shot from the forest into the dark sky, and a huge mushroom cloud could be seen rising into the air. Immediately afterward, Finnley saw a figure dressed in white approaching swiftly and landing beside him. Seeing it was Nathan, Finnley asked with relief, "Nathan, are you okay?"

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Chapter 464 Besieged Nathan was silent. A trace of wet blood stained his mouth on his pale face. As for his hand, his purlicue was cracked and it bled so much that his Serpent Spear was dyed red. "We should go," he whispered in a low voice. Then, he carried Finnley and fled in another direction. Clinging to Nathan's back, Finnley asked nervously, "What's happening?" "Four Novem Stella Warriors—Pharaoh, Beerus, Erskine, and Hobarton—are here to claim my life.

The whole no man's land is already sealed off. Anyone who enters dies." Finnley was shocked. Erskine was a warrior who came to fame seventy years ago. He was a hundred and fifty years old, but because he had been injected with a certain serum, he became eternally ageless and abnormally powerful. Meanwhile, Hobarton—the King of Plagues—was acquainted with the use of poison. "There are at least thirteen private military forces in no man's land, totaling at thirty thousand men. These are special forces soldiers. There are even many from Angel Alliance who joined in! They gathered because our laboratory successfully created a two-nanometer lithography machine," Nathan informed. A lithography

machine was an integral facility in fabricating integrated circuits. Its manufacturing and maintenance required a solid foundation in optics and electronics. There were only a few companies worldwide that had the know-how to pull off a highly precise seven-nanometer lithography process. That was why it took the world by storm when they scored a two-nanometer precision domestically. The war to acquire that technology did not pale in comparison to the battle in Pollerton over the Rising Dragon Project. "Do you remember how the Golden Lord sacrificed himself protecting the Rising Dragon Project? I guess I will be following in his footsteps," Nathan exclaimed.

"All the data and lithography machines are already transported elsewhere, so they want to use me as a bargaining chip against Chiliad Avion." "Will Chiliad Avion agree to a deal?" Finnley was skeptical. "They already did, but I will not let that happen," Nathan replied. Finnley did not say another word. Suddenly, Nathan stopped walking. There was a man whose face did not betray any emotions blocking in front of them. The handsome man seemed to be in his twenties. His right arm was the most striking part of his body, outshining his unusual eye and hair color. It looked robotic and metallic, and behind him was a multitude of people. With a closer look, one could recognize that the group was the special forces. All the soldiers looked as if they were ready for deadly combat. Soon enough, red dots covered the whole of Nathan's body. Snipers! When Finnley saw the assembly, he realized that there were at least five to six thousand men who were armed with modern weapons, and the man at the forefront was none other than Erskine from Angel Alliance, one of the Novem Stella Warriors. "There's no escape, Nathan Collins!" the warrior stated.

Despite his young appearance, his voice was hoarse like a dying man. The truth was, he had lived for a hundred and fifty years. It meant that he was even older than Randy Rodriguez. Swoosh! Three shadows sped forward. Before one could even blink, Pharaoh and Beerus had assumed their positions, surrounding Nathan. The last man to appear was a white-haired warrior dressed in a long white robe. It was Hobarton, the King of Plagues, another one of the Novem Stella Warriors.

"Yield, and we will spare you," Pharaoh commanded. The scepter in his hand shone in a cold glimmer. Nathan put Finnley down and wiped away the dried trace of blood on his mouth. "I am a man of war. Do you think I will succumb without putting up a fight?" Erskine flashed a savage smile. "Nathan Collins. I've heard attacking is your forte and that you're third in the whole world. It's time I see it for myself." "No. I will take him," Beerus interrupted. Beerus was an attacker as well. He was known for his ability to kill with just a single strike. "No. Leave him to me," Pharaoh volunteered instead. It was as if none of them considered Nathan a worthy opponent.

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Chapter 465 A Long Lost Weapon "I will take all of you at once," Nathan replied calmly. He had no fear of death. Erskine was the first to move when he stomped on the ground, sending an arm-wide crack extending from where his foot landed. Dust shot up from the ground and was floating in the air. Immediately, Nathan drilled his Serpent Spear into the ground. An overwhelming force was injected deep underground, clashing with the momentum created from Erskine's blow. Boom! Three deafening explosions ensued as the ground between them broke in a clamor, emitting a glaring light. Like a demon, Erskine dashed into the haze, and by the time he emerged again, his fist was already directed at Nathan.

Nathan hurled his spear to cushion the impact of the attack. His lance curved inward as the blow landed. Then, he lifted his left hand and beat the end of his spear. At the force, the weapon straightened and exerted an immensely huge force, thrusting Erskine off into the air. Crack! His body smashed into a towering tree, and the trunk fell apart. Nathan's counterattack was formidable, but he overexerted himself. He coughed up a mouthful of black blood. "You've been poisoned!" Finnley cried out in terror. Hobarton chuckled. "Yes, and there's no cure for it—at least not in this country. If I'm not wrong, his organs are pulverized

by now.” Meanwhile, Erskine appeared from amidst the dust again, clapping. “You did not disappoint at all, Nathan Collins. You’ve been poisoned, but not weakened.” Nathan stood back up in silence.

“Enough talk. Paralyze him. The Chiliad Avion will have to come and claim him with what we want,” Erskine ordered. Pharaoh advanced, but before he could come any closer, he and those around him saw something coming from above, and they looked up. Before they could even react, someone had shot down at lightning speed behind Nathan and Finnley. That person grabbed their clothes, and in the next instant, the lot had already rocketed into the sky. Everything happened in just a second. “Rosie Irving! Why are you here?” Nathan asked. Rosie Irving was a dashing woman in her thirties known for her unbeatable speed. “Your family offered one whole production line for your life, so here I am,” she replied coldly. “There’s no way I can get away from them,” Nathan said with a sigh. “Ah!” With a grunt, Rosie’s body jerked forward before she fell to the ground. It turned out that Pharaoh had caught up.

A snake-like wire circled above his head with blood dripping down from it. He had ground a hole through Rosie’s back, and she was bleeding. “No one challenges my speed,” Pharaoh sneered. Finnley’s eyes went red when he saw the weapon. It was exactly the same wire that punctured the heads of the three thousand two hundred members of the Collins family. Beside him, Rosie’s face contorted in agony. “Rosie? Are you okay?” A voice came from the wireless microphone she was wearing. It was someone from the Irving family. They had been keeping a close eye on the war. “It’s Pharaoh. He got Hunter’s Coil,” the woman replied. The person on the other end sucked a breath of cold air. Even Nathan was shocked. “Are you sure that’s Hunter’s Coil?” Like jurganite, Hunter’s Coil was made of a type of rare ore.

The only difference was it was much rarer than jurganite. Hunter’s Coil could be controlled by voice. It was as if it had a spirit of its own and it was highly sensitive to high pitch sounds. That meant that it could be summoned and controlled using songs or whistles and it could penetrate just anything. The

weapon appeared once thirty years ago. It was used to eliminate the old Novem Stella Warriors in the country. After that, no one knew where it went until Pharaoh used it that day.

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Chapter 466 Unexpected Aid “You’re right. It’s Hunter’s Coil.” With a whistle, Pharaoh straightened the wire before it curled up into a ball of a baby fist’s size. Nathan closed his eyes in desperation. I should have known. Swoosh! Footsteps approached. The special forces were closing in, and their searchlights illuminated the earth as they neared. Rosie was unnerved at the sight. There are at least tens of thousands of them, and they are armed with the best weapons. There were people from the Angel Alliance, the Knights of The Round Table, the Homeless Alliance, and an army.

Together, they formed the Continental Rebel Army—one of the biggest armed mercenary groups abroad. Their leader was someone they called “General,” a long-term partner of Noah. “I guess I don’t have a choice. I will have to go all out if I want the production line,” Rosie noted with a smile. “Kill the annoying woman first!” Erskine ordered. He morphed into a humanoid tank and charged forward. Then, he raised his shiny robotic arm and extended its sharp fingers, wanting to pierce through Rosie’s head. Rosie’s eye widened in horror. With a grunt, Nathan got ready to unleash his full potential to save her.

A whistle was suddenly sounded. Again, the Hunter’s Coil in Pharaoh’s hand extended into a full-fledge coil, penetrating Nathan’s scapula. The other end of the wire was maneuvered toward his abdomen. Nathan snarled at the attack and lost all his ability to fight. He was locked right where he was, unable to move an inch. All he could do was watch Rosie being butchered. “Rosie!” the person shouted through the wireless earpiece. “What’s going on?” “I think Hobarton poisoned me. I can’t move!” she shouted frantically. She slumped to the ground,

and her face paled as she watched the robotic arm move closer toward her throat. She could even see in her mind Erskine's gruesome face as he choked her to death. That was a moment of despair for her, but it was also then that a loud noise reverberated in the air.

Erskine was propelled backward forcefully until he banged into a tree. His right arm shook uncontrollably at the impact. Everyone was thunderstruck. "How dare you." From deep within the woods, a man in a metal mask and a suit surfaced. On his back was a metal box that looked like a coffin. Erskine stared at his arm in disbelief, and a tempestuous storm raged in his heart. He could not believe his arm was punctured by a mere stone. I'm a Novem Stella Warrior! There's no way a stone can break my arm! Who is this man? Nathan and his friends were equally alarmed. They shifted their gaze toward the mysterious man—Donald.

"How dare you create a mess in my territory? Since you guys have the audacity to do that, none of you will leave Yorksland alive," Donald continued calmly as he walked toward Nathan. When he was right in front of Nathan, Donald looked down at the Novem Stella Warrior. "Run," Nathan whispered when he met Donald's gaze. "There's poison all around," the wounded man added. "Who are you?" Erskine interrupted. "You'll regret coming here alone," Pharaoh weighed in. Beerus also agreed. "We have thirty thousand soldiers from the special forces with us. Besides, there are four Novem Stella Warriors here."

Donald glanced around, and golden flames shone in his eyes. At that time, beams of red lights were directed toward him. The snipers were ready to fire. "Kill him!" Pharaoh roared. Bang! Gunshots echoed incessantly until the moment when everyone stopped in horror. A light beam blocked off the bullets around Donald, protecting Nathan and everyone else who was with him. They dodged all the bullets.

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Chapter 467 The Golden Lord “Is this the best you can do?” Donald ridiculed. “Since you dare lay a finger on the army of Yorksland, I will teach you what ‘despair’ means today.” Then, Donald lifted his foot and booted the ground. Vroom! Ear-shattering explosions followed one after another, shaking up the whole no man’s land. What came next were shrieks and screams of thousands of special forces soldiers who were flung upward into the air en masse. The projectiles halted mid-air before Donald held out his five fingers and clenched his fist. Poof! All of them were smashed into dust. What? What kind of power is this? Before that attack was over, Donald lifted his hand again and another five thousand soldiers were hurled into the air. The same fate befell them when they were burned into ashes. Nathan, Finnley, and Rosie were awestruck. Did he just kill ten thousand men? Beerus, Pharaoh, Erskine, and Hobarton froze with their eyes glued to the sight as their faces turned colorless. Since when did Yorksland have such a formidable warrior?

“This is insane!” Finnley exclaimed. Rosie was equally shaken. Her beautiful eyes said it all when they widened in disbelief. His power is terrifying. As a Novem Stella Warrior himself, Nathan thought he was already at the pinnacle, but when he saw Donald, his mind was blown away. “Who are you?” Erskine roared. “Who am I?” Donald mumbled as if he was talking to himself. “I’ll show you who I am.” Clang! The metal box he carried was flung into the air and it opened up on its own. A sparkling halberd dropped from the metal box into his hand. The jurganite halberd! He must be the Golden Lord! “The Golden Lord! You didn’t die!” Erskine bellowed. Fear flooded his eyes. With the weapon in his hand, Donald became increasingly invincible and intimidating until his whole self turned into the embodiment of perfection. His power level broke five million, and the whole area quaked violently around him. Although no one was wearing evaluation glasses, Donald’s power level was evident. Everyone knew he was indestructible at that point. His ability was fully released, sending ripples of strong astral winds blowing across their bodies. Cries resounded again among the soldiers.

Their flesh was cut open and scrapped off by the waves of wind, leaving behind just their skeletons. Erskine, who was already debilitated by the sight, retreated speedily and fled, but just as he turned, the golden halberd appeared and enlarged in his field of vision until it nailed him to the ground through his stomach. In a heavy thud, the warrior was pinned to the ground. "Argh!" Erskine bawled. Meanwhile, Rosie had already taken out her phone to record what she saw. "Harness your poison!" Pharaoh reminded Hobarton. Donald turned slowly and pointed at them. "Come at me all at once if y'all dare," he uttered.

"Now!" the King of Plagues barked. He waved his right hand, and a green thick smoke diffused into the air from his palm, engulfing his enemy. "Die now!" Hobarton cursed, but the hideous expression on his face was soon replaced by shock. When the poison got in contact with Donald's skin, it formed circles of ripple before turning into flames. He's invulnerable to poison! Swoosh! Pharaoh quickly awakened Hunter's Coil and unplugged the metal wire from Nathan's body. It expanded until hundreds of meters long with one end accelerating toward Donald's head, but the latter did not dodge. The coil hit him, emitting a loud clash when it collided with Donald's head. The friction sparks proved that Hunter's Coil did not penetrate his skin at all.

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Chapter 468 Plena Stella Warrior Then, Donald grabbed the coil and crumpled it in his palm. "Nice tool. I'll take it." Pharaoh was shell-shocked. In a swift movement, he vanished from where he was. When he reappeared again, he was already hundreds of meters away from Donald. "And you call yourself the fastest warrior in the world?" Donald scoffed. While his voice was still ringing at one spot, his body was already right in front of Pharaoh and Donald clutched him in the neck. Rosie gaped at his shadow which was still lingering and talking in the

original spot. "What the f*ck! I'm seeing his afterimage!" Right after Donald's shadow disappeared, he returned to the same spot again with Pharaoh in his hand.

Donald smashed him to the ground and drilled his foot through his stomach. A gush of blood spurted from Pharaoh's mouth, and he felt as if his whole body was crushed. Donald's strength was unbearable for him. "Fall back!" Beerus roared. His heart was already overwhelmed by fear. He knew he should not stay any longer, yet before he retreated, a sharp pang of pain spread across his chest. He lowered his gaze only to see Donald's punch planted on his chest before his ribcage shattered. One blow! Beerus could not even survive a single blow from Donald. I'm a Novem Stella Warrior! I should have seen him coming at me! Beerus' hands crossed in front of his chest as he was pushed back by Donald's force by tens of meters. That distance was nothing to Donald. He marched forward and dealt another punch. The second blow's impact was so great it emitted a light that lit up the whole sky. Slash! The strike landed on Beerus' arms and severed his two limbs. His agonizing shrieks pierced through the air as his body was thrown off far away, breaking tens of trees before he finally dropped to the ground, immobilized. Hobarton knew that was a lost cause. He ran off frantically to save his life. At that moment, Donald looked at the coil in his hand and whipped it. Hunter's Coil straightened into a one-hundred-meter long string and it stabbed Hobarton, pegging him to an old tree.

The four Novem Stella Warriors from abroad were no match for Donald. They could not even survive a blow from him. When Donald returned to the ground again, he motioned his right hand, and the jurganite halberd returned to him. Erskine, who had witnessed what happened to his companions, was gripped by terror. How do I not know of such a person in Yorksland? Could he be a Decem Stella Warrior? "A-Are you a Decem Stella Warrior?" he choked. "No. I'm a Plena Stella Warrior," he answered in indignance as he walked toward the armed troops facing him. Those ten-over companies had their guns in place and took aim at Donald. One of the leaders spoke into his loudspeaker. "Fighters of Yorksland!" he shouted. "Hand us the Novem Stella Warrior before we raze this entire place to

the ground!" A choppy sound came from above as helicopters and fighter jets hovered above Donald, getting ready to fire at him. Nathan struggled to get on his feet and took a leap until he stood at the top of a tree so he could have a bird's-eye view of the situation.

Twenty thousand armed soldiers already had them surrounded, yet down below, Donald was completely unfazed. "I hope you guys are prepared to die since you chose to attack Yorksland. No one escapes my attack alive!" Donald's tenacity in the face of the vast army made him look even more commanding. "I will take on all of you in one go. There's no need to go easy on me," Donald stated calmly as he beheld his enemy. With that said, the jurganite halberd blazed up in an explosion.

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Chapter 469 The Stronghold Of The Enemy The halberd was forged using high-density jurganite, so it weighed about a hundred tonnes. When Donald unleashed his internal strength for the first time, his power saturated the halberd in the form of a golden force containing certain radiation. When Donald swung his weapon, a blaring sound thundered in the sky and the ground where the twenty thousand men stood collapsed and crumbled into smithereens. A shaft of light broke out from his halberd, shining right into the sky. In the same instance, the fighter jets were perforated and broken to pieces in the sky. Donald stood tall beneath the faltering planes as he watched on.

To Nathan, Rosie, and Finnley, that was a moment they would never forget in their entire life. In the country, every Novem Stella Warrior was viewed as a national asset because of their prowess, but it only took Donald one strike to make them seem useless. Donald's appearance at that time had upended the balance of military power in the country. Erskine was still hanging in there to his dear life when that happened. He was completely blown away. Likewise, when Nathan witnessed what happened, a sense of helplessness overcast his heart. He thought being a Novem Stella Warrior meant he could roam the world fearlessly,

but Donald's ability made him understand that he was still far from being the best.

Donald braved the confrontation with four Novem Stella Warriors without flinching and he even vanquished them within seconds. Besides, Nathan had heard that the Golden Lord was not even thirty years old. Is this even possible? Is there really someone who's this strong? As for Rosie, she had recorded the entire incident with her phone because she found it thrilling and impressive. To her, someone as heroic as the Golden Lord was the ideal man of all the women in the world. When the whole commotion was over, silence resumed in no man's land. Miles away, a few drones captured the incident. It seemed like foreign spies and forces had been keeping abreast of the war, and they were stunned when they saw what happened. "Wait for me here," Donald said to Nathan. "Where are you going?"

Nathan was surprised. "Their fortress is over there. I want to make sure they never come close to the northern border again," Donald replied, pointing forward. "But there are a lot of surface-to-air missiles and defense artillery over there! They have all sorts of modern weapons. They can even intercept intercontinental missiles!" Nathan dissuaded. That location was the enemy's overseas base. Donald shook his head. "Those are nothing to me." With that said, Donald leaped and landed on a branch in a swift and light fashion as if he was strolling in the air. Back on the battlefield, one out of the four Novem Stella Warriors who challenged Donald had died. The remaining three were severely injured and were lying on the ground in pain. They looked remorseful for their actions. "By the way..." Finnley uttered, "who is the Golden Lord?" "He might not be the Golden Lord because even the Golden Lord is not as powerful as this man is. He just killed a Novem Stella Warrior!"

"I'll go take a look," Rosie said as she followed after Donald with her phone. As for Nathan, he struggled and sat up so he could have a clearer view of what happened on the other end. From where he was, the distant sky looked bright as day. That was the stronghold of the enemy's army. It was a city-like base filled with heavily armed mercenary groups. High buildings equipped with state-of-art

facilities rose from the ground over in that part of the land. Suddenly, a siren blared continuously.

Donald was already at the entrance of the city. He lifted his head and observed the military base. At the entrance, someone spoke to him in Donald's own native language. "Sir, you just injured four Novem Stella Warriors and killed thousands of men. We advise that you leave this area immediately. Turn back or we will fire. We will use assault weapons if you refuse to cooperate," the person warned in broken language. From the top of the building, a few loaded machine guns turned and pointed at Donald. Further away, the missile silo was ready for action. Anytime from then, a missile would be launched in Donald's direction, but the man was fearless. "Don't you think it's too late for me to turn back now?"

Son-In-Law Madness Chapter 470

Chapter 470 Reduced To Ruins "You are all just a bunch of weasels who aren't afraid to die. If I don't show you what it feels like to be beaten up, all of you will never learn." Upon speaking, Donald started to walk toward the military base. Almost simultaneously, various attacks started falling from the sky. From far away, the army that was up against Donald started attacking with intense firepower. The entire scene that had unfolded was deeply engraved in everyone's mind. It was a sight Rosie would never forget. In the next second, Donald retaliated. A large wave of energy rolled out from his body while his eyes turned gold and shone brightly. He then slowly raised his right hand and pointed at the army.

Before anyone could even blink, a bright yellow light was projected out from all five of his fingers. Its diameter was around the same size as his fingers. The military equipment that was situated in the military base started to malfunction just as the alarm sounded. "Sir, that man's body is emitting high levels of radiation with energy fluctuations. It is interfering with the launch!" "Sir, our electronics have been tampered with by the radiation emitted by the enemy. All of

our weapons are down!" "Sir, our system shows that the enemy has a power level of more than five million. Wait, it's already at a level of six million!" The soldiers in the military base started panicking.

Anxious expressions were clearly seen on each of their faces. That man could easily take on hundreds and thousands of soldiers alone. As they were panicking, Donald aimed for the military base and swung out his halberd. The halberd sliced through the air as it soared. It was one hundred meters long, and it headed straight for the military base. With a loud boom, the entirety of the military base was reduced to ruins. All of their advanced equipment broke apart and fell to the ground as scraps. Their loss was definitely more than six hundred billion. "What should we do now?" a middle-aged soldier with blond hair asked. Even though his eyes were filled with murderous intent, he could not do anything about the situation. Just as he spoke, a chill ran down his spine while his hair stood on an end. He stiffly turned his head only to find that Donald was standing right behind him, staring coldly at him. Smoke was still coming out of the ruined military base. "I have killed one of the four Novem Stella Warriors.

If the other three would like to stay alive, show your sincerity by going to Chiliad Avion. You may exchange either advanced technology or even six hundred billion in cash for your lives. You are given three days, and three days only. If I find out that you have failed to do so by the end of the third day, I will be sure to pay a visit to your country personally." Donald was holding the jurganite halberd in his hand as he spoke. He looked just like a God of War who descended from the heavens. "Yes, yes..." The middle-aged soldier quickly nodded in agreement. With that, Donald left the area and returned to where Nathan was. Next, a troop of soldiers walked into the base. They were not from overseas, but they were sent by Chiliad

Avion to clean up the mess. "Bring the three Novem Stella Warriors back to Chiliad Avion.

Those few armed forces from overseas will come to redeem them," Donald said to Nathan. "Thanks," Nathan mumbled. Rosie sent the video back to the Irving family before walking over to ask, "Are you the Golden Lord?" Donald glanced at her. He did not admit nor did he deny it. Finnley, on the other hand, looked at Donald with excitement evident in his eyes. "Thank you. May I know your name?" he asked as he bowed. Donald was not interested in having a long conversation with them, therefore he only replied, "I came to save you on behalf of a lady from the Collins family. I'll be going now." A lady from the Collins family? Who is it? Nathan and Finnley looked at each other in confusion. Err... There are many women in the Collins family, but which of them actually knew such a powerful figure? Donald had just walked a few miles away when he could feel Nathan's presence following behind him. "Mr. Collins, you are already safe now. Why are you still following me?"

Nathan looked at Donald. "Can I... see your face?" Donald hesitated for a moment before deciding to take off his mask. "I hope that you will keep this a secret, Mr. Collins." He's so young! Nathan was taken aback. "May I know what is your name? Where are you from?"