

## Son-In-Law Madness Chapter 13 -

Charles woke Zayne up after seeing the posts on Instagram and showed them to him. "Look at this! Now, this is called professional! It's incredible how he can win over two women on the same day. First, Lana. Then, Wynter."

Zayne's hair was a mess, and he was so sleepy his eyes could barely open. "Mr. Langford, you woke me up in the middle of the night for this?" he asked cautiously.

Charles nodded in reply. "Yes, is there anything more important than this?"

His reply rendered Zayne speechless.

How have I never noticed that Pollerton's richest man loves to gossip? Zayne thought.

Charles suddenly straightened his body and excitedly asked, "Zay, do you think that Lord Campbell and Wynter have slept together?"

Seriously? You've asked me if Donald slept with Lana previously. You didn't like my response and chided me for talking nonsense. Zayne complained silently.

If so, let me change my answer. Let's see if you will be happy with it.

"I guess so." Zayne nodded with a straight face and said, "I'm sure that they have slept together."

The answer, however, did not get the reaction Zayne hoped for. Charles was not pleased with it. "How can you be so sure about it? I doubt that they will tell you about it if they did sleep together. Stop talking nonsense."

Zayne did not know how to respond to that.

Come on! You're a seventy-year-old man! Do you really think it's suitable for you to talk about such a topic? Zayne protested in his heart.

He then said, "Erm... Mr. Langford, I have other things to do. I have to go now."

"Get lost!" Charles waved him off.

Zayne walked out of the door miserably.

He was a light sleeper, and just when he was sleeping soundly, Charles woke him up with a call, making him think that an emergency had happened.

Meanwhile, underneath the dimmed street light, Wynter wrapped both of her arms around Donald's waist and pressed her face against Donald's back. "Don, I've established a film production company in Pollerton, and Mr. Langford will be collaborating with us. You're the largest shareholder. Please come over to have a look in a few days. I named it Donter Pictures and invested a hundred million in it. The company will sign contracts with a handful of artists in the next two days. I might need your help with evaluating the artists."

Stunned, Donald nodded and agreed, "Sure."

After a moment of pause, he said, "Actually, you're going to have to handle most of the things yourself. I don't have time to spare for this."

Wynter glared at him seductively. As the diva, every single move and every facial expression she made was captivating. She then pulled Donald's hand and said, "Thank you for saving me back then, Don. If it weren't for you, I'd be dead a long time ago."

Donald retracted his hand and replied in an indifferent voice, "It's nothing."

"I didn't expect you to be married when I meet you again. Why didn't you think of me back then? I'm more than willing to marry you." Wynter teared up all of a sudden.

Donald replied, "Do you think your father would agree with it? He despises me."

Wynter then began to sob. "He's already apologized."

Donald remained silent.

Wynter would not stop weeping. Donald had no idea how to console her, so he kept quiet. After some time, Wynter spoke. "What kind of person is she? I bet she must be amazing enough to catch your eyes."

The person Wynter was referring to was, of course, Jennifer.

Wynter dared not investigate Jennifer. Honestly, no one dared to investigate the wife of the famous Lord Campbell unless they had a death wish.

A gentle and warm smile then appeared on Donald's face, which hurt Wynter's heart.

"Well, she's gentle, elegant, smart, opinionated, independent, and capable. Most importantly, she is calm and collected." Donald slowly listed out all of Jennifer's good qualities.

Wynter responded in a faint voice, "Is she that good?"

“She’s not perfect. One downside of hers is that she cares for her family too much. She cares about them more than she cares for me sometimes. I hate this the most.” Donald sighed.

He wondered if he and Jennifer would be in love with each other more if the latter did not dote on her brother too much.

“Do you love her?” Wynter queried.

Donald froze for a moment, and a smile subconsciously formed on his face. “Yes, I do. She suits me the best.”

The light in Wynter’s eyes dimmed in an instant, and sadness filled her heart. She then sighed. After a moment, she blushed, and a shy look appeared on her face when she turned her gaze toward Donald. “Don, are you going home tonight? It’s late now.”

Donald was confused. “What do you mean?”

“I brought my ID card with me,” said Wynter in a timid voice, and her face was scarlet. She lifted her head and stared at Donald hopefully. The love in her eyes was going to burst anytime soon.

“ID card? What do you need that for?” Donald still could not understand what she meant.

Wynter gritted her teeth and said, “I’m asking you to go to the hotel with me...”

Finally understanding her meaning, Donald was tempted to say yes.

Wynter was, after all, an elegant and pretty lady. Any man would fall for her, including Donald.

However, he thought it would be unfair to both Jennifer and Wynter if he said yes. Hence, he replied, “That’s impossible. Let’s go home.”

Wynter was aggrieved by his answer.

Then, Donald’s phone suddenly rang. It was a call from Jennifer.

“I have to go home now,” Donald announced.

Wynter nodded and let out a long sigh.

A taxi then went past them. Both Kevin and Skylar were in it. Skylar stared at the figures underneath the dimmed streetlight and asked dubiously, “Why does that man look like Donald?”

"You're right," Kevin agreed with her. He then took out his phone and snapped a photo. "The lady has a good figure."

Unfortunately, it was too dark, so he could not see the lady's face clearly.

Skylar curled her lips with disdain and said, "Most of the time, ladies with such good figures are prostitutes."

Donald finally returned home when the clock was about to strike twelve. When approached his residential area, he saw Jennifer standing there with Harrison.

Upon spotting Donald, Jennifer hurried to his side and asked, "Where did you get the one million cash?"

Donald, however, glared at Harrison coldly. "This is the last warning from me. Stay away from my wife!"

His eyes were filled with murderous intent when he glowered at Harrison.

Harrison, on the other hand, merely smiled and shrugged.

"Here." Donald then passed the contract he signed with Lana to Jennifer.

Jennifer took a look at it, and her jaw dropped. "You saved Lana?"

"Yes. She was about to drown, and I saved her when I passed by. She didn't know how to swim." Donald then continued, "She gave me the money as a token of appreciation."

After knowing that the money did not come from an illicit source, Jennifer let out a sigh of relief. "You shouldn't accept it next time. It's too much."

Donald nodded. "Her life is worth that much."

After pondering for some time, Jennifer thought that Donald was right. Lana was a multi-billionaire. So, one million meant nothing to her. After a moment of hesitation, Jennifer asked, "Have you thought of the type of job you're going to search for?"

"No." Donald shook his head. "I'll set that aside for now."

Jennifer instantly became agitated. "No, you should look for a job!"

Harrison then interjected, "Why don't you come to work at my company? You can be a salesperson. The yearly income is about a hundred thousand."

Jennifer looked at Harrison gratefully and turned to Donald. She sincerely hoped that Donald would accept the offer.

