

Son-In-Law Madness Chapter 315 -

Son-In-Law Madness Chapter 315 Showing Off

Wynter widened his eyes, staring at Sebastian in disbelief.

The man continued, "Sleeping with the diva. It is such a great topic for conversation! The news would mention a certain female star becoming a sugar baby. The identity of the man remains a mystery... That's the feeling we're aiming for. I'd love that too."

Sebastian became more excited. "Come, make an announcement this instant. Let's announce that Wynter is now my sugar baby."

Julian merely snickered. "Mr. Freedman, we won't be able to brag about your power and status like this. All it does is make others think that you are rich. Why don't we contact a few media outlets and tell them that Wynter offended a big shot? Hence, they forced her to sleep with them, and she had no choice. Doesn't that have a better ring to it?"

Once Sebastian heard the idea, he looked at Julian with immense admiration. "There's no point in playing safe and wasting our youth. Let's go with your idea. I am hoping to be as arrogant as possible. Otherwise, I will be wasting my ancestors' efforts if I don't show off!"

"How about you leave the matter to me, Mr. Freedman?" Julian asked while smiling.

Sebastian was pleased with Julian's suggestion. "Well, of course. You have the channels to get it done. I believe that you can achieve the best results!"

"Please stop acting ridiculous, Mr. Freedman!" Wynter yelled. "If you're going to continue, I'll consider phoning my Grandpa!"

"Sure, sure, sure. I'll let you call your grandpa. You can get whoever you want to help you, and I'll admit defeat if they can hold me back." Sebastian laughed. "I'm not in a rush to sleep with you anyway. Come on, feel free to make your calls. Let's see how things pan out."

As Sebastian witnessed how furious Wynter was, his frustration caused by Donald vanished without leaving a trace.

Then, he sighed. "Look, this is the benefit of holding power."

Julian made quick work of the matter. An hour later, a news article spread like wildfire on the internet.

The title was very eye-catching. It wrote: The diva, Wynter Lowe, is suspected of offending the Freedman clan's Prince and is being forced to sleep with him!

Below the title was a picture of Wynter at the Freedman clan's mausoleum's entrance standing opposite Sebastian.

Being dubbed the diva, millions of boys and girls idolized Wynter, and she was the dream girl of many men.

However, someone had now forced her to sleep with them. Many people couldn't accept it.

Followed by that news article was a second article. It wrote: It's real! The diva is held hostage by unspoken rules from the Freedman clan's Prince!

It was the news' job to unveil the truth without exaggerating them, nor did they wish to hide them.

Sebastian's pride in earning victory was painted all over the titles.

"He's so full of himself!"

"Let's head over to seek justice for Ms. Lowe!"

"Is he harassing the diva with unspoken rules just because he is upset with her?"

Many people had their blood boiling in rage, so they gathered outside the Freedman clan's mausoleum.

However, no one dared to go closer to it because everyone knew what the Freedman clan was capable of. They also knew what the mausoleum represented.

The mausoleum was a forbidden land. Whoever got too close to it would have to face the wrath of a prestigious family with five hundred years of history.

The Freedman clan's mausoleum interior was luxuriously furnished. It even had artificial streams and mountains.

Sebastian sat in the mausoleum, looking at Wynter while listening to the roars of the crowd outside. "No matter how much they like you, they wouldn't have the courage to barge in because this is the Freedman clan's mausoleum."

Wynter remained silent and fished her phone out to make a call.

Sebastian did not care at all since the other nine prominent clans wouldn't make a move on him just because of a woman.

Not to mention that Sebastian was from the Freedman clan.

It was more unlikely for them to take action against Sebastian, one of the heirs.

The Freedman clan needed people like Sebastian to be the face of the family.

Within any clan, it was undeniable that there would be some modest people and others that were boastful. It was due to the egotism of some of the family's members that they wouldn't raise any suspicions from the public.

To the Freedman clan, the more arrogant Sebastian was, the better.

From the view of a big shot, they truly hoped for the Freedman clan to have more people with similar personalities to Sebastian.

Wynter called her parents first.

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Son-In-Law Madness Chapter 316 Save Me

"Hello, Dad..." Wynter uttered.

A voice came from the other end of the line. "I saw the news. Don't resist. Your brothers are at a crucial stage now, so we can't afford to offend the Freedman clan!"

Wynter felt her heart sink after hearing that, and tears formed in her eyes.

Her father added, "Wynter, you're not young anymore. Don't fight back today. Once things are over, I'll head over to the Freedman Clan's headquarters to settle the matter. The Lowe family still needs the Freedman clan's assistance!"

The call ended abruptly.

A chill filled Wynter's heart, and she could no longer hold back her tears.

Do they not care about my happiness in the slightest? Will Sebastian even take me as his wife? His fiancée is at Jadeborough, so what am I to him?

"Go on, continue calling whoever you need." Sebastian wasn't anxious as he pinned his eyes on Wynter from top to bottom. He enjoyed the sight of Wynter being desperate as it brought him the joy of having power.

Surprisingly, Wynter did not give up and proceeded to phone her elder brother, who was the one who adored her the most. "Brother, I..."

A long sigh came from the other end of the line. "Wynter, I'm sure you understand the current situation. We're entering the core market of Tudela state soon. Besides, can the Lowe family stand a chance against the Freedman clan?"

Wynter choked with sobs. "Don't we have the slightest chance to fight back? Are you all going to let him defile me?"

"No, not at all," a deep voice answered. "That's just how it is."

The call was abruptly cut off.

Wynter refused to give in. After pondering for some time, she ended up calling her grandfather. The pillar of the Lowe family!

Old Mr. Lowe was in Jadeborough. Before retiring, he was an influential person, with disciples all over the world.

"Grandpa, save me," Wynter pleaded.

The elder kept quiet for a long time before opening his mouth to speak. "From when I saw the news, I made one hundred and thirty calls. No one dared to stand up against this. Even your fiancé, Claude Wheeler, doesn't dare to show up!"

Claude belonged to the Wheeler family of Jadeborough. His family was almost on par with the Freedman clan, which had maintained their wealth for five hundred years.

Claude was Wynter's childhood sweetheart. They grew up together and were even in an arranged marriage, yet he wasn't even picking up his phone.

It was a joke since the Wheeler family was no match for the Freedman clan.

The other prestigious families, such as the Campbell clan, wouldn't bother to say anything. On the contrary, they were happily watching the drama.

"Wynter, I'm old and useless now, so I can't do anything to help you," her grandfather said in a shaky voice. It was apparent that he was sad too. "Pass the phone to Sebastian."

Sebastian took the phone and said in annoyance, "Hello, Old Mr. Lowe..."

The elder's voice rang out. "Sebastian, what are your conditions for letting Wynter go?"

Sebastian replied, "There are none. I'm going to sleep with her today. Come and beat me to death if you have the guts to do so."

"Don't be in a rush to harm her. Let me phone your parents before you do anything," the elder responded.

"Even if you called the king, it would be futile." Sebastian scoffed. "Even if the gods came, I wouldn't throw my pride aside for you. The Lowe family is nothing! If you keep blabbering on, I'll tear the Lowe family to bits. You shall witness my powers with your own eyes!" Sebastian's patience was wearing thin.

Then, he threw the phone back to Wynter.

"Wynter, I'm so sorry that I can't help you, nor can the Lowe family. It's all for the greater good..." The elder started shedding tears at the end of his words.

How cruel could people be? It has been just three years since I stepped down. Is there no one willing to defend me?

Wynter was devastated as she ended the call. Finally, she phoned Claude. "Claude..."

The latter swiftly said, "I'm sorry, but there's nothing I can do. Take care."

He hung up the call, and Sebastian guffawed.

On the other hand, Tyrone, from the Campbell clan, grinned from ear to ear when he received the news firsthand. "Sebastian is rather interesting."

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Son-In-Law Madness Chapter 317 Demolish The Mausoleum

Xylus remarked, "It's bad to act too haughtily."

Tyrone shot him a glance and replied, "You're wrong if you think that way. This is Sebastian's disguise. That guy has to act haughtily to the extreme so that he has a chance to give a fatal blow to others in the future. The rest of the heirs have always looked down on Sebastian. In truth, he is the most ruthless one among all."

Xylus was startled after listening to him.

Sure enough, every heir of a wealthy family wouldn't be a simple person.

"Let me put it this way. No one can save Wynter this time," Tyrone continued.

Everyone, including the Ten Prestigious Families and the big shots, was happy to see what had happened. The scarification of Wynter was nothing to them.

Jennifer sighed when she heard about it. "Wynter is pathetic indeed."

Linda twitched her lips. "What is there to feel pathetic about her? Does she have any reason to resist it? After all, that's the Freedman clan who has been affluent for five hundred years. Of course, she has to be more than willing to do it."

Jennifer did not want to say more things about it instantly.

When Lana and Reina heard about the news, they reacted nervously at first, but they soon calmed down after knowing that Donald had taken care of it.

"All right. Let's go shower." Sebastian stood up and looked outside. Many people were surrounding them with more than a thousand reporters.

At the same time, the number of onlookers continued to increase.

Wynter responded, "No. I'm not giving up yet."

With that said, she called Donald.

When the call got through, Donald's low voice sounded. "Everything is fine now. I'll be there in a minute."

Sebastian was skeptical. "Be here in a minute? Who is so terrific to barge into my Freedman clan's mausoleum?"

As soon as his words dropped, the sound of a car honking rang out from outside the door, followed by an uproar.

"Make way, please! Our lord is entering the Freedman clan's mausoleum!" An ordinary-looking young man cleared the path. He was an Azure Wyvern guard who had taken off his armor.

Curiously, everyone moved aside to create a path for them.

The Azure Wyvern guard walked directly to the door of the Freedman clan's mausoleum and said, "Sebastian, our lord demands you to let her go, or we'll demolish your mausoleum in no time!"

His words stirred an uproar among the crowd instantly.

Everyone could still remember that a multi-billionaire had mentioned demolishing the Freedman clan's mausoleum in jest and disappeared right after that while his multi-billion business empire collapsed overnight.

How dare someone speak of such this time? Don't they know how horrifyingly powerful the Freedman clan is? Or are they so terrific themselves? Besides the other nine prestigious families, could they be more powerful than the Freedman clan?

Suddenly, they saw a custom-made Rolls-Royce drive in front of the Freedman clan's mausoleum.

The car was well-tinted for privacy purposes. No one could see the inside at all.

Immediately, many reporters pressed the shutter of their cameras to record the moment, especially the custom-made Rolls-Royce.

The lighting of the camera flashed incessantly.

At the same time, an influencer with millions of fans began to conduct a live stream.

"Hi everyone, I'm Bunnybunny. We're supposed to start at eight, but I decided to start it earlier because of Queen Lowe. Let me show you what's going on at the scene now. A Rolls-Royce has arrived at the Freedman clan's mausoleum, claiming that they want to demolish it. Let's have a wild guess of what will happen next." A beautiful female influencer turned on her live stream camera with beautifying filters. Then, she directed the lens toward the Freedman clan's mausoleum.

Her viewers began flooding the comment sections. Someone wrote: Of course, this will bring them bad consequences. Back then, the multi-billionaire disappeared overnight after saying the same.

Another one commented: Who is that boastful guy there? Things are going to end badly for him.

At that instant, more than a dozen men in the Freedman clan's mausoleum became agitated when they heard his words.

The mausoleum represented the dignity of a clan. It was also their symbol. That was why the Freedman clan got so angry back then.

On top of that, someone said it in front of the public. The Freedman clan was furious.

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Son-In-Law Madness Chapter 318 Bust Into The Mausoleum

Everyone was infuriated, especially Sebastian. His pupils became as sharp as the tip of the knife when he stared at Wynter. “Wynter Lowe, that is who you seek for protection? Even if he’s the mightiest king, I’ll end his life today!”

Peter tipped his toes while following behind Sebastian as the latter went outside.

Sebastian saw countless onlookers surrounding them. Many of them had turned on their phone cameras and started live streaming.

It was not exaggerating to say that they had caught the attention of half of the Yorksland, let alone Pollerton.

Everyone in Pollerton, whether they were the big shots or the commoners, paid great attention to this matter.

“Demolish the Freedman clan’s mausoleum?” Sebastian walked out the door, glaring coldly at the car in front of him.

He could not see clearly who the passenger was inside the vehicle.

“I’ll count to three. Let go of Wynter, or I’ll make you demolish the Freedman clan’s mausoleum on your own.” A monotonous voice rang out through the speaker from the Rolls-Royce. One couldn’t identify whose voice was that.

Everyone turned to look at the car as though they were looking at a fool when they heard those words.

Not only does the man want to demolish the Freedman clan’s mausoleum, but he also wants Sebastian to do it himself? Is he out of his mind?

Instead of getting into a rage, Sebastian laughed. “Haha. How funny is that! Are you ready to be the hero to save the beauty? I’ll show you the power of the Freedman clan’s mausoleum today! Peter, Ivan, Hugo, get ready!”

Having heard that, ten guardians of the Freedman clan’s mausoleum instantly raised their energy.

Inside the car, Donald’s face remained calm without any expressions. “Go ahead and bust into the mausoleum.”

“All right. Sit still.” Bradley nodded in response and stepped on the gas pedal to the maximum.

The twelve-cylinder engine produced an intense power instantly, and the engine began roaring. Then, the car sped ahead and knocked off a huge door before it!

Oh my God!

All the onlookers gasped with astonishment and were utterly shocked at that sight.

How could the man bust into the Freedman clan's mausoleum just like that? Whose family does he come from to behave so imperiously? Even Tyrone wouldn't dare to do such a thing!

Meanwhile, Tyrone was also startled when he watched the scene from a live stream. "Oh my goodness! He's crazy!" he remarked.

Nobody, including the eldest son of the Campbell clan, would dare to bust into the Freedman clan's mausoleum with a car.

It seemed like it was destined to be a fight to the last breath.

Discussions continued to flood the chatrooms. Someone wrote: He's so manly to have the audacity to offend the Freedman clan for Ms. Lowe!

Another netizen commented: I'm so anxious! I wonder what the man looks like?

Sebastian was shocked. His face contorted with rage when he regained his senses. "You're dead!"

In the courtyard, the crowd could no longer see the trace of the car as it was driven to a blind spot.

The rest of the people dared not approach Sebastian, who was huffing in anger. They waited for his order outside.

The crowd outside grew larger.

The influencer that went by the name Bunnybunny stomped her feet anxiously.

"Host, sneak over and aim the camera toward the scene, or we'll unfollow you!"

"Yes. Hurry up, or we'll unfollow you!"

Bunnybunny was hesitant. Even though the number of viewers increased on her live stream, more and more people had unfollowed her, and she felt anxious and panicked instantly.

“Okay. Let me give it a try,” Bunnybunny responded. Then, she went nearer to the scene secretly.

“Get out of the car!” Sebastian came in front of the car. His gaze was terrifyingly cold.

Donald remained seated inside the car. He had noticed Wynter at one glance. The latter stood at the door of a private room with tears in her eyes as she looked at him.

Upon seeing her, he let out a sigh of relief. Thank goodness I’m here on time!

Thump!

Peter was infuriated. He leaped forward and landed on the roof of the car with one leg.

The car shook suddenly, but the roof of the vehicle did not deform in the slightest!

Peter was stunned. What kind of material is the roof of the car made of? The power that I used in stomping my feet on it is worth a few tons of energy, yet it didn’t even scratch off the paint of the car in any bit?

Timothy felt the ominous feeling bubbling from within intensify. He couldn’t help but take a step backward.

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Son-In-Law Madness Chapter 319 Defeated

“I don’t care who you are. I’ll make sure you die in Pollerton today!” Sebastian said coldly.

Click!

The sound of the door unlocking was heard. Peter immediately backflipped off the car and landed in front of Sebastian to protect him.

The car door slowly opened with Bradley getting out of the car first, followed by a woman in a traditional dress who was so pretty as if she had come out of a drawing.

The woman was Yuna!

Immediately afterward, the sound of coughing was heard and Donald, who was slender and wearing a white suit, got out of the car.

Sebastian was stunned as he muttered, "Donald, the abandoned child of the Campbell clan?"

He then scolded, "What the hell? You are just an abandoned child. An abandoned child who was almost slapped by Tyrone. How dare you try to crash into the Freedman clan's mausoleum? Where did you get all the courage from? Or is your father some master?"

Timothy's body began to tremble. His face suddenly turned pale as he shuddered in fear.

He suddenly realized why he was feeling anxious.

"Donald." Wynter ran over and launched into Donald's arms, hugging his waist tightly.

Donald could feel a touch of softness from her hug.

"It's okay now," Donald replied gently and looked toward Sebastian coldly.

The latter's expression suddenly changed as he pointed at Donald and ordered, "Peter! Kill him!"

Swoosh!

Peter straightened his legs and sprung into the air. His legs turned into two indestructible spears flashing with golden lights as he aimed toward Donald's head.

Peter was using the Valorous Kick, the signature skill of Valorous Group, the kick that almost kicked through Patrick Lowe's chest.

At that moment, Peter was no longer gloomy but had become extremely terrifying, like a prehistoric beast reviving.

A mocking smile crept onto Sebastian's face.

So what if you are rich? Could you be any richer than the Freedman clan? The Freedman clan had been developing for five hundred years, and they have accumulated a terrifying amount of wealth!

They had also recruited many experts like Peter to work for them, with Robert overseeing the experts.

"Die!" Peter said coldly.

His speed was fast, but there was someone quicker than him.

That person was Yuna.

She was wearing a traditional shirt with a fairy-like figure. Her expression suddenly turned cold as her toes gently touched the ground, and she flew to the sky like a butterfly.

Immediately afterward, a chain whip appeared in her hand, and she whipped it abruptly.

A loud smack was heard in the sky like the sound of thunder. The chain whip hit directly on Peter.

“Ahh!” Peter screamed as his legs were cut off instantly and fell to the ground!

Yuna landed and stood in front of Donald.

Sebastian was dumbfounded by the scene. His face instantly turned pale.

Peter, an expert from the Profound Realm with four hundred thousand power level, was instantly defeated by a girl who looked like she was in her twenties.

“The Moon Goddess’ Whip. You are the Moon Goddess’ disciple!” Peter continued to wail with his eyes wide open while lying on the ground.

Who is the Moon Goddess?

Legend said she was the first female expert and the prettiest woman in the world. She was also a woman whose skill surpassed the Ten Prestigious Families.

Back then, Vincent, a descendant from the strongest prominent family, wanted to pursue the Moon Goddess but was heavily injured by her during the battle in Mount Konlange. It became the topic of discussion in the world.

Unexpectedly, after twenty years, the Moon Goddess’ disciple had also come down from the mountain.

Moreover, legend said that the Moon Goddess was from the Ministry of Dragon.

What was the Ministry of Dragon?

It was where the Dragon badges were forged.

Sebastian’s pupils instantly constricted, and his heart pounded rapidly. If there was anyone who could crush the Ten Prestigious Families, that would be the Ministry of Dragon.

This was because it was the national treasure!

What was more terrifying was that Yuna seemed to be Donald's underling. That alone was scary enough.

"Donald!" Sebastian roared in a low voice, "What else do you have? Bring out your trump card!"

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Son-In-Law Madness Chapter 320 Trump Card

Donald glanced at Sebastian indifferently and then threw the Dragon badge in his hand to Sebastian's.

As the latter caught the badge and lowered his head to have a look, all the colors drained from his face.

Instantly, he raised his head arduously and looked at Donald with trembling hands.

"Is this trump card good enough?" Donald asked indifferently.

"The Dragon badge. The third Dragon badge!" Sebastian's face turned grim with infinite unwillingness. He did not expect to provoke the holder of the Dragon badge by just wanting to sleep with a female celebrity.

If the first heir of the Freedman clan were to find out, he would get rid of Sebastian.

Besides, if the elder members of the Freedman clan were to find out too, they would remove everything from him, including his identity as an heir.

The competition within the five-hundred-year-old prominent family was extremely cruel. Many people had been staring at his identity as the eighth prince.

The remaining few people knelt on the spot, especially Timothy and Ivan.

"Claiming that I'd die in Pollerton? Did you call me the abandoned child of the Campbell clan? Did you say you want to sleep with Wynter even if the emperor is here?" Donald fired numerous questions at Sebastian. His tone was calm, but his words were full of mockery.

Sebastian's expression continued to darken with his head lowered while he held on to the Dragon badge.

The next second, he raised his head abruptly and asked, "Do I still have a chance?"

Donald was impressed to hear what Sebastian said. No wonder he is the heir of a five-hundred-year-old prominent family. Arrogance was just his disguise. He is actually very smart.

“Firstly, make a public announcement to apologize to Wynter. Secondly, drive the demolition crane on your own and demolish the Freedman clan’s mausoleum,” Donald said as he stared at Sebastian, observing the latter’s reaction.

Sebastian had a storm of emotions brewing in his heart as he was unable to calm down. He gritted his teeth as endless humiliation flashed through his eyes. Suddenly, he knelt and said, “Ms. Lowe, I am sorry!”

That kneel almost seemed like it had broken his spine as he did not stand back up anymore.

However, he had no choice but to kneel or else he would die!

He never expected Donald to be so horrifying. Not only did Donald have something to do with the Moon Goddess, but he was also the holder of the Dragon badge.

Someone like Donald should not exist in Pollerton as it would disrupt the balance of the Ten Prestigious Families.

The system of Pollerton could not let him exist.

The reason why Donald was kept out of the border and unable to bring his forces into the country was because the system did not allow it.

“Ms. Lowe, please forgive me!” Sebastian said again while kneeling on the ground with his eyes full of hatred.

“Ah!” someone exclaimed.

Timothy quickly looked out and saw a beautiful female streamer holding her phone with the camera focusing in his direction.

The live room erupted in an uproar again.

One of the netizens commented: Oh my god! Am I seeing things, or is Wynter hugging a man while Sebastian is kneeling on the ground?

Another one posted: The video quality is so bad. I can’t even see what the man looks like.

Someone else wrote: Who is this man? How did he manage to make Sebastian kneel?

Bunnybunny realized the crowd had seen her, so she instantly exclaimed, dropped her phone, and ran away.

Crack!

An Azure Wyvern guard moved forward and stepped on the phone.

Many people still captured the scene, but because the camera was too far away, they could not see Donald's face. Only Donald's gray hair was seen, but it was still very blurry and difficult to identify.

Wynter looked at Sebastian, kneeling on the ground, and said, "We'll do everything according to what Donald says."

Sebastian lifted his head and asked, "Is there no chance for me to repent?"

If he demolished the Freedman clan's mausoleum, he would bear unimaginable anger from the Freedman clan to the extent that he would be banished forever by the clan.

However, if he didn't do according to Donald, the entire Freedman clan might be destroyed entirely that night.

All those years of training had made him understand how frightening the Dragon badge could be.

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Son-In-Law Madness Chapter 321 Offended

Donald shook his head. "No."

Sebastian gritted his teeth upon hearing that. Suddenly, the phone rang. It was from his father, Frederick Freedman, who was one of the second-generation leaders of the Freedman clan.

"Sebastian, what the heck you are doing? Why are you kneeling before Wynter?" Frederick's deep voice could be heard over the phone. "Tell me immediately what is going on. I have blocked the live stream. Hence, there are not a lot of people who know about this."

Sebastian replied in a low voice, "Dad, he wants me to demolish the Freedman clan's mausoleum!"

"What? That guy must have gone crazy. Put him on the phone!" raged Frederick.

Before Sebastian could react, Donald snatched the phone and said, "I'm planning to tear down the Freedman clan's mausoleum. Do you have any objection?"

"Who are you?" asked Frederick. "Do you know what the Freedman clan is capable of doing?"

Frederick still thought that Sebastian was subdued by force.

There are plenty of people who are skillful in combat. Thus, it's not surprising that Sebastian has encountered one or two pros. However, if the Freedman clan's mausoleum is demolished, it will bring forth the vengeance of everyone in the Freedman clan.

"It's best that you think this through. You could successfully bring down the mausoleum today, but you will face the endless revenge and kill orders from the Freedman clan. There's no use even if you escape overseas. Freedman clan has the ability to capture you and make your life a living hell."

Donald burst out laughing out of a sudden. "I've decided right this moment that not only do I want the mausoleum to be destroyed, I also want you to be the one that makes the demolition announcement."

"Who do you think you are!" Frederick was infuriated.

"Just you wait. Ten minutes later, someone will tell you that," replied Donald flatly.

Meanwhile, at the Freedman clan's Tudela headquarter, Frederick thundered in the office, "Look into it at once. Find out who that man is!"

Donald hung up the call and said to Sebastian, "I'll hold on to your phone for now. Let me first show you the horror of the Dragon badge."

Hearing that, Sebastian asked, "Why?"

"One should pay for their vile actions. Understand?" Donald answered in an indifferent tone.

Wynter felt Sebastian got what he deserved. He acted so arrogantly before. Why is he chickening out now?

The more Frederick dwelled on Donald's words, the angrier he became. "Let me be the one that makes the demolition announcement? Who does he think he is? Even Vincent wouldn't dare to say that!"

As the head of the most prominent and wealthiest family, Vincent was at the height of his power.

Donald then switched on his phone. He typed in the Dragon badge's serial number and sent a message: Teach Frederick Freedman a lesson. Let him make the announcement regarding the demolition of the Freedman clan's mausoleum!

As if an enormous machine fueled by ascendancy started to operate, numerous calls went out.

After just five or six minutes, Sebastian's phone rang.

He quickly picked up the phone as it was from his strongest backer.

The man didn't work with the Freedman clan and lived far away in Jadeborough. He was one of the Ten Array and once brought out gadgets of advanced technology from the S9-Grade laboratory to the Freedman clan while he worked there.

"Issue an announcement at once to demolish the Freedman clan's mausoleum. Right now! At this instant!" The man's deep voice was calm. No emotion could be detected in his words.

Cold sweat immediately trickled down Frederick's body. As though struck by a bolt of lightning, he stood transfixed to the spot as he asked, "Sir, who did my son offend?"

"Don't ask questions that you shouldn't be asking. Do as I say right away if you don't want me to destroy the Freedman clan completely!" ordered the man as his voice turned mildly irritated.

Frederick was stunned, and the phone slipped out of his hand.

The man on the phone absolutely had the power to take down the Freedman clan overnight.

He was one of the Ten Array. Moreover, he was also a member of the Dragon clan and Ministry of Dragon, which made him above the Ten Prestigious Families.

Later, Frederick picked up the phone and called Sebastian's number. "Okay, I'll make the announcement. Pass the phone to Sebastian."

Frederick, who had calmed himself down, asked, "Sebastian, who did you offend?"

After a long silence, Sebastian eventually answered, "The third... Dragon badge!"

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Frederick felt like his heart was overwhelmed with roaring seas and engulfing tidal waves. The colors drained from his face as his mind turned fuzzy.

He had thought of many possibilities behind the incident, but the third Dragon badge was not one of them.

“Got it. I’ll send out the announcement at once. Go and take down the mausoleum yourself. As for the clan members, I’ll explain to them. This piece of news must stay secret between you and me!” stressed Frederick.

Sebastian cast a glance at Timothy and the others before he muttered, “Then, what about the other Freedmans...”

“Kill everyone, except for Timothy and Ivan!” instructed Frederick impassively.

When Sebastian hung up the phone, he continued kneeling and waited for Donald’s orders.

Within a minute, an official announcement with the title “Freedman clan’s mausoleum had long occupied land illicitly, violating the law of land management. The building is an illegal construction and will be demolished today!” spread like wildfire on the internet.

As soon as the announcement was published, it sent the public and the Ten Prestigious Families into an upheaval.

Pollerton was caught in the eye of the storm as everyone in the nation turned their attention to the city.

“Go on,” Donald urged.

The booming voice of bulldozers could be heard from outside the door. The ground shook as four bulldozers made by Pollerton Heavy Machinery Industry drove toward the location.

“Do you know how to drive it?” asked Donald.

With his bloodshot eyes, Sebastian gritted his teeth and choked out, “I can learn.”

Donald nodded and pulled Wynter into the car.

The Rolls-Royce then drove out of the Freedman clan’s mausoleum while the onlookers stretched out their necks to take a peek. Many people even started snapping photos of the car.

“Where’s Ms. Lowe?”

“Is she in the car?”

“Did something happen? Is it true that the Freedman clan’s mausoleum will be torn down?”

“Huh? Look at that. Isn’t that Sebastian? Why is he getting into a bulldozer?”

“Spread out. The mausoleum will be demolished soon!” hollered one of the Azure Wyvern guards.

The bystanders were dumbfounded to hear the guard’s words. The crowd erupted into discussions simultaneously when they regained their senses.

“What the heck? What is happening?”

“I just saw a piece of news that was personally released by the second-generation leader of the Freedman clan. It was stated that they are going to tear down the mausoleum!”

“Who is the owner of that car? How terrifying. Even the Freedman clan is forced to demolish their mausoleum by themselves!”

An Azure Wyvern guard went up to a bulldozer and shouted, “Ready! Push!”

Boom! Boom!

A thudding sound ensued as Sebastian drove the bulldozer and crushed the tombstones in the Freedman clan’s mausoleum.

The rest of the three bulldozers moved at the same time and began to break the building apart.

Smoke and dust filled the air. The ground shook as the Freedman clan’s mausoleum, which had stood tall at the center of Pollerton for hundreds of years, was razed to the ground.

Everyone kept taking photos and live-streamed the whole incident to record the moment.

Some naively thought that the mausoleum was indeed an illegal construction, but most understood that some big shot must have taken action to push Freedman Group and Sebastian into the demolition of their mausoleum.

Comments erupted all over the internet as trending news with different titles flooded the web. Shocking news! Freedman clan's mausoleum is leveled to the ground!

Another one read: The second-generation leader of the Freedman clan issued an announcement to express his apologies! The Freedman clan's third-generation heir drove the bulldozer himself!

One of the articles was named: Breaking news! Sebastian wanted to harass Queen Lowe, angered the big shot backing her!"

There was another headline that took a spin which read: Stand up for love. Big shot spurred to action; the Freedman Group trembled in fear!

After Sebastian was done, he faced hundreds of phones that were live streaming and said, "I was ignorant back then, and my actions had frightened Ms. Lowe. I'm here to apologize to her. I hope she and everyone can forgive me. It is my wish that the gentleman can forgive me as well."

With that said, Sebastian got into a car and left.

When Tyrone heard of the news, his face grew grim.

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Son-In-Law Madness Chapter 323 The Mysterious Big Shot

Xylus was in utter disbelief as well.

Tyrone asked, "What on earth is going on? Have you found out anything about that matter?"

Xylus shook his head. "No. Everyone from the Freedman clan in Pollerton is dead except for Ivan and Timothy."

Following Xylus' words, Tyrone shut his eyes. "Sebastian is no ordinary man."

Xylus let out a sigh. "The peace in Pollerton is indeed going downhill recently. Lord Campbell comes here to build the S7-Grade laboratory and researches controlled fusion technology. And now, such a person appears to crush Sebastian."

"Who exactly is this person? How could he have the power to force Frederick to make that announcement personally?" Tyrone tapped his fingers on the desk.

Although Xylus also had no idea about that matter, he was well aware that a mausoleum represented the image of a clan. I believe the Freedman clan would never demolish their mausoleum if their life hadn't been hanging by a thread.

All of a sudden, Tyrone felt as though a bolt of lightning flashed across his mind as he blurted out, "Tell me, do you think it's probably the Dragon badge?"

Xylus was stunned and did not know how to respond to it.

In fact, the duo knew the conditions of receiving the Dragon badge. Only someone who made a significant contribution or successfully defended the country would be presented with the badge.

Nonetheless, they knew who were the ones having the Dragon badge.

"The only possibility is that someone has gotten the third Dragon badge, and Sebastian has provoked that particular person!" Tyrone's gaze was as sharp as a knife.

Xylus muttered to himself, "Is the Dragon badge really that scary?"

"Let me put it this way. If I've offended the Dragon badge, I'll have no intention of retaliating because the Dragon badge can easily wipe out a five-hundred-year-old prominent family! The holder of the Dragon badge is allowed to use their formidable power to do things. In other words, Chiliad Avion and Ministry of Dragon take these measures to contain the Ten Prestigious Families. Do you understand now?" Tyrone answered.

Hearing that, Xylus nodded.

Tyrone added, "Don't stir up any trouble for now. It's better to lay low."

At the same time, the internet was in an uproar as tons of photos of the scene flooded in.

The first picture was Wynter burying herself in a man's arms. The man hugged her, whereas Sebastian knelt in front of them.

The second was a photo of the custom-made Rolls-Royce. Only the vehicle's body could be seen, and one couldn't see the people inside.

The third picture showed the Freedman clan's mausoleum had been razed to the ground with four huge bulldozers parked before it.

Then, it was the photo of Sebastian's apology letter with his real name posted on Twitter. In the apology letter, he indicated that Wynter was frightened by his impulsive behavior, but she did not suffer any substantial harm.

All of that caused the public opinions to go into a frenzy. The public began to think that the mysterious big shot was spurred to action because of love, so he trampled Sebastian, who was from the five-hundred-year-old prominent family, underfoot. Comments came flowing in.

Queen Lowe is so lucky. This secret big shot even trampled on the prominent family with five hundred years of history for her!

How powerful is that person to be capable of doing such a thing?

This man seems to have some white hair. Could it be that he's old?

I don't think that's white hair. Perhaps it's because the photo is too blurry?

The netizens were all speculating about Donald's identity. Meanwhile, Jennifer was no exception. She looked at those photos with great interest.

Skylar and her family went to Jennifer's place. Skylar and Kevin sat on the couch to watch the news, whereas Jennifer ignored them and stared at her phone.

On the other hand, Linda was cooking in the kitchen while Leonard chatted happily with Skylar's father, Yohan Hoffman.

Kevin said, "That mysterious big shot is terrifying."

Skylar responded, "As Wynter is kind of pretty, that man is probably an old man."

Since she had a pessimistic attitude, she was always full of negative energy. In a nutshell, she felt jealous of everything.

Despite the negative comment she made, she thought otherwise deep down. How I wish I were the one that the bigwig liked.

Jennifer let out a snort. "How do you know he's an old man? Who knows? Maybe he's a good-looking and talented young man?"

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Son-In-Law Madness Chapter 324 A Motley Of Rumors

Skylar pursed her lips in disdain. "How could a young man have white hair?"

White hair? Narrowing her eyes, Jennifer suddenly thought of someone. She immediately took out her phone and kept zooming in on the photo of Wynter hugging Donald.

However, the more she enlarged the photo, the blurry it became. There was no way for her to have a clear look at it.

From her perspective, Donald was young, handsome, and talented. Besides, he had white hair too. Could it be Donald?

But then, Jennifer shook her head. I'm probably overthinking it. Donald should be recuperating currently. For some reason, I'm still suspicious about that because Wynter and Donald are close. Moreover, Wynter seems to like Donald as well. Despite that, I don't think Donald is that powerful to be able to crush the Freedman clan, which had maintained their wealth for five hundred years.

Skylar suddenly queried, "Jennifer, have you settled the payment for the land reclamation project?"

Jennifer asked, "What do you mean?"

"Kevin and I will be getting married in two months, but we've yet to buy a house and a car," Skylar answered.

Jennifer responded, "Even though I haven't paid off that payment yet, I'll need to give part of the money to the Wilson family of Tayhaven after settling the project's fee. Then, I'll use the remaining money for Donald's treatment. Hence, I don't have the budget for you guys to purchase a car and house."

Upon hearing that, Skylar instantly panicked. "No way! I won't get married without a luxury car and mansion. Besides, Donald has cancer. He can't be cured anyway. That useless trash should just die. Why do you care?"

Jennifer glowered at Skylar. "Go and earn money by yourself so that you can purchase them. I'm not obliged to pay for you as I'm not your caretaker."

Kevin was immediately displeased by Jennifer's words. "Jennifer, Skye is my girlfriend. Can't you be nicer to her? Also, she's telling the truth. Donald won't make it to New Year. Even if he has been cured, what can he provide you?"

As Jennifer could not be bothered about the duo, she headed to her room and closed the door behind her.

In the meantime, at the Lowe residence, Wynter's grandfather, Marvin Lowe, was astounded when he saw the news.

He hurriedly called Wynter as he wanted to ask her everything about that matter, but she had switched off her phone.

Since Wynter knew she would be bombarded with phone calls, she turned off her phone in advance.

A motley of rumors was all over the news. For example, Wynter was a mysterious man's sugar baby, the mysterious and powerful man was from Jadeborough, the mystery man was an old man, and so on.

Therefore, Wynter decided to switch off her phone.

Unexpectedly, there was still no movement from the Freedman clan two days after their mausoleum was demolished. It was as though it had never happened in the first place.

Sebastian disappeared from Pollerton and returned to the Provincial Center of Tudela, whereas Timothy remained in Pollerton with Ivan.

Ethan suspected that Timothy was lying previously, but after that incident, he understood that Timothy was not trying to scare him as Donald indeed had terrifying power. Even Sebastian was being trampled on the ground by him, let alone Tyrone.

At that moment, Donald and Wynter, the initiator of this incident, were in Pollerton Estates' Supreme Villa.

It was ten o'clock in the morning when Donald slowly woke up as he became weaker.

Meanwhile, Wynter was making breakfast.

She wore a pink silk nightgown, seemingly soft and smooth. Her hair was casually tied up, revealing her beautiful face. Furthermore, her fair, smooth, long legs were so perfect that they could charm the pants off anybody.

While Donald stepped out of the room, he watched the back of Wynter's busy figure. The duo was the only two people left in the entire mansion.

Suddenly, the heartwarming feeling of a family surged through Donald's veins.

As a matter of fact, he had never felt the same about Jennifer before because her family was her top priority, whereas Wynter paid all her attention to him.

Tenderly, Wynter asked, "You're up?" After she washed her hands, she quickly walked over. "I just made breakfast."

Before she even reached Donald's side, her sweet scent wafted into his nose.

She came to his side and hugged his arm. Upon seeing the veins all over Donald's arm, Wynter felt a lump in her throat.

Donald replied, "I don't feel like eating, but you can go ahead."